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The Outlook

ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE NUMBERS

December, 1895—November, 1896

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KATE CARNEGIE. By IAN MACLAREN. Complete in the Twelve Magazine Numbers

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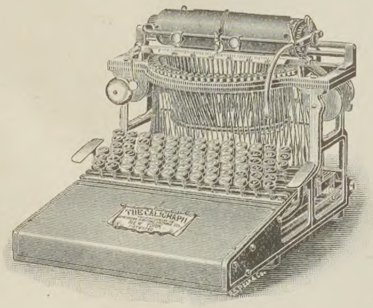

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The Outlook

A·Family Paper

Volume 52 21 December, 1895 Number 25

A Christmas Song

By Tudor Jenks

When mother-love makes all things bright,
When joy comes with the morning light,
When children gather round their tree,
Thou Christmas Babe,
We sing of Thee!

When manhood's brows are bent in thought
To learn what men of old have taught,
When eager hands seek wisdom's key,
Wise Temple Child,
We learn of Thee!

When doubts assail, and perils fright,
When, groping blindly in the night,
We strive to read life's mystery,
Man of the Mount,
We turn to Thee!

When shadows of the valley fall,
When sin and death the soul appall,
One light we through the darkness see—
Christ on the Cross,
We cry to Thee!

And when the world shall pass away,
And dawns at length the perfect day,
In glory shall our souls made free,
Thou God enthroned,
Then worship Thee!

* * *

AS we go to press, the report comes to hand of a special message from the President to Congress on the Venezuela matter, in which, after recounting the correspondence with the British Government, the President says that the reply of that Government has been received; that it recognizes the justice of the "Monroe Doctrine," but denies that it is applicable to the controversy involving the boundary line between Great Britain and Venezuela, and declines the proposition made by this Government to refer the boundary question to settlement by arbitration.

"Assuming, however," adds the President, "that the attitude of Venezuela will remain unchanged, the dispute has reached such a stage as to make it now incumbent upon the United States to take measures to determine with sufficient certainty for its justification what is the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana. The inquiry to that end should, of course, be conducted carefully and judicially, and due weight should be given to all available evidence, records, and facts in support of the claims of both parties. In order that such an examination should be prosecuted in a thorough and satisfactory manner, I suggest that the Congress make an adequate appropriation for the expenses of a commission, to be appointed by the Executive, who shall make the necessary investigation and report upon the matter with the least possible delay. When such report is made and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist, by every means in its power, as a willful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belong to Venezuela."

The message is received too late for comment this week.

* * *

Secretary Carlisle reports a deficit of $43,000,000 for last year; estimates a deficit of $17,000,000 for the present year; and prophesies a surplus of $7,000,000 for next year. The realization of this predicted surplus in 1897 seems to depend upon the return of normal prices and normal business conditions. To this end he urges the pursuit of the policy outlined in his Chamber of Commerce speech and in the President's message. He would have the Government issue interest-bearing bonds for the retirement of the Government notes, and would allow the National banks, on deposit of bonds, to issue notes up to their full par value, subject to no tax at all. He would at the same time transfer from the Government to the banks the obligation to maintain at Washington a gold reserve for the redemption of the "endless chain" of notes that would still be outstanding. He does not expect the proposed issues of National bank notes to fully take the place of the $400,000,000 of Government currency the cancellation of which he urges, but looks rather to importations of gold to fill the gap that would be created. To an extent, he is doubtless right in believing that gold would flow in to fill this gap, but, in the belief of all bimetallists, this could take place only after prices in this country were again reduced below the European level, while that level itself would be reduced by the increased demand for gold the whole world over.

* * *

Mr. Bayard's speech on Individual Freedom, parts of which have been so widely criticised, was a very able exposition of the fundamental doctrine of American political life. He commented on the expansion of the United States, on the great place which personal conscience holds, on freedom as the fundamental principle of the American State, on the growing weight of taxation, and the movement of unrest. He declared himself strongly opposed to State Socialism, and he proceeded to add that, in his judgment, protection is a form of State Socialism, and one that tends to create inequality of condition, to foster class legislation, and to corrupt public life. He also declared that it was incorrect to speak of protection as a National policy, because it never could be other than the fostering of special interests at the expense of the rest. This may fairly be said to be the substance of the remarks which have given offense in this country; whether true or not, they were certainly out of place in the public utterance of an Ambassador. On this point the traditions of diplomacy are scrupulous and exacting to the last degree. As the English papers have pointed out, a parallel would be furnished if the English Minister in this country were to take ground here, in a public speech, for or against Irish Home Rule or the abolition of the House of Lords. In Mr. Bayard's case the soundness of his position is not in question; it was the impropriety of stating it under the circumstances which has furnished his political enemies with material for severe criticism. Of course the proposition to impeach him was a piece of political buncombe, not seriously intended, and adopted simply to secure the opportunity of speech on the floor of the House of Representatives.

◆

The most significant event in Congress last week was the reorganization of the Senate Finance Committee so as to give the free-coinage men eight of the thirteen members. The names agreed upon by the Committee on Committees are Morrill of Vermont, Sherman of Ohio, Allison of Iowa, Aldrich of Rhode Island, and Platt of Connecticut, representing the monometallists and international bimetallists; and Voorhees of Indiana, Harris of Tennessee, Vest of Missouri, Jones of Arkansas, White of California, Daniel of Virginia, Wolcott of Colorado, and Jones of Nevada, representing the supporters of free coinage. Senators Jones and Stewart of Nevada have ratified their allegiance to the Populist party by entering into a caucus with Senators Allen of Nebraska, Kyle of South Dakota, Peffer of Kansas, and Butler of North Carolina. Several tariff bills have been introduced, most of which have as their keystone the restoration of the tax on raw wool. Senator Call (Dem., Fla.) has introduced a bill to reduce passenger rates on inter-State railroads to one cent a mile, and Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, has introduced one to raise the rates of all pensions twenty-five per cent. It is not likely that either of these sweeping measures will ever be reported. Perhaps neither was ever intended to be. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, has kept himself at the head of the Jingoes by introducing a resolution which not only reaffirms the Monroe Doctrine that the American Republic will intervene in case of foreign interference to overthrow republicanism in America, but goes on to declare that the United States will regard "any attempt on the part of any European power to take or acquire new territory on the American continent, whether under the pretense of boundary disputes or otherwise, as an act of hostility to the United States."

◆

The municipal elections in Massachusetts last week attracted a good deal of attention because of the hotly contested campaign in Boston, which resulted in the return of that city to the Democratic fold. Mr. Josiah Quincy, whose grandfather and great-grandfather were Mayors of Boston, was elected to the same post by a majority of four thousand over Mayor Curtis. The elements, however, that would naturally have supported Mr. Quincy because of his family and of his unquestioned ability and culture, generally supported his opponent. This was partly due to the excellence of Mayor Curtis's record as Mayor, but chiefly to the badness of Mr. Quincy's record as Assistant Secretary of State at the beginning of President Cleveland's present administration. Whether of his own motion or not, Mr. Quincy treated the offices at his disposal as factional patronage, with no other excuse than the supposed necessity of getting the Administration's financial measure through Congress. The Massachusetts Civil Service Reformers consistently protested against this policy, and naturally felt more bitterly toward Mr. Quincy for his concessions to the spoils system than if he had not been by his culture and associations identified with their reform. Outside of the city of Boston the Republicans again made gains, and so, by the way, did the American Protective Association. In the license elections only one city—Haverhill—which voted last year to close the saloons voted this year to open them, while four cities—Lynn, Gloucester, Salem, and Waltham—which last year voted for license, this year voted for local prohibition. Outside of Boston, one-half of the cities of the State, and a much larger proportion of the towns, now prohibit bar-rooms. Boston itself, though giving a majority of fifteen thousand for license, is surrounded by a wide belt of no-license municipalities, including the cities of Somerville, Cambridge, Chelsea, Newton, Malden, Everett, Quincy, Medford, and Beverly. Cambridge this year increased her no-license majority from six hundred to fifteen hundred, and Somerville hers from eighteen hundred to twenty-eight hundred. If the Massachusetts Legislature should add ward option to town option, there is no doubt that many of the residence districts within the city could also be freed from the saloons.

◆

In Philadelphia, the city of small property-owners, the anti-monopoly movement is apparently stronger than in New York, the city of propertyless wage-earners. The action of the newly consolidated Traction Company in raising fares, in case of transfers, from five to eight cents, has brought to the surface an unexpected amount of public sentiment, not only against the advance but against the charges previously borne without organized complaint. At the mass-meeting held in the Academy of Music, the great hall was thronged with people of all classes, demanding definite and aggressive action. Chairman Martindale, in his opening address, said of the Company's action:

> "It is an attempt to make the citizens who own the streets pay interest upon over $100,000,000 of watered stock for the privilege of riding in the cars of the Traction Company on highways that belong not to the company but to the people.
>
> "We believe the managers will meet us in the spirit of fair play and moderation which we desire to adopt. But should our 'olive branch' which we hold out be rejected, then, then, will come the fight for municipal control of the streets, which may be long or may be short, but in the end three-cent fares and five-cent transfers will be yours and mine."

The Hon. Charles Emory Smith, who followed, reminded the companies of the mass-meeting in the same hall eight years before to demand five-cent fares and anti-monopoly legislation. "That battle," he said, "saved the rights of the people at the time, and inflicted no wrong or hardship on the companies. We were better friends to them than they were to themselves. Reduced fares brought increased passengers; and no man, not even a Traction manager himself, would venture to stand forth to-day and deny that our demands were reasonable." Ex-Governor Pattison called attention to the violation of the spirit and letter of the Constitution involved in the act of the last Legislature under which the street railroads of Philadelphia had consolidated. Almost alone among the speakers, he confined himself to merely requesting the managers of the Company for the restoration of the old fares.

◆

One of the best and also one of the most aggressive speeches made was that of the Rev. Dr. George D. Baker, of the First Presbyterian Church. Among other things, Dr. Baker said: "One of the directors of the Traction

Company is reported as saying that they proposed to attend to their own business, and would like to have the Church do the same! That is precisely what the Church is doing. For if it be not the business of the Church to protect the weak against the strong, and the oppressed against the oppressor, pray what is her business?" Dr. Baker urged that the outcome of the present movement should be immediately the reduction of fares and ultimately municipal ownership. "Meanwhile," he said, "while the Company is considering, let us, who are strong and able to do it, walk. These are glorious days for walking." When he concluded, some one in the audience called out, "Walk we will!" "The cry was taken up all over the house," says the "Press," "and a chorus was formed whose burden was "Walk! walk! walk we will!" Mr. G. M. Eldridge strongly urged municipal ownership if the present demand was not complied with, and read the ordinance giving the city power to purchase of the street railways at a fair estimate of their original cost of construction. The resolutions, read by ex-Postmaster John Field, demanded the immediate restoration of five-cent fares and the immediate concession of six tickets for twenty-five cents. If these demands were not complied with, the final resolution directed that a committee representing the mass-meeting should "be charged with the duty of considering whether the people should not assert their primary right and exercise their reserved power of purchasing the street railways."

◆

Allen G. Thurman

A picturesque and interesting figure disappears from American politics with the death of ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman, which took place at his home in Columbus, O., on Thursday of last week. Mr. Thurman was born eighty-two years ago in Lynchburg, Va.; both his parents were of well-known Southern families. His father was a Methodist preacher, but his uncle, William Allen, was a successful lawyer and politician, and through the latter Mr. Thurman obtained his early training in both directions. The Thurman family had moved to Ohio when the future Senator was a boy, and, when Mr. Allen was elected United States Senator, the nephew took charge of the uncle's large law practice. In 1851 he was elected to the Supreme Court bench of Ohio, but declined a renomination. From early days he took an active interest in politics, and was a strong opponent of secession. In 1867 he was defeated by a small majority as Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Ohio by Mr. Hayes, but in the following year was elected to the United States Senate, and on the expiration of his term was re-elected. There his personal force was recognized by all; when he retired, his political opponent, James G. Blaine, declared that his retirement was a serious loss, not only to his party, but to the whole Senate. His ability as a speaker and as a constitutional lawyer was never questioned. While he was generally classed as a strict party man and as essentially a conservative, his consistency of purpose and integrity of motive were always evident. He opposed the Civil Rights Act on the grounds upon which it was afterwards overthrown by the Supreme Court, opposed the Resumption Act, supported the Bland-Allison Act, supported anti-Chinese legislation, took an active part in settling the Presidential dispute of 1876, and was prominent in other important matters. Mr. Thurman's defeat as a candidate for the Presidency in 1884 and his nomination as Vice-President in 1888 were the best-known incidents in his political career after his retiring from the Senate. In many ways he was a good example of the better type of politician. While he hardly rose to the higher conceptions of statesmanship, his public life was free from jobbery and trickery, and his private life was amiable and beyond reproach.

◆

Rev. H. Y. Satterlee, D.D.

The election of the Rev Dr. Henry Yates Satterlee to the bishopric of the new Protestant Episcopal diocese of Washington (D. C.) is an altogether admirable one. Dr. Satterlee has already declined two similar honors, and much pressure will undoubtedly be brought to bear by those interested to induce an acceptance of the high office. This is one of the few preferments which will not displease any one in the Episcopal communion, for Dr. Satterlee has steadily refused to be labeled High, Low, Broad, or any other particular kind of Churchman. He has reiterated the right of every man to live up to the comprehensiveness allowed by the Church and to hold the truth as the individual soul discerns it, no matter by what name it be called. Dr. Satterlee has wisely turned his energies toward the development of the active side of church life, and is well known as a strong sympathizer in sociological movements. He is about fifty years old, and is a graduate of Columbia and of the General Theological Seminary.

◆

Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, D.D.

The Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, D.D, rector of Christ Church, Detroit, who was unanimously chosen on the first ballot as Bishop of the new diocese of Southern California, is in his early prime, a graduate of Williams College and of the General Theological Seminary. His first charge was at Highland, in this State; from thence he went to Bristol, later to Westchester, N. Y., and in 1886 removed to Detroit, where, as the rector of one of the oldest and most influential churches in the Middle West, he has shown executive ability of a very high order, fervor of spirit, tact, judgment, and talents of various kinds. Dr. Johnson has had many opportunities in the Episcopal Church, having been called to a number of very prominent parishes, and once or twice elected to the episcopate—a success due to his fine character, his notable ability, and the charm of his personality. He combines energy, geniality, and sound judgment in a rare degree.

◆

The Sultan remains master of the situation at Constantinople. Two weeks have been spent by the six Great Powers of Europe in trying to persuade a ruler without money, with a disorganized empire, surrounded by foes who could crush him in an instant, to permit the entrance into the Dardanelles of six additional gunboats. This permission has at last been given by the Sultan in response to the pleading of the Powers, but the gunboats, with the exception of a single English vessel, have not yet approached Constantinople. Meanwhile the riot of blood goes on in the provinces, the latest slaughter having taken place in Cæsarea, where, it is reported, fully a thousand men, women, and children have been killed because they were Christians. In this work of murdering men, outraging women, pillaging and firing buildings, the Turkish troops have had their full share. As a single illustration of the way in which the work is done, the fate of sixty Christians, who fled for safety to a church in Harpoot, may be mentioned. These unfortunate people were for a little while permitted to believe themselves secure, but finally the edifice was surrounded by a crowd of Kurds, the doors blown in, the fugitives taken out of the church one by one, and stabbed or shot in the presence of their wives or children, until the whole building had been emptied. The first victim was the Protestant pastor, who met his death like a martyr, urging his fellow-Christians to die as became their calling. The correspondent in Constantinople of the London "Speaker," who has shown himself to possess exceptionally full and accurate information, declares that "these massacres are the deliberate work of the Palace Government, and the simple object is to exterminate the Christian population," and he adds that the judgment of God must fall, not only upon the Turk, but upon Europe also. For while this horrible dance of death goes on in Asia, the diplomatists are fiddling at Constantinople. The Sultan has deliberately hoodwinked, deceived, and insulted the Great Powers. With every possible advantage in their hands, they have suffered defeat through their ignoble jealousies. Never before in the long relations of Christendom and the Mohammedan world has Christendom taken an attitude so subservient and humiliating. The correspondent of the "Speaker" declared not long ago that, if the facts were known about the slaughter of Christians in the Turkish Empire, Lord Salisbury could not walk the streets of London without being mobbed. While in power, Mr. Gladstone was often criticised for what his enemies called a lack of a strong foreign policy, but it is impossible to believe that, if he were now in power, England would remain silent and passive while the blood of the Armenian Christians cries from the very ground for vengeance.

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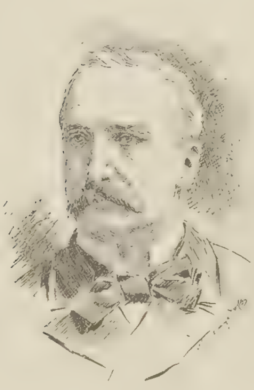
President Faure

It is the misfortune of a country governed by small cliques and groups of men that politics, which are soiled enough in every country, become uncompromisingly dirty. This is true in France, where intrigue of the subterranean sort plays too great a part in the relations of parties in the Assembly and the attitude of the various groups of the Assembly towards the President. The most despicable of recent intrigues of this sort has just come to light, and the discovery has added not a little to the strength of President Faure's position. It appears that an ignoble crowd of politicians have actually been trying to blackmail the French President by threatening him with the disclosure of a domestic scandal unless he gave up his office. Nothing baser can be imagined than the plan of operation, which was to drive M. Faure out of power by assailing his wife. Unlike his immediate predecessor, the present President showed a fine control of natural sensitiveness, and declined to yield an inch, and so the long-threatened scandal has burst upon him. The result is the most absurd fiasco in recent politics, for the scandal was nothing other than the fact that Madame Faure's father, before she was born, had committed a breach of trust and become an absconder. Twenty years and more later, when M. Faure became interested in the woman who subsequently became his wife, she told him these facts, and he, instead of being repelled by this shadow on the family name, married her, as an honorable and loyal gentleman ought to have done. Thus it appears that neither the President nor his wife is in any way affected by this long-impending scandal. On the contrary, France has gained a new appreciation of a man who was first honorable in private life and who is now brave in public office. The enemies of the present administration will do well to change the character of the weapons with which they are fighting.

⁂

What has been called the suppressed crisis in Germany is coming to the surface in many ways, and the Emperor, who is so fond of asserting his divine right to do as he pleases, is discovering that the Germans will not submit to Russian methods of government. The Reichstag has already planted itself squarely on the ground of legislative freedom of speech and action. It will not allow its members to be prosecuted because they exercise those rights of difference from Imperial opinion and criticism of Imperial policy the surrender of which would involve the extinction of the House as a serious body. Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, made a significant speech in the Reichstag on Wednesday of last week—significant, that is, of the temper of the House. He declared that the Socialists were only doing what other parties were permitted to do; that they had never been hostile to the unification of Germany; that they were the fruit of the national development, and that the country will be glad to reckon upon their assistance whenever its enemies assail it. His criticisms of the Emperor's repressive policy were so outspoken that he was twice called to order; but his speech may be taken as notice, formally served on the Imperial Government, that freedom of speech, which may be curtailed in the universities by harassing the professors, will not be surrendered on the floor of the Reichstag without a desperate struggle. On no other point are deliberative bodies so sensitive, and any attempt to arrest a member of the Reichstag for the utterances within its walls would probably antagonize that body almost as a unit. Editors, agitators, and orators outside the Reichstag will no doubt fall into the hands of the Emperor, and will be summarily dealt with. The Emperor is apparently determined not only to continue the exploded tradition that public opinion can be directed by repression, but to place the Socialists in such a position that they will appear before the German people as the champions of the fundamental rights of man. Meanwhile, it is to be noted as an important factor in the situation that there is great restiveness among some of the German States under the pressure of Prussian rule.

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The defeat of the Italians in Abyssinia last week brings to mind that of ten years ago in the same region; in both cases there was a sudden massacre. At last accounts, of over one thousand native troops with sixty commissioned and non-commissioned Italian officers, only two hundred men had made good their retreat. Among the killed was Major Toselli, the commander of the column. The scene in the Chamber of Deputies at Rome when tributes were offered to the memory of the commander and his troops was a remarkable one, since, for the first time in years, all the members of Parliament found themselves in perfect patriotic accord. Much enthusiasm is shown in all the Italian towns from which troops have been ordered to reinforce the army in Abyssinia (7,000 are leaving Italy), and every measure has been taken to insure final victory. The Government has requested the Budget Committee of the Chamber of Deputies that the sum of four million lire ($800,000), in excess of the three million lire already provided for that purpose, be assigned to the expenses of carrying out Italy's military campaign in Africa, and the Committee has unanimously granted that request. Because Italy has received some checks to her advance in Africa, it must not be thought that her entire history has been of this order. On the contrary, her experience in Abyssinia, since the transfer by England of Massaua and the outlying districts to her, has been one of considerable progress. After gaining possession of the highlands above the low coast strip originally granted, Italy made a profitable alliance with King Menelek, by which she became the sole representative of Abyssinia in foreign relations. Some think that Menelek was influenced by Russia, and point to the recent Abyssinian pilgrimage to St. Petersburg as a proof. But, at all events, Menelek finally broke his treaty and by his hostile actions compelled General Baratieri (who had already defeated the Mahdists on the Atbara and occupied Kassala) to march against the unruly Abyssinians of the Tigré country. They were defeated in two notable engagements, and these victories, like those above mentioned, were the means of civilization in checking the criminal Arab slave trade. As Governor of the new colony of Erythrea, General Baratieri has had no easy task before him. The colony now extends from the eighteenth parallel of north latitude as far south as the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and as far west as the thirty-fifth meridian. South of this Italy has a protectorate over the Somali coast. In Africa, England and Italy are the only Great Powers which have thus far acted in concert. It may be said that it is a case of the lion and the lamb again, but at all events there has been some profit on either side by the transaction.

The Life of the Spirit

The Christmas Vision

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

A child in his mother's arms, a company of shepherds on the hillside, and a sudden splendor of angels in the quiet night—could any grouping of persons bring out more clearly the immense range of man's life and its wonderful possibilities! The manger for poverty of condition, the babe for the common helplessness, the shepherds for the drudgery of universal occupations—and, suddenly, in the night which had darkened the world a thousand thousand unremembered times, out of the old, familiar sky, the glory of heavenly faces and the unspeakable melody of angelic voices! So man has always lived, even in rags and sin, with the radiance of the sky over him; so every cradle has rocked a son of God; so every mother has held the child of God in her arms; so every common duty of common men has been an opportunity for heavenly revelation; so every night the glory of the invisible God has been but thinly veiled from the plains where grain ripens, and the hillside where flocks are feeding. The miracle is so wonderful and so familiar that men have never yet really believed that it has been wrought. A few in every generation have seen the splendor on sorrowful, suffering humanity; many have hoped and have said that they believed; but the great mass of men have never yet dared to live in the joy and peace which must come to those who believe that the world *is* the Lord's and the fullness thereof. Humanity will not accept its divine parentage, because it seems a fortune beyond its deserts; out of sheer consciousness of unworthiness, as well as out of spiritual dullness of vision, men doubt their heavenly origin and destiny. There is no more appalling evidence of the devastation wrought by evil in the soul of man than the fact that he still finds the promise of Christ incredible.

And yet every twelfth month the Christian world gathers round the manger at Bethlehem, and listens, in the stillness of the night, to hear the angels sing; and out of the windows, in the frosty air, it still seems to many, for a moment, as if there were a glow upon the snow and a sudden splendor among the stars. Little children, pure in heart, look at the lighted tree and hear the familiar carols, and know that long ago, on the plain of Bethlehem, there came a sudden rush of melody down from the silent stars, with words few, beautiful, and loving, which men cannot forget, and they know that the shepherds really saw and heard. And their elders, crowded about them, are stirred in their hearts, and the beautiful old story lives again, and has its balm for pain and its sweetness for the bitterness of life. But when the morrow comes the glory has faded, and the world is gray and cold and sad. Men do not believe, because their own hearts do not justify a faith so simple, so transcendent, so divine.

The wonderful element in the story of the Birth is its perfect simplicity and naturalness. It deals only with the most familiar situations, it introduces only the most humble figures, it uses only the most elementary speech. The manger, the babe, the mother, the shepherd, the flocks, the quiet night, the few, simple words: could the divine drama have been put on a more unpretending stage, committed to more unskilled actors, employed a speech more common and readily understood? There is no selection of the places, persons, and moments which seem to us noble, elect, significant; there is, on the contrary, entire disregard of all our distinctions of quality and differences of degree; life is taken in most common and homely aspects, man in his feeblest moment, witnesses in the humblest occupations, language in its most obvious and universal significance. And over all this obscurity, homeliness, and commonplaceness, behold! the splendor of God shines, and the manger is forever a place of pilgrimage, and the helpless child the mightiest force known among men, and the shepherds hear voices for whose music the great and wise have listened in vain, and the veil is rent asunder and the earth and the heavens are as one. There are no common men, there is no hopeless drudgery, there is no forsaken world whirling through dreary night to a night still darker and to dreams more awful. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; and every birth is a miracle, every manger a holy place, every child a son of the Highest, every occupation an education for immortality.

A divine Father, a divine Son, a divine world—so ran the meaning of the first Christmas day when angels broke their silence and declared the mind of heaven to earth; when the redeemed in their toil and the redeemed in their glory met for one brief but eternal moment about the manger, to prove that heaven shines on every birth, and that in every cradle a child of God sleeps and wakes.

Such a story must be incredible to all save the pure in heart. Little children do not question it; to them it is natural, historic, simple—as much a part of their lives as the love of parents and the comfort of home. For them the Star of Bethlehem is like every other star, and the wise men travel from afar because they are wise, and the angels sing because they are always singing; and for those who stand about them, and watch their bright faces and the light of the star in their eyes, they are not only the custodians of the Christmas story, but its revealers as well. The highest things are credible to those only whose lives respond to and fulfill them. To believe in Christmas and the truth which comes with it, borne on such splendor of common things, one needs not to study historic evidence, but to become as a little child in purity of heart. For the Christ in the heart recognizes the Christ in the manger.

The Magazine Numbers

Six years ago The Outlook published its first Illustrated Book Number—the first issue of the kind, so far as we know, brought out by any weekly journal. That number, illustrated and printed in a superior manner, was followed by subsequent issues containing illustrated features, among the earliest of which was a special article on General Armstrong and his work at Hampton Institute. Then came in due order of evolution the Outing Numbers, and by natural process of growth the illustrative features of The Outlook have become steadily more numerous, more varied, and more frequent. What The Outlook has been doing at irregular intervals it proposes hereafter to do once every month, putting into the hands of its readers the very best material it can secure, illustrated with intelligence and skill, and printed in the best possible manner. It has been the policy of the paper from its start to make all its readers partners in the enterprise without imposing upon them a share of its responsibilities; it has divided its profits among its readers without laying upon them any share of its obligations. It is in pursuance of this policy that it begins with this issue the publication of a Monthly Illustrated Magazine Number, which shall give more space to religion, to questions affecting home life, to literature, to art, and to practical philanthropy than it is able to devote in its ordinary issues. The Illustrated Magazine Number will not differ in essential character from the other issues of the month; it will be the weekly issue greatly enlarged and beautified. To the great work of interpreting all life from the divine standpoint, and of infusing religion into the entire round of human activity, The Outlook has been dedicated from its first number. That work it means to perform with greater zeal and with larger opportunities in the future, accepting the prosperity which has waited upon its effort as imposing a new obligation to make its aims more distinctive, its lines of endeavor more definite, and its standards of workmanship more exacting. The list of subjects presented in this issue, the names of the contributors, and the illustrative quality of the number, will give readers a definite idea of the character of the issues which will follow with each succeeding month.

Let Us Have Peace

What is war? "Murder in uniform," Douglas Jerrold calls it. "The trade of barbarians," Napoleon the Great designates it. Do the men who are so jauntily calling for war consider what it costs—in money, in human lives, in awful pain, in heart-anguish, in desolated fields, and homes more desolate?

Ruskin is right: there are evils greater than war. Anarchy is one of them. For anarchy is human passion lawless, and war is human passion under forms of law. The massacre of unoffending Armenians is worse than war, and the English Government will be held responsible before the judgment-bar of history for cowardly evasion of national responsibilities, by idling away the awful hours in diplomatic paltering while the unresisted and unchecked butchery is carried on. But though terrible necessity may justify resort to the always terrible measure of war, nothing less than terrible necessity can do so.

The American Jingo calls for an aggressive American policy. War is not an American policy. It is counter to American policies, traditions, history, instincts. It is distinctively un-American. The American policy is peaceful settlement of national disputes by arbitration. In our hundred and twenty years of history there has been but one war of aggression, and that furnishes one of the blackest pages in the foully un-American record of slave usurpation. It was because slavery was barbaric, aggressive, domineering, warlike, un-American, that we destroyed it in a costly but worthy war of defense against its aggressions. But, except the Mexican war, all our wars have been in self-defense. This is true even of our Indian wars, though too often the attacks of the Indians were originally provoked by the aggression of individual settlers.

The unparalleled prosperity of the United States has been due to the fact that we are a Nation of peace-lovers and peace-makers. During the last seventy-nine years seventy-nine great national controversies have been settled by arbitration, more than forty of them by the United States. During the past century of our history over thirty conflicts have arisen between the States of the Union which, on Jingo principles, would have been referred to "wager of battle" for settlement. They have been settled pacifically, because we live under a Constitution which provides that all such questions shall be settled by the arbitrament of the Supreme Court. Two-thirds of the taxes of Europe go to pay interest on war debts and the annual cost of war equipments in time of peace. The cost involved in withdrawing industry from production and devoting it to destruction cannot be estimated. The war expenses of the United States in time of peace are estimated by Augustus Mongredien at $50,000,000 and the enforced idleness of 27,000 men, against an annual expenditure in Europe of $780,000,000 and an enforced idleness of 3,500,000 men. That was in 1883. To-day the standing armies of Europe number over 4,000,000 men, and the national debts, chiefly incurred for war purposes, amount to $23,000,000,000. The brain is not able to conceive the appalling magnitude of such a burden, incurred solely for purposes of mutual destruction. The American Jingo wants to put a burden like that which impoverishes Europe on prosperous, because peaceful, America.

In 1775 the Jingoes of Great Britain were clamorous for war with their American colonies. Then the wisest statesman of that age, if not of English history, Edmund Burke, delivered in Parliament his famous speech on "Conciliation with America."

> "The proposition is peace. Not peace through the medium of war; not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle, in all parts of the empire; not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple peace; sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts. It is peace sought in the spirit of peace; and laid in principles purely pacific."

The Jingoes voted down the statesmen; and the war which they provoked ended in the dismemberment of the British Empire, and the instigation of feelings of bitterness between the mother country and her child which even yet, after almost a century and a quarter, are not wholly allayed. Edmund Burke's magnificent eulogium of peace, uttered in the very birth-hour of the child born out of the travail-pains of war, remains a splendid counsel and a splendid inspiration. "Peace, sought in the spirit of peace, and laid in principles purely pacific," has been our heritage from the pre-natal days of the Republic, down to the characteristic benediction of America's greatest soldier, "Let us have peace." Whoever seeks to rob us of it violates America's noblest traditions, and proves himself her bitterest enemy.

The World's Great Need

Naturally the trend of thought at this season is toward the home. The rush and roar and tumult of life are hushed, and men and women soften and grow tender and thoughtful in presence of the new life so frail—the life that has given its strength in gladness and humility of spirit. This vision of the Child in Bethlehem has aroused the spirit of protective tenderness, and a new note is in the voices of all men, for "A little child shall lead them."

In the quiet of these days it is well to look at the great world and ask, "What does the world need most?" and the answer must be, "Mothering." From the thrill of joy that moves the mother with the consciousness that a child is the fruition of her love, the throb of pain whose pang is borne with a consciousness of the love that sanctifies it, through the days of lullabys, of prayerful guiding, of heroic renunciation, to the laying down of life in the quietness of old age, look where one will, in the world of business, education, pleasure, sickness, trial, it is mothering that the world needs. It needs strength combined with tenderness; hatred of evil, with mercy and wisdom for the sinner; self-sacrifice, with the insight to separate sentimentality from the divine spirit that makes a man give of himself to another; ambition that builds day by day the structure of character that makes for God and his people; courage that faces evil fearlessly and fights to overcome it. Most of all it needs love—the love that moves the mother when she forgets everything in life but that which ministers to the child, the crown of her love.

Recently a tender, gentle, refined woman who has identified herself with those movements which seek to improve the conditions of child life said: "I have had a new thought come to me that has made me accept the loss of my little girl with patience, almost with resignation. God never meant that a woman should be mother to just one little girl. He meant that every woman should be mother to every child in the world."

Could this impulse become the principle of every woman's life, the mission of the Babe of Bethlehem would be accomplished. The moan of injustice, the shriek of ignorance, the cry of sin, would be a call to a love which would inspire to activity the world's wisdom, the world's pity, the world's courage. Life would sweep on toward perfection unhindered by blind selfishness, unmarred by lust, unshadowed by ignorance. The soul of love is illumination, its impulse inspiration, and these divine qualities are the sign and seal of motherhood.

Editorial Notes

—If it be true, as reported, that Mr. "Coin" is going to establish a secret order in this country for the dissemination of free-coinage doctrines, he is in a fair way to do the cause which he espouses very great harm. Secret orders do not flourish in this atmosphere.

—Under President Harrison's administration duck-shooting was a legitimate and delightful recreation for an overworked official; under President Cleveland's administration it is an offense so heinous that one wonders that resolutions of impeachment have not been introduced into the House of Representatives by some zealous patriot.

—It is a matter of astonishment that so young a man as the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, should have celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his settlement as pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church last week. If it be really true that Mr. Twichell has been thirty years in Hartford, it is not surprising that Hartford is so delightful a city.

—Mr. Hopkinson Smith has bravely come to the rescue of the Turk, who is just now greatly in need of friends on this side of the water. It is to be feared, however, that Mr. Smith's keen eye for the picturesque, which makes him one of the most effective of painters and one of the most delightful of companions, may affect somewhat the dispassionateness of his judgment. The modern Turk looks far more attractive in Mr. Smith's pictures than against the background of burning Armenian villages.

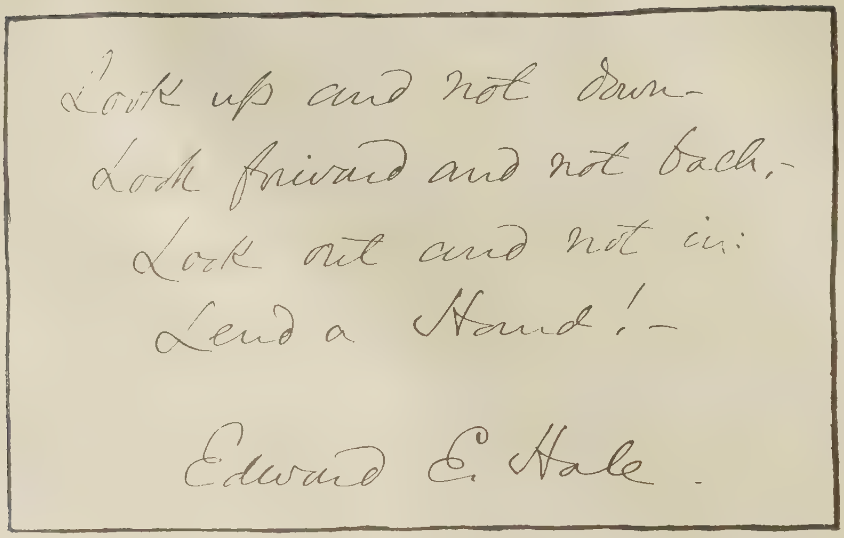
—Unless we are greatly mistaken, Mr. Ahlwardt, who comes to this country from Germany in order to preach hatred of the Jew, will address very cold and indifferent audiences. Our hope is that he will find the atmosphere too frigid for any oratorical exposition of the particular form of barbarism which he represents. It will be a great misfortune, however, if he does not secure from the people whom he attacks perfect freedom of utterance. The Jews of the country would do well to leave him alone. Every egg hurled at him will make more converts than all his oratory.

—The latent capacity of the world for follies is quite as great as its latent capacity for gullibility. Nothing more ridiculous has marked the present movement of some people in the Anglican and in the American Episcopal Church to shrivel up into old-fashioned ecclesiastics and mediæval tories than the endeavor to exalt Charles I. into a martyr. This effort, which was ridiculous in England, becomes hilariously funny in this country, where a serious attempt is being made to form a branch of the English Jacobite Association. If this Association is to do its work thoroughly, it will not only exalt to sainthood Charles I., but it ought actively to work for the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of England. Our readers will remember that not long ago an account appeared in the columns of The Outlook of the lady who now represents the Stuart claims. "St. Charles, King and Martyr," painted in his coronation robes, is, we are informed, about to hang in state in the Lady Chapel of the new Church of St. Mary the Virgin in this city. For our part, if this kind of historical restoration is to go on, we shall elect a more picturesque character, and canonize St. Bomba, of sacred memory in Sicily.

—Principal Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee Institute, in an address before the Hamilton Club of Chicago last week, formulated his attitude toward the Southern whites in a way that deserves the consideration of all the friends of his race at the North:

> "I am not ashamed to confess to you that I have the greatest sympathy for the South. I have grown to the point where I can love a Southern white man as much as a Northern white man. To me 'a man's a man for a' that.' As a race, I believe that we strengthen ourselves at every point by extending this sympathy, for no race can cherish ill will and hatred toward another race without its losing in all of those elements that tend to create and perpetuate a strong and healthy manhood. I propose that no man shall drag me down by making me hate him."

This is certainly as full of the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount as some Northern plans for the Southern negro are destitute of it. To us, it seems that in this spirit alone is the advancement of the negro race possible. It is worthy of note that the man who takes this attitude is so wrapped up in the cause of the advancement of the negro that he declines invitations to lecture on any other subject. In this regard also he sets an example.



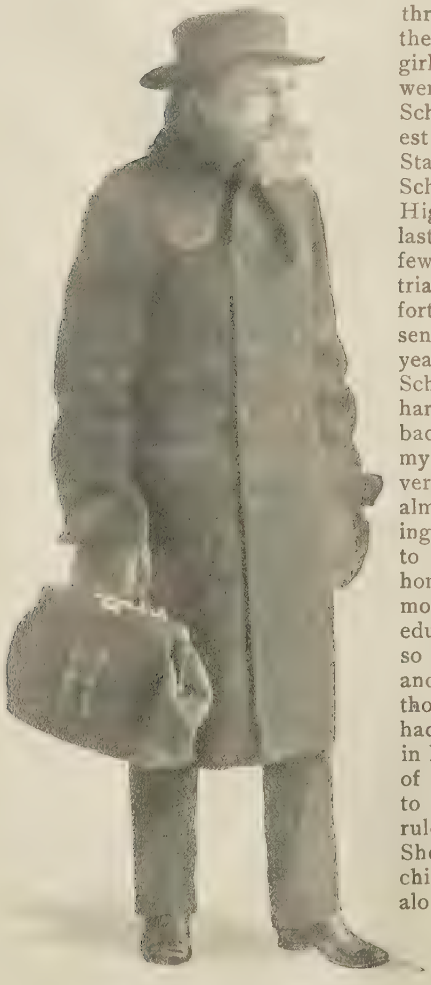
Look up and not down—
Look forward and not back,—
Look out and not in:
Lend a Hand!—

Edward E. Hale.

Edward Everett Hale: A Chapter of Autobiography

I.—Life at Home

When I was a boy, there was no proper school system of education in Boston. It was not till I came to manhood that the reforms were instituted which made the public schools of Boston, with three exceptions, fit for the training of any boy or girl. These exceptions were the Boston Latin School, which is the oldest school in the United States, the English High School, and the Girls' High School; and this last was given up after a few years of successful trial. For my part, I was fortunate enough to be sent, when I was nine years old, to the Latin School, where I was out of harm's way. But as I look back on the business of my own education, I see very distinctly that I owe almost all of the best training of my young life, not to school, but to life at home. I think that my mother was a remarkable educator. I did not think so when I was a child, and certainly she never thought so. But after she had become well advanced in life, the young mothers of her acquaintance used to come to ask what her rules were for education. She always said, "Dear child, the rule is to get along as well as you can." After Mr. Emerson came to the front, we used to tell her that in this rule she had anticipated some of his greatest utterances. But she never would admit that she was a Platonist. She considered that this was the practical rule of life. It is a very good rule for education and I may put it in as a text.



IN WINTER TIME

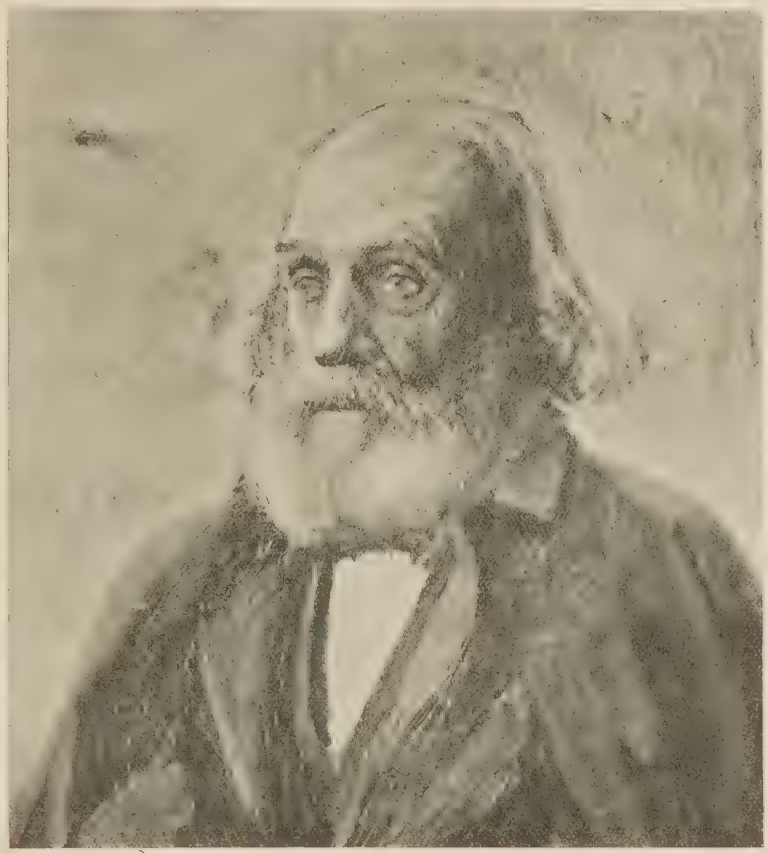
In a little book of mine called "A New England Boyhood," written because of the success of Miss Larcom's valuable "New England Girlhood," I went into this matter in some detail. I said somewhere there that if, by the time a boy is fifteen, home seems the most attractive place in the world to him, you need not have a great deal of anxiety about his future. I still think this is true. Now this will come about if the boy is the close companion of his father and of his mother, and, I think, only then.

In my case, my father, all through my boyhood, was engaged in driving up the people of New England to establish railways. Ninety-nine in a hundred of the sensible men in New England thought he was crazy. But he was not crazy; he was simply a pioneer in advance of his time. As such it became his business to build the railway from Boston to Worcester; that is, he was the president, and for some years the superintendent, of the company which built it. So it would happen that, from the time I was nine years old, he would take me with him in his chaise when he went to inspect the line, to talk with the engineers, or to superintend the contractors. He was not doubtful in the least about explaining to me everything that he was doing. He talked to me about grades, about curves, about the grip of iron upon iron, as he would have talked to a person three times my age. On my part, of course, I was perfectly happy in such companionship. Or, if I were left alone to hold the horse for an hour or two, I was thinking of something, not really above my comprehension, but which belonged to the life I was to lead afterward, and I was forming the habit of consulting with my father as with my best friend.

It was just so in the home intimacies. We children were never shipped off to a nursery in the evening. We sat in the parlor of the family, and we took our chances of the evening guests. In a place of sixty thousand people, where you could walk from one end of the town to the other in less than half an hour, there was a great deal more friendly visiting than there is in Brooklyn or New York or the Boston of to-day. So somebody might look in to make an evening visit; and if somebody did, we children could not play noisy games. We had to "take back seats"—not literally, but metaphorically—and when bedtime came, we had to shuffle off to bed without making a noise.

What happened was that we were sometimes awfully bored. And there are people, whom I will not name now, whom I shall meet with a certain curiosity in heaven, to know whether they deserved the black names which we gave them. We only judged of them because they were not entertaining to children. The tradition is that in 1820 my mother sat rocking her baby in the cradle while the people who made speeches in the Constitutional Convention came in to revise their proof-sheets. My father then edited the newspaper in which these speeches were reported; so that Mr. Webster, Judge Story, Judge Shaw, and younger men who engaged in that Convention, came round after tea to read proof-sheets or to bring their speeches in. This was before my appearance; but those pleasant habits of simple editorial life always continued, and the house, not a quarter of a mile from the printing-office, called in gentlemen, not to say gentlemen and ladies, who kept up an interest in the affairs of the day, or were, for any reason, family friends.

Foremost among them was the minister, John Gorham Palfrey, afterwards a distinguished critic of the Old Testament, and later yet the historian of New England and a founder and leader of the Free-Soil party. The Outlook published his portrait a year ago. The parsonage was not far from our house, and he would come in at any or all times. There was a tradition in our family that in 1825 he brought round "Ivanhoe" to suggest the copying of Rebecca's hymn into the new edition of the Brattle Square hymn-book. Of course our people approved, and this was the first hymn-book which printed it. In the index to all the editions it is marked as "anonymous" because Scott's authorship of "Ivanhoe" was in 1825 still concealed. Mr. Palfrey left out the last verse, as not needed in a Christian hymnbook.



DR. HALE. THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH
Photographed for The Outlook from an oil painting by Mr. Philip Hale, Dr. Hale's son

Another intimate and favorite visitor was Dr. Jacob Bigelow, the botanist, an eminent physician, who had a modest habit of concealing his name when he printed his very funny poems in the "Advertiser." I was a very little boy when the other children or Mrs. Webster made Mr. Webster play "Commerce" with us one evening. I had lost all my counters, and said, sadly, "Have I not any friend who will help me?" Mr. Webster sat next me, and pushed across a heap of ivory for me, saying, "As long as I live, Edward, you shall have a friend." This must have been more than thirty years before he died. And another prime favorite was Jared Sparks. He would just refer to Revolutionary stories in a way which made the battles very near. He had visited Lafayette intimately at home, had literally followed the course of the Revolution from Maine to Georgia, and talked almost like one who had been an active participant in the scenes he described, and always with the utmost vivacity.

I was eleven years old, reading Pope's Odyssey aloud to my mother, when father brought in Mr. George Bancroft, whom I had then never seen. "Here is Mr. Bancroft. He has come to talk about putting the History to press." He was then just thirty-three years old, hair like a raven, light of step and with a certain gay, debonair habit which graced him until he was ninety.

II.—The American Revolution

I do not know how early I was taught to repeat, in words which I hardly understood, from a school geography, that Boston was "distinguished"—whatever that might be—"for the part taken by her people in the Revolutionary War." It is, therefore, curious enough that no teacher in the school where this sentence was gabbled over several hundred times in the year ever interrupted the exercise for thirty seconds to tell us that John Hancock, Sam Adams, and Ben Franklin were all schoolmates of ours, that several generals in the British army had been trained to Latin on our benches—no, nor even that, within a few years, a British Admiral had come in to point out the bench where, as a boy, he had cut his name. The boys who in 1775 pleaded their inalienable right to coast down School Street were of my school; our first class appointed the committee to wait on the English general. It was not General Gage, but General Haldimand. Jonathan Robins, the oldest survivor of the party, told me the story in 1845, seventy years after the interview. It ended in Haldimand's sending for his servant, who had put ashes on the coast, giving him a blowing-up in the presence of the boys, and instructing him not to interfere in the future. This was told me, however, when I was a man; the school did not preserve the tradition.

This experience with Mr. Robins led me afterwards to count up the points where I may be said to have touched the Revolution myself. It is curious to me now, as a student of history and historical authorities, to see how few they are. I was born in the year 1822, of the independence of the United States the forty-sixth. When independence was declared, Lafayette, the youngest general of the war, was eighteen. In 1825 I was taken out of bed, a sick child, to see him on his way, escorted by soldiers, to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument. He was then sixty-eight. I should have said that I must have seen in the next twenty years many other survivors of that war. But I recollect but two. It is now thirty-four years since the Civil War began, and not a day passes but I meet a hundred men who fought in it.

My two revolutionaries were Major Melville and Mr. Ebenezer Clapp, of Northampton. The first was said to have belonged to the "Boston Tea-Party." About such tradition a certain caution is to be observed. The men who personally agreed to throw the tea into Boston Harbor were formed into two parties, one of North-Enders, one of South-Enders. They took an oath of secrecy before they went to work. They went to work about sunset, on a night when the sun was followed by a full moon. Every man and boy in Boston who could leave the house went down to see this done, and saw it. Many men and boys who were not of the "Tea-Party" went on board the ships. The quantity of tea they carried home in their

DR. HALE'S RESIDENCE
Highland Street, Roxbury

shoes must have been enormous, if tradition can be believed.

Fitly arrange these facts in mind, and you will see that if, fifty years after, when an old grandfather was asked if he belonged to the "Tea-Party," he smiled, and *said nothing*, he probably was one of the forty-five conspirators. If, on the other hand, he volubly said that he was present and "assisted," as the French say, he probably was not connected in form with the expedition.

Old Major Melville, however, was an authentic member of the honorable rebellious crew. He used to pass our school in top-boots and with a cocked hat, and we held him in high reverence.

Eben Clapp, the other of the two, was a boy of fifteen in Northampton when the Valley of the Connecticut was swept to take every man who could bear arms "agin Burgoyne." One feels the strain when he is told that Clapp's grandfather, an "exempt," was drafted to go. The boy begged that he might take his grandfather's place, and went. They had gone as far as "Number Six," now Charlestown, when they received the news of the surrender.

Nearly forty years ago I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Brown, an old lady of more than ninety, whose memory of the siege of Boston was perfect. She told me that on Staniford Street, the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, she saw the carts which brought the British wounded from the water to the hospitals, and that gouts of blood fell from the carts upon the roadway. I never pass through that little street without recalling that ghastly memory.

I once saw the bullet which was taken from Warren's body when it was removed from Bunker Hill to its present resting-place.

The English redoubts on the highest hill on Boston Common were left unchanged, except by time, until quite as late as the fifties of this century. And we used to trace the circles where Percy's brigade was encamped on the Common in the winter of 1775–6. The American works on Dorchester Heights were dug over again in the War of 1812. They were still formidable in my boyhood, in that form. It is a pity that we do not now rebuild the two "flèches" which the English erected where Blackstone Square and Franklin Square now are, which were their outer works. My friend and contemporary, Dr. Weld, told me that he had often driven his father's cows over them.

I wrote for the "Memorial History of Boston" the account of the siege of Boston. I did this as well as I could. I had the curiosity afterwards to count the number of incidents recorded in that article which had never been printed before. That means the number of incidents which may be represented by what is called "tradition," a century after the passage of the events described. There were twelve such incidents, of more or less importance. I mention this here as a comment on what is generally said in histories as to the value of the tradition of a century following the event of interest.

In this connection I should like to repeat what Josiah Quincy, the President of Harvard College, told me of George Washington. Quincy, I think, was on General Hancock's staff when Washington made his visit as President to the city of Boston. That is to say, a young man, scarcely eighteen years of age, met on somewhat intimate terms, for two or three days, the greatest man of his time. Mr. Quincy said that Washington, who at that time had met people of every rank and station in America, who was himself the peer of the best of men, and knew he was, still showed a certain shyness of manner. Mr. Quincy said to me: "You have met with gentlemen, who were through and through gentlemen, who came down to the Legislature from some remote country town. You have noticed a certain shyness of manner, as they dealt with people who had had larger intimacy with mankind. It is a curious thing to say, but General Washington, when he was President of the United States, showed this same shyness or diffidence, while in every regard he bore himself as the chief magistrate of the country." I think Mr. Quincy confirmed the remark which Timothy Pickering made with regard to Washington, that he had the largest hand of any man whom he ever saw.

In the same connection I will say that Hannibal Hamlin told me that, when he was first in Congress, he knew many men who had known Washington personally at Mount Vernon. They said to him that in the neighborhood—that is, in the counties around Mount Vernon—Washington was highly esteemed as a good neighbor, a man of practical sense, a person who could be relied upon in county affairs. I have never seen in print, since 1800, a statement made by my own grandfather in his address after Washington's death, which was printed that year. It is the statement that, after he was President, Washington served on the grand jury of the county, and was made the foreman of that grand jury.

III.—The Hopeful Years

When I left college, I found myself in the midst of a curious wave of feeling, the value of which was felt in all New England. It was more felt in Boston than anywhere else. Different people have spoken of it as the Transcendental movement, or as the Philanthropic movement. It passed on, and left its alluvial soil behind it. It did no harm, it did much good; and, generally speaking, it is now forgotten. I tried to give some account of it in one chapter of the "Life of the Late James Freeman Clarke." He was in it, as I was; and he was in it as a man of sense and courage, while I saw it as an amazed and amused boy.

Dr. Channing, since the year 1803, had been preaching in Boston the possible perfection of human nature, or the divinity of man. He began to preach in a little, rather forlorn church, which was the remnant of a foreigners' church, a church of Scotch Presbyterians, of which "Johnny Moorhead" was the minister in the years before the Revolution. Channing had gone to this church because it was small and weak, and because he was weak and small; but from the moment when his oracles were uttered there, the best people in Boston determined to hear him. And in 1840 Boston was led by the people who had been led by him. The foreign merchants of Boston, the men who were beginning to make Boston a manufacturing center, the men who were planning the great railroad system which now spreads over this nation, were people who believed in the ideas which Channing proclaimed, namely, ideas centering in the divinity of man.

These people showed their faith in various ways. They did or did not go to anti-slavery meetings in which Dr. Channing was interested. They did or did not think he was a fanatic when he proclaimed the wickedness of human slavery. But, all the same, they were men who believed in an Idea. In one way or another they showed their faith in their works. There were among them men who were used to victory. For instance, such men had created the fur trade on the northwest coast of America. This meant that they had sent out vessels loaded, you would say, with nothing, which came back after a three years' voyage filled with the most costly silks and spices and teas. They were men who remembered the time when they did the carrying trade for Europe, and when Napoleon himself had not been able to control them. They were men who knew that all things are possible to one who believes.

The population of Boston in 1840 was ninety-three thousand. It was to the statistician an insignificant commercial town. But the people who lived in Boston went and came like princes. Many of them had stood unawed before kings. And the leaders of them really believed that they could make the city of Boston the city of God, and they meant to do so.

DR. HALE IN HIS STUDY

By which I mean that when they had an enterprise in hand, the pattern for it was made full size. It was made on the largest scale. If they created the Massachusetts Hospital, it was to be large enough for all the people in the State of Massachusetts. When they created the Institution for the Blind, it was to be large enough for all the blind people in Massachusetts. When they established a House of Reformation, they really supposed that the vagrant boys in that House of Reformation were to be definitely and thoroughly Re-Formed. They knew no reason why they should not go forth to do such work as Benjamin Franklin had done in the world.

Such people, and the people under their lead, took an interest in what we should now call idealistic or sentimental enterprises such as has not been paralleled in what I have known of other cities. They were a little tired of the old drama, so they bought their old Boston Theater and changed it into the Odeon. They arranged for the performance there of Beethoven's symphonies within fifteen years after Beethoven's death. Two thousand people crowded this building whenever those symphonies were performed. At the same time, one of these leaders whom I have described died in his Eastern travels. This man, John Lowell, Jr., left a fund of three hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a popular university in Boston, which has lasted from that day to this. It provides for the delivery of free lectures, by the best men in the world, on the most important subjects of human knowledge. In the years 1840, 1841, and 1842, to give a single instance of what this meant, one of these courses of lectures was on "The Being and Attributes of God." It was delivered by James Walker, afterwards President of Harvard College. In a town of forty or fifty thousand people who, you might say, were of the lecture-going age, more than two thousand people regularly attended on these thoughtful, recondite, scientific discourses.

At the same time, every vision of the future which was thrown upon the screen was watched and studied with eager enthusiasm. The anti-slavery people, the temperance people, the people who wanted to suppress Sunday, the Fourierites, all other Socialists, were sure of audiences at their conventions. You can open Faneuil Hall to-day, if fifty people sign a petition for the purpose, for the utterance of any reform fanatic; but when he and the janitor come there, they will find that there are not present twenty-five of the people who signed the call. In those days, if the call was uttered, people came. The Latter-Day Saints had their church; I do not believe they could find a congregation in Boston to-day.

It would be hard to say that there was any center to this

IN THE LEND-A-HAND OFFICE
By permission of the Alden Photograph Company

eager movement. But a picturesque place, where one who was wise enough might watch some of its currents, was the modest book-shop, kept in a private house, No. 12 West Street, by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, her sisters and her father. Miss Peabody had been a teacher of a girls' school. I think that it did not know much of the mechanism of modern school-teaching, but I think there was there a good deal of the spirit of faith and hope and love. Perhaps people were tired of the school; I do not know. But she was herself on the very front edge of all advance movements, and somehow or other she and her sisters—afterwards Mrs. Horace Mann and Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne—opened a "foreign circulating library," and a book-shop for the sale of German and French books, in what was the front parlor of the house I have named. A counter ran across the parlor, the books of the circulating library stood on shelves in brown-paper covers, and such few books as they had in stock were pretty much anywhere as you looked around.

I am afraid that the subscription to the library did not amount to much; I am afraid that the sales of books did not amount to much. But what happened was this: if you had a vacant ten minutes, you went in there, for it was just in the middle of the Boston of that time. You met there, as might happen, Bronson Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Horace Mann, George Bancroft, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Frederick Hedge, even Andrews Norton, Margaret Fuller, Lydia Maria Child or her husband, John Dwight, afterwards to be the musical critic; Christopher Cranch, better remembered as a painter than as a preacher; George Ripley and all the leaders of Brook Farm, James Lowell, William Story, William B. Greene, or the charming lady who was afterward his wife. Who was there that you did not meet who was wide awake and was interested in the future? You stood and talked there—gossiped if you please—with such people; and you carried off the "Revue de Deux Mondes" of the month before, or you looked between the leaves of the "Leben Jesu," or something else which had appeared from Europe.

Perhaps somebody told you that Margaret Fuller's conversation of that week would be on the myth of Juno, or the myth of Ceres, and wouldn't you like to come round on Thursday evening? Or somebody told you that Mr. Allston would be at home on Tuesday evening, and did not you want to walk out to Cambridge and see him? Or somebody said that thus-and-so would be going on in the preparations for Brook Farm. Or somebody asked you how you felt disposed toward the Anti-Sabbath Convention. Or you were asked to put your name down to a petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. If you had that ten minutes in the midst of a workaday life, and looked in at 12 West Street, you were made sure, if you had not known it before, that this world has a future, and that very probably it was true that the kingdom of God was at hand.

I do not know if young people of both sexes in Boston, in New York, or Chicago, have any such loafing-place now, where they can meet at haphazard, where a walk can begin or can end. Let the people of the small cities remember that it is their great joy that such simple things are possible with them. You met Margaret Fuller or Dr. Holmes or Mr. Bancroft, or some John or Mary, some Alva or Zebedee unknown to fame. "Are you going to walk?" or "Would you like to go round the Common?" or "Are you taking your constitutional?" And you two took your constitutional together. Some of Miss Fuller's conversations which have been made famous by the interest which attaches to her life were in the parlors upstairs. I do not recollect any machinery of tickets or of formal invitations. It seems as if the company were selected by the "law of attraction." This was the central phrase in Fourier's plans, then popular in all such circles, but now forgotten. I think the Brook Farm people all made their regular headquarters at the "Foreign Circulating Library." I am afraid that the helter-skelter in which everybody availed himself of its hospitalities did not promote its pecuniary success.

THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL (UNITARIAN) CHURCH, BOSTON
(DR. HALE'S CHURCH)

THE REV. JOHN WATSON
(Ian Maclaren)

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—PANDEMONIUM

IT was the morning before the Twelfth,[2] five and twenty years ago, and nothing like unto Muirtown Station could have been found in all the traveling world. For Muirtown, as everybody knows, is the center which receives the southern immigrants in autumn, and distributes them, with all their belongings of servants, horses, dogs, and luggage, over the north country, from Athole to Sutherland. All night through trains, whose ordinary formation had been reinforced by horse-boxes, carriage-trucks, saloons, and luggage-vans, drawn by two engines and pushed up inclines by another, had been careering along the three iron trunk roads that run from London to the North. Four hours ago they had forced the border that used to be more jealously guarded, and had begun to converge on their terminus. Passengers, awakened by the caller air, and looking out still half asleep, miss the undisciplined hedge-rows and many-shaped patches of pasture, the warm brick homesteads and shaded ponds. Square fields cultivated up to a foot of the stone dykes or wire fencing, the strong graystone farm-houses, the swift-running burns, and the never-distant hills, brace the mind. Local passengers come in with deliberation, whose austere faces condemn the luxurious disorder of night travel, and challenge the defense of Arminian doctrine. A voice shouts "Carstairs Junction" with a command of the letter r which is the bequest of an unconquerable past, and inspires one with the hope of some day hearing a freeborn Scot say "Auchterarder." The train runs over bleak moorlands with black peat-holes, through alluvial straths yielding their last pickle of corn, between iron-furnaces blazing strangely in the morning light, at the foot of historical castles on rocks that rise out of the fertile plains, and then, after a space of sudden darkness, any man with a soul counts the ten hours' dust and heat but a slight price for the sight of the Scottish Rhine, flowing deep, clear, and swift by the foot of its wooded hills and the "Fair City" in the heart of her meadows.

"Do you see the last wreath of mist floating off the summit of the hill, and the silver sheen of the river against the green of the woods? Quick, Dad," and the General, accustomed to obey, stood up beside Kate for the brief glimpse between the tunnel and a prison. Yet they had seen the snows of the Himalayas, and the great river that runs through the plains of India. But it is so with Scottish folk that they may have lived opposite the Jungfrau at Mürren, and walked among the big trees of the Yosemite Valley, and watched the blood-red afterglow on the Pyramids, and yet will value a sunset behind the Cuchullin hills, and the Pass of the Trossachs, and the mist shot through with light on the sides of Ben Nevis, and the Tay at Dunkeld—just above the bridge—better guerdon for their eyes.

"Aye, lassie"—the other people had left at Stirling, and the General fell back upon the past—"there's just one bonnier river, and that's the Tochty, at a bend below the Lodge as we shall see it, please God, this evening."

"Tickets," broke in a voice with authority. "This is no the station, an' ye 'ill hae to wait till the first diveesion o' yir train is emptied. Kildrummie? Ye change of coorse, but yir branch 'ill hae a lang wait the day. It 'ill be an awfu' fecht wi' the Hielant train. Muirtown platform 'ill be worth seein'; it 'ill juist be michty," and the collector departed, smacking his lips in prospect of the fray.

"Upon my word," said the General, taken aback for a moment by the easy manners of his countryman, but rejoicing in every new assurance of home, "our people are no blate!

"Isn't it delicious to be where character has not been worn smooth by centuries of oppression, but where each man is himself? Conversation has salt here, and tastes in the mouth. We've just heard two men speak this morning, and each face is bitten into my memory. Now our turn has come," and the train came in at last.

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[1] Copyright, 1895, by John Watson. All rights reserved.

[2] August twelfth, the day when the English law allows grouse-shooting to begin.—THE EDITORS.

Porters, averaging six feet and with stentorian voices, were driving back the mixed multitude in order to afford foothold for the new arrivals on that marvelous landing-place, which served for all the trains which came in and all that went out, both north and south. One man tears open the door of a first with commanding gesture. "A' change, and hurry up! Na, na," rejecting the offer of a private engagement; "we hev nae time for that trade the day. Ye maun cairry yir bags yersels; the dogs and boxes 'll tak us a' oor time." He unlocks an under compartment and drags out a pair of pointers, who fawn upon him obsequiously, in gratitude for their release. "Doon wi' ye," as one to whom duty denies the ordinary courtesies of life, and he fastens them to the base of an iron pillar. Deserted immediately by their deliverer, the pointers make overtures to two elderly ladies, standing bewildered in the crush, to be repulsed with umbrellas, and then sit down upon their tails in despair. Their forlorn condition, left friendless amid this babel, gets upon their nerves, and after a slight rehearsal, just to make certain of the tune, they lift up their voices in melodious concert, to the scandal of the two females, who cannot escape the neighborhood, and regard the pointers with horror. Distant friends, also in bonds and distress of mind, feel comforted and join cheerfully, while a large black retriever, who had foolishly attempted to obstruct a luggage-barrow with his tail, breaks in with a high solo. Two collies—their tempers irritated by obstacles as they followed their masters, who had been taking their morning in the second-class refreshment-room—fall out by the way, and obtain as by magic a clear space in which to settle details; while a fox-terrier, escaping from his anxious mistress, has mounted a pile of boxes and gives a general challenge.

Porters fling open packed luggage-vans with a swing, setting free a cataract of portmanteaus, boxes, hampers, baskets, which pours across the platform for yards, led by a frolicsome black leather valise, whose anxious owner has fought her adventurous way to the van for the purpose of explaining to a phlegmatic Scott that he would know it by a broken strap, and must lift it out gently, for it contained breakables.

"It can gang itsel, that ane," as the afflicted woman followed its reckless progress with a wail. "Sall, if they were a' as clever on their feet as yon box, there wud be less tribble," and, with two assistants, he falls upon the congested mass within. They perform prodigies of strength, handling huge trunks, that ought to have filled some woman with repentance, as if they were Gladstone bags, and light weights as if they were paper parcels. With unerring scent they detect the latest label among the remains of past history, and the air resounds with "Hielant train!" "Aiberdeen fast!" "Aiberdeen slow!" "Muirtown!"—this with indifference—and at a time "Dunleith!" and once "Kildrummie!" with much contempt. By this time stacks of baggage of varying size have been erected, the largest of which is a pyramid in shape, with a very uncertain apex.

Male passengers—heads of families and new to Muirtown—hover anxiously round the outskirts, and, goaded on by female commands, rush into the heat of the fray for the purpose of claiming a piece of luggage, which turns out to be some other person's, and retire hastily after a fair-sized portmanteau descends on their toes and the sharp edge of a trunk takes them in the small of the back. Footmen with gloves and superior airs make gentlemanly efforts to collect the family luggage, and are rewarded by having some hopelessly vulgar tin boxes, heavily roped, deposited among its initialed glory. One elderly female, who had been wise to choose some other day to revisit her native town, discovers her basket flung up against a pillar, like wreckage from a storm, and settles herself down upon it with a sigh of relief. She remains unmoved amid the turmoil, save when a passing gun-case tips her bonnet to one side, giving her a very rakish air, and a good-natured retriever on a neighboring box is so much taken with her appearance that he offers her a friendly caress. Restless people—who remember that their train ought to have left half an hour ago, and cannot realize that all bonds are loosed on the eleventh—fasten on any man in a uniform, and suffer many rebuffs.

"There's nae use asking me," answers a guard, coming off duty and pushing his way through the crowd as one accustomed to such spectacles; "a'm juist in frae Carlisle; get haud o' a porter."

"Cupar Angus?"—this from the porter—"that's the Aiberdeen slow; it's no made up yet, and little chance o't till the express an' the Hielant be aff. Whar 'ill it start frae?" breaking away; "forrit, a' tell ye, forrit."

Fathers of families, left on guard and misled by a sudden movement "forrit," rush to the waiting-room and bring out, for the third time, the whole expedition, to escort them back again with shame. Barrows with towering piles of luggage are pushed through the human mass by two porters, who allow their engine to make its own way with much confidence, condescending only at a time to shout, "A' say, hey, oot o' there," and treating any testy complaint with the silent contempt of a drayman for a costermonger. Old hands, having fed at their leisure in callous indifference to all alarms, lounge about in great content, and a group of sheep-farmers, having endeavored in vain, after one tasting, to settle the merits of a new sheep dip, take a glance in the "Hielant" quarter, and adjourn the conference once more to the refreshment-room. Groups of sportsmen discuss the prospects of to-morrow in detail, and tell stories of ancient twelfths, while chieftains from London, in full Highland dress, are painfully conscious of the whiteness of their legs.

During this time wonderful maneuvers have been executed on the lines of rail opposite the platform. Trains have left with all the air of a departure, and disappeared round a curve outside the station, only to return in fragments. Half a dozen carriages pass without an engine, as if they had started on their own account, break-vans that one saw presiding over expresses stand forsaken, a long procession of horse-boxes rattles through, and a saloon-carriage, with people, is so much in evidence that the name of an English Duke is freely mentioned, and every new passage relieves the tedium of the waiting.

Out of all this confusion trains begin to grow and take shape, and one, with green carriages, looks so complete that a rumor spreads that the Hielant train has been made up and may appear any minute in its place. The sunshine beating through the glass roof, the heat of travel, the dust of the station, the moving carriages with their various colors, the shouts of railway officials, the recurring panics of fussy passengers, begin to affect the nerves.

Over all this excitement and confusion one man is presiding, untiring, forceful, ubiquitous. A sturdy man, somewhere about five feet ten, whose lungs are brass, and nerves fine steel wire. He is dressed, as to his body, in brown corduroy trousers, a blue jacket and waistcoat with shining brass buttons, a gray flannel shirt, and a silver-braided cap, which, as time passes, he thrusts farther back on his head till its peak stands at last almost erect, a crest seen high above the conflict. As to the soul of him, this man is clothed with resolution, courage, authority, and an infectious enthusiasm. He is the brain and will of the whole organism, its driving power. Drivers lean out of their engines, one hand on the steam-throttle, their eyes fixed on this man; if he waved his hands, trains move; if he held them up, trains halt. Strings of carriages out in the open are carrying out his plans, and the porters toil like maniacs to meet his commands. Piles of luggage disappear as he directs the attack, and his scouts capture isolated boxes hidden among the people. Every horse-box has a place in his memory, and he has calculated how many carriages would clear the north traffic; he carries the destination of families in his head, and has made arrangements for their comfort. "Soon ready now, sir," as he passed swiftly down to receive the last southerner, "and a second compartment reserved for you," till people watched for him, and the sound of his voice, "forrit wi' the Hielant luggage," inspired bewildered tourists with confidence, and became an argument for Providence. There is a general movement towards the northern end of the station; five barrows, whose luggage swings dangerously and has to be held on, pass in procession; dogs are collected and trailed along in bundles; families pick up their bags and press after their luggage, cheered to recognize a familiar piece peeping out from strange goods; a bell is rung with insistence. The Aberdeen express leaves—its passengers regarding the platform with pity, and the guard of the last van slamming his door in triumph. The great man concentrates his forces with a wave of his hand for the *tour de force* of the year, the dispatch of the Hielant train.

The southern end of the platform is now deserted—the London express departed half an hour ago with thirteen passengers, very crestfallen and envious—and across the open center porters hustle barrows at headlong speed, with neglected pieces of luggage. Along the edge of the Highland platform there stretches a solid mass of life, close-packed, motionless, silent, composed of tourists, dogs, families, lords, dogs, sheep-farmers, keepers, clericals, dogs, footmen, commercials, ladies' maids, grooms, dogs, waiting for the empty train that, after deploying hither and thither, picking up some trifle, a horse-box or a duke's saloon, at every new raid, is now backing slowly in for its freight. The expectant crowd has ceased from conversation, sporting or otherwise; respectable elderly gentlemen brace themselves for the scramble, and examine their nearest neighbors suspiciously; heads of families gather their belongings round them by signs, and explain in a whisper how to act; one female tourist—of a certain age and severe aspect—refreshes her memory as to the best window for the view of Killiecrankie. The luggage has been piled in huge masses at each end of the siding; the porters rest themselves against it, taking off their caps and wiping their foreheads with handkerchiefs of many colors and uses. It is the stillness before the last charge; beyond the outermost luggage an arm is seen waving, and the long coil of carriages begins to twist into the station.

People who know their ancient Muirtown well, and have taken part in this day of days, will remember a harbor of refuge beside the book-stall, protected by the buffers of the Highland siding on one side and a breakwater of luggage on the other, and persons within this shelter could see the storming of the train to great advantage. Carmichael, the young Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty, who had been tasting the civilization of Muirtown overnight and was waiting for the Dunleith train, leant against the back of the book-stall, watching the scene with frank, boyish interest. Rather under six feet in height, he passed for more, because he stood so straight and looked so slight, for his limbs were as slender as a woman's, while women (in Muirtown) had envied his hands and feet. But in chest measure he was only two inches behind Saunders Baxter, the grieve of Drumsheugh, who was the standard of manhood by whom all others were tried and (mostly) condemned in Drumtochty. Chancing to come upon Saunders putting the stone one day with the bothy lads, Carmichael had taken his turn, with the result that his stone lay foremost in the final heat by an inch exactly. MacLure saw them kneeling together to measure, the Free Kirk minister and the plowmen all in a bunch, and went on his way rejoicing to tell the Free Kirk folk that their new minister was a man of his hands. His hair was fair, just touched with gold, and he wore it rather long, so that in the excitement of preaching a lock sometimes fell down on his forehead, which he would throw back with a toss of his head—a gesture Mrs. Macfadyen, our critic, thought very taking. His dark blue eyes used to enlarge with passion in the Sacrament and grow so tender, the healthy tan disappeared and left his cheeks so white, that the mothers were terrified lest he should die early, and sent offerings of cream on Monday morning. For though his name was Carmichael, he had Celtic blood in him, and was full of all kinds of emotion, but mostly those that were brave and pure and true. He had done well at the University, and was inclined to be philosophical, for he knew little of himself and nothing of the world. There were times when he allowed himself to be supercilious and sarcastic; but it was not for an occasional jingle of cleverness the people loved him, or, for that matter, any other man. It was his humanity that won their hearts, and this he had partly from his mother, partly from his training. Through a kind providence and his mother's countryness, he had been brought up among animals—birds, mice, dormice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, dogs, cattle, horses—till he knew all their ways, and loved God's creatures as did St. Francis d'Assisi, to whom every creature of God was dear, from Sister Swallow to Brother Wolf. So he learned, as he grew older, to love men and women and little children, even although they might be ugly, or stupid, or bad-tempered, or even wicked; and this sympathy cleansed away many a little fault of pride and self-conceit and impatience and hot temper, and in the end of the days made a man of John Carmichael. The dumb animals had an instinct about this young fellow, and would make overtures to him that were a certificate for any situation requiring character. Horses by the wayside neighed at his approach, and stretched out their velvet muzzles to be stroked. Dogs insisted upon sitting on his knees, unless quite prevented by their size, and then they put their paws on his chest. Hillocks was utterly scandalized by his collie's familiarity with the minister, and brought him to his senses by the application of a boot, but Carmichael waived all apologies. "Rover and I made friends two days ago on the road, and my clothes will take no injury." And indeed they could not, for Carmichael, except on Sundays and at funerals, wore a soft hat and suit of threadbare tweeds, on which a microscopist could have found traces of a peat bog, moss of dykes, the scale of a trout, and a tiny bit of heather.

His usual fortune befell him that day in Muirtown Station, for two retrievers, worming their way through the luggage, reached him, and made known their wants.

"Thirsty? I believe you. All the way from England, and heat enough to roast you alive. I've got no dish, else I'd soon get water.

"Inverness? Poor chaps, that's too far to go with your tongues like a lime-kiln. Down, good dogs; I'll be back in a minute."

You can have no idea, unless you have tried it, how much water a soft clerical hat can hold—if you turn up the edges and bash down the inside with your fist, and fill the space up to the brim. But it is difficult to convey such a vessel with undiminished content through a crowd, and altogether impossible to lift one's eyes. Carmichael was therefore quite unconscious that two newcomers to the shelter were watching him with keen delight as he came in bareheaded, flushed, triumphant—amid howls of welcome—and knelt down to hold the cup till—drinking time about in strict honor—the retrievers had reached the maker's name.

"Do you think they would like a biscuit?" said a clear, sweet, low voice, with an accent of pride and just a flavor of amusement in its tone. Carmichael rose in much embarrassment, and was quite confounded.

They were standing together—father and daughter, evidently—and there was no manner of doubt about him. A spare man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, straight as a rod, and having an air of command, with keen gray eyes, close-cropped hair turning white, a clean-shaven face except where a heavy mustache covered a firm-set mouth—one recognized in him a retired army man of rank, a colonel at least, it might be a general; and the bronze on his face suggested long Indian service. But he might have been dressed in Rob Roy tartan, or been a naval officer in full uniform, for all Carmichael knew. A hundred thousand faces pass before your eyes and are forgotten, mere physical impressions; you see one, and it is in your heart forever, as you saw it the first time. Wavy black hair, a low, straight forehead, hazel eyes with long eyelashes, a perfectly shaped Grecian nose, a strong mouth, whose upper lip had a curve of softness, a clear-cut chin with one dimple, small ears set high in the head, and a rich creamy complexion—that was what flashed upon Carmichael as he turned from the retrievers. He was a man so unobservant of women that he could not have described a woman's dress to save his life or any other person's; and now that he is married—

he is a middle-aged man now and threatened with stoutness—it is his wife's reproach that he does not know when she wears her new spring bonnet for the first time. Yet he took in this young woman's dress, from the smart hat, with a white bird's wing on the side, and the close-fitting tailor-made jacket, to the small, well-gloved hand in dogskin, the gray tweed skirt, and one shoe, with a tip on it, that peeped out below her frock. Critics might have hinted that her shoulders were too square, and that her figure wanted somewhat in softness of outline; but it seemed to Carmichael that he had never seen so winsome or high-bred a woman.

Carmichael was at that age when a man prides himself on dressing and thinking as he pleases, and had quite scandalized a Muirtown elder—a stout gentleman, who had come out in '43, and could with difficulty be weaned from Dr. Chalmers—by making his appearance on the preceding evening in amazing tweeds and a gray flannel shirt. He explained casually that for a fifteen-mile walk flannels were absolutely necessary, and that he was rather pleased to find that he had come from door to door in four hours and two minutes exactly. His host was at a loss for words, because he was comparing this unconventional youth with the fathers, who wore large white stocks and ambled along at about two and a half miles an hour, clearing their throats also in a very impressive way, and seasoning the principles of the Free Kirk with snuff of an excellent fragrance. It was hard even for the most generous charity to identify the spirit of the Disruption in such a figure, and the good elder grew so proper and so didactic that Carmichael went from bad to worse.

"Well, you would find the congregation in excellent order. The Professor was a most painstaking man, though retiring in disposition, and his sermons were thoroughly solid and edifying. They were possibly just a little above the heads of Drumtochty, but I always enjoyed Mr. Cunningham myself," nodding his head as one who understood all mysteries. "Did you ever happen to hear the advice Jamie Soutar gave the deputation from Muirtown when they came up to see whether Cunningham would be fit for the North Kirk, where two Bailies stand at the plate every day, and the Provost did not think himself good enough to be an elder?" for Carmichael was full of wickedness that day, and earning a judgment.

His host indicated that the deputation had given in a very full and satisfactory report—he was, in fact, on the Session of the North himself—but that no reference had been made to Jamie.

"Well, you must know," and Carmichael laid himself out for narration, "the people were harassed with raids from the Lowlands during Cunningham's time, and did their best in self-defense. Spying makes men cunning, and it was wonderful how many subterfuges the deputations used to practice. They would walk from Kildrummie as if they were staying in the district, and one retired tradesman talked about the crops as if he was a farmer, but it was a pity that he didn't know the difference between the cereals.

"'Yon man that wes up aifter yir minister, Elspeth,' Hillocks said to Mrs. Macfadyen, 'hesna hed muckle money spent on his eddication. "A graund field o' barley," he says, and, as sure as a'm stannin' here, it wes the haugh field o' aits.'

"'He's frae Glaisgie,' was all Elspeth answered, 'and by next Friday we 'ill hae his name an' kirk. He said he wes up for a walk an' juist dropped in, the wratch.'

"Some drove from Muirtown, giving out that they were English tourists, speaking with a fine East Coast accent, and were rebuked by Lachlan Campbell for breaking the Sabbath. Your men put up their trap at the last farm in Netheraird—which always has grudged Drumtochty its ministers and borne their removal with resignation—and came up in pairs, who pretended they did not know one another. Jamie was hearing the Professor's last lecture on Justification, and our people asked him to take charge of the strangers. He found out the town from their hats, and escorted them to the boundaries of the parish, assisting their confidences till one of your men—I think it was the Provost—admitted that it had taken them all their time to follow the sermon. 'A'm astonished at ye,' said Jamie, for the Netheraird man let it out; 'yon wes a sermon for young fouk, juist milk, ye ken, tae the ordinar discoorses. Surely,' as if the thought had just struck him, 'ye werena thinkin' o' callin' Maister Cunningham tae Muirtown.

"'Edinboorgh, noo; that micht dae gin the feck o' the members be professors, but Muirtown wud be clean havers. There's times when the Drumtochty fouk themsels canna understand the cratur, he's that deep. As for Muirtown'—here Jamie allowed himself a brief rest of enjoyment—'but ye've hed a fine drive, tae say naethin' o' the traivel.'"

Then, having begun, Carmichael retailed so many of Jamie's most wicked sayings, and so exalted the Glen as a place "where you can go up one side and down the other with your dogs, and every second man you meet will give you something to remember," that the city dignitary doubted afterwards to his wife "whether this young man was . . . quite what we have been accustomed to in a Free Church minister." Carmichael ought to have had repentances for shocking a worthy man, but instead thereof laughed in his room and slept soundly, not knowing that he would be humbled in the dust by midday to-morrow.

It seemed to him on the platform as if an hour passed while he who had played with a city father stood, clothed with shame, before this commanding young woman. Had she ever looked upon a more abject wretch? and Carmichael photographed himself with merciless accuracy, from his hair that he had not thrown back to an impress of dust which one knee had taken from the platform, and he registered a resolution that he would never be again boastfully indifferent to the loss of a button on his coat. She stooped and fed the dogs, who did her homage, and he marked that her profile was even finer—more delicate, more perfect, more bewitching—than her front face; but he still stood holding his shapeless hat in his hand, and for the first time in his life had no words to say.

"They are very polite dogs," and Miss Carnegie gave Carmichael one more chance; "they make as much of a biscuit as if it were a feast; but I do think dogs have such excellent manners; they are always so un-self-conscious."

"I wish I were a dog," said Carmichael, with much solemnity, and afterwards was filled with thankfulness that the baggage behind gave way at that moment, and that an exasperated porter was able to express his mind freely.

"Dinna try tae lift that box for ony sake, man. Sall, ye're no feared," as Carmichael, thirsting for action, swung it up unaided; and then, catching sight of the wisp of white, "A' didna see ye were a minister, an' the word cam oot sudden."

"You would find it a help to say Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham," and with a smile to Carmichael, still bare-headed and now redder than ever, Miss Carnegie went along the platform to see the Hielant train depart. It was worth waiting to see the two minutes' scrimmage, and to hear the great man say, as he took off his cap with deliberation and wiped his brow, "That's anither year ower; some o' you lads see tae that Dunleith train." There was a day when Carmichael would have enjoyed the scene to the full, but now he had eyes for nothing but that tall, slim figure and the white bird's wing.

When they disappeared into the Dunleith train, Carmichael had a wild idea of entering the same compartment, and in the end had to be pushed into the last second by the guard, who knew most of his regular people and every one of the Drumtochty men. He was so much engaged with his own thoughts that he gave two English tourists to understand that Lord Kilspindie's castle, standing amid its woods on the bank of the Tay, was a recently erected dyework, and that, as the train turned off the North trunk-line for Dunleith, they might at any moment enter the pass of Killiecrankie.

CHAPTER II.—PEACE

"The last stage now, Kit; in less than two hours we 'ill see Tochty woods. The very thought makes me a boy again, and it seems yesterday that I kissed your mother on the doorstep of the old lodge and went off to the Crimean War. That's Muirtown Castle over there in the wood—a grand place in its way, but nothing to our home, lassie. Kilspindie—he was Viscount Hay then—joined me at Muirtown, and we fought through the weary winter. He left the army after the war, with lots of honor. A good fellow was Hay, both in the trenches and the mess-room.

"I've never seen him since, and I dare say he's forgotten a battered old Indian. Besides, he's the big swell in this district, and I'm only a poor Hielant laird, with a wood and a tumble-down house and a couple of farms."

"You are also a shameless hypocrite and deceiver, for you believe that the Carnegies are as old as the Hays, and you know that, though you have only two farms, you have twelve medals and seven wounds. What does money matter? it simply makes people vulgar."

"Nonsense, lassie; if a Carnegie runs down money, it's because he has got none and wishes he had. If you and I had only had a few hundreds a year over the pay to rattle in our pockets, we should have lots of little pleasures, and you might have lived in England, with all sorts of variety and comfort, instead of wandering about India with a gang of stupid old chaps who have been so busy fighting that they never had time to read a book."

"You mean like yourself, dad, and V. C. and Colonel Kinloch? Where could a girl have found finer company than with my Knights of King Arthur? And do you dare to insinuate that I could have been content away from the regiment, that made me their daughter after mother died, and the army?

"Pleasure!" and Kate's cheek flushed. "I've had it since I was a little tot and could remember anything—the bugles sounding reveille in the clear air, and the sergeants drilling the new drafts in the morning, and the regiment coming out with the band before and you at its head, and hearing 'God Save the Queen' at a review, and seeing the companies passing like one man before the General.

"Don't you think that's better than tea-drinking, and gossiping, and sewing-meetings, and going for walks in some stupid little hole of a country town? Oh, you wicked, aggravating dad! Now, what more will money do?"

"Well," said the General, with much gravity, "if you were even a moderate heiress there is no saying but that we might pick up a presentable husband for you among the lairds. As it is, I fancy a country minister is all you could expect.

"Don't . . . my ears will come off some day; one was loosened by a cut in the Mutiny. No, I'll never do the like again. But some day you will marry, all the same," and Kate's father rubbed his ears.

"No, I'm not going to leave you, for nobody else could ever make a curry to please; and if I do, it will not be a Scotch minister—horrid, bigoted wretches, V. C. says. Am I like a minister's wife, to address mothers' meetings and write out sermons? By the way, is there a kirk at Drumtochty, or will you read prayers to Janet and Donald and me?"

"When I was a lad there was just one minister in Drumtochty—Dr. Davidson, a splendid specimen of the old school, who, on great occasions, wore gaiters and a frill with a diamond in the center; he carried a gold-headed stick, and took snuff out of a presentation box.

"His son Sandie was my age to a year, and many a ploy we had together; there was the jackdaw's nest in the ivy on the old tower we harried together," and the General could only indicate the delightful risk of the exploit. "My father and the Doctor were pacing the avenue at the time, and caught sight of us against the sky. 'It's your rascal and mine, Laird,' we heard the minister say, and they waited till we got down, and then each did his duty by his own for trying to break his neck; but they were secretly proud of the exploit, for I caught my father showing old Lord Kilspindie the spot, and next time Hay was up he tried to reach the place, and stuck where the wall hangs over. I'll point out the hole this evening; you can see it from the other side of the den quite plain.

"Sandie went to the church—I wish every parson were as straight—and Kilspindie appointed him to succeed the old gentleman, and when I saw him in his study last month, it seemed as if his father stood before you, except the breeches and the frill, but Sandie has a marvelous stock; what havers I'm deivin' you with, lassie!"

"Tell me about Sandie this minute—did he remember the raiding of the jackdaws?"

"He did," cried the General, in great spirits; "he just looked at me for an instant—no one knew of my visit—and then he gripped my hands, and, do you know, Kit, he was . . . well, and there was a lump in my throat, too; it would be about forty years, for one reason and another, since we met."

"What did he say? the very words, dad," and Kate held up her finger in command.

"'Jack, old man, is this really you?'—he held me at arm's length—'man, div ye mind the jackdaw's nest?'"

"Did he? And he's to be our padre I know I'll love him at once. Go on—everything, for you've never told me anything about Drumtochty."

'We had a glorious time going over old times. We fished up every trout again, and we shot our first day on the moor again with Peter Stewart, Kilspindie's head keeper, as fine an old Highlander as ever lived. Stewart said in the evening, 'You're a pair of prave boys, as becometh your fathers' sons,' and Sandie gave him two and fourpence he had scraped for a tip, but I had only one and elevenpence—we were both kept bare. But he knew better than to refuse our offerings, though he never saw less than gold or notes from the men that shot at the lodge, and Sandie remembered how he touched his Highland bonnet and said, 'I will be much obliged to you both; and you will be coming to the moor another day, for I hef his lordship's orders.'

"Boys are queer animals, lassie; we were prouder that Peter accepted our poor little tip than about the muirfowl we shot, though I had three brace and Sandie four. Highlanders are all gentlemen by birth, and be sure of this, Kit, it's only that breed which can manage boys and soldiers. But where am I now?"

"With Sandie—I beg his reverence's pardon—with the Rev. the padre of Drumtochty," and Kate went over and sat down beside the General to anticipate any rebellion, for it was a joy to see the warrior turning into a boy before her eyes. "Well?"

"We had a royal dinner, as it seemed to me. Sandie has a couple of servants, man and wife, who rule him with a rod of iron, but I would forgive that for the cooking and the loyalty. After dinner he disappeared with a look of mystery, and came back with a cobwebbed bottle of the old shape, short and bunchy, which he carried as if it were a baby.

"'Just two bottles of my father's port left; we 'ill have one to-day to welcome you back, and we 'ill keep the other to celebrate your daughter's marriage.' He had one sister, younger by ten years, and her death nearly broke his heart. It struck me, from something he said, that his love is with her; at any rate, he has never married. Sandie has just one fault—he would not touch a cheroot; but he snuffs handsomely out of his father's box.

"Of course I can't say anything about his preaching, but it's bound to be sensible stuff."

"Bother the sermons; he's an old dear himself, and I know we shall be great friends. We 'ill flirt together, and you will not have one word to say, so make up your mind to submit."

"We shall have good days in the old place, lassie; but you know we are poor, and must live quietly. What I have planned is a couple of handy women or so in the house with Donald. Janet is going to live at the gate where she was brought up, but she will look after you well, and we 'ill always have a bed and a glass of wine for a friend. Then you can have a run up to London and get your things, Kit," and the General looked wistfully at his daughter, as one who would have given her a kingdom.

"Do you think your girl cares so much about luxuries and dresses? Of course I like to look well; every woman does, and if she pretends otherwise she's a hypocrite; but money just seems to make some women hideous. It is enough for me to have you all to myself up in your old home, and to see you enjoying the rest you have earned. We 'ill be as happy as two lovers, dad," and Kate threw an arm round her father's neck and kissed him.

"We have to change here," as the train began to slow; "prepare to see the most remarkable railway in the Empire, and a guard to correspond." And then it came upon them, the first sight that made a Drumtochty man's heart warm, and assured him that he was nearing home.

An engine on a reduced scale, that had once served in the local goods department of a big station, and then, having grown old and asthmatic, was transferred on half-pay, as it were, to the Kildrummie branch, where it puffed between the junction and the terminus half a dozen times a day, with two carriages and an occasional coal-truck. Times there were when wood was exported from Kildrummie, and then the train was taken down in detachments, and it was a pleasant legend that, one market-day, when Drumtochty was down in force, the engine stuck, and Drumsheugh invited the Glen to get out and push. The two carriages were quite distinguished in construction, and had seen better days. One consisted of a single first-class compartment in the center, with a bulge of an imposing appearance, supported on either side by two seconds. As no native ever traveled second, one compartment had been employed as a reserve to the luggage van, so that Drumtochty might have a convenient place of deposit for calves, but the other was jealously reserved by Peter Bruce for strangers with second-class tickets, that his branch might not be put to confusion. The other carriage was three-fourths third-class and one-fourth luggage, and did the real work; on its steps Peter stood and dispensed wisdom, between the junction and Kildrummie.

But neither the carriages nor the engine could have made history without the guard, beside whom the guards of the main line—even of the expresses that ran to London—were as nothing—fribbles and weaklings. For the guard of the Kildrummie branch was absolute ruler, lording over man and beast without appeal, and treating the Kildrummie station-master as a federated power. Peter was a short man of great breadth, like unto the cutting of an oak-tree, with a penetrating gray eye, an immovable countenance, and bushy whiskers. It was understood that when the line was opened, and the directors were about to fill up the post of guard from a number of candidates qualified by long experience on various lines, Peter, who had been simply wasting his time driving a carrier's cart, came in, and, sitting down opposite the board—two lairds and a farmer—looked straight before him without making any application. It was felt by all in an instant that only one course was open, in the eternal fitness of things. Experience was well enough, but special creation was better, and Peter was immediately appointed, his name being asked by the chairman afterwards as a formality. From the beginning he took up a masterful position, receiving his cargo at the junction and discharging it at the station with a power that even Drumtochty did not resist, and a knowledge of individuals that was almost comprehensive. It is true that, boasting one Friday evening concerning the "crooded" state of the train, he admitted with reluctance that "there's a stranger in the second I canna mak oot," but it was understood that he solved the problem before the man got his luggage at Kildrummie.

Perhaps Peter's most famous achievement was his demolition of a south-country bagman, who had made himself unpleasant, and the story was much tasted by our guard's admirers. This self-important and vivacious gentleman, seated in the first, was watching Peter's leisurely movements on the Kildrummie platform with much impatience, and lost all self-control on Peter going outside to examine the road for any distant passenger.

"Look here, guard, this train ought to have left five minutes ago, and I give you notice that if we miss our connection I'll hold your company responsible."

At the sound of this foreign voice with its indecent clamor, Peter returned and took up his position opposite the speaker, while the staff and the whole body of passengers—four Kildrummie and three Drumtochty, quite sufficient for the situation—waited the issue. Not one word did Peter deign to reply, but he fixed the irate traveler with a gaze so searching, so awful, so irresistible, that the poor man fell back into his seat and pretended to look out at the opposite window. After a pause of thirty seconds, Peter turned to the engine-driver.

"They're a' here noo, an' there's nae use waitin' langer; ca' awa', but ye needna distress the engine."

It was noticed that the foolhardy traveler kept the full length of the junction between himself and Peter till the Dunleith train came in, while his very back was eloquent of humiliation, and Hillocks offered his snuff-box ostentatiously to Peter, which that worthy accepted as a public tribute of admiration.

"Look, Kate, there he is!" and there Peter was, standing in his favorite attitude, his legs wide apart and his thumbs in his armholes, superior, abstracted, motionless till the train stopped, when he came forward.

"Prood tae see ye, General, coming back at laist, an' the Miss wi' ye; it 'ill no be the blame o' the fouk up bye gin ye bena happy. Drumtochty hes an idea o' itsel', and peety the man 'at tries tae drive them, but they're couthy.

"This wy, an' a'll see tae yir luggage," and before Peter made for the Dunleith van it is said that he took off his cap to Kate; but if so, this was the only time he had ever shown such gallantry.

Certainly he must have been flustered by something, for he did not notice that Carmichael, overcome by shyness at the sight of the Carnegies in the first, had hid himself in the second, till he closed the doors; then the Carnegies heard it all.

"It's I, Peter," very quietly; "your first has passengers to-day, and . . . I'll just sit here."

"Come oot o' that," after a moment, during which Peter had simply looked; then the hat and the tweeds came stumbling into the first, making some sort of a bow and muttering an apology.

"A'll tak' yir ticket, Maister Carmichael," with severity. "General," suddenly relaxing, "this is the Free Kirk minister of yir pairish, an a'm jidgin' he 'ill no try the second again."

Carmichael lifted his head and caught Kate's eye, and at the meeting of humor they laughed aloud. Whereupon the General said, "My daughter, Miss Carnegie," and they became so friendly before they reached Kildrummie that Carmichael forgot his disgraceful appearance, and, when the General offered him a lift up, simply clutched at the opportunity.

The trap was a four-wheeled dog-cart. Kate drove, with her father by her side and Carmichael behind, but he found it necessary to turn round to give information of names and places, and he so managed that he could catch Kate's profile half the time.

When he got down at the foot of the hill by Hillock's farm, to go up the near road, instead thereof he scrambled along the ridge, and looked through the trees as the carriage passed below, and did not escape.

"What's he glowerin' at doon there?" Hillocks inquired of Jamie Soutar, to whom he was giving some directions about a dyke, and Hillocks made a reconnaisance. "A'll warrant that's the General and his dochter. She's a weel-faured lassie an' speerity-lookin'."

"It cowes a'," said Jamie to himself; "the first day he ever saw her; but it's aye the way, aince an' ever, or . . . never."

"What's the Free Kirk, dad?"—when Carmichael had gone. "Is it the same as the Methodists?"

"No, no, quite different. I'm not up in those things, but I've heard it was a lot of fellows who would not obey the laws, and so they left and made a kirk for themselves, where they do whatever they like. By the way, that was the young fellow we saw giving the dogs water at Muirtown. I rather like him; but why did he look such a fool, and try to escape us at the junction?"

"How should I know? I suppose because he is a . . . foolish boy. And now, dad, for the Lodge and Tochty Woods."

[To be continued in the January Magazine Number of The Outlook]

A STREET IN BADDECK

"Baddeck and That Sort of Thing"—Twenty Years After

By William W. Ellsworth

A MICMAC SQUAW, CAPE BRETON ISLAND

When one lands in Halifax, the first thing to do is not to change one's watch. Clever people who step up to the clerk's desk at the Halifax Hotel notice that the large clock points to an earlier hour than does their own watch. So they reason, "Ah, I am now in a place where they are an hour ahead of New York. I will change my watch." Then the trouble begins.

By and by they say to the clerk, "I am going away on the 7:20 train to-morrow morning."

"Yes," he says; "the 7:20 train leaves at twenty minutes after eight." "But the time-table says 7:20, and I have changed my time to yours." "The railway doesn't run on Halifax time, but on Eastern time. The train goes at 8:20."

You go up to your room not quite believing him—then you realize that you have forgotten to leave an order to be called. You ring the bell and tell the boy that you are to be awakened at 6. The boy does a little reckoning on his own account—reasoning that you have just come from New York—and at 5 the porter raps you up.

But if your steamer arrived after dark the day before, as mine did, you are glad of this additional hour, for it enables you to see a little of the town and to stroll before breakfast through its quiet, old-fashioned, hilly streets, with the citadel above, where British redcoats keep guard over the Nova Scotians, just as their great-grandfathers used to do over the Bostonians a century and a half ago.

For twenty years the charm of Charles Dudley Warner's "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing" had been lingering in my mind. As August came and brought with it the knowledge that if I were alive on the 25th I should be succumbing to hay-fever, and as the bicycle-fever had been possessing me for some months, the thought of using the latter as an antidote for the former came to my relief. I had read all the books in the circulating library at Bethlehem, N. H., the previous summer—and there is nothing to do at Bethlehem but to read books, and hear the "Maplewood" band play, and walk up and down the village street, and talk the latest hay-fever shop with the other "inmates." I had felt rather small, too, for my hay-fever is a matter of only two or three years' standing, and in Bethlehem a man who hasn't had hay-fever for at least twenty-five years has no rating.

So I thought of Nova Scotia, and wondered if its roads were adapted to the bicycle. Perhaps in the eastern part they might be, and I could wheel through the Basin of Midas and settle down at Grand Pré for a few days (Mem., read "Evangeline" again); but to reach the famed, mysterious Baddeck in the wilds of Cape Breton Island was hardly to be expected. I wrote to a friend in Baddeck—the only person I knew in Nova Scotia—asking about the roads. To my surprise, he told me that eastern Nova Scotia was flat and unprofitable, and that Cape Breton had not only the loveliest scenery on the Atlantic coast, but capital roads—and, moreover, that he himself was a wheelman, that he wanted to make some excursions through the Island, and that I was just the man he was looking for.

You can reach Nova Scotia in several ways: all rail through Portland and St. John, or by steamer to Yarmouth or to Halifax. I went by steamer to Halifax, and returned by rail, for the sake of variety. Leaving Boston Saturday

From a photograph by William H. Watson, of Baddeck

THE LITTLE BRAS D'OR LAKE,

noon, the steamer reaches Halifax Sunday afternoon or evening. The ocean may be like the proverbial mill-pond and it may not;—when I went it was decidedly *not*, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that it had been like a mill-pond on every previous trip. There is a deal of variety in the ocean.

You leave Halifax at 7:20 (or 8:20) Monday morning. All trains leave Halifax in every direction between 7 and 9 o'clock. The inhabitants get trains off their minds the first thing in the morning, and then they lock up the railway station and go about their daily work. You travel all day through a charming land in a Pullman car—and there is nothing that adds more charm to scenery than a Pullman car—passing Truro, New Glasgow, and Antigonish (accent on the last syllable—like Auntie Gonísh), reaching the Strait of Canso, which makes Cape Breton an island, early in the afternoon. This Strait, or gut, as they used to call it in less refined days, is about fifteen miles long and a mile wide, and more ships pass through it every year than through the Straits of Gibraltar. You do not see them doing it, but the guide-book says so.

Another Pullman car meets you as you cross the ferry from Mulgrave, and you speed on toward Grand Narrows, where the little steamer for Baddeck is waiting. You are temporarily overcome, on consulting the time-table, to find that Grand Narrows will not be reached until the awful hour of "18:10," but you are relieved to find that this is only a vagary of the Intercolonial Railway, and that "18:10" is our harmless 6:10 in the afternoon. Before the steamer touched at the old wharf at Baddeck (pronounced Bad-dĕck) I was willing to admit that all my friend had said about the beauty of the Cape Breton scenery was true. The inland lakes of the Island are great salt seas, having a coast line of eight hundred miles; and this coast line is as beautiful as that which surrounds the Italian Lakes. There are always hills, villages occasionally, deep rich woods, lovely bays and promontories and bits of islands. The lakes have a tide of not more than six inches; there is good sailing everywhere, and there are channels from the ocean so deep that men-of-war come in and anchor off the village of Baddeck. It is a paradise for those who love sailing, but in spite of the fact that my friend owned several good boats, during my two weeks at Baddeck we were so much on our wheels that sails were seldom used. Every day we wheeled from ten to sixty miles, sometimes going away on excursions for a night or two, spent in the family of a Scotch farmer. The roads of Cape Breton Island are generally very good; they average much better than those of Litchfield County in Connecticut, over many of which I had wheeled in the early summer. The soil is clayey, and it packs well. There is at least a track wide enough for a wheel—and to the bicycler with a six-inch track it is as if the earth were covered with asphalt.

Our longest trip was to Ingonish (In-go-nísh)—and I shall never forget Ingonish, though until I reached it the village had had no place in my mental gazetteer. We wheeled twenty-two miles to North River, where we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, in time to unstrap our trout-rods from our wheels and have two hours of fishing in a stream where three and four pound trout were gamboling—and are still gamboling for all the harm I did them, but my companion was more fortunate, and he caught his supper and mine too. I was not properly prepared for the fray. Having no wading-boots, my outfit consisted of bathing-trunks and moccasins, with a sweater; and I waded over sharp and slippery rocks, casting flies galore, yellow flies and brown flies, until my legs nearly dropped off in the ice-cold water.

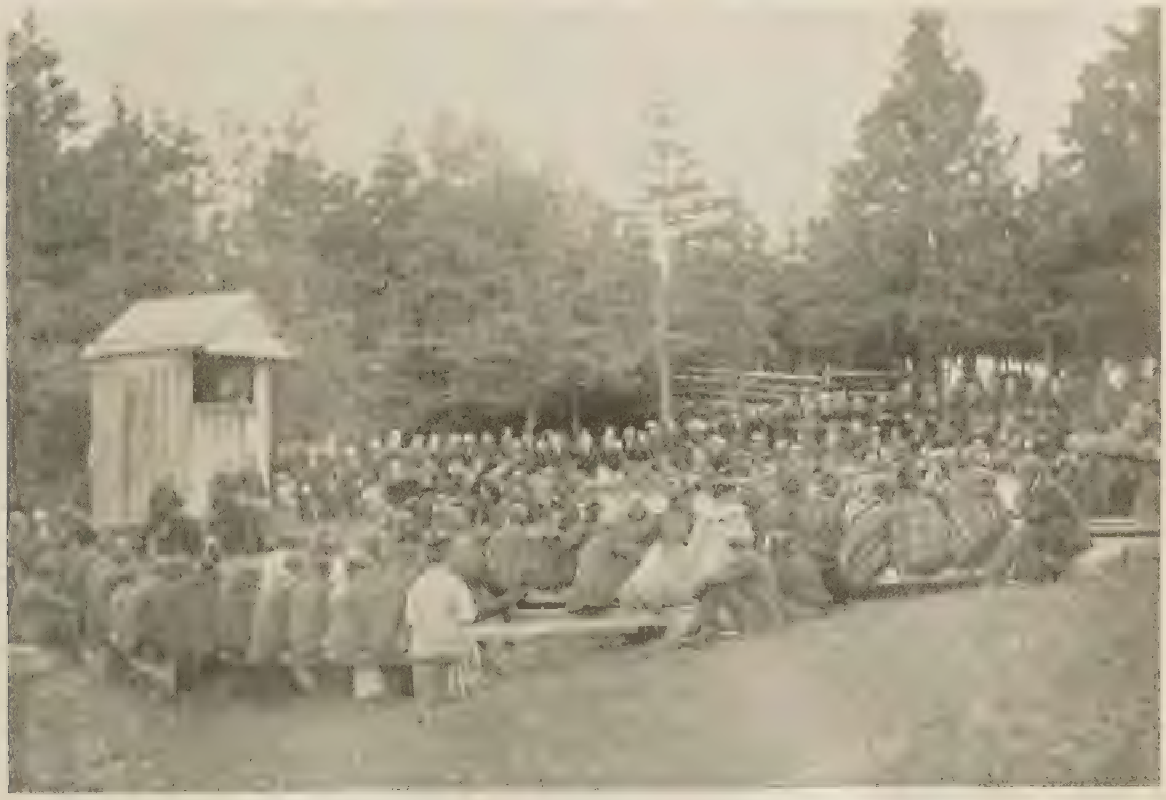
The Scotch farmer's wife cooked our trout deliciously, and with them she gave us small, new baked potatoes, and Mr. Huyler never originated a confection which could equal those potatoes. I ate more than a dozen of them. And in the morning there were more trout and more potatoes. Around the breakfast-room were several Gaelic Bibles, which the family had been using at early prayers; for nearly all the country people of Cape Breton Island are descendants of Scotch settlers, and they have brought their Bibles and many of their customs with them. Ten miles further up the road we passed a place where people were beginning to gather for the yearly sacrament, which was to take place on the following Sunday, and several hundred were there already, although the Sabbath was

A CAPE BRETON FERRY (ENGLISHTOWN)

FROM THE VILLAGE OF BADDECK

some days off. They sleep in farm-houses—sometimes fifty and sixty people in a small house—and after several days of frequent preaching services, the sacrament is administered out-of-doors on Sunday morning. Our wheels excited a great deal of interest among the people—only a few of them had ever seen bicycles before—and every horse in Cape Breton Island is afraid of them. We always stopped and got off when we met teams, and sometimes it would be necessary to hide the wheels in the bushes before the horse could summon courage to pass us.

We rode on all that day from North River toward Ingonish, sixty miles north of Baddeck, coming to Smoky Mountain in the afternoon, and pushing our wheels for a mile up its steep and washed-out roadway. The view was exquisite. The mountain rises about nine hundred feet straight up from the Atlantic. Far across we could see the point where Sydney lay, and to the left was a beautiful double bay with the little village of Ingonish lying at the point of the furthest promontory. We coasted down the mountain, were ferried across the first bay—the road stopped there—and went on over a smooth, hard track eight miles to Ingonish, the first bicyclers to reach that far-away village on the North Atlantic.



THE OUT-OF DOOR SACRAMENT

We stayed at Ingonish in a delightful farm-house on the cliffs, with the two bays stretching beneath us and Smoky looming up beyond. In the evening the young fishermen played football on the lawn, and we sat on the grass in an old Indian graveyard close to the house, and watched them until the lamp from the lighthouse twinkled out over the water.

We had planned to take a steamer from Ingonish to Sydney, and wheel from there back to Baddeck, but the steamer was not expected on its regular trip for three days. There was a wreck at Cape North, twenty miles above us, and the steamer was there, and our hosts told us it was possible that it might stop at Ingonish in the afternoon on its way back, so we waited for it. But it did not come, and they thought it would perhaps come down at night and put in at the lower bay, for it blew too hard to cross to Sydney. We started early the next morning to get the steamer if it were there, or to wheel back over Smoky if it were not. Four miles from our starting-point we had our first mishap—my friend's rear tire gave out completely. And there we were, sixty miles from Baddeck. Now the question became very serious—was the steamer at the lower bay or not? We could not see, and the people around did not know, so I left my companion, and "scorched" till

THE OLDEST HOUSES IN BADDECK AND THE OLD GAELIC CHURCH

the wharf appeared in sight, and there was the "steamer"—a little tugboat—just putting out. I reached the shore in time to yell, "Friend on a bicycle—broken down—will you come around to North Bay and get us?"

"No–o–o!"

"Give you five dollars!"

"No–o. Do it for ten."

"All right—ten it is. I'll be there as soon as you."

Back again over the road while the steamer crossed the bay. My friend was plodding along toward Ingonish. I passed him, and sent a wagon to pick him up, and soon we were in a dancing boat, with the spray wetting our wheels, pulling out to the anchored tug, and in four hours more we were at the comfortable Sydney Hotel. The next morning another steamer brought us back to Baddeck.

The captain would take only five dollars after all—said ten was too much. He was not a Yankee captain. His only other passengers were the captain and crew of the wrecked Norwegian bark, which had spent eight weeks crossing from Havre, then missed her reckoning, and had gone ashore just south of North Cape instead of clearing it for the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The crew were a queer lot of piratical-looking toughs from as many countries as there were men, and a French peasant cabin-boy with a big round face, a blue blouse, and wooden shoes. The little steamer tossed about, and there were strong smells of pantry combined with the odor of sailors sleeping with their shoes off on the seats and floor of a cabin by eight. I was wet through from my ride, and could not be on deck, but I eagerly sought the smells of the engine-room after a half-hour in the cabin. The Norwegian captain told me the story of his life. He owned the bark—she had cost him two thousand pounds, and was insured only for two-thirds, and the wreck had brought one hundred and sixty dollars at auction. The Norwegian consul at Sydney would send them all home, and at least he would have the chance of seeing his family, which he had not seen for three years, and then only for ten days, and not for four years before that.

We made a trip through the country on the east coast of the Island to Margaree, a beautiful rolling land of farms and quiet villages, and scenery like that of England. I doubt if there is such another country for Macs on the face of the earth, outside of Scotland. After stopping at McKay's store in Baddeck for some supplies, we rode on to dinner at the McLeods', getting a glass of milk at Mrs. McRae's, and staying over night with the hospitable McLeans at Lake Ainslee. There are forty John McLeods in and around Baddeck, none of them known as John McLeod, but each having a nickname usually derived from some small incident in his life. There is one who is associated with a mortgage, and he is known as "Mortgage McLeod," his oldest son being "First Mortgage McLeod," and his next son "Second Mortgage McLeod."

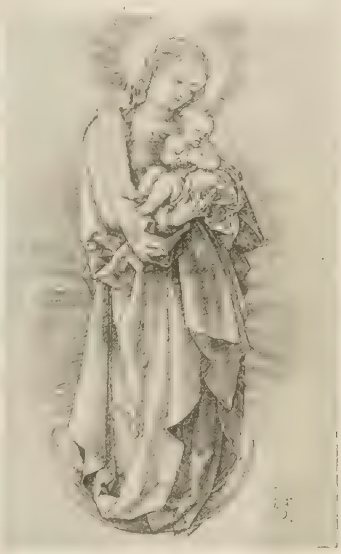
But I had not begun to exhaust the beauties of Cape Breton Island when I found myself getting up one morning at four o'clock, and the carriage coming to take me to the wharf. No, not to take me; it could have my trunk and other impedimenta, but I preferred the wheel, and took my final whirl over Cape Breton roads just as the day began to break, down past the old Gaelic church, along the smooth shore road to where the May Queen was showing signs of life. She was to start at five, but at that hour the captain had not appeared. We waited fifteen minutes for him, then fifteen for a passenger—a young man who seemed to have many friends among the fair sex, for a big wagon-load of them drove up to bid him good-by. When their farewells, hastened by the shrill whistles of the steamer, were thoroughly said, we started for a last trip over the beautiful Bras d'Or. Around the island point where the lamp of the tiny lighthouse had just finished its labors for the night, past Spectacle Island and "Washback" (spelled Watchabaktchkt), and Baddeck faded from view in the glory of the sun as it flushed the cloud-bank in the east with gold and red, and ushered in another day of clear skies and cool, delicious, life-giving air—a companion to all the days I had seen in two weeks of Cape Breton Island.

And not a touch of hay-fever.

ALONG THE SHORE, BADDECK

Albrecht Dürer and the Nativity

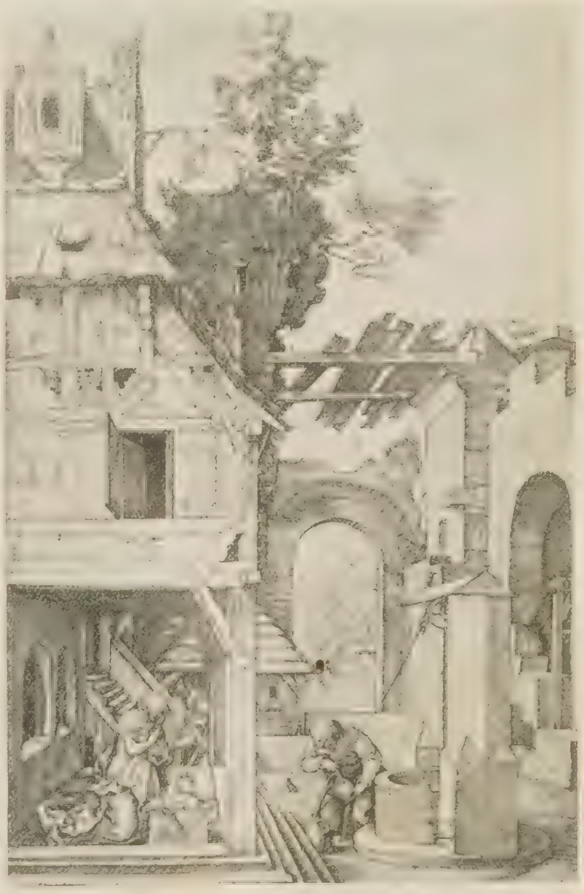
By Elbert Francis Baldwin



More than three hundred and fifty years ago there lived a man whose name and fame the world will not let die. He lived in troublous times, politically and religiously, in a society largely uncouth and unrefined, and in a country divided up into petty princedoms. But, like his rival, Holbein, he had the good fortune to reside in a town whose progress in the arts had excelled that of any other place in Germany—even that of Augsburg, Holbein's home. At the end of the fifteenth century Nuremberg was much as we see it to-day—a place of wonderful picturesqueness and character. Already that mother-art, architecture, had given to the town notable structures, ecclesiastical, municipal, domestic. Then, as everywhere else, architecture inevitably gave birth to sculpture. The Frauenkirche and the churches of St. Lawrence and St. Sebald now became famous, not so much as buildings, but because of their sculptured shrines in stone and wood, the noble work of Adam Krafft and Peter Vischer and Veit Stoss. It was an art-realism which was all about the young Dürer, when with him painting succeeded architecture and sculpture. How naturally his hand turned to the drawing of houses, gates, porches, walls, and how naturally he painted what he had seen as sculpture rather than what he had seen as life! That which had nourished his art-soul from infancy was stronger than he, and hence we find—especially in the second illustration herewith given—an almost literal reproduction of some altarpiece which he may have seen carved in wood.

Again, to the casual or to the careful observer the Dürer work is always expressive—often oppressively expressive—of homely Teutonic life, a quality nowhere more evident than in the artist's representations of the Nativity of our Lord. In them all we see his wife, Agnes, or some other *Hausfrau* model; in them all the *naïveté* of Nuremberg customs is evident, but in them all there is a profound harmony, which, coming straight from the heart of the ingenuous artist, comes straight through all the advance of art to our hearts, touching them with power. The idea of making art true to actual, not ideal, life, no matter how much beauty be sacrificed, is also shown in a series of pictures which lead up to the Nativity, namely, the "Life of the Virgin." Like Luther, Dürer was a true Teuton in glorifying family life whenever possible.

In the other accompanying illustrations we discover how painting in Germany was seeking to get away from conventional trammels, as, a century before, it had done in Italy and Flanders. In religious art there was a tendency to depict no longer the exclusively concrete, but to surround the subject with an environment which must needs be that of the painter and not of the subject—since the painter knew little of the costumes and customs of Palestine. Religious representations were now no longer merely altarpieces wherein should be figures only (as in the second of the accompanying illustrations), but veritable easel-pictures, to be shown or hung in guild-rooms as well as in convents, monasteries, and churches. In the well-known "Little Passion"—that monument of genuinely reverential art—we have the nearest approach ever made by any painter to reproducing the Bethlehem environment, as in its figures it seems the most really religious of all treatments. In the largest of the illustrations on this page, however, we see a "Nativity" where the actual scene is nearly lost in the large setting—a setting which represents Nuremberg—yes, and with many a feature of Dürer's own house—but not at all Bethlehem. This engraving on copper is one of the most valued of all the master's works. It was done about twenty years before Dürer's death, as will be seen from the monogram and date hanging where, in a German or English inn, the sign is swung.



No matter what the limitations, Dürer's pictures always show the justice of Grimm's judgment that Dürer was a thinker who painted; we might add, "a painter who thought." He was thus a force in the intellectual world; he was never the delineator of mere emotion. "An unlearned man is like an unpolished mirror," he once told Melanchthon. When told of Dürer's death, Luther said, "You may count him happy that Christ so enlightened him and took him in good time from stormy scenes, destined to become still stormier, so that he who was worthy of seeing only the best should not be compelled to experience the worst." These words transport us into that age when Germany's protesting religious faith was breaking away from Italian bonds, but when reflections from Italy's full sun of the Renaissance were lighting a few of the dark corners in the land beyond the Alps. Yet, interesting as were Dürer's relations with Italians, especially with the Bellini, we find in the Dürer work none of the glamour of southern skies, none of the exuberance of an Italian ideal. On the contrary, realist as he was—a true successor and contemporary of the realist sculptors, whose work compels our admiring wonder—Dürer was no materialist, no Jan Steen, no Zola. His mind was above muck-heaps and barnyards, his spirit was intuitively lofty, and even though his technical skill was not equal to his high thought, he has left us invaluable proofs of that thought in his oil paintings (the "Adoration of the Magi" at Florence deserving high rank among Nativity pictures), his engravings on wood and on copper, his etchings and his drawings. These last are naturally the most interesting of all the works in their revelation of the master.

Prophets of the Christian Faith

II.—The Apostle Paul

By the Rev. George Matheson, D.D.

Whoever has read Dr. Matheson's book, "The Spiritual Development of St. Paul," will understand the peculiar fitness of the choice of Dr. Matheson by The Outlook as writer of this paper in our general series. George Matheson is now about fifty-three years old, is a graduate of the University of Glasgow, has been nearly thirty years in the ministry, and for about ten years pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Edinburgh. His scholarly attainments are the more remarkable in that his sight was lost before he entered the University. Among his best-known books (besides that named above) are "Natural Elements of Revealed Religion," "The Religious Bearings of Evolution," "The Psalmist and the Scientist," "My Aspirations," "Voices of the Spirit," and a volume of "Sacred Songs." In The Outlook for September 7 last will be found, in an English letter from the senior editor, the account of a visit to St. Bernard's, and of the impression made by Dr. Matheson as a preacher. We quote a few words from that article: "In nine years' time he has made St. Bernard's Parish Church one of the famous churches of Edinburgh, and not only do men and women come from all over the city, but strangers come from afar, to hear the now famous blind preacher of Edinburgh. For he is blind—stone blind. A pathetic interest attaches to the service from the moment when he enters, led to the pulpit stairs by his attendant. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, 'What the audience give me in spray, I give them back in drops.' The audience can give nothing to the blind preacher, unless by some mysterious telepathic communication. He cannot know whether the church is full or empty, nor whether the congregation is attentive or listless. His inspiration must be in himself, his theme, or his God; it cannot be in his auditors." The first article in this series—"What is a Prophet?" by Lyman Abbott—will be found in The Outlook for December 14. Following articles in the series will be by Dr. Marcus Dods, Professor Adolph Harnack, Dean Fremantle, Dean Farrar, Principal Fairbairn, Dr. A. V. G. Allen, Dr. T. T. Munger, and Professor A. C. McGiffert.

Rev. George Matheson, D.D.

The figures of the New Testament are representative men; each stands for some phase of the soul. Matthew is the type of conservatism, "that it might be fulfilled." Mark is the symbol of present action, "straightway he commanded." Luke is the embodiment of human sympathy. John is the love of the ideal. Nathaniel is the child; Nicodemus is the student; Peter is the youth; Thomas is the reflective and somewhat careworn man. No portrait in this gallery is without its special significance.

What is Paul? It seems at first sight equivalent to asking "What is Shakespeare?" It appears as if the only word which would describe him is myriad-mindedness. And yet, to my mind, the remarkable feature about Paul is not variety but unity—not the diversity of his experiences, but the one thread which connects them. If I were asked to state in a single phrase what Paul represents, I would say, "The pilgrim's progress." I would say that his life, as indicated in the historical order of his epistles, describes the normal course through which each Christian is to journey in his passage from the scene of shadows into the happy land of Beulah.

I say, "the *normal* course." But the point I wish to emphasize is that to Paul himself it was very abnormal. He was the initiator of that which has since become chronic and habitual. The course proposed for the Old Testament pilgrims was the very opposite of that prescribed for Paul. Theirs was a march from the desert into the promised land; Paul's was a progress from the promised land into the desert. They began with the valley, passed up to the plain, and ended on the height; he began with the height, passed down to the plain, and ended with the valley. They proceeded from law to love; he descended from love to law. They set up their ladder on the earth and tried to reach the heavens; he fixed his ladder in the heavens and tried to reach the earth.

It was not only from the men of the Old Testament that Paul was thus distinguished; his experience was equally marked out from the original Apostles—the men of transition between the old and the new. These proceeded from the human to the divine. They gazed first on the Christ of the flesh. They followed the steps of the Son of man from the cradle to the cross; when the crown came, their pilgrimage was over. But Paul began with the crown. His first sight of the Christ was the Christ glorified. He knew the power of His resurrection before he felt the fellowship of His sufferings. His progress was a progress backward. He had begun with the light of immortality; he had to retrace his steps to take up the life of time. It was an abnormal experience, though it was to become universal. He was the first of the new régime, and for a while the only one. He says he was "born out of due time." I understand him to mean, not that he was born too late, but that he was born too soon. He claimed to have a vision of the Christian life which was above his age, before his day, in advance of his contemporaries. He claimed to be the follower of One whose progress had been from heaven to earth, who had begun with the form of God and ended with the form of a servant, who had emptied himself step by step into sympathy with things beneath him, and paused not, rested not, until he had made the human divine. The progress of St. Paul was like that of his Master—a progress downward.

He begins in the air—in the other world. He has been caught up to meet his Lord, and the earth disappears from his view. He sees nothing but the second advent; he hears nothing but the last trump. All perspective has vanished; the end is at the door. Christ is coming; in a little while he will be here. What is this world to any man? Before his descending shout of triumph its proudest pomps shall melt away. Before the first gaze of the man of Tarsus there floated the form of only one Christ—the Christ of resurrection. The light which smote him from heaven put out all the candles of earth. Everything below that sun became a thing of insignificance. The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them vanished like smoke. Their inhabitants became as grasshoppers, their events as water-drops. The only bells heard were the bells of the New Jerusalem, and they summoned all men to a cathedral above.

Then there came a cloud; I know not when, I know not how. I only know it was somewhere between the Thessalonians and the Galatians. In his letter to Corinth he speaks of it as a thorn; in his letter to Rome he describes it as a warfare; both are introduced as retrospects of a dark, and to some extent a surmounted, past. The cause of the cloud I cannot tell; probably it was something external. But the main point is that it was something which made Paul feel himself less ready for his change. The second advent moves further off; the world looms nearer. He finds that the light which fell upon him at Damascus was like the deluge; it had only covered the old world—not annihilated it. There were two natures within him—Saul and Paul. For the first time in his life he felt thoroughly bad. What right had he to struggle? Had he not tasted of the heavenly gift; had he not seen the Lord? Where was the blessedness he had known in Arabia? Where was the joy with which he had written to Thessalonica? Where was the exultation with which he had been taken up to the third heaven? What was this that had come to him—this flesh lusting against the spirit, this law in his members warring against the law of his mind? Was not this spiritual death? The strong soul of

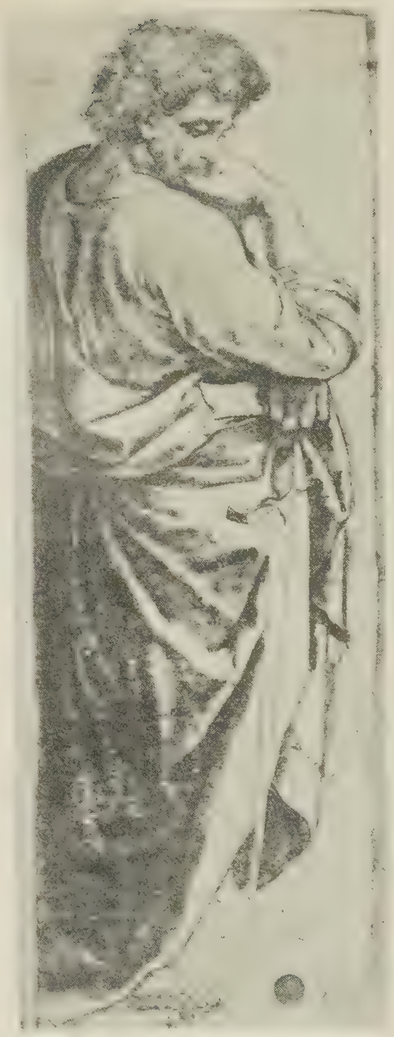
RAPHAEL'S ST. PAUL. FROM THE SANTA BARBARA PAINTING IN THE BOLOGNA GALLERY

yesterday beat upon his breast and cried, "O wretched man that I am!"

Then came a new gleam of glory, and it came, not from the third heaven, but from the very mist into which Paul had wandered. It brought a great message to his soul. It said: Your seeming fall is a rise. You are further removed from death now than you were in your hour of immediate vision. The true sign of spiritual life is spiritual dissatisfaction. There is nothing which justifies a man like his belief in the existence of a beauty which he himself cannot reach.

Paul has come a step down his ladder, which means a step up his pilgrimage. He has come nearer to the earth. He has passed from sight to faith—from an ideal of perfect satisfaction to an ideal which eludes him by its glory. But already another step was preparing. What was that glory in Christ which had hitherto eluded him? It was love. The moment Paul said, "I believe in love," he had put out his foot for a further step downward. Hitherto, however beautiful, his experience had been mainly personal. He had found rest to his own soul. But that is not the half of the Christian life. Paul's deepest Christianity was yet to come. He had begun with sight; his passage from the Thessalonians to the Galatians had been a passage from sight to faith; his passage from the Galatians to the Corinthians is a passage from faith to love. You say "it was a very short time in which to make such a transition." Yes; but the transitions of God's Spirit are, in their last result, almost momentary. I can well-nigh hear the very hour strike in which he passed over the line. The man who wrote the magnificent hymn of the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians has made a leap; and when he touches the ground it is no longer the old ground, but a plane higher in God's sight, because lower in the sight of man.

Can you fail to observe that from this time onward the teaching of Paul takes another channel ? it becomes less personal, more humanitarian. Even his view of predestination is to my mind the result of his new breadth, not of his old narrowness. He sees that a mother's love is always *predestinating* love. When a mother foreknows that her child is about to come into the world, even before its birth, she conforms it to an image ; she figures to herself what she would like it to be. That is, in my opinion, the metaphor which glittered before the eyes of the great Apostle when he proclaimed that the All-Father had predestinated his children "to be conformed to the image of his Son." Divine Love, foreknowing that its children were about to be born, ere ever they had a character, ere ever they had a being, planned for them a destiny of glory, figured them in the likeness of the most beautiful thing it knew, and said within itself, "I baptize them into the name of Jesus." Nay, was not baptism into Christ's name itself simply the predestination of love—the expression in the heart of the Divine Parent of a great, an unquenchable desire that the new convert should rise to heights altogether unearthly, and attain to nothing less than the image of the Son ?



RAPHAEL'S ST. PAUL

The Entire Figure

Paul has now reached what he himself calls the glory of the cross. He had begun with the crown—the sight of the Christ of resurrection. He had passed from sight to faith—the vision of an ideal which was beyond him, and after which he must strive. He has now come from faith to love—the perception that others have an ideal as well as he. Has Paul now arrived at the terminus ? No. He has reached the knowledge that the cross is the glory of God ; but there is a step beyond even that—he must "rejoice in *hope* of the glory of God." Faith in Christ was the parent of love, because it was the belief in love ; but Paul makes the further discovery that love is the parent of hope. He says, in so many words, that the reason why he is not ashamed to hope is that the love of God is shed abroad in his heart (Romans v., 5). He was of a spirit not naturally sanguine ; I have heard him called a pessimist. In his Epistle to the Thessalonians his main hope for the world seems to have been that a divine power is keeping things from being worse ; and truly he was right. But when the enthusiasm of the cross burst upon him, hope had a deeper revelation to bring. We again hear the clock strike as he passes the line. He had spoken of justification by faith ; he had called love "a more excellent way ;" he was now to cry, "We are saved by *hope*." Love was the parent of hope. No doubt the parent was greater than the child ; yet the child was indispensable to the support of the parent. And, with this latest birth in the soul of Paul, there comes a widening of his horizon. There is nothing which tells such tales as a letter, and often most in the things it does not say. Already in the Epistle to the Romans we begin to catch breezes—currents of air which apprise us that there is an opening somewhere not far away. As we advance beyond the boundaries of that Epistle, the current freshens. He tells the Philippians in express terms that the purpose of God's heart was that every man in every place should bend his knee in prayer. A few miles more and we are out in the open, with the gusts of the great sea around us. As we pass from the coasts of Philippi we are in a new element—an element of breadth, I had almost said of secularism, an element which increases in strength, from the outpouring of the letter to Ephesus, until those notes of pastoral counsel which speak the last farewell.

What is this new element in Paul ? I have called it secularism ; it would be more correct to call it the extension of the sacred. Hitherto, Paul had seen in Christ merely the head of a body of members. But now he began to see more. Christ was the head of the Church, but was he not also head of the State—of all principalities and powers ? Was not this magnificent Roman Empire, however unconsciously to itself, already the kingdom of God ? Was not Cæsar as much the servant of Christ as *he* was, albeit he knew it not ? Was this world a secular system at all ? Was the distinction between Church and State a real one ? would not the fullness of time show that all things had been "gathered together in Christ"? As he approached Rome, and as the spectacle of Roman unity swam before his eyes, he asked himself if Christ's kingdom would be less incorporative than this kingdom of man. He asked himself if this Roman unity was really the work of Cæsar, if it was not itself only a product of that divine order which had arranged thrones and principalities and powers. So asking, so thinking, Paul stepped into the world again. He came back to the haunts from which his conversion had lifted him : he claimed them for Christ. He found the land of Beulah on the earthly side. For the second time in his life he preached the things which once had been alien to him. Very beautiful to my mind is the passage, Ephesians iii., 14 and 15, in which he declares that the idea of family life is modeled after the relationship of the Father in heaven. Beautiful, because I think there was a time when Paul would not have said it—a time of storm and stress below, of dazzling light above, when the radiance of the heavenly vision had blinded him to earthly ties. Beautiful, too, because it is no accidental utterance. It is the keynote of his latest song. If his morning carol is to the Christ of the heavens, his evening lay is to the Christ of the home ; if he begins with love on the wing, he ends with love in the nest. All his latest notes are of home.

I cannot better conclude than by placing side by side Paul's earliest and latest ideals of Christian joy—the one from his first letter, the other almost from his last. He says to the Thessalonians, "We shall be caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air ;" he says to Titus, "The grace that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Do I say that at the close of his pilgrimage he has found his first experience to be untrue ? No ; rather for the first time has he discovered its real value. He has found that the advantage of going up is the new strength we get for coming down. The bird that at dawn sings in the uplands may be heard in the afternoon on the ledge of an office wall ; but the song on the office wall has been learned in the uplands. Moses had the vision of Nebo before coming down to the common lot of men ; but the vision of Nebo helped him to come down. Paul's first revelation was the sight of immortality, but the sight of immortality gave value to the earth ; and he who began with the vision of the ascending Christ was bound sooner or later to recognize the possibilities of "this present world."

The Higher Life of American Cities

By Theodore Roosevelt

Under this general title The Outlook will publish a series of illustrated articles on that part of the life of typical American cities which concerns united Christian and philanthropic work, the development of the Good Government idea and municipal reform of every kind, the efforts for a more wholesome and attractive home life for the people, and the extension of library, musical, and educational facilities. This introductory article by Mr. Roosevelt will be followed by an article on "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Mr. Melville E. Stone, Manager of the Associated Press; one on New York, by Dr. Albert Shaw, of the "Review of Reviews:" on Boston, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.; on New Orleans, by Miss Grace King; on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; and on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder.

THE first lesson to be learned by every citizen who desires to bring about a higher life in our American cities is that he must take an active part in managing the affairs of his own city. He has got to take some little trouble to do this, but if he is worth his salt, and possesses that healthy combativeness which ought to be aroused in every decent man by the insolence of evil, he will soon find municipal politics extremely interesting. After he has helped inaugurate some philanthropic movement, or helped conduct two or three checkered campaigns, whether to carry through a particular measure of civic reform, to beat a particular rascal in public life, or to prevent other rascals from beating some given honest man, he will probably grow to feel that the duty of doing his share of the work of self-government has a pleasant side.

Such a citizen must keep steadily before him the fact that if he is going to accomplish anything of merit he must, on the one hand, keep a high ideal, and, on the other, remember always the words of Abraham Lincoln, and strive, when he cannot obtain the best, to obtain the best possible, instead of, through folly and vanity, choosing the worst.

The man must work, and not merely talk about working, or criticise workers. To sit at home, read one's favorite paper, and scoff at the misdeeds of the men who do things is easy, but is markedly ineffective. It is what evil men count upon the good men's doing; and hitherto there has been this justification for such a belief among bad men—namely, that, as a rule, the corrupt men have been perfectly content to let their opponents monopolize all the virtue, while they themselves have been permitted to monopolize all the efficiency. Rather than sit at home alone and do nothing, it is better that the friend of decent government should go out and meet other men who think as he does, and combine with them; but let him remember here also, that though occasionally good is done when two or three hundred excellent gentlemen of refined tastes meet in a parlor and listen to papers on city government, yet this is not in itself by any means sufficient. We need such work, and real good is accomplished by doing it; but it is ineffective if not supplemented by work of an entirely different kind. The man who in the long run will count for most in bettering municipal life is the man who actually steps down into the hurly-burly, who is not frightened by the sweat and the blood and the blows of friends and foes; who "haunts not the fringy edges of the fight, but the pell-mell of men." He must meet foes as well as friends, and, above all, he must get accustomed to acting with men who may be persuaded to work with him for a common object, but whose ideas are not identical with his own.

There are many different ways in which a man or a woman can work for the higher life of American cities, and it would be worse than folly to expect the one who can do most in a certain line to devote an equal amount of attention to another line. The field opened to intelligent philanthropy is almost boundless, and is continually widened by the antics of the unintelligent philanthropist. A very great field is opened to the man or woman devoted to educational reform. The published studies of Mr. Jacob Riis show what almost infinite labor could be expended with profit by those willing to devote a portion of their time to bettering the material conditions of life for the bulk of the populations of our large cities. The improvement of tenement-houses; the establishment of many small parks, of free libraries, baths, concerts, and picture shows; the larger development of the noble work now done by the social, college, and university settlements; in short, all movements in the interest of making the life of the day-laborer in our cities less onerous and more wholesome—these are subjects which may well claim the attention of all those who would advance the higher life of American cities.

The special and peculiar work—of constantly growing importance—now played by women, is a department to be treated by itself; so also the part played by clergymen.

There are not a few reforms so important that it would be hard to speak of any as pre-eminently necessary; but at least it can be said that there is greater room for reform in our political life than almost anywhere else. There are shortcomings enough and to spare on all sides; but compared to the proper standard we fall further below in politics than in almost any other branch of our life or labor. Moreover, political life is something in which every man, indeed every woman, should take an active and intelligent interest. There is no other reform for which the entire population should work, or indeed could work; but every man, worth being an American citizen at all, is bound, if he does his duty, to try to do his part in politics. The life of the home, the man's relation as husband and father, the woman's as wife and mother—these are all that should come before our political life. In the long run, no amount of material prosperity, no commercial success, can atone for the debasement of public life, for the lowering of political ideals.

Our politics have been in many ways so bad that it is necessary to go back to basic principles and to teach what should be elementary truths. To the first of these truths I have already alluded. Every man must work. In the long run it is the doer of deeds, not the critic, who counts. Again, he must work conscientiously. Not many years ago a then famous politician declared that the Decalogue and the Golden Rule had no place in political life. The flippant cynicism of such a statement commended it to a certain order of cheap intelligence; but, as a matter of fact, the first thing to be learned by any man who proposes to do decent work is that the Decalogue and Golden Rule have precisely the same place in public as in private life, and that until a man believes in applied morality he is certain to be a merely noxious public servant. Whether a man is a party man or an independent, he must, if a good citizen, make honesty the first requisite in a public officer, and must refuse to support any man who is not honest. Moreover, his virtue must not be of the milk-and-water kind, if he is going to do good work politically. If he does not possess the virile virtues, courage, hardiness, resolution; if he is not willing to give good blows and receive them, he cannot expect to accomplish anything of permanent good. In the third place, he must possess common sense. If he allows the friends of bad government to monopolize the intelligence of the community, he is going to get beaten most certainly.

The recent municipal election in New York shows this; for New York has been but a type of American cities in many ways, and, I regret to say, in no way more markedly than in the low tone of its municipal government. It has also been a typical American city in its occasional spasms of virtuous action. It is owing to one of these spasms that it now has a clean and decent administration of public affairs. But, unless honest men grow to learn that their interest in public affairs must be habitual and not spasmodic, and unless they learn further that when they do take habitual interest in what goes on in the city, they must show ordinary intelligence and common sense, no less than conscientiousness, all we can expect is what has been aptly called an occasional insurrection of virtue.

In 1894, by a combination of good citizens of all parties supporting a ticket which contained representatives of all parties, the corrupt ring government of the city was overthrown. In the following year this same corrupt ring triumphed. Its triumph was partly due to antagonisms aroused by a course of action which will be touched upon toward the end of this article. But it was in part due to the silliness of many excellent people, who could not see that it was worse than foolish to throw back the city into the hands of evil men because they themselves had ideas of civic morality so advanced that the mass of good men had not yet come to understand them. Most students of political life are a unit in their belief that municipal politics should be divorced from National or State politics, and many practical politicians of the better sort are inclined to agree with them. An immense mass of good people have not yet grown to understand this. There are plenty of Democrats and Republicans who will vote for a mixed ticket of honest and decent Democrats and Republicans, against a straight ticket of their own party machine, but who will not vote as yet for a ticket composed of men with whom their own party has nothing to do. It would be a good day for New York if its citizens, in municipal matters, would positively decline to take into account whether a man was a Democrat or a Republican. The way to bring this day about is obviously to get men accustomed to voting indiscriminately for Democrats and Republicans, if they are decent men. Such a ticket was put up in New York in 1895. Against it stood the old ring ticket, the ticket of that organization whose name has become the synonym of political corruption in every civilized town, so much so that when Carlyle, in writing of the Norsemen, wished to speak of a certain stage of unwholesome politics, he naturally turned for purposes of illustrative comparison to Tammany Hall. Every consideration of sound political morality dictated the hearty support of the ticket opposed to Tammany Hall. Nevertheless, a large number of the men who had been leaders in the effort to work the political regeneration of the city either declined to support this ticket in its entirety, or even supported some other of the various small tickets which are always run in every political contest. The effect of that action was to confuse the minds of many good voters. They failed to see clearly what the issue was, and for the most part did not vote at all. Many other men who, if the friends of decency had presented a united front, would have been shamed into supporting them, gladly took advantage of their division to support Tammany Hall. Yet other men announced that they would support certain names, but not all, the natural result being that the friends of the candidates whom these men did not support busied themselves industriously in knifing the candidates whom they did. The result was the defeat of the fusion ticket.

It would be difficult to wish a more excellent object-lesson upon the need of what may be called "team-play" in politics. There must be some loyalty and some organization among good men, or they are at the mercy of the bad. It is impossible that a thousand intelligent men can ever nominate a ticket every name on which will be acceptable to every one of the thousand men. But, if they are going to accomplish anything, they have got to support the ticket solidly. It is very necessary that the managers of the machine should understand that decent men will not tolerate dishonest action on their part, and stand ready to bolt any ticket if such action is rendered necessary by considerations of decency and morality. It is no less necessary, however, that it should be understood that this action of bolting is not normal, but is to be resorted to only when fully justified; and this applies quite as much to bolting a fusion ticket representing the best thought of the decent men of both parties as to bolting a regular party ticket in State or National affairs. In every case where a man bolts he does a certain amount of damage, if only by weakening his influence for good with the organization which he leaves, and he should always consider this and make up his mind whether the amount of good he does in some given case will or will not be outweighed by the impending evil. As a matter of fact, he will find that circumstances continually arise in which the conflicting elements have different weight, so that it would be right for him to bolt at one time and wrong for him to bolt at another. In the present instance serious harm was done, and, so far as any unprejudiced observer can see, not a particle of good accomplished. Many Republicans and Democrats who were reluctant to enter into any combination with one another found their views strengthened, and it will be a difficult matter to prevent them from running straight tickets in the future. If they do run such straight tickets the fault will rest primarily with those who failed to support the fusion ticket this year.

Above I alluded to one of the elements of weakness in the reform movement this year. By this I meant the alienation of a certain number of voters because of the attitude of the administration in honestly enforcing the laws. This brings me to the final branch of my subject.

Those who have read Dr. Shaw's excellent book on "Municipal Government in England," and who know anything of American municipal life, must have been struck by the extraordinary civic systems which seem to work so well in the English municipalities. Speaking roughly, and translating the English terminology into our own, it may be said that many of these municipalities are ruled by elective Boards of Aldermen which have absolute power of appointing and removing all the officers of the government. Imagine the condition of New York or Chicago if its Board of Aldermen could appoint and remove all the heads of departments and all subordinates! The wildest corruption of the days of Tweed would be surpassed if we introduced this feature of the English municipal system. There are various facts, especially those connected with the suffrage, which tend to produce an entirely different working of the system in England; but the great reason why the system works well there is that the men who administer it are honest and have traditions of good government behind them, and because the laws are enforced as a matter of course. Socially, the English cities make a much worse showing than ours as regards certain kinds of brutality and vice; but in official honesty they are far and away our superiors. In our American municipalities there are certain changes of law which should be made; but no change of the law will go to the root of the matter. We have got to have honest officials to administer the laws, and the laws themselves must be administered honestly and impartially before there can be any permanent betterment in our conditions of municipal life.

As to the first point, the need of honest officials, every one admits it theoretically; the trouble is we have got to insist upon the admission being practical. As a corollary to it we must insist upon all of the minor officials whose duties are merely ministerial being appointed purely for their merits, and being retained exactly as long as they do their duty well. Until we take it as a matter of course that a policeman, or a laborer on the public works, or a clerk in the Dock Department, is appointed purely because of capacity, and is retained without regard to his politics just so long as he does his duty faithfully, we cannot expect to get proper service from the Departments.

But, above all, public officers must enforce the laws. This, again, is one of those basic principles about which it seems hardly possible to argue. It is hard indeed for a man who is both honest and intelligent to tolerate the attitude of those men who deliberately claim the right to violate the laws and who demand that the sworn officials of the Government connive at such violation. Yet such was the attitude of an immense number of voters at the last election in New York City. Such was the attitude of many of the newspapers, even of those that were ostensibly anti-Tammany; and it was on this issue of the dishonest enforcement of the law that Tammany won its victory. The point upon which the battle happened to be waged in New York was the liquor law. Under the statute the sale of liquor in New York City is forbidden on Sundays. This particular law had always been partially and corruptly enforced in New York, immunity being given to the saloon-keepers who paid blackmail. The new Police Board, as in duty bound, enforced the law, and a very large number of voters, notably among the Germans, deliberately announced that they prized the right to drink beer at hours when it was forbidden by law more than honesty or decency, and that they would vote for any party, no matter how corrupt, if it would agree that its officials should violate their sworn oaths of office and connive at lawbreaking. It is hard to speak in temperate language of such a position.

The question at issue was really of infinitely more importance than whether beer shall or shall not be sold on Sundays—it was the question upon the final answer to which depends the continuance of the Republic. If public officers are to execute the laws at their caprice, or at the caprice of a section of their constituents, then we may not only expect to see corruption flourish in our great cities, to see the growth of a blackmailed and lawbreaking body of liquor-sellers, and the growth of venality among public officials and of indifference to law among citizens, but we may expect to see in other communities the white-capper and the lyncher flourish, and crimes of every kind go unpunished unless punished by the exercise of the right of private vengeance. The one all-important foundation of our system of orderly liberty is obedience to law.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt: A Sketch

So distinct a personal impression of Mr. Roosevelt is conveyed by the member of The Outlook staff who secured the preceding article that we publish his informal report without further explanation:

This afternoon I called on Mr. Roosevelt with a stenographer. Although we had arranged the meeting by appointment, I found that a great many other people expected to see him at that time. A few moments after my card was taken to his inner office, the door opened and Mr. Roosevelt shot out, stopped short, and said, "Will you excuse me a moment?" Whereupon of course we said we would. In five or ten minutes he was back again with "Will you excuse me for another moment?" and again we said we would. This went on for three-quarters of an hour, but at last our opportunity came. We were no sooner seated in the private office, however, than Chief Conlin came in on some important matter. A policeman belonging to a distant precinct had been drunk, and drunk in his uniform, too. The idea of his reeling around the streets and disgracing the service was too much for Mr. Roosevelt, and this matter was dispatched very quickly and summarily. It was an interesting juxtaposition of two faces—those of Conlin and Roosevelt as they sat facing each other. The one had many marks of physical wear and tear, and yet was a face good to look upon. The face of the younger man spoke of splendid health, vigor, virility, everything that goes to make up the physical man; but it spoke far more clearly of that which does not always accompany physical well-being, namely, mental equipoise and will-power, decision quick and sharp and resolutely enforced.

One instinctively thought of Mr. Roosevelt's books on sport in the Rocky Mountains, and remembered how much such big-game hunting must have contributed to the development of a physique which would have been remarkable enough without any development. Who shall say that some of the rare personal force of this strong executive does not come from attention to athletics and outdoor life? This impression was further emphasized by the explosive way which the President of the Board of Police Commissioners has of talking. No sooner had Mr. Conlin put his face in the door than it was "Hello—Chief!" the syllables being projected like steam from the piston of a locomotive. This directness characterizes Mr. Roosevelt's every word and act. There is no trifling with a man who believes in such explosive syllables, monosyllables for the most part—the shorter the words the better for him.

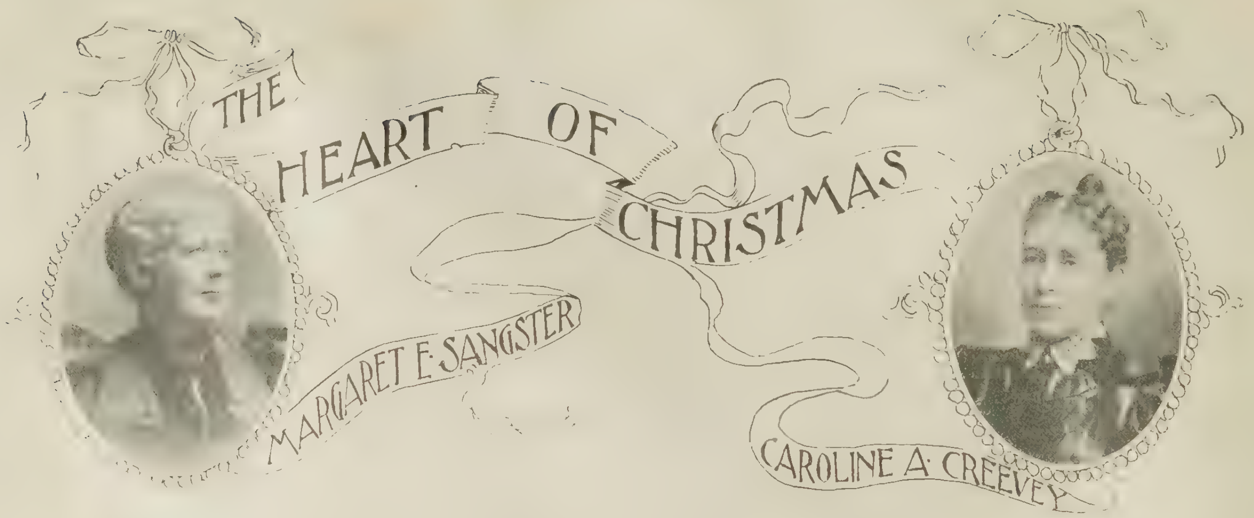
When he began to dictate his article, he stopped for a moment, looked at us, and said, "Yes," and then shouted, "I think I can—*I will!*"—with boyish glee, but certainly with a man's decision. It is sometimes alarming to see a man thus think aloud, but we learn to love a person for it. Mr. Roosevelt then began an interminable walk about his apartment, up and down, from side to side, and round and round. He would make several circuits of the room without saying a word, and then suddenly break out in a torrent of eloquence. At other times he would measure his words carefully.

Then the officer on guard came in with a bundle of letters, and Mr. Roosevelt would run through them for a moment. Once he looked up, and, with a contemptuous gesture, dashed the letter on the floor, and said, "There's another! Three-quarters of my mail to-day has consisted of anonymous letters."

"You see, my time is not my own," Mr. Roosevelt would always say at the frequent interruptions. Perhaps Commissioner Parker needed his counsel on some point that must be decided at once. Perhaps the telephone bell would ring and some bit of news would be communicated from a distant station. Then Mr. Roosevelt would put his mouth to the receiver standing on his desk, and we would hear one side of such a conversation: "Yes. Who is this? Tell me your name. Oh, yes! What do you want? What? Yes. All right. You send that roundsman here to-morrow morning at half-past nine and I'll fix *him*."

Mr. Roosevelt's own words elsewhere abundantly define his character, and show the value of the physical, mental, and moral integrity, force, and independence of the present President of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City.

New York is a type of American cities, all of which are more or less misgoverned. The entire country is receiving an object-lesson from the strong sense of duty which Mr. Roosevelt shows in enforcing the laws at any cost.



A PLAY FOR THE CHILDREN, IN ONE ACT

CHARACTERS:

Catherine Watson, } Sisters.
May Watson, }
Lucinda Matthews.
Barbara Moore.
Heart of Christmas, a Fairy.
First Voice, }
Second Voice, } Christmas Music.
Third Voice, }
Spirit of Good Will, }
Spirit of Good Cheer, } Christmas Spirits.
Spirit of Love, }
Elf of Fun and Frolic, } Christmas Elves.
Elf of the Christmas Tree, }
Nita, } Two Poor Little Children.
Franz, }

Scene.—*A parlor in the Watsons' house.* Lucinda *and* Barbara *in calling costume are sipping a cup of chocolate with the sisters. The four girls are members of the same Sunday-school class. A letter has been received from their teacher, which* Lucinda *reads:*

Lucinda.

"*My dear Girls:* Christmas is very near. Do you not almost hear the joy-bells ringing? I know your hearts are full of the Christmas spirit. I want you to *experience* the joy of giving. And that you cannot do without sacrifice. I know a poor, respectable German family. Christmas means a great deal to them. But this year their papa is in the hospital with a broken hip. He was a painter, and fell from a high scaffold. The mother works out by the day, sometimes, when she can find work. There are a baby of ten months and two poor little waifs of six and eight years. Will you ask your parents to give you the money *instead of the most expensive present* they have purposed for you, and will you join me in giving these children a happy Christmas? Will you, dear girls, lovingly, cheerfully?—and gratify your devoted friend, Emma Brown."

Well, girls, what do you say?

May. I think it would be perfectly lovely.

Barbara. And I.

Lucinda. I guess I am willing.

Catherine. Now, what a set of geese you are! Give up your best Christmas present for those German brats? They have no business in this country, anyway. They wouldn't be here if I had the making of our immigrant laws.

Lucinda. They come here to better their condition.

May. Yes, poor things!

Catherine. Why, the matter is very simple. They are born in a low station, and Providence designs they should stay there.

Barbara. Oh, Kate, not if they can get out of it.

Catherine. They can't get out of it. They oughtn't to try. Let them know their place.

Barbara. How would you like it?

Catherine. That's idiotic. I wasn't born there, was I? Why, if they can rise, let them. But this man, now, is probably a worthless, beer-soaked German. He was drunk when he fell.

May. But the mother is to be pitied.

Catherine. How do you know she doesn't make a mighty good living at the wash-tub? It isn't a case that appeals to me.

May I'm awfully sorry for the baby.

Catherine. The baby would enjoy a Christmas-tree hugely at ten months old! Girls, do you know what my most expensive present is to be? A gold watch. Fancy! And May is to have a chain bracelet. Think we are going to give up those things?

Barbara. No, I suppose not. I was going to get a lovely blue rocking-chair for my room, and I need it awfully.

Catherine. Well, have it then, goosey! Miss Brown's a good enough teacher, but we can't pin to her in everything.

Lucinda. I suppose, unless we all do it, Miss Brown won't care to have any of us.

Catherine. Then it's settled. You write to her, May.

May. I don't quite like to. She will feel sorry.

Catherine. You write, Barb.

Barbara. Excuse me from an unpleasant task.

Lucinda. Kate, you write, and we'll all sign our names.

Catherine. All right. I'll do it to-night, and bring it to you to-morrow.

May. I am not sure I shall sign it.

Catherine. Oh, yes, you will. I'll talk her into it. I always do.

May. I'm afraid that's so.

[Lucinda *and* Barbara *rising to go.*

Barbara. Well, good-by, girls. Had we better think this over?

Catherine. Not a bit of it. We mustn't be fickle. (*They kiss each other;* Barbara *and* Lucinda *go out, accompanied by* May. Catherine *resumes her seat, and begins to sew on some fancy-work.*) I hope May will stay out a while. I want to finish this bureau-scarf for her. The idea! Give up my watch! If it had not been for my firmness, those girls would have yielded. I know I am a resolute character. I am born to lead. Not much of a trouble to lead May. She is much weaker than I. (*A pause.*)

Enter the Heart of Christmas, *a fairy. She should be dressed in soft, white, flowing material, with flowers in her loose hair. She must carry a wand, to the lower end of which a stick of crayon is fastened. At first* Kate *does not see her.*

Heart of Christmas.

'Tis living for others, not living for self,
That flushes the cheek, that brings light to the eye.
'Tis the miser, poor creature, who hoards up his pelf,
And withers and starves as the slow years creep by.

But the dear heart of Christmas can cradle the world.
Oh! list in the sky how the sweet angels sing!
'Tis the banner of Love that is widely unfurled,
And Love from the heavens the dear angels bring.

Good-afternoon, Miss Watson.

Catherine. Who speaks! I thought I was alone. Dear me, what a sweet creature! Who are you?

Heart of Christmas. My name is the Heart of Christmas. I have come to see you in order to enter your heart, if you will let me.

Catherine (*aside.* Sounds like a quotation from Miss Brown's letter.) I appreciate your good intentions, but decline with thanks.

H. of C. Then you can have no real Christmas.

Catherine. Oh, yes, I shall. I shall have lots of pretty presents.

H. of C. But Christmas is not all receiving.

Catherine. Of course I know that. I shall spend all my month's allowance for presents to give to May and everybody. And mamma will help me out if I need more money.

H. of C. Poor child! You know nothing, after all, about giving.

Catherine. Why, I could spend two months' allowance, if that would please you.

H. of C. No, no. Let the Christmas spirits enter your heart, and you will know what I mean. "Shall I give of that which costs me nothing?"

Catherine (*coldly*). I will ring for the maid to show you out. You are somewhat meddlesome.

H. of C. (*sternly*). Not yet. I have a mission to accomplish before I go. Know you not, child, that you are surrounded by three walls? (*Draws a circle around* Catherine *with chalk.*)

Poor captive, hemmed in iron bands,
Self-woven, linked in stubborn strands
The frost is lying on the wold,
But colder frost is here, so cold!

(*Draws a second circle outside the first.*)

One might escape through rift or break
In that first wall; the second shows

No loophole; child, you cannot shake
  This barrier down, so strong it grows.

(*Draws a third circle outside the second.*)

And sadly, sadly, now I see
This third and bristling abatis;
On every side it holds you fast,
Poor little prisoner, caged at last.

Catherine. What nonsense! I a prisoner! These are only chalk-marks.

H. of C. Overstep them, and come to me, if you can.

[Catherine *tries. She must act as if there were a real wall around her, and find that she cannot overstep the chalk-line.*

Catherine. Mamma! Help, mamma! May! I think I am bewitched.

H. of C. Mamma and May do not hear you. You are in my power.

Catherine. Oh, then, kind fairy, help me out.

H. of C. I cannot.

Catherine. Oh, please do. (*Kneels.*)

H. of C. No one can take down those walls except yourself. But I will see what I can do to help you. (*Claps her hands and summons* Christmas Music.)

Oh! the spirit, the sweet spirit, the kind spirit of the Child,
Of Him who came to Mary's arms, the Saviour undefiled,
It melts the ice within your breast, it helps you now to be
From sinful self's dominion safe, dear child, it sets you free.

Enter First Voice, Second Voice, Third Voice. *They sing.*[1] *Outside there should be low, soft music, made by mandolins or violins. Chorus of bells.*

Catherine (*who has resumed her seat*). How sweet! How lovely! I am strangely affected.

First Voice. This poor child has never had the real Christmas music in her heart.

Second Voice. I can hardly believe it.

Third Voice. It is on account of these dreadful walls. Inclosed within Self-Will, Pride, and Selfishness, one must be deaf to Christmas bells. (*They pass to one side of the stage.*)

Heart of Christmas. Thanks, sweet Voices. Well have you done your mission. (*Claps her hands, and summons* Christmas Spirits.)

Hither, come hither, fair band, at my call,
Good Cheer, and Good Will, and sweet Love, hasten all.
Here is work to be done that you only can do,
So genial, so ready, so faithful and true.
Hither, fair band, with your swift little feet,
Come laughing and flitting, so eager and sweet.

Enter three Spirits, Good Will, Good Cheer, *and* Love. *They are little girls dressed preferably in white.*

Spirit of Good Will.

That wondrous night in Bethlehem
  God sent me down to men.
The work he gives me now to do
  Began in earnest then.

Spirit of Good Cheer.

When skies are dark, and clouds are low,
  I bid the folk look up.
From heaven above God's blessings flow
  To brim each mortal's cup.

Spirit of Love.

Love is best and greatest, yes, love is better far
Than any gift or graces from thrilling star to star.
'Twas Love that in the manger lay, 'tis Love that wooes you now,
Love, with the shadow of the cross upon His baby brow.

Catherine. I see three beautiful children, and what they sing is strange and solemn. A tenderness is stealing into my heart, and a desire to be friends with these dear spirits. Will you come to me? (*Stretches out her hands.*)

Spirit of Good Will. Alas! we cannot.

Spirit of Good Cheer. Those dreadful walls!

Spirit of Love. They reach so high! They are so strong!

[*Spirits bow their heads and sadly retire, standing near the Voices.*

Catherine (*covers her face with her hands*). I am indeed a prisoner; and these dear spirits cannot help me.

Heart of Christmas. Thanks, good Christmas Spirits, you have shaken the horrid walls to their foundations. (*Claps hands. Summons* Christmas Elves.)

Hasten, tiny Christmas Elves,
Come and gambol 'mong yourselves.
Here's a little maiden fair,
Give her of your joy a share.
Hasten, tiny elfin crew,
Here is work just fit for you.

Enter two little boys, one carrying games and toys, the other a small, decorated Christmas-tree. They must come in with a jump and run, and be full of little pranks.

Elf of Fun and Frolic.

Heart of Christmas, here am I,
Full of mirth and jollity,
Such a pretty world it is,
Running o'er with fun and bliss.

Elf of the Christmas Tree.

I can't be as jolly as you are, Elf,
For I've so many toys on the highest shelf,
And so many trees to load to the ground,
And time flies so fast as the world goes round.
Stop dancing and prancing, and help me, pray,
To make this Christmas the happiest day!

Catherine. What funny, dear little fellows! How I would like to hug them! But there can be no Christmas fun for me, since I am a prisoner. I cannot even help to make others happy. I see my mistake. I am utterly selfish, proud, and self-willed. How hateful my character is! If I am ever free, I will care no longer for my own good times, but try to make others happy. (*She bows her head on her arms on the table.*)

Elf of Fun and Frolic. It's jolly to make her cry like that.

Elf of the Christmas-Tree. She's all right. (*They run about and play.*)

Heart of Christmas. The walls are crumbling fast. Catherine will soon be free. (*She passes over the circles and waves her wand.*)

The stony heart is melting, the stony walls down crumble,
The proud and stubborn spirit is growing meek and humble.
Come, darling little children, who have had your fill of sorrow,
This lovely girl will crown for you a very merry morrow.

Enter Nita *and* Franz, *dressed poorly.*

Nita. I don't see how we got here. Look, Franz, liebchen, see the lovely house, and the furniture and everything.

Franz. We just came, didn't we, sister? The door was open, and we walked right in. Will they put us out? We won't steal the pretty things.

Nita (*indignantly*). Of course not! (*They walk about, and look at furniture, then go to the table where* Catherine *is seated. She smiles.*)

Catherine. You poor little children! You look so cold and pinched.

Nita. We are cold, ma'am, most all the time, so we don't mind that.

Catherine. Are you hungry?

Nita. Yes'm, but we don't mind that.

Franz. Yes, we do mind it. Don't you believe Nita, ma'am. Only it doesn't do any good to mind.

Nita. Ssh! Where are your manners, Franz?

Catherine. Haven't you a father?

Nita. Yes, ma'am, but he's sick in the hospital; broke his hip. The doctor says he can't get out till spring, and then he'll be lame.

Franz. He can't paint no more, d'ye see? and paintin' 's his living.

Catherine. Where's your mother?

Nita. Please, ma'am, she's tending baby. She was out all day doin' a washin', and I took care of baby. He cried a lot.

Catherine. You are too little to tend baby.

Nita. Oh, no, ma'am! I have to do it. If mamma didn't go out to work, we'd starve.

Catherine. Dreadful!

Franz. Say, don't you have it lucky here?

Catherine. What do you mean?

Franz. Why, all them chairs and things. You don't be cold and hungry.

Catherine. No, never in my life have I been cold or hungry, and I don't mean that you shall be again.

Franz. But you can't do nuffin for us.

Catherine. I can, and I will. I was going to have beautiful Christmas presents, but I shall give them up, even my gold watch, and ask papa for the money instead. It will be a great deal of money, and I will get you lots of nice things. (*Music soft and sweet outside is heard.*) Children, have you ever had a Christmas-tree?

Franz. Not since we came over, and that's free years ago. We hadn't baby then.

Nita. I remember a lovely Christmas-tree in the fatherland; but we don't think they grow in America.

Catherine. Yes, they do, and you shall have one. (*Rises and looks bewildered.*) Why, how did you get over the walls?

Nita. What walls? We came right in just as easy.

Franz. And I'm awful glad we came.

Catherine. The walls! the walls! Are they down? Am I free?

Heart of Christmas. They are down, and I am coming to you, dear. I am already in your heart. (*She embraces and kisses* Catherine.)

Catherine. I was never so happy in my life. (*Runs excitedly around the room.* Spirits, Voices, *and* Elves *lovingly surround her. She hugs them. The* Elves *give* Nita *and* Franz *all their games and toys, and place the Christmas-tree upon the table. They then play leap-frog. Finally,* Catherine, *taking a hand of* Nita *and* Franz, *walks to the front of the stage. The* Heart of Christmas *stands with them, and* Elves, Voices, *and* Spirits *group themselves around and behind.*)

Catherine. I will write, as I agreed to do, the letter to Miss Brown, and the girls will sign it. I will make them. If I am a born leader, let me lead in the right direction. May and I will give up our watch and bracelet, and the money shall purchase for these children a happy Christmas. (*Music outside.*) I must do something for the sick father, too. How mean and selfish I have been, to care only for my own gifts, when others were cold and hungry! The air seems full of sweetness and music. I am strangely thrilled.

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[1] Any Christmas music that can be sung by children should be introduced here; for example, Phillips Brooks's "Little Star of Bethlehem," or Gade's "Christmas Carol." These two are numbers 175 and 176 in the Plymouth Hymnal.

HEART OF CHRISTMAS. Catherine, you are changed indeed. You were shut up behind the walls of your own bad passions, and we could not get to you. The walls are down. You are possessed of the Heart of Christmas.

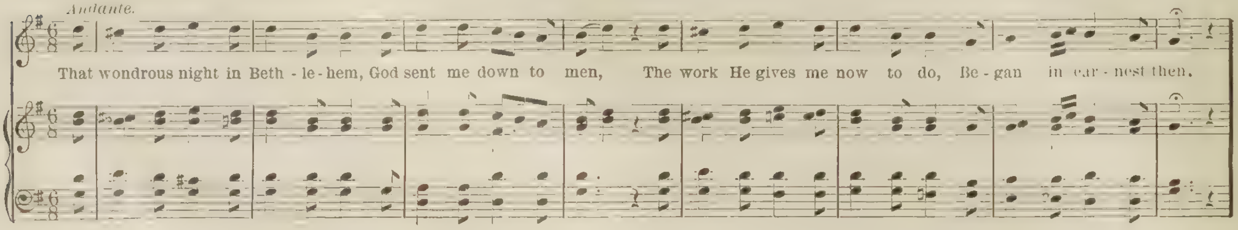
CATHERINE. I see. And all you dear little people, you Spirits of Good Cheer, Good Will, and Love, you sweet Voices, and even you, mischievous, funny little Elves, enter into the Heart of Christmas, as she enters into mine.

HEART OF CHRISTMAS. Dear child, you have learned the secret.

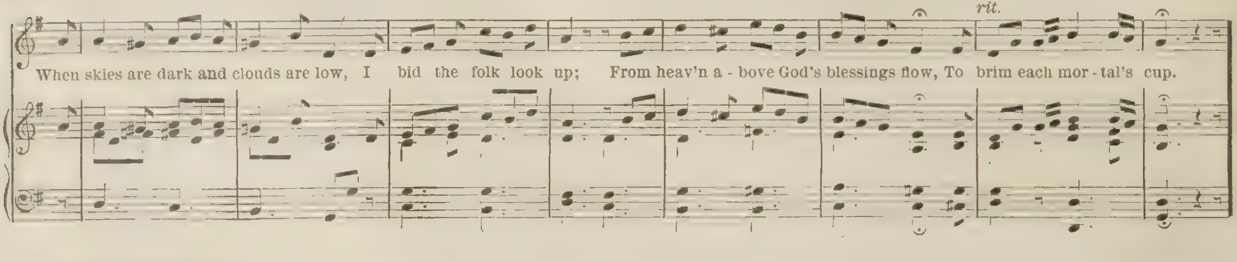
Who would be blessed, herself must bless
The world with grace and tenderness,
And thus, in love of God, and fear
Of sin, have Christmas all the year.

Music for the Play.

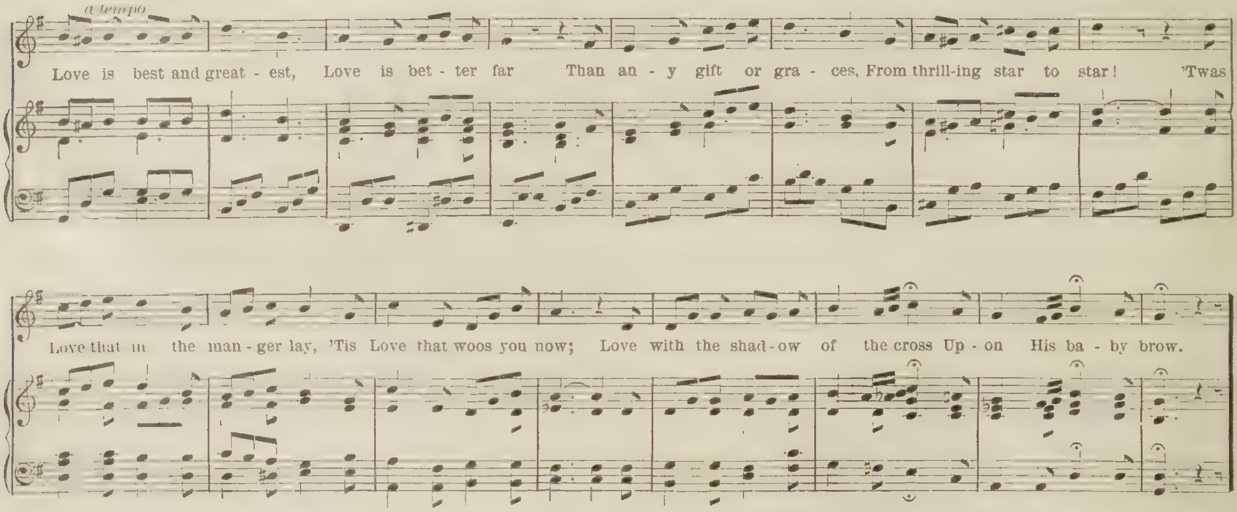
SPIRIT OF GOOD WILL.


Andante.
That wondrous night in Beth - le - hem, God sent me down to men, The work He gives me now to do, Be - gan in ear - nest then.

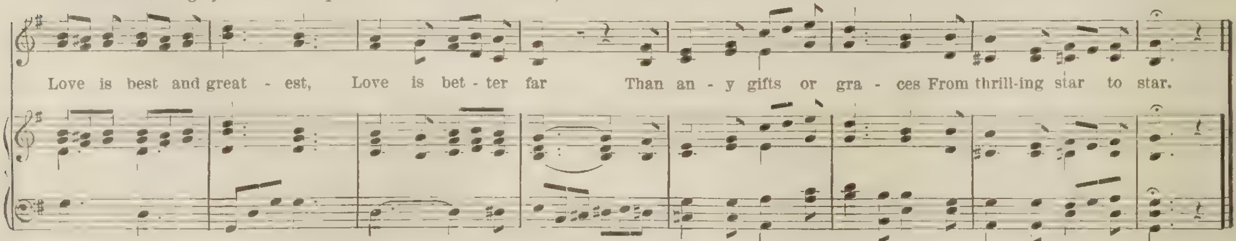
SPIRIT OF GOOD CHEER.


rit.
When skies are dark and clouds are low, I bid the folk look up; From heav'n a - bove God's blessings flow, To brim each mor - tal's cup.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.


a tempo
Love is best and great - est, Love is bet - ter far Than an - y gift or gra - ces, From thrill-ing star to star! 'Twas
Love that in the man - ger lay, 'Tis Love that woos you now; Love with the shad - ow of the cross Up - on His ba - by brow.

CHORUS (*Sung by the Three Spirits and the Three Voices*).


Love is best and great - est, Love is bet - ter far Than an - y gifts or gra - ces From thrill-ing star to star.

Books and Authors

Social Regeneration[1]

Washington Gladden

The Fletcher prize was awarded to Dr. Gladden by the Trustees of Dartmouth College in 1894 for an essay upon the question, "In what ways ought the conception of personal life and duty to be modified?" Under the title of "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age," his essay has been published. As one goes through its eleven chapters—"Change Your Minds," "The Doctrine of Fatherhood," "The Doctrine of Brotherhood," "The One and the Many," "The Sacred and the Secular," "The Law of Property," "Religion and Politics," "Public Opinion," "Pharisaism," "One but Twain," "Ruling Ideas"—it is plain that the title is not to be taken historically, as of ideas that have already established their rule, but prophetically, of ideas that are now advancing to rule—ideas which as yet have obtained ascendency only over some leaders of the world's advancing thought, and a minority that is growing toward a majority. The title is significant of the optimistic insight which is characteristic of the author.

The three ruling ideas of the present social movement are: (1) "The immanence of the Christ," a truth which, though radiant in the letters of Paul to the Ephesians and Colossians, the Church would hardly have comprehended until now—the idea that "those attributes of God which are revealed to the world in Christ were the molds in which the whole creation was shaped," so that Christianity, with its truths of Divine Fatherhood and human brotherhood, is not the antithesis but the fulfillment of nature. (2) "That the relations of men to one another in society are not contractual, but vital and organic," as of the members of one body; so that "the chief end of man is . . . the perfection of one in the blessedness of the many." (3) "The presence of the kingdom of God" in a growing ascendency as a kingdom, not of this world, but now in this world, gradually purifying it of its evils and wrong. These ideas are ruling the present because they are modifying it; they are the rudder which is slowly but surely swinging society round into the truly Christian line of progress.

Seeing this, that the rudder rules and swings the ship, Dr. Gladden is hopeful and patient. Of existing evils he says just enough to uncloak them and mark them for putting away; he is free from diatribe and invective; he is more concerned to put forward the truth, in whose presence error cannot live. But he does not hesitate to speak as plainly as the subject requires. Concerning "Pharisaism" he observes: "The disposition is strong in many quarters to condone the most monstrous iniquities—iniquities that strike at the vitals of the Nation—if the men who commit them will put on a cloak of religious observance, especially if the cloak has good capacious pockets, out of which liberal donations of hush-money are handed over now and then. Men who would certainly be in the penitentiary if they had their deserts are flattered and patted by the heads of great educational and religious institutions, and made to feel that they are regarded as the salt of the earth."

We earnestly bespeak for this book a place on the tables of families and in the studies of pastors. It might have been entitled "Thoughts on Practical Religion." It insists on the divineness of common duties, the sacramental reality of the calling in which we are given our daily bread. It draws a broad line between the religionism which ignorantly prays for help in doing wrong, and the religion which uses private possessions and powers as its public trust from God.

We have noted a few statements to which exception might fairly be taken, as, that belief in the Divine Fatherhood "undermined feudalism," and also gave birth to the doctrine of the equality of rights. This last is true for the Stoic sages of two thousand years ago, but not so true an account of its genesis in Calvinistic Christian thought. Likewise the statement (p. 260) that "the prevailing utilitarianism assumes that all virtue reduces to self-love; that right action is that which gives us greatest pleasure," is either wrong or liable to be wrongly taken. It may be true of vulgar hedonists, but these are not the genuine utilitarians for whom John Stuart Mill says that to sacrifice one's own to the general happiness is the noblest virtue.

These rare and casual blemishes do not impair the solidity of the argument. A sound philosophy of life is the condition of right conduct. That philosophy is given in the words *Our Father.* To him all things belong, and even the secular is sacred. The use of property is dictated through fellowship with him. The dignity of citizenship is in its trusteeship from him. This world, its institutions, laws, customs, parties, are the proper field of Christ's redeeming work, equally with the inner life of individual souls, and he is already here, gradually reducing them to his sway. These ideas, indeed, are not yet dominant, even in his Church. But they rule the development of his kingdom, now silently advancing in the Church and the world. To embrace them is to participate in the present struggle and the coming triumph. Hence the summons now, as in the first beginning of Christianity, "Change your minds!" Awake to divine conceptions of life and duty!

Novels and Tales

George Meredith

Mr. George Meredith does not write for the reader who likes to take his reading as he sips his coffee, without effort and without thought. Mr. Meredith requires thought. Sometimes, it is true, he disappoints it; oftener he stimulates it. The vices of his style and the extraordinary interest of his mind do not, however, need comment in this place. His latest novel, *The Amazing Marriage*, is full of his quality and his defects. It is what might be called a provoking story, suggesting in the first volume that which the second volume does not develop, and alienating the reader at the end by a dénouement which must be, for the great majority of readers, incredible. He describes the book as an attempt "to render events as consequent to your understanding as a piece of logic, through exposure of character;" but he clearly fails in the endeavor, because, although he invests the events with interest, he does not make us feel their essential connection. In point of style the first half of the story is much superior to the second. As a whole, the novel will add nothing to Mr. Meredith's reputation, although it is full of ideas and of that intellectual force which one so constantly misses in most contemporary fiction. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

It is a rare thing in fiction that a second book on a given subject equals its predecessor. To say this of Ian Maclaren's *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* is, therefore, high praise; and it is emphatically true praise. Drumtochty continues to furnish the author of "The Bonnie Brier-Bush" with capital subjects for character-sketches, and in each is a slender but strong thread of story interest. The stories first printed in this new volume rival in strength those famous tales in the earlier book which have lately been printed under the title of "A Doctor of the Old School." In a different way, Burnbrae appeals to our love and admiration as greatly as did William McClure; "For Conscience Sake" tells how the sturdy, God-fearing Burnbrae refused to abandon his church at the bidding of an upstart land-agent, and prepared to leave the home where his life and heart were rooted rather than to give up the right. The undoing of the wrong and the practical expression of his neighbors' love and sympathy round out the little series charmingly and with real feeling. With Mr. Watson it is this sincerity of feeling that keeps the pathos always pure and strong. There is never the slightest sign of artificiality or of writing for effect. The abundant humor, also, is never forced, but always spontaneous and fresh. Readers of his two books will note with interest that in the first installment of his novel "Kate Carnegie," printed elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook, some of the old Drumtochty friends appear once more. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

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[1] *Ruling Ideas of the Present Age.* By Washington Gladden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's *Casa Braccio* cannot be criticised, as have been certain of his recent novels, for the lack of story interest. In this respect it contrasts strongly with "Katharine Lauderdale" and "The Ralstons," with both of which books it has some plot-connection; so far as this connection in theme exists, we may add, the present story precedes the two just named, and in it is solved the mystery of the origin of the unpleasant Walter Crowdie. The first part of "Casa Braccio" is a tale of passion and crime almost too condensed and too crowded with tragic incident. The rest of the book deals with force and subtlety with the moral punishment and inevitable results of the revolt against social laws depicted in the first period. The power and skill of the author are in this novel beyond question. It is a tribute to his ability to say that in character the book is quite different from any of the many that the prolific novelist has written. We have, it is true, a careful study of Italian society life, but only in that respect does the novel resemble the "Saracinesca" series. There is nothing but the slight structural connection to remind one of "Katharine Lauderdale" and "The Ralstons." "The Roman Singer" and "Mr. Isaacs," again, are quite as unlike this story as they are unlike each other. In short, Mr. Crawford is still as original as ever in subject and treatment, and his latest novel awakes quite a new interest. It is essentially serious in its treatment of sin and heredity, and if it does not specifically amuse, it certainly incites thought and analyzes motive. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Mr. Brander Matthews has done nothing better in the way of story-writing than his latest novel, *His Father's Son*, a piece of work which, for general skill of treatment, must take a very high place among the novels of the year. The motive of the story is singularly effective—so effective that it is astonishing that no one has used it before. In this case, as in many others, Mr. Matthews has shown his uncommon fertility and inventiveness. He has illustrated the vicious quality of some Wall Street methods, and the curious confusion of morals which exists in the minds of some Wall Street men, by turning them into concrete moral action and character. It is a long time since any story has surpassed "His Father's Son" in definiteness of ethical teaching and entire absence of the didactic method. The story is told with rare sympathy both for the father and the son, with a great deal of suppressed feeling, with a delicacy and reticence which are in the highest degree admirable. Nothing which Mr. Matthews has done shows so much ability of a high order and so much of the spirit of the artist. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The quiet studies of New England life which Miss Sarah Orne Jewett adds year by year to our literature of fiction seem to many readers to disclose the same staying power which one finds in "Cranford" and other tales of like quality. In a time when exaggeration and hysteria in so many forms appear in art Miss Jewett has never failed to exhibit the self-control, the poise, the balance, and the moderation of a true artist. If her range is not of the widest, her insight is of the surest, her feeling of the truest, and her touch clear, definite, and sympathetic. She gives us always sane and wholesome conceptions of life. Her work discloses the faithful study of the conscientious craftsman. Her style retains its old-time charm of simplicity and purity, and her quiet humor, which is one of her most charming gifts, loses none of its freshness as the tale of her volumes grows in length. The group of stories which appear this year under the title of *The Life of Nancy* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) will confirm a reputation long ago securely founded upon work of the truest and most genuine kind.

In *The Cup of Trembling, and Other Stories*, by Mary Hallock Foote (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), the reader finds himself among scenes with which this interesting novelist has already thoroughly familiarized her readers. She has, however, in the story which gives its title to this volume, sounded a deeper note than in some of her previous stories. She has, indeed, dealt with a tragical situation, and with considerable reticence and effectiveness. The story is vividly conceived, the background seems to contribute to the isolation of the moral conflict, and the dénouement, if a little too timely and complete in its arrangement, has nevertheless a considerable effectiveness.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Village Watch-Tower* contains six short stories by a writer whose quiet and steady growth in artistic skill it is a pleasure to record. "The Birds' Christmas Carol" and "Timothy's Quest" had a brightness, a freshness, and a general vivacity which at once insured a wide reading, but left the question of the development of lasting powers of construction and style somewhat in abeyance. In "The Village Watch-Tower" that question may be said to be settled, for in several of these stories there is shown not only the old-time qualities of humor, keenness of observation, and the overflow of intellectual good spirits, but delicacy of feeling, refinement of touch, and the presence of a real quality of imagination. This is specially true of "A Village Stradivarius." All the stories share more or less in the increased skill and force which come from the growth of the mind and heart behind them. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

No American writer of short stories has done better work the past year than has Mr. Owen Wister. In *Red Men and White* are collected some of his strongest studies of frontier life. They have a Kipling-like effect in the realism with which they photograph soldiers, Indians, cowboys, Mormons, and their surroundings. The glimpse of General Crook, for instance, is a marvelous pen-picture in a few words. Mr. Wister's creations stand out as clearly to the mind as do Mr. Remington's figures to the eye; and it seems as though the author and artist had been designed by nature to work together, as they do here. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

In *Slain by the Doones* Mr. Blackmore returns to the scene of his greatest novel; and the figures of great John Ridd and of Carver Doone and Counselor Doone appear again for a minute in conjunction with new characters. The tale is a slight one, but the old charm is there, and few who have read "Lorna Doone" will fail also to read this episode of the time and subject there treated so fascinatingly. In the other short stories of the book there is also much of Mr. Blackmore's leisurely and rich humor. The publishers have found a pleasing cover-design, and have made this a tasteful book in every way. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* is an extraordinary bit of realism. It follows the fortunes of a young soldier through his belief in the romantic glory of war, his weariness with camp life, his growing doubts of his physical courage, his panic and flight in battle, his resulting hatred of himself, and his feverish thirst for battle and his final "heroism." The story is not pleasant by any means, but the author seems to lay bare the very nerves of his character; practically, the book is a minute study of one man's mind in the environment of war in all its horrible detail. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The revival of interest in Scottish character and customs has undoubtedly induced Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (New York) to reprint the novels of John Galt. We have received *The Annals of the Parish* and *Sir Andrew Wylie*. It is said that in his character-sketch of a country parson Galt's model was the "Vicar of Wakefield," but the Scotch minister differs materially from Goldsmith's parson. In spite of the humor and pathos in the "Annals"—his best novel—Galt's name has been only a name to most readers. The reprint may bring at least one worthy character in fiction—the Rev. Micah Balwhidder—into deserved appreciation.

Literary Notes

—We learn that the unfinished tale of Robert Louis Stevenson, called "The Weir of Hermiston," will appear in the new magazine, "Cosmopolis."

—Mr. Augustine Birrell is editing the memoirs of his father-in-law, the late Frederick Locker-Lampson. The book will be called "My Confidences."

—One of the best of forthcoming books will undoubtedly be a biography of Cardinal Manning, based largely on his own written notes, journals, and intimate correspondence. The work is described as of exceptional interest in its revelations of the Cardinal's inner character, especially during the conversion period.

—The "Life of Christ," illustrated by Tissot, and soon to be issued at Tours, France, will be a remarkable book. It will have nearly four hundred reproductions in color from the paintings of the artist, upon the production of which he has been engaged for the past ten years. It is announced that the first twenty copies of the book will sell for $1,000 each, and the remaining copies, 990 in all, for $300 each.

—Among the attractive features promised for the "Atlantic Monthly" is an unprinted "Note-Book" of Nathaniel Hawthorne written in 1839. This is to be followed by "Some Memories of Hawthorne" by his daughter, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Another feature will be the publication of an interesting correspondence between Emerson and Sterling. The letters have been edited and annotated by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson.

[For list of Books Received see page 1107]

The Lion—The Lamb[1]

A Sermon by Lyman Abbott

And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David; hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.—Revelation v., 5, 6.

He looked for a Lion; he saw a Lamb; the Greek says "Little Lamb"—lamb, emblem of meekness; little lamb, emblem of apparent weakness; slain, emblem of sacrifice. And yet this Lamb had seven horns and seven eyes: the horns, emblem of power; seven horns, emblem of perfect power; eyes, emblem of wisdom; seven eyes, emblem of perfect wisdom. This Little Lamb slain was still equipped with perfect power and perfect wisdom. He thought the power and the wisdom were in a Lion, he found them in a Lamb—a Little Lamb—a Lamb as it had been slain.

We continually make this mistake; we think that it is might that rules: we look for a Lion. We think that the power in government is to be found in Congresses, Presidents, Kings, armies, and have not yet learned that the power is in homes and wives and mothers. We think that the power of the Roman Catholic Church is in its cardinals and its archbishops; we do not know that it is in the sisters who are giving their lives in hospitals and schools and battle fields.

The disciples, when Christ came, were looking for a Lion. They believed that the Messiah would appear suddenly, and the hosts of heaven would gather about him and the hosts of paganism would gather against him, and in one terrible last battle he would conquer and ride victorious over a bloody field. They never thought the blood would be his own. But when the angel told the watching shepherds the Messiah was come, the angel also said to them: This is the sign of his Messiahship—that he is but a babe, and a babe cradled in a manger. The evidence of his divinity, the witness of his power, the presage of his victory, was that he was a Little Lamb—presently to be slain. When this truth, that it is the Lamb, not the Lion, that conquers, flashed on the thought and mind of heaven's host, as the apocalyptic seer beheld them, they broke forth into the new song, Because thou hast died, and hast purchased us unto God, thou art worthy to receive power and riches and wisdom and might and glory and honor and blessings.

Power belongs to love. The most potent of all earth's potencies is love. Only love has any right to power. God himself would have no right to be the All-powerful if he were not all-loving. Power is only a scepter, and only love has a right to hold a scepter. The mother has no right to more authority over her children than she has love for her children. The husband has no right to more authority over his wife than he has love for his wife. The husbands need that lesson more than the wives do. It is only love that has right to authority. And love is the final authority, the great power.

When the angels told the shepherds that the Babe was cradled in a manger, the Roman Empire extended from the Euphrates on the east to the Atlantic on the west, and from the northernmost boundaries of what is now France to northern Africa. It had one hundred and twenty millions of population; it had the best-organized armies the world has ever seen, and unnumbered wealth. Then it was that a poor man appeared in one of the provinces of Rome. He wrote no great book, founded no great empire, led no great armies, established no great school. What did he do? He loved. Wherever he saw distress, he comforted it. Wherever he saw need, he supplied it. When he was wronged, he never resented it. When others were wronged, he never passed the wrong unrebuked. His friends were cold and apathetic and unthinking, but, having once loved them, he loved them unto the end. His enemies could not by their bitterness quench the unquenchable spirit of his love. When the soldiers laid him on the cross and were driving the nails into his quivering hands, he prayed for mercy, not for himself, but for them. The brigand that hung by his side he inspired with hope. The mother that stood before him speechless but agonized he committed, with broken accents in his dying voice, to the beloved disciple. When James and John came with their ambitions, he quenched their ambition with love. When Peter denied him, he answered the denial with a look of love. When Judas Iscariot betrayed him, he answered to that betrayal with the epithet of love—"friend." When Thomas disbelieved him, he met skepticism with love. When he died, he left the story of his love for his disciples to tell the world. And that was all they had. And with that simple story of this One that loved they went forth. Eighteen centuries have passed, and now the Roman eagles have perished, and the cross shines in the sun from ten thousand domes and steeples. His empire to-day includes a population of over four hundred millions—four times the population of ancient Rome. They are not all true Christians, you say. Neither were these others all true Romans. But the one are as loyal to their Christ as the others to their Empire. Love is the most potent power in the world. It is not the lion, it is the lamb that conquers. The Eagle is dead, the Lamb lives on forever.

To the Lamb belongs the world's wealth. It is not the greedy, ravening lions that acquire wealth, it is the Lamb. Only the Lamb is worthy to receive riches. They do not belong to shrewd selfishness, but to large-minded love. This rich poor man, who does not know how to use the wealth which God has put into his hands, has no right to it. You and I have no right to take it from him; but he has no right to it. And by and by, when he stands before God Almighty's throne, he will find he has had no right to it. No man has a right to wealth save he who holds it as a trust and administers it in love. It is only love that is worthy to be rich; nay, it is only love that really has riches; for we have not what we hold in our hand, but what ministers to life. This poor dyspeptic is no rich man for the luxuries that lie on his table, if he cannot digest them. This unliterary man is no rich man for the books he has in his library, if he cannot enjoy them. This man who has destroyed the artistic sense in him by his devotion to his counting-room has no real ownership in the pictures that hang on his wall, if they tell no story and stir no emotion in him. We have only what we know how to use. And love is knowing how to use. It is love serving and sacrificing itself for others that alone is worthy to be rich, that alone is truly rich.

It is love only that is wisdom. The cynic and the misanthrope pride themselves on their knowledge of human nature. They know just as much of it as a man might know of the cold earth who did not know there were any seeds beneath the surface. The cynic and the misanthrope are fools. It is love only that is wise: for love sees the possibility in human nature which eyes blinded by cynicism fail to see. It is love which sees a future statesman in a rail-splitter. It is love which sees the great scholar and missionary in the shoemaker. It is love which sees the emancipator of Europe in the monk. It is love which sees the missionary of the first century in the persecutor. Love looks beneath the surface and sees the divine in humanity. Wisdom belongs to love. It was the Lamb that saw in the publican Matthew the great biographer; the Lamb that saw in the ambitious son of Boanerges the beloved disciple; the Lamb that saw in the recreant and unstable Simon the great Apostle Peter. I wonder what he saw in Judas Iscariot which we have not yet seen, but by and by perhaps shall see; for love sees good in evil, and possibility in men and women when loveless hearts see nothing in them.

And to the Lamb belong the glory, and the honor, and the blessing—not to power, not to wisdom, save as power and wisdom are used by love to make itself impart more. I sometimes think that when we climb the shining mount and pass through the pearly gates and hasten up the broad, gold-paved avenue, eager to see the glory of God, we shall see the old inhabitants of the Celestial City standing at the battlements and looking down, and we shall wonder why they are not before the throne of God, and then we shall find they are looking down upon Calvary; for the glory of our God we have left behind us, and we did not even know that it was here. There are ranks and hierarchies of glory. Conscience is a great glory—conscience that sees righteousness and understands it; and faith is a great glory—faith that rejoices in the invisible and the eternal; and hope is a great glory—hope that beckons on the man to a larger and nobler and yet larger and nobler achievement. But best and highest of all is love. For faith sees God—that is wonderful; and hope bids us follow God and become imitators of him as true children—that is still more wonderful; but love *is* God, and he that loves has already, in some measure, overtaken God and is dwelling with him.

And so to love will come the song of universal blessing. To the Lamb, and the Little Lamb as it had been slain. We worship thee, O God, not for thy power, though that power we might fear; nor for thy wisdom, though that wisdom we must admire: we worship thee for thy love. It is the Lamb, the Little Lamb, that Lamb slain from the foundation of the world—it is thy love, thy love humbling itself, thy love sacrificing itself—it is Calvary which is thy power and thy wisdom and thy riches and thy glory and thine honor; and thus thy love shall receive forever the blessing of all thy children.

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Spiritual serenity is spiritual strength. It comes in by no softness of sentiment, but by thorough work. It comes by a faith that emboldens and energizes the whole soul.—*Bishop F. D. Huntington.*

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[1] Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, November 3, 1895. Reported by Henry Winans and revised by the author.

The Religious World

The Red Cross Society and Turkey

It has been suggested by the American Board, and seconded by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, that Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross Society take up the work of ministering to the relief of the sufferers from the Turkish massacre. This is at the request of missionaries on the field, and is indorsed by the officials of our State Department. Miss Barton has accepted the trust and has written the following open letter on the subject:

> Owing to the unanimous and urgent appeals from the friends of humanity, representing nearly all of the people of this country, the American National Red Cross has decided that it must accept the sacred trust of endeavoring to relieve the starving Armenians in Asia Minor. According to conservative estimates there are 350,000 utterly destitute people in that country who will have to be assisted six or eight months—until the next harvest. Fully realizing the difficulties and dangers to be met, the Red Cross will start for Turkey as soon as the necessary funds are placed at its disposal or guaranteed to insure success. Funds may be sent to Miss Clara Barton, President and Treasurer of the American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Authorized agents to receive funds and materials will be published in a few days. The Red Cross also suggests that goods, grain, and other material may be sent by chartered steamer.

The Evangelical Alliance

The Evangelical Alliance sends out a letter inclosing and calling especial attention to some of its leaflets containing plans of a new movement. It is for the formation of local alliances, the objects of which are stated briefly as follows: "(1) To bring conscience to bear on the life of the nation; (2) to close the chasm between the churches and workingmen; (3) to gain the strength which comes from organization; (4) to prevent the indefinite multiplication of organizations; (5) to prevent competition and waste in locating missions and churches; (6) to cultivate Christian fellowship between different churches and different denominations; (7) to reach homes with elevating and transforming influences." Another leaflet contains suggestions for work for the local alliances, while a third gives a suggestion for a constitution. The movement is indorsed by many prominent ministers in the various denominations. Of it President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, says: "The movement might easily prove a new Reformation, more important than the original one." A "Pastor's Programme" for the coming Week of Prayer is also inclosed, which contains notes designed to aid leaders of meetings. They offer to send, gratis and postpaid, as many programmes (without notes) as may be desired for the use of a church, provided a collection be taken at some meeting during the week for the Evangelical Alliance. This has hitherto been supported by a few individuals, but if it is to be continued the churches must give it their aid. A single week-day offering from each church or group of churches observing the Week of Prayer would amply supply the treasury of the Alliance. Correspondence concerning the organization of local alliances is invited. The General Secretary of the Alliance is the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., and his address is, The Evangelical Alliance, 511 United Charities Building, Fourth Avenue, corner of Twenty-second Street, New York City.

The Colportage Association: Free Literature for Distribution

In our issue of September 21 we mentioned the Colportage Association in connection with the Bible Institute of Chicago, giving its purpose and opportunities. It is intended to provide good literature at prices within the reach of all, and also to provide good books at a low rate for free distribution. It invited the interest of people of means to buy books for distribution in jails, hospitals, and among the poor. In this way the Association has been enabled to distribute, up to the end of October last, 12,619 volumes. Bibles, Testaments, and other books have been sent into twenty-three different States. But for this distribution the help of local workers is necessary. We have just received a letter from Mr. Moody saying that there are still means to make further free grants of books, and requesting us to ask through our columns the co-operation of ministers of the Gospel, W. C. T. U. and other Christian workers, as well as regular chaplains. Let these write to D. L. Moody, East Northfield, Mass., inclosing some card or reference to show their good faith. After the usual form of application has been filled out, they will send the books, postpaid. Mr. Moody hopes, if he is spared, to put a book into the hands of every prisoner in the United States before a year passes. But to do it he must have the help of local workers.

The Young Men's Christian Union

The Young Men's Christian Union, located at Westchester and Bergen Avenues, New York, is an exceedingly vigorous institution, and deserves special mention because of its broad, non sectarian purposes and work. It has been in existence seven years, and has a total membership of about five hundred young men. Since this Union is not a church, it shows its wisdom in not claiming to be one, or endeavoring to take the place or do the work of a church. That work it leaves for neighboring pastors and churches to do; and yet the institution is in hearty sympathy with the churches, and strives to help, not to hinder, their progress. The Union in all its departments of activity treats each young man *as a man*, and expects him to deport himself as such. Therefore no rules are displayed about the rooms of the headquarters, and it is certainly a remarkable fact that there have been but two occasions of reproof in seven years. The Union rooms are open every evening (except Sunday) to members and friends. Experience has proven that concerts and socials are strong educational forces, and to this end they are freely used among the young men. A series of socials and concerts is arranged for the whole season, and they have proved very popular with the people in general and the members in particular. The tables of the reading-rooms are well supplied with current literature. Reference-books are accessible, and books for home reading may be obtained. Friday night is set apart as "game night," when all kinds of harmless games are indulged in. They also keep an employment bureau and boarding-house register, for which no fees are charged. The Union sustains classes in gymnastics, athletics, vocal music, and literary and debating societies; bicycle clubs, and an excellent Ladies' Auxiliary, which is an active part of the work. Besides assisting the young men, the auxiliary provides sewing-classes and other helps for girls during the daytime, and for each of the two summers past it has sent over one hundred poor children to summer homes near Sing Sing. The Christian Union holds no regular Sunday services and no exclusively religious services of any kind, except a series of Union Sermons arranged through the kindly co-operation of neighboring churches. By this means the members are afforded the opportunity of hearing near at home the leading clergymen of the various denominations in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Among the clergymen who have preached to this association of young men Bishop Potter, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. John Hall, Dr. Lyman, Dr. S. H. Virgin, Dr. Henry M. Sanders, Dr. T. DeWitt Bridgeman, and Dr. Arthur Brooks may be mentioned. Dr. B. B. Tyler preached the Union Sermon before a large and deeply interested audience at the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Street Church of Disciples of Christ, Sunday evening, December 8.

The Open and Institutional Church League

The object of the Open and Institutional Church League as published in its constitution is "to form a bond of union between open and institutional churches, and extend the principles and work for which they stand, as expressed in the platform." Among its officers are the names of many ministers well known as pastors of institutional churches in our large cities. Its platform is broad and comprehensive. We give it in full, as follows:

> The open and institutional church depends upon the development of a certain spirit, rather than upon the aggregation of special appliances and methods.
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> Inasmuch as the Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, the open and institutional church, filled and moved by his spirit of ministering love, seeks to become the center and source of all beneficent and philanthropic effort, and to take the leading part in every movement which has for its end the alleviation of human suffering, the elevation of man, and the betterment of the world.
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> Thus the open and institutional church aims to save all men and all of the man by all means, abolishing, so far as possible, the distinction between the religious and the secular, and sanctifying all days and all means to the great end of saving the world for Christ.
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> While the open and institutional church is known by its spirit of ministration rather than by any specific methods of expressing that spirit, it stands for open church doors for every day and all the day, free seats, a plurality of Christian workers, the personal activity of all church members, a ministry to all the community through educational, reformatory, and philanthropic channels, to the

end that men may be won to Christ and his service, that the church may be brought back to the simplicity and comprehensiveness of its primitive life, until it can be said of every community, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," and "Christ is all and in all."

Resignation of Dr. Booth

At the December meeting of the New York Presbytery the resignation of the Rev. Robert Russell Booth, D.D., as pastor of Rutgers Riverside Church was offered and accepted. His reason for resigning is ill health, and he has agreed to maintain the relation of pastor emeritus to the church. The resignation will take effect on February 1. The representative of the church, School Commissioner C. B. Hubbell, spoke feelingly, and said that it was with the greatest reluctance that the church consented to release Dr. Booth from the pastoral relation. Dr. Booth is a man of sixty-five years of age, and has occupied several pastorates, the one with the University Place Church of fourteen years being the longest. He has been with the Rutgers Church ten years, during which time he has built up a large congregation and collected money for the fine edifice erected on the Boulevard. Last May Dr. Booth became a central figure in the Presbyterian Church by being elected to the position of Moderator of the General Assembly.

Another Resignation

The Rev. Joseph J. Lampe, D.D., has also resigned his pastorate of Christ Church, New York, and accepted a call to the Professorship of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Omaha. Dr. Lampe began his pastorate at Christ Church twenty-eight years ago, when the church was nothing more than a struggling mission in connection with the Brick Church. The Seminary to which Dr. Lampe is going is just entering upon the fourth year of its existence. It commenced with four students, and has now thirty-two. It is the center of a very important home missionary field. It has no endowments as yet, but is dependent upon the liberality of the Church.

Student Volunteer Convention

The Student Volunteer Union of Great Britain and Ireland is preparing for a great International Convention to meet in Liverpool January 1–5, 1896. Over a thousand leading representatives from the colleges and universities of Europe are expected, and men well known in connection with the students' crusade for missions are invited to take part. The two objective results aimed at are: First, a union of prayer for a speedy effusion of the Spirit of God in all lands; and, secondly, a union of effort in the speedy occupation of all unevangelized territory. In an earnest and stirring editorial on the subject the editor of the "Missionary Review of the World" presses upon all Christians their duty of united prayer and effort for the world's salvation. He believes that on united and prevailing prayer all else depends, and quotes as authority for our praying so as to command a blessing, Isaiah xlv., 11: "Concerning the work of my hands command ye me." Where God's work is concerned we are authorized to *claim* blessing. The writer fears that the worldliness of the Church has been a flood that has drowned prevailing prayer. He cites some illustrations of worldly tastes and customs creeping into the Church—violin solos and organ voluntaries from popular operas, etc. These things lower the standard of our church life, and, worst of all, crowd out the Holy Spirit. He says: "How any intelligent disciple can look at the present condition of missions and feel satisfied, passes our comprehension. . . . The money spent on self-indulgence is enormously out of proportion to what is turned into God's treasury." And again he says: "Who among us prays, and prays habitually, for the unconverted masses of mankind, for missionaries in their difficult and seemingly fruitless fields, for the victims of superstition and false religion and tyrannical caste and custom? . . . Who of us pleads with God for a world-wide revival, and effusion of the Holy Ghost in all lands?" And again: "We must love the world if we would save the world. . . . When we love men as Christ loved them we shall make sacrifices for them, even unto death, as he did, and it will be easy to give money—not as a hush price, a hire with which to quiet an accusing conscience, or as a compounding with self-indulgence, but because love constrains us." Great hopes are centered around this gathering of young men to consider the "demands of a dying world and the commands of a risen Lord," and to organize for work in neglected fields. It will be the first great gathering of the kind in Europe.

Missionaries in Korea

The correspondent of the New York "Herald" in Korea, Colonel Cockerill, speaks kind and encouraging words of the missionaries in the Hermit Kingdom. He thinks it a very inviting field for service. The opposition to Christian teachers manifested there six years ago has disappeared. Now the missionary comes and goes at will, and "where he is tactful and kindly behaved he is respected." The King has recently said that he desired to see many more "teachers" (missionaries) in Korea. The religion of Korea is a mild form of Confucianism combined with ancestor worship. The writer says that what is most needed now is educational work, as the Korean mind is not able to grasp or understand Christianity at present. In that department the missionaries are doing excellent work. He mentions the Boys' School at Seoul, which is in charge of Dr. D. A. Bunker, assisted by the Rev. H. G. Appenselter, where about one hundred and sixty scholars are enrolled. He also speaks favorably of the Girls' School near by, in charge of Mrs. Scranton, Miss Paine, and Miss Frye. Wherever the Koreans have come in contact with Christian teachers, he says, they lead cleaner lives—physically and spiritually. Whatever may be true of other countries, the missionaries in Korea do not lead lives of comfort. Colonel Cockerill says: "When I think of well-educated, refined women consigning themselves to this doleful, dirty, bad-smelling, absolutely repulsive country, I am amazed." Among the earnest and active workers whom he has met in Korea he names Dr. H. G. Underwood, the Rev. G. H. Jones, the Rev. W. B. Scranton, the Rev. D. L. Gifford, and Dr. C. C. Vinton, and adds: "I am really proud of the work which my countrymen are doing here, and I hope that they will be encouraged and upheld."—The Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists are working together in the same field. According to statistics just published, the total number of native communicants in Korea is 528, only one-third of whom are women. Missions are maintained in six of the eight provinces. Some 567 natives are on the rolls as "probationers," only one-fifth of whom are women. Colonel Cockerill credits several of the women connected with our missions with heroic service during the recent cholera epidemic. He mentions the names of Miss Arbuckle, Miss Whitney, Miss Jacobson, and Mrs. Underwood. The latter is the wife of Dr. Underwood, who, in company with Dr. Wells, had charge of "The Shelter" hospital during the prevalence of the epidemic. This tribute to missionary work is the more forcible in that the writer is essentially a man of the world, and quite unconnected with evangelical effort.

Brief Mention

The Parish House of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, the Rev. David H. Greer, rector, which is said to be already the largest house of its kind in this country, is soon to be enlarged to meet the demands of the church work.

Cardinal Paul Melchers died at Rome on Saturday last. He was best known by his opposition to the German anti-Catholic legislation when he was Archbishop of Cologne, for which he was condemned to fine and imprisonment (which he escaped by flight) and was deposed from office.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has just met with a serious loss in the burning of its barn, containing many valuable cows, a large quantity of feed, tools, dairy outfit, etc. The property was insured for only two-thirds of its value, and the loss falls heavily on the school in the midst of the winter season. Any special contributions at this time will be gratefully received by its President, Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.

The octogenarian Professor of Systematic Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, the Rev. Dr. John Miley, died on December 11 at his home in Madison, N. J. Dr. Miley had filled many important positions in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a member of the New York Conference, and had been for about twenty-two years professor in Drew Seminary. As a preacher he possessed peculiar power. He was never sensational, but clear in statement, positive in conviction, and earnest in manner, with great spiritual power. He also occupied a prominent place as an author.

The Home Club

The Children's Hour on Christmas Day

Readings, Mamma:
St. Matt. ii., 1–11; St. Luke ii., 1–20.
Hymn, by C—, Ch—, E—, and M—:
"Little Town of Bethlehem" (Phillips Brooks).
Recitation, Ch—:
"Twelve O'Clock and All's Well."
Reading, Papa:
"Where the Christmas-tree Grew" (Mary E. Wilkins).
Recitation, M—:
"The Baby's Stocking."
Recitation, P— (the Baby, six months old):
"Goo-Goo-Goo Goo."
Reading, C—:
"The Christmas Sleigh-Ride" (Helen Gray Cone).
Reading, E—:
"Snap-Shots by Santa Claus" (St. Nicholas).
Reading, Ch—:
"A Christmas Letter" (Helen T. Hutchinson).
Recitation, C—:
"The Mystic's Christmas" (Whittier).
Hymn, C—, Ch—, and M—:
"Silent Night" (The Carol).
Reading, Mamma:
"This is Sarah Jane Collins" (John J. à Becket).
Recitation, E—:
"The Baby" (George Macdonald).
Recitation, P— (The Baby):
"La-a-a, La-a-a."
Readings, C—:
"A Child's Creed," "Power of the Divine Child" (Frothingham's Child's Book of Religion).
Readings, Ch—:
"The Divine Child at Play," "The Divine Child with his Companions" (Frothingham's Child's Book of Religion).
Recitation, M—:
"Christmas Eve" (St. Nicholas, Dec., 1891).
Reading, C—:
"Hark, a Burst of Heavenly Music" (Mrs. M. N. Meigs).
Reading, Papa:
"The Christmas Truants" (Frank Stockton).
Recitation, Ch—:
"December" (Frank Dempster Sherman).
Song, C—, Ch—, E—, and M—:
"Good News on Christmas Morning" (St. Nicholas Songs).

The Home Standard Decisive

We hear much in these days about the low standards of honesty. Many reasons are given. If it is true that our standards are lowered, is it not due to the carelessness of fathers and mothers in the treatment of their children? They make promises they never expect to keep; they reveal their opinion of people with whom they exchange social courtesies, while too often these people are greeted with affection the very reverse of the opinion expressed in the hearing of the children. The pretenses in many families lower the standards of honesty in the child's mind.

The other day a woman and her son, a boy of fourteen at least, took seats in a railroad train. The boy sat next the window. He slipped down in the seat and seemed to shrink. When the conductor came through, a half-ticket was presented for the boy. The look in the boy's face of shame and of anxiety told the story. The conductor looked at the mother, who was cool, calm, and undisturbed, for a moment. A flush passed over his face as he slipped the half-ticket between his fingers and passed on. He could not shame the mother in the presence of her son. He was a gentleman. A woman guilty of such an act loses that which she can never regain; she has robbed her child of that which would have been his protection in the hour of temptation—the thought of a mother who valued truth above all things.

A Nursery Suggestion

The awakening of the creative instinct that is in every child is the privilege of every mother who uses the best of her intelligence and time for her children. Too often the mother lacks the original ability to devise the methods in either education or amusement that will rouse this divine spark. A pair of scissors without points, of convenient size for a child's hand, with white and colored paper, offer an unlimited field for the play of imagination and inventiveness. Every child old enough to use a pair of scissors knows the story of the House that Jack Built. The whole story can be told in paper. Jack, the house, the bags of malt, the rat, the cat, all present simple lines to the child. After the paper has been cut, there remains the pasting of the pieces on sheets of stiff paper, or, better still, in a scrap-book, in their story relation. Little Bo-peep and her Sheep, in fact every favorite story of a child, offers an opportunity to call in play the child's activities. For Christmas Day there is the story of the Christ Child, which will draw out from the child his conception of the other little child whose life has changed the history of the world. As the child grows older, the paper used should be all white, of a quality that will take water-colors; and this use of colors will reveal the child's conception of the colors in nature and their relations to each other better than any conversation. At first great care must be taken that the outlines of every subject suggested are simple, such as readily yield themselves to the scissors in untrained fingers. Later, the same idea could be carried out in cutting flowers. This is for older children; fine wire, silk thread, and a box of paints are inexhaustible sources of employment. The simple paper doll of former years has evolved into the paper doll with an elaborate wardrobe of tissue-paper. The training of the hands to obedience to the idea as well as to the eye is part, or should be part, of every child's education. It is the obedience of the hand to the idea that makes the artist. The imitative power is valuable, for that means correct vision. The hands of the workman must obey the eye, or the work will not reach a standard. The mother working with her child even to amuse it must train to accuracy by pointing to differences between the model and the work that attempts to follow it. Even the story of the House that Jack Built may follow the pictures taken at random from any book. The child of three should not be held to the same standard of excellence as the child of five. The first attempt should not be measured to the standard of perfection, but of possibility for that child. A hard standard should not be maintained to the point of discouragement. The office of teacher is that of inspirer. Criticism that discourages effort is cruel. The highest gift is that which gives impulse to effort.

True Protection

The State Board of Health of New York proposes to present a bill to the next Legislature to prevent the sale of milk with tuberculosis germs. The bill will compel every man who sells milk to present a certificate from the State that his cows are perfectly healthy. This will compel the examination of every cow by the State Board of Health's Tuberculosis Committee, and by veterinary surgeons in States from which milk is sent into the State of New York. This is the logical step that will protect the people. Examining milk on its way to delivery is but slight protection against disease. The danger must be met at its source. This is fair to the seller, who should not be compelled to bear unnecessary loss.

School Vices

The schoolmasters of Boston have been gathering data in regard to the prevailing vices of the children in the schools of that city. The conclusion is that lying is the vice of the girls, and uncleanliness the vice of the boys. One Boston teacher believes that the desire to please is the root of the girls' freedom from the vice of profanity and coarseness of speech, and the cause of her deceit. The tobacco habit is, the teacher believes, the cause of much of the uncleanliness of the boys. The Anti-Cigarette League is encouraged by the teachers, and it is having an effect on the boys. The question now discussed by the teachers in the Boston schools is how far they must carry this personal work, which lies outside of their professional duties.

Cleveland's
Baking Powder,

manufactured originally by the Cleveland Brothers, Albany, N. Y., now by the Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York,

has been used by American housewives for twenty-five years, and those who have used it longest praise it most.

It is perfectly pure and wholesome.

Its composition is stated on every can.

It is always uniform and reliable.

It does the most work and the best work.

It is the strongest of all pure cream of tartar powders, as shown by the U. S. and Canadian Govt. Reports.

All the leading teachers of cookery and writers on domestic science use and recommend it.

He Was a Member

There is much said in these days about women's connection with many organizations. We have two words brought into intimate relation with woman—"over-organization." The following is part of the announcement of a man's death:

> He was twenty-nine years old. He was a Master in the Masonic fraternity, and also a member of Orient Chapter, No. 138, R. A. M.; Aurora Grata Lodge of Perfection; Aurora Grata Council, Princes of Jerusalem; Aurora Grata Chapter of Rose Croix; Aurora Grata Consistory; Kismet Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, B. P. O. of Elks; Fort Greene Council, No. 1,048, R. A., and Columbia Council, L. A. B.
>
> He leaves a wife and two children.

It would be interesting to know how much time he gave his wife and two children.

He Knew

There is a sermon for mothers in the following from "The Hebrew American:" "Neighbor—Bertie, your mother is calling you. Bertie—Yes'um, I know it, but I fancy she don't want me very bad. Neighbor—She has called you seven times already. Bertie—Yes, I know; but she hasn't called 'Albert' yet."

My Back

Arms and limbs are stiff and lame and it is misery for me to move. This is rheumatism, caused by lactic acid in the blood. Neutralize this acid, purify the blood, and cure rheumatism by taking the one true blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the last six months, and find it a great help to me. I have been suffering with rheumatism in my left arm and shoulder, which was rendered entirely helpless. I am able to use them again since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. C. E. Say, Box 414, Junction City, Kansas.

Hood's
Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Notes and Queries

1. Can you give me the names of good reference-books for the study of the literary characteristics of the Bible, and (2) for the study of the prophets? I have a class of girls, about seventeen years of age, and wish to make their work interesting and suggestive. 3. Can you tell me of a brief life of St. John the Divine? M. P. C.

1. The series of articles on "The Bible as Literature," published a year ago in The Outlook. Professor A. S. Cook has a little book on "The Bible and English Prose Style." A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have a recently published British work, "Passages Selected from the Bible for their Literary Beauty." 2. Professor W. R. Smith's "Prophets of Israel" is the standard work. Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" has much of biographical interest. A. D. F. Randolph's series, "Men of the Bible," if you will send for a list, will supply you with some handy volumes. 3. You will find it in Farrar's "Early Days of Christianity." You can examine all the above in a visit to the New York book-stores.

Will you kindly tell us of the Fabian Society of England—how long it has been in existence, what distinguished people belong to it, and about how large a membership it has? Can you give the name and address of any member who would correspond with an American in sympathy with their ideas? Mr. Laurence Gronlund has been organizing Fabian Societies through this part of the country, and aroused considerable interest with regard to what the English Society has accomplished.

M. H.

The Fabian Society was organized in 1883. Its best-known members are George Bernard Shaw, dramatic and musical critic; Sidney Webb, LL.B., of the College of the City of London, and author of the best history of trades-unions; William Clarke, M.A., of the London "Chronicle;" Graham Wallas, M.A.; and Sydney Olivier, B.A. A number of Fabian Societies have been organized in the United States and Canada. The Rev. W. D. P. Bliss ("The American Fabian," 241 Tremont Street, Boston) will give information thereupon.

It is stated upon apparent authority that Congregationalism is on the wane in the New England States, and Baptists are the prevailing denomination. Are the above facts? SUBSCRIBER.

Dr. Coit, of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, has kindly furnished us with statistical tables and summaries, from which it appears that, while the Baptists in the New England States have recently had a larger percentage of growth, the Congregationalists have had a larger actual increase. From 1890 to 1895 the figures stand thus: Baptists, gain in churches, 18, or .019 per cent.; gain in members, 11,012, or .087 per cent. Congregationalists, gain in churches, 62, or .04 per cent.; gain in members, 12,376, or .054 per cent. The large gain of the Congregational churches has been among foreign immigrants, Swedes, French-Canadians, etc., in organizations mostly of small membership.

What books or pamphlets can one get with which to meet a freethinker? PASTOR.

In order to a judicious answer, we need to know: (1) What "freethinker" here connotes, a term which different people apply to men so unlike as Professor Briggs and Colonel Ingersoll. (2) Whether, as we suppose, our friend wishes to equip himself for discussion, or to supply the other man with reading. (3) Whether our freethinker is educated or uneducated, an earnest truth-seeker or indifferent and irreligious. (4) If there is any special problem of thought in which his chief interest centers or his difficulties have begun. An adviser must know the case fairly well before advising. Many of the questions which come to us could be better answered if more explicitly asked.

We have lately been revising our church manual, and have stricken out the word "Sunday" wherever it occurs, and have substituted therefor the word "Sabbath." Have we done wisely? Which is the proper word to use in the manual of a Christian church? B. F. M.

"The Lord's Day" is the phrase sanctioned both by New Testament use and by that of the primitive Church. "Sunday" is the civil and legal name of the day. "Sabbath," which always denotes in the Bible the Jewish rest-day, is a very proper term for those who retain the observance of the seventh day, but objectionable for others, as its application to the Lord's Day rests upon a very doubtful theory.

Will you have the kindness to suggest the names of helpful and interesting books on the life and times of David, both as shepherd-boy and king?

M. G. S.

For edifying lessons, see Dr. W. M. Taylor's book on David. For a historical and critical estimate, see Professor W. R. Smith's article on David in the Encyclopædia Britannica. You will find both, we think, in your public library, the latter certainly so.

Are there compilations of historic incidents and anecdotes, arranged topically or in any convenient manner, that you would recommend to me? Please tell me what you consider to be the best collections of poetry and prose quotations? T. B. F.

1. Such a book is Little's "Historical Lights" (Funk & Wagnalls, New York). 2. Wood's "Dictionary of Quotations" (F. Warne & Co., London and New York). The two would probably cost not over $5.

Kindly tell me what book I should procure to find a treatment of the influence Judaism had in coloring the theology of Paul—such as blood, etc.

L. M.

The bottom question at this point is not what influence the Jewish ideas of sacrifice had on the theology of Paul, but what those ideas really were. Read Dr. Everett's "The Gospel of Paul," especially the first part.

Will you kindly inform me as to the character, price, and publisher of Loudon's "Hellenica"?

F. H. H.

Published by Macmillan & Co. and by Dodd, Mead & Co. (both of New York). The work is one of very high merit.

H.—We can supplement our answer of December 7 by mention of the Congregational Ministerial Bureau, the Rev. W. F. Bacon, Manager, Congregational House, Boston. This is said to be the first organization of the kind established in this country. Its distinctive work is to furnish churches, free of charge, with transient or stated supplies, and pastors.

An answer to "W. S. J.'s" question: George I. transmitted a present of books to the University of Cambridge, and at the same time sent a troop of horse to the University of Oxford; whereupon Dr. Trapp composed this epigram:

> "The King, regarding with impartial eyes
> The want of both his Universities,
> To Oxford sent a troop of horse—and why?
> That learned body wanted loyalty.
> To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
> How much that loyal body wanted learning."

To this Sir W. Browne replied, on the part of Cambridge:

> "The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
> For Tories own no argument but force.
> With equal sense to Cambridge books he sent,
> For Whigs admit no force but argument."

C. E. G.

Can any reader refer me to a book of *references*, giving simply chapter and verse, for daily Scripture reading—the entire Bible to be always used?

M. G. H.

Have Respect
FOR YOUR
Stomach.

DO not give it food that will irritate it, or retard it in the performance of its natural functions, or it will retaliate in a way decidedly unpleasant.

Have you a headache, a distress in your stomach, a pain in the side, or an irritation of the skin? These are the symptoms of disordered digestion resulting from unwholesome food.

Alum baking powders are responsible for a large part of this unwholesome food, for it is a fact, recognized by all physicians, that alum renders food with which it is mixed partially indigestible.

The danger to the public is not trifling, for alum baking powders are numerous.

How are they to be avoided?

Baking powders sold, either wholesale or retail, at a lower price than "Royal," are almost invariably made from alum, and therefore of inferior quality and dangerous to health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is made of cream of tartar, a pure, wholesome fruit acid derived from grapes. It adds positively anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food. It makes finer, lighter, sweeter food, and is more economical in use, because of its greater strength.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

For the Little People

Kriss Kringle

By F. D. Sherman

Away with melancholy!
  This day is for delight;
When mistletoe and holly
  In wreaths and garlands bright
Are hung above the ingle,
And joyous voices mingle
To welcome in Kriss Kringle,
  Who comes clad all in white!

Green spray and crimson berry
  A crown for him shall be;
Gay catch and carol merry
  Shall fill his heart with glee,
Shall match his sleigh-bells' jingle
And warm his ears a-tingle,—
A greeting to Kriss Kringle,
  The Christmas Fairy he!

Within his sleigh he carries
  The presents high up piled;
Not long with us he tarries,
  By leaf and song beguiled.
God-speed, down dale and dingle,
May there not be a single
Forgotten one, Kriss Kringle;
  But gifts for every child!

A Dog's Christmas-Tree

By Estelle M. Hart

Yes, a Christmas-tree just for a dog, and he liked it, too. *Liked* it, did I say? He thought it was the loveliest thing he had ever seen, and barking couldn't half begin to express his feelings. His eyes, his ears, his feet, his tail, all were animated to the last degree, in his vain attempt to express his rapture.

Shep's mistress didn't have any little boys and girls at her house, and I suspect that Shep got a good deal of the petting that would have belonged to them if they had been there. But it was Tina, the maid, that thought of a Christmas-tree for his favored dogship. She got a tiny green tree, and set it up in a box, and hung it with popcorns and Shep's favorite candies. Then she placed it in the corner of the parlor, and Shep's mistress invited him in, and explained all about Christmas-trees to him, and told him that this was his very own. Don't you think he knew every word she said? Then why did he begin to bark with all his might, and jump around the tree, and around his mistress, and race about the room as if he had lost his wits, and then go over to the tree, and, sitting down beside it, put his little paws together and "beg" for some of the goodies "this very minute"—that's what his eyes said? The tree lasted several days, for Shep's mistress dealt out the candies to him a few at a time; and how they did enjoy the fun!

That was two years ago. Last year Tina got another little tree, and dressed it up in her room, where no one could see it. When she had finished it, she opened the door and came out into the hall with it in her hands, intending to take it down into the parlor when no one was looking. But a pair of sharp eyes in the lower hall spied her the minute she started, and what an excitement there was! Don't you suppose that a dog can remember such a splendid thing as a Christmas-tree a whole year? If you don't, you would have been convinced if you could have seen the rapture that was expressed in every motion of his ecstatic little body, as he scampered up the stairs and round and round Tina, barking with all his might, and almost upsetting her and her precious burden. He superintended the placing of the tree in the parlor, then he rushed off, post-haste, to tell his mistress. She was in her room, but a frantic barking outside the door told her that something important must be attended to at once. As soon as she appeared, Shep jumped upon her in wild delight, then rushed as fast as he could back to the parlor, barking to her all the way to "come quick." She followed him in, and there stood Tina and the Christmas-tree.

"Why, Tina," said her mistress, "I had forgotten all about it!"

But Shep said, "Not I;" and he suddenly sat down before it and began to beg.

Wasn't that a funny thing to please a dog?

This is a true story; and you may be sure that there will be another tiny tree for a merry little dog when Christmas comes again this year.

An Afternoon Walk

The other day a very funny thing happened in New York. A goat was arrested on Broadway. He was walking along lower Broadway, seemingly with calm assurance; but if you looked closely, you could see in his eyes that he did not feel as much at home as he would have you believe. He felt out of place. Perhaps he was a Rip Van Winkle goat. He may have been asleep down near the Battery for a couple of years. That morning he may have wakened up, and, feeling hungry, have started up Broadway for his breakfast of parings, skins, and paper. If he had been a wide-awake goat he would have heard about Colonel Waring and his street-cleaners and the children's street-cleaning leagues. When that goat went to sleep, or to the country, or wherever he has been for the past two years, papers were blowing about the streets of New York, peelings of bananas and oranges, apple-cores, and rubbish lay in the streets for days at a time, and any enterprising goat could live well; but all this is changed; and the goat grew more and more bewildered as he looked at the streets hideously barren, from a goat's point of view. You enjoy the streets very much now, but to a goat a perfectly clean street is most objectionable. A beautiful street to a goat would be liberally sprinkled with cabbage-leaves, with a fair proportion of potato-parings, and an icing, as it were, of apple parings and cores; the paper would be the candy, so to speak, eaten between meals, with tomato-cans to sharpen his teeth on. Such a street would be a most delightful sight to a goat. Poor Rip Van Winkle goat this day walked over an absolutely clean street. At each corner he turned his head, but the same absolute cleanliness—he would call it barrenness—stretched before him. There were the cars, the trucks, and carts; the same messenger-boys, but they could not throw anything at him—there was nothing to throw; there were the men and women hurrying along just as he remembered them; the peddlers were in their places, in the sheltered doorways of the great buildings, but they kept all about their stands perfectly clean. The goat walked on. He got to Union Square, and there was the beautiful grass. He hurried toward it, when the big blue-coated policeman from the street and the gray-coated policeman from the park each grabbed him and pointed toward the sign "Keep off the grass," saying, "Don't you see the sign, you heathen?" Poor Rip Van Winkle goat! He felt his horns grabbed more tightly, and he walked along the street, followed by the small boys who are always on the street to help make a crowd. The goat was taken to the station-house, and committed to the back yard until the authorities could decide what to do with him.

He stretched himself out on the stones, tired and discouraged, and, if you could have understood his language, this is what you would have heard:

"There's a great change come over this city. A great change has come over the small boys. Not one looked sorry for me, but indignant, as if I intruded. The city is horribly clean. It is not a fit place of residence for any of my family, not even my remote connections, the chickens. The only people who can live in this place comfortably are men and their families, and those of my relations who are necessary to them." Here a tear dimmed his eye. "I am not necessary, and so must go. I must emigrate. The country of farms is the place for me in these degenerate days."

Two Weeks Later.—The Rip Van Winkle goat lay on the sunny side of a small barn about one hour's ride from New York. Beside him were a small head of cabbage, two large red apples, and four pieces of white sugar. The goat looked very thoughtful. If you had listened you would have heard him say:

"That walk up Broadway, in spite of the confusion and hunger, was a fortunate walk for me. The arrest, mortifying as it was, was a good thing. It brought me here where a goat belongs. I can draw the children in the cart, and feel that I am useful. There is food such as a goat of refined tendencies enjoys. The city is now given over wholly to my aristocratic relations—man and his family. Colonel Waring, who is biased in his admiration for men, has made it an impossible place for goats. Perhaps it is just as well," he sighed. "I doubt if my branch of the family and man's branch ever were intended to live in such close relations as we formerly did in the city. The majority rules in this country, and there are more men than goats," and he dropped off to sleep, looking at the bunch of holly and the Christmas wreath Flossie had insisted must be hung in his stall, for it was Christmas afternoon.

Jack's Idea

Probably the majority of boys all over this country gather wood for bonfires for election night. Little Jack, we are told, collected a lot of barrels. On the morning of election day he was told that the city authorities had made a law forbidding the burning of barrels in the street on election night. Jack was indignant, and exclaimed, "Huh! Can't build a fire! What's election for, anyway?"

Lost and Found

Two sailing vessels were several miles off shore. The weather was calm, and from each vessel a dory with three men in it shoved off for a little fishing trip. While the dories were gone a heavy fog arose and shut the vessels entirely from sight. Each of the vessels, when the fog cleared, picked up a dory with men in it. Then they sailed home to sell their fish. When they reached the market where the fish are sold, each vessel had the dory and men that belonged to the other vessel, which each vessel thought she had lost.

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The Spectator

The Spectator had always heard that the happiest people on earth were the fools, and he never took the trouble to discredit this time-honored statement until one memorable night, when he had a long talk on the subject with an undoubted fool, and was by him forced to think seriously concerning the position of fools in relation to themselves and others. In passing, it may be as well to remark that the Spectator does not hereby utterly disclaim times of folly on his own account—far be it from him. His enemies have frequently called him by the fool's obnoxious title—as have also his family and friends, with that affectionate candor which distinguishes those who love us and are ambitious for us. But, for all that, the Spectator himself knows with a glorious certainty that all these critics are fallible, and most of them—with due respect submitted—are as liable as himself now and then to act the fool, or rather, as Charles Reade has so charmingly said, "act the fool without the excuse of being one." Now, the Spectator's fool-friend had no such saving clause; *per contra*, he, on this one occasion, acted the wise man without at all being one. Never again while he lives will the Spectator talk carelessly of a "fool's paradise," for he now believes that the leper who cries, "Unclean, unclean," has an easier life than the poor fool. The former makes no pretense, keeps up no appearances, while the poor fool must still rattle his bells and dance, and look as if he liked it. It might be argued that a man was not and could not be a hopeless fool if he had sense enough to be conscious of his infirmity; and so, previous to his late experience with one belonging to the true brotherhood, would the Spectator have said. But this man was a fool—a simple fool. Whether conscious or unconscious of his deficiency, it was there to stay as surely and as fixedly as the mound on the back of a hopeless cripple. He was, in fact, possessed of the kind of aggressive foolishness that the word *deficiency* seems scarcely to describe.

⁂

The Spectator knows fools of the deficient order, and was once present when one of that ilk was paying an evening call on a young girl. With him an evening call meant what it said—a call for an evening. The Spectator, engaged in talk with others at a carefully kept distance, overheard at last a nervous burst of protest from the young and undisciplined hostess: "Why *don't* you say something?" He knew just what she felt. But this kind of silent bore is not a circumstance to the order in which belongs the Spectator's friend, whose cheap jokes and loquacity are his most maddening quality. As a school-boy—for the Spectator inherited the fool from those indiscreet days when we take no heed of the morrow—it had been the same. Then, little dreaming what he was storing up for himself, the Spectator had been kind in a degree to the boy who was to be father to this man, and from whom even then the other boys ran. But at that time how different it was! Over and over since those blessed days of candor the Spectator has longed to repeat the old simple methods of dismissal. If the child-fool began to tell long, pointless tales, and fire off ghastly puns, it was easy to tell him to "shut up." Indeed, the Spectator regretfully recalls (regretting that the circumstances may not be repeated, not that they ever occurred) certain dismissals which took the more vigorous form of brickbats fired at retreating heels, accompanied by shouts of "Go home, go home!" It is impossible to treat a grown man in this way, however healthy the method.

⁂

On the memorable evening in question the Spectator and his fool friend had met by accident at the house of a common acquaintance, and they left together, walking up the street side by side. Inwardly the Spectator was thinking that he had never before heard his companion more hopelessly silly and inane in conversation, and, while regretting the spoiled call which he had expected to enjoy, he was wondering how any human being could be so dull as to impose such dullness upon others. As if in reply to the thought, the fool suddenly said: "Don't you feel sorry for me sometimes? It's very hard for a man like me to know what to do. I can't cease to live, and I can't live all alone. I don't feel it quite right to hide away always, because I only grow duller if I do, yet nobody wants me. I see how they all edge away from me. I saw how I spoiled things this evening. Sometimes I am tempted to give it all up and go nowhere. But what could I do then? I am not a reading man. I'm too stupid for that. I have no favorite pursuit, and can't find any. I like people, and I like to be with them, and yet I don't feel as if I have the right to go on in this way boring them to death. I am very miserable. What would you do if you were in my place?"

⁂

The Spectator was stunned; and this is just the question which he would like to pass along. He would have rejoiced to pass it on at the time, but he was forced to give an answer of some kind on the spot. In this case it was not worth while to gloss anything and say, "Oh, you rate yourself too low." It was not an hour for pretty speeches. Here was a tedious fool who knew that he was one, and evidently had long accepted the fact as final. If this man acted unconsciousness so well, how many other fools about us are playing their parts with aching hearts? The Spectator was horror-stricken at the suffering revealed. In this single confession the fool seemed pleading for all his kind. The Spectator answered him as truthfully as he could, and as kindly, without ignoring facts. Taking the man at his own figure, they drew up together a plan of life for him, which included shorter and less frequent calls at the houses already on his visiting-list, and an enlargement of his circle of acquaintance. Fancy discussing with a man how best to rid his friends of the nuisance of his presence!

⁂

A more silent tongue was also decided upon, and fewer attempts at wit. Then ended the conversation, which the Spectator can set down as one of the most painfully interesting in which he ever took part, though the most perfected fool of his acquaintance was the second party to the talk. The Spectator knows that it will be difficult to convince any one that this fool was a fool, after narrating such an experience; but a fool he was, and a fool he remains, after that one gleam of reason (so the Spectator thinks, being but human)—for the Spectator's advice was never taken! The plan of living laid down was never adopted in a single respect; and if the plan was not wise and the advice not sound, let him who can, think of a better plan and make it known for the benefit of all other poor fools. Alas! the Spectator's friend is not a *rara avis*.

⁂

So much from the fool's side of the case. On the other hand, the Spectator would like to ask a question for the benefit of the normal-minded folk of the world, those who, thank God, make up its chief population, Mr. Carlyle to the contrary. By normal-minded the Spectator means that large circle to which he flatters himself he belongs, being neither a fool nor a genius, but an inheritor of a plain common sense which has so far preserved him in tolerable comfort on life's way. The exasperations of genius under boredom may not be here fairly considered, for *any*thing may rasp a genius. The question perplexing the Spectator is, how far are the plain, normal-minded folk required by Christian charity to sacrifice themselves to the fools that cumber the earth? For himself, the fool has a curious effect upon the Spectator, just as cats or the odor of strawberries physically affect others. After a certain time spent in the society of a genuine fool, the Spectator finds himself in a mild perspiration, which, if the torture be too long applied, ends in a slight fever and utter prostration. Now, how can such suffering help the fool, or the Spectator either? It is true that the Spectator's fool friend, once in those long years of intimacy—save the mark!—taught the Spectator a valuable truth; but was the game, from a purely practical point of view, worth the candle of those many hours of suffering?

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All booksellers take subscriptions, or remittances may be made directly to the publishers, THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York.

Fugitive Poems

The Nativity

By James Russell Lowell

“What means this glory round our feet,”
The Magi mused, “more bright than morn?”
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born.”

“What means that star,” the shepherds said,
“That brightens through the rocky glen?”
And angels answering overhead
Sang “Peace on earth, good will to men.”

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angels' song,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born.”

—*Selected.*

At the Door

By Eugene Field

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking and
“Please let me in—it's only me.”

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
“'Tis I, O Father! only I”?

Selected.

Victor and Vanquished

By Harry Thurston Peck

I.

Through the crowded streets returning, at the ending of the day,
Hastened one whom all saluted as he sped along his way;
In his eye a gleam of triumph, in his heart a joy sincere,
And the voice of shouting thousands still resounding in his ear.
Passed he 'neath a stately archway toward the goal of his desire,
Till he saw a woman's figure lolling idly by the fire.

“I have won!” he cried, exultant; “I have saved a cause from wreck,
Crushed the rival that I dreaded, set my foot upon his neck!
Now at last the way is open, now at last men call me great;
I am leader of the leaders, I am master in the State!”

Languidly she turned to listen, and decorous was her pretense,
And her cold patrician features mirrored forth indifference:
“Men are always scheming, striving for some petty end,” said she;
Then, a little yawn suppressing—“What is all of this to me?”

II.

Through the shadows of the evening, as they quenched the sunset glow,
Came the other, faring homeward, with dejected step and slow,
Wistful, peering through the darkness, till he saw, as oft before,
Where a woman stood impatient at the threshold of the door.
“I have lost!” he faltered faintly. “All is over,” with a groan;
Then he paused and gazed expectant at the face beside his own.
Two soft eyes were turned upon him with a woman's tenderness,
Two white arms were flung about him with a passionate caress,
And a voice of thrilling music to his mutely uttered plea
Said, “If only you are with me, what is all the rest to me?”

III.

All night long the people's leader sat in silence and alone,
Dull of eye, with brain unthinking, for his heart was turned to stone;
While the hours passed all unheeded till the hush of night had ceased
And the haggard light returning flecked the melancholy east.

But the other, the defeated, laughed a laugh of merriment,
And he thrust his cares behind him with an infinite content;
Recking not of place and power and the smiles of those above,
For his darkness was illumined by the radiance of love.

Each had grasped the gift of fortune, each had counted up the cost,
And the vanquished was the victor, and the winner he that lost.

—*The Bookman.*

Over the Tubs

By Robert C. Tongue

Up from the laundry, all day long,
Comes the croon of a little song;
Low and plaintive its measures seem
To rise and melt with the wreaths of steam.
Mrs. McGill in the mist below,
Heaping the linen, snow on snow,
Sings at her task as the moments fly;
Still as the busy hours go by,
Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Bare are her strong arms, rough and red
Her hands, with striving for daily bread.
While she works in the steam and foam,
Thoughts of the “childer,” left at home,
Come to cheer her, till, after all,
The day seems short and the washing small;
For mother-love, with tender spell,
Is working its ceaseless miracle;
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Down through the areaway there floats
The cry of the newsboy, strident notes
Telling how on a field of fame
A warrior won him a hero's name;
The sailors clung to a reeling deck,
And served the guns of a shattered wreck;
A hero mounted the ladder tall,
And plucked a life from the flaming wall;
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Six o'clock! And the music swells
Loud from the throats of a thousand bells;
So, at last, when the shadows fall,
She draws about her a faded shawl,
While sweet content in the rough, worn face
Kindles a brighter than beauty's grace.
Home she hastes, where, the long day through,
The little ones watched and waited, too,
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Mrs. McGill, your humble name
Has no place in the rolls of fame.
Little it matters to such as you;
Brief the page is, the names are few.
Still I know that your faithful love
Finds a place in the scroll above.
So, when my heart grows weak and faint,
This is the thought that stops complaint:
Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

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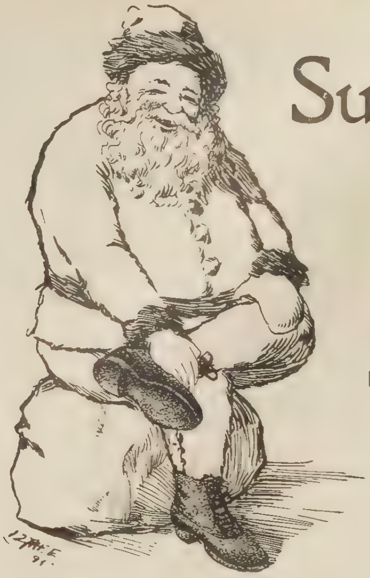

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The Business World

The General Course of Prices The state of trade last week was marked by great irregularity. Railway stocks and bonds, exclusive of industrial securities, are about the same as the week before. The prices of many staples continue their downward course, the exceptions being in the unchanged rates for flour, oats, print cloths, lumber, rice, and sugar, while cotton, coffee, and petroleum have advanced.

Increase in the Northwestern Dividend One of the most encouraging features in the railway world has been the increase just made by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company in its dividend rate on the common stock. A year ago the Company was compelled to reduce the bi-annual payment from 3 to 2½ per cent. Six months later a further reduction to 1½ was made. Now the Company has increased the dividend again to 2½ per cent.

The Sultan's Irade The financial situation abroad has improved since the announcement on Tuesday of last week that the Sultan had at last consented to an *irade* that additional guard-ships should be admitted to the Bosphorus. There was a further improvement when on Thursday the English gunboat Dryad and the Italian gunboat Archimede passed the Straits of the Dardanelles. Counter elements, however, were at work in the continued selling of South African mining stocks by Paris speculators and on account of the semi-monthly settlement at London.

Resumption of Dividends by the Denver and Rio Grande Last week another encouraging feature marked the progress of the railway work. It was the announcement that the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company would resume the payment of dividends on its preferred stock. Last week's declaration was that of a dividend of one per cent., payable January 15. As this company was the first to stop the payment of dividends in 1893, when Colorado began to feel a special business depression, so the announcement of last week is interpreted in the most favorable light, as the announcement of such a conservatively managed concern should be.

England's Increased Exports to the United States Mr. I. N. Ford announces in a recent number of the New York "Tribune" that the improved trade with the United States has been the chief blessing of the year for England. November trade returns show a gain of three and a half million dollars in exports of textiles over the same month last year, and this is caused largely by increased business with the United States. The growth of woolen and worsted exports has been tenfold, and cottons and other textiles run up more than one-half. Even the decline of 30 per cent. in tin plate is made up by a large increase in exports under the iron schedule.

Our Production of Iron It will be remembered that we chronicled the fact of an iron production on October 1 of 200,000 tons, and on November 1 of 217,000 tons (the largest on record). We have now to chronicle that on December 1 there had been an increase in the number of furnaces from 239 to 242, but the aggregate capacity was slightly less than that of the smaller number of furnaces on November 1, the figures being 216,800 tons. This would indicate that the furnaces going out of blast during the month had a larger aggregate capacity than those starting work. The significant thing is that the weakening in prices has checked further expansion, but the product still remains prodigiously large.

Senator Frye's Bill Mr. Frye has just introduced a bill into the United States Senate to establish a free port at Fort Pond Bay (five miles west of Montauk Point), or at such other site in the waters of Long Island as the Secretary of the Treasury may approve. This would give us a place where ships might arrive or leave without paying the usual entrance and clearing fees and tonnage dues, and where foreign goods might be unloaded or stored without paying customs duties—in other words, a bonded warehouse. The port would be subject to the warehouse system of the United States. While, in a free port, vessels would escape a certain class of fees, they would by no means escape charges for dockage and for the use of warehouses. It would not be necessary for foreign merchandise to be bonded in order to be transshipped. Furthermore, factories may be erected within this free port for the manufacture of export products. All expense of maintenance—dredging, breakwaters, lights, etc.—would fall upon the owners. These are, as named in Senator Frye's bill, Messrs. Corbin, Pratt, Dickerman, and Edgell. The bill also authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to establish free ports at any other suitable places in the United States.

A Viaduct Across Behring Strait Behring Strait is only forty-eight miles wide, and the Siberian coast is plainly visible from ours. As the water in the Strait is shallow, it has been proposed by some engineers to build a bridge which would connect the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. Mr. Bruce, however, in his recently published book on Alaska, tells us that the spanning of Behring Strait by a bridge would be a physical impossibility, owing to the swift current and vast quantities of ice which in winter are continually flowing through, and which would speedily demolish such a structure. He adds, nevertheless, that though it may be possible to tunnel the Strait, a more practical suggestion would be to fill it in with rock, allowing sufficient openness for the water to flow through and for vessels to pass, thus forming an adamantine roadway between the extreme West and East. The mountains that mark the western point of the continent, at Cape Prince of Wales, are rocky and barren. Great quantities of rock might be taken from these mountains and dropped into the Strait. Of course to carry so gigantic an enterprise to successful completion would require both great capital and labor. As to the latter, if white men could not be found, the Eskimo could be utilized. Should the enterprise be undertaken jointly by the Governments of the United States and Russia, the latter would no doubt make use of her convicts, as she is now doing in the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Fortnightly and Monthly Settlements at London and Paris So much attention has lately been called to the fortnightly settlemenin in London and the monthly settlements ts Paris that it is well to notice the difference of such adjustments there to those which take place here. Our brokers adjust their mutual balances daily, but in London the period for which credit is allowed to speculators is generally about a fortnight. There is one exception to this rule, namely, British funds, in which the brokers buy either for cash or for settlement at the beginning or end of each month. In Paris the general settlement is always at the beginning or end of each month. The London settlements occupy three or four days, and, owing to the recent unprecedented activity in mines, it has been arranged that there should be a special day, which has been called "Cotango Day," to be devoted to mines alone. It is on this day that jobbers arrange what prices shares shall bring. No matter whether the investor or speculator sells at a lower or a higher fraction, his broker agrees to carry his shares for him at a certain "Cotango." Supply and demand for the shares account for the variation in this "Cotango." The brokers and the public meet their engagements on the same day in London, but in Paris the public pays up on the day before the final day, which is kept for the adjustment of balances between the brokers themselves. On the London Stock Exchange a card is issued for approaching settlements, and is called the "Settling Day Card;" the first day being the "Buying-in Day," the second the "Cotango Day," the third the "Ticket Day," and the fourth the "Account Day."

Senator Thurston's Plan for the Pacific Railways On Thursday of last week Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, brought forward a measure for settling the debts of the Pacific Railways. A Treasury Department circular has also appeared giving notice that nearly $3,680,000 of the so-called "Currency 6s" become due and will be paid January 1, 1896. As will be noted by those interested, this is the third lot of these bonds which the Government has had to take care of within a short time. In January and November, 1895, the sum of about $3,000,000 matured and was redeemed. Next February $4,320,000 will become due. During the next few years other amounts will come due. There then arises the question as to how to provide for these subsidy bonds or "Currency 6s," and how to protect our Government's interest in the road. As to the Union Pacific Railway, the Government is now threatened with the foreclosure of the first mortgage, which, coming before its own mortgage, would stop all of its mortgage equity in the road. Senator Thurston's bill directs the Treasurer of the United States to offer the entire indebtedness owing to the United States on the whole through line, comprising both the Union and Central Pacific, as one claim to be sold to the highest bidder. The bid shall be for not less than half of the entire amount. The Senator believes that the Government would obtain at least as much as its claim is worth at any forced sale of the property, or through any other disposition of it. There is a clearness and a definiteness about this proposition which will commend it to many. Its advantage over the plan proposed by the Government Directors is that there would not be any anxiety on the part of the Government to invest further in the properties. Instead of that, the Government would receive almost at once in cash whatever its second lien against the properties is worth in the market under competitive conditions. Mr. Thurston was asked what he thought the Government would receive under his plan, and he replied between $45,000,000 and $55,000,000. A criticism has been well made, however, that Mr. Thurston's purpose to have the Government interest in both the Central and Union Pacific offered for sale as "one claim" is not entirely a defensible one, since the two are distinct properties, and in all probability will have to be reorganized separately.

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The Children's Aid Society Christmas Appeal

Christmas is the season which should especially be made happy for children, and, above all, for the children of the poor. In New York hundreds of homeless boys and girls, but for the lodging-houses of the Children's Aid Society, would be sleeping in alleys and cellars, or herding in the dens of thieves and vagabonds. Thousands of others, but for our industrial schools, would be roving the streets half-clad and hungry, and growing up to be ignorant, vagrant, and criminal.

We desire at this season to make one happy day for these little victims of poverty and misfortune, with presents, clothing, dinners, food, shoes, and the like gifts. We need money and voluntary help to support these lodging-houses and schools. Above all, we wish to present a home to the homeless.

Twenty dollars will place a homeless waif in a distant comfortable home in the country.

Fifty dollars will put shoes on fifty barefooted little ones.

One hundred dollars will provide nourishing hot dinners for one month to the half-starved children of one of our industrial schools.

Who will aid us to make Christmas happier for the poor? Every dollar helps.

There were during the past year in our six lodging-houses 5,701 different boys and girls; 231,120 meals and 167,733 lodgings were supplied. In the twenty-one day and twelve evening schools were 13,724 children, who were taught and partly fed and partly clothed, 807,939 meals being supplied; 2,059 were sent to homes and employment, and restored to friends both in the East and the West; 4,358 were aided with food, medicine, etc., through the "Sick Children's Mission;" 5,769 children enjoyed the benefits of the "Summer Home" at Bath, L. I. (averaging 577 per week); 6,156 mothers and sick infants were sent to the "Health Home" at Coney Island; 78 girls have been instructed in the use of the sewing-machine in the Girls' Temporary Home and in the industrial schools; 23 were taught typewriting, and 212 boys were trained at the Farm School. $3,404.57 have been deposited in the Penny Savings Banks. Total number under charge of the Society during the year, 37,979.

Gifts of provisions and clothing may be sent to the Central Office, No. 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, or will be called for if the address be forwarded. Donations of money may be inclosed to any of the undersigned; if in checks or post-office orders, made payable to George S. Coe, Treasurer.

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A Witty Judge

The late Lord Bowen, besides being a great Judge, was also a great wit, and many interesting bon mots of his are being recalled just now. On the occasion of the Queen's jubilee the Judges were drawing up an address to the Queen.

"Conscious as we are of our shortcomings," ran the address; "conscious as we are of one another's shortcomings," suggested Lord Bowen. Not long ago he was asked to sit in the Admiralty Court. Upon taking his seat he asked indulgence on account of his inexperience in Admiralty business.

"And may there be no moanings of the Bar," he added, "when I put out to sea." Sometimes his wit was very incisive, as, for instance, when he remarked: "Truth will out—even in an affidavit." Not the least happy of his recorded witticisms was the remark he made when congratulated on his appointment to be a Law Lord. He would, he said, find the work easy, his duty being to give his opinion after so many others had given theirs. "In fact, I only have to agree, and might well have been raised to the peerage as 'Lord Concurry.'"—*Household Words.*

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will be a leading feature in the second Illustrated Monthly Magazine Number of The Outlook, which will be published on the 25th of January. This paper, following the introductory chapter by Theodore Roosevelt in this issue, will begin a most interesting and valuable series, to be continued during the year, on "The Higher Life of American Cities," and setting forth, with numerous illustrations, united Christian and philanthropic work, the development of good government ideas, the efforts for securing a more wholesome and attractive home life for the people, and the extension of library, musical, and educational features. Dr. Albert Shaw, who will write the paper on New York City, is the editor of the "Review of Reviews," and the author of "Municipal Government in Great Britain" and "Municipal Government in Continental Europe," and the close attention which he has given to city problems for many years will insure for this article wide attention.

The other cities to be treated are Boston, by the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the famous clergyman, author, and philanthropist; Chicago, by Mr. Melville E. Stone, the General Manager of the Associated Press, and one of the best-known citizens of our great central metropolis; Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia "Press," whose wide experience and journalistic skill specially qualify him for this work; Buffalo, by the Rev. Dr. William Burnet Wright, the pastor of the First Congregational Church of that city, and a delightful writer on any subject; St. Louis, by the Rev. Dr. John Snyder, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, and a worker in philanthropy and education; New Orleans, by Miss Grace King, a writer of remarkable force, who is herself identified with all that makes for higher living there.

Among the other important features of the next Magazine Number of The Outlook will be: A timely paper on **"Clara Barton and the Red Cross Movement,"** fully illustrated; **"From Atlanta to the Sea,"** the first of three illustrated papers covering the route of General Sherman "from Atlanta to the Sea" in the stormy days at the close of the Civil War, but with special reference to the conditions of the New South, by Mr. Willis J. Abbot, of the Chicago "Chronicle;" **"Kate Carnegie,"** the second installment of Ian Maclaren's new and fascinating novel; **"How Shall a Boy be Introduced to Tools?"** by Professor Charles A. Bennett, of the Teachers' College, New York; **Three Poems by Emily Dickinson,** accompanied by a sketch and portrait of the author.

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About People

—The New York "Mail and Express" informs us that Sir Walter Henry Wilkin, the new Lord Mayor of London, is one of the largest yeast importers in Great Britain—which accounts for his rapid rise.

—We learn that the Rochester "Post and Express," for some years an independent Democratic journal, will, on the first of next year, become a Republican paper under the leadership of Mr. William H. McElroy, who was for some years a member of the editorial staff of the New York "Tribune."

—Herr Jahnke tells us that so great was Prince Bismarck's fear lest his letters should be opened that he would frequently drop into some small stationery shop on his daily walk, ask for a package of cheap envelopes, put in his letters, and then request the clerk to address them, as it would be too much bother to an old man to take off his gloves.

—The father of Mr. Whistler, the well-known American artist, was Major George Washington Whistler, an engineer of wide reputation, and several years of Mr. James Whistler's early youth were spent in Russia, his father having accepted the invitation of Emperor Nicholas to superintend the construction of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway.

—Says Dr. Edward Everett Hale: "When Canon Farrar left us some years ago—a most charming and intelligent visitor—he told Phillips Brooks that he was going to give a farewell lecture on his impressions of America. Brooks, who was a thorough American and a person of excellent common sense, said to him, promptly: 'Don't do any such thing. In the first place, you have no impressions; and in the second place, they are all wrong.'"

—It is related in the Washington "Star" that on one occasion Senator Edmunds was standing with a visiting English statesman on the high steps at the west side of the Capitol, looking down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Treasury Department. The stranger had seen much to interest and amuse him in Washington. "You have a wonderful country and a wonderful people here, Mr. Senator. Nothing can be impossible with such go-ahead inhabitants." "Oh, yes," said the Senator, "some things are impossible here. It is impossible to march a brass band down that avenue and have a crowd of colored people go in the opposite direction at the same time."

—The Springfield "Republican" announces that State Senator George P. Lawrence, of North Adams, is certain to be elected President of the Massachusetts Senate for 1896. Mr. Lawrence is thirty-six years old, a graduate of Amherst College and of the Columbia Law School, and has been prominent in North Adams, socially and professionally, for some years. He is now serving his second term as State Senator, previous to which he held an important judgeship in North Adams. The Outlook is particularly interested in Judge Lawrence's present and future success on account of his connection with the staff of this paper for several months immediately after leaving college.

—The death of Count Taaffe has been felt more deeply by the Emperor of Austria than by any one else, since the Count was his boyhood chum and has been his lifelong companion and confidant. The Emperor has always called the Count by his first name, and has addressed him with the "thee" and "thou," with which he honors very few persons. It is one of the ironies of fate that a statesman who had passed an immense number of useful measures long awaiting parliamentary sanction, who had introduced many sorely needed reforms—poor laws, factory laws, laws for the protection of women, and laws bringing home to employers their duties towards their employees—that a man who had extended the franchise, and who had introduced honesty into a hitherto corrupt administration, should have been at last put down and out. Yet the fact that the Prime Minister conceded so much to the various nationalist aspirations of the many races which make up the Austrian agglomeration was the cause of his ruin. After a vain attempt to increase the electorate by three million votes, the statesman gave up his office.

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Bits of Fun

If a praying-machine were invented, many would use it, if it did not take too much time from business to wind it up.—*Texas Siftings.*

Teacher—How would you describe Henry VIII. of England? Student—I would describe him as a professional widower.—*Tit-Bits.*

Andy Smart—Say, papa, are the things that Congressmen say appropriate? Old Smart—"Appropriate" is about all they do say.—*Syracuse Post.*

Teacher—What does the reign of King Charles I. teach us? Tommy—Please, sir, not to lose our heads in moments of excitement, sir.—*Truth.*

Could anything be neater than the old darky's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor', missus," said he, "I'se used to lifting *barrels* of sugar."—*Exchange.*

Editor (looking it over)—It's a little too late to publish a menu for a Thanksgiving dinner, ma'am, and a little too early for a Christmas dinner; otherwise I should be glad to use this and— Indignant Caller—Sir! That is poetry.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tailor—When you delivered Mr. Slowboy's suit did you call attention to the fact that it was there when promised? Boy—Yes, sir. Tailor—What did he say? Boy—He said he felt he never could repay you for what you had done for him.—*Sun.*

"I suppose you are a socialist, or anarchist, or something?" asked the lady of vague ideas. "Madam," replied Mr. Brokedown Baldwin, "I am a passive altruist." "What in the name of common sense is that?" "I believe in being helped all I can."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Ferrari, the celebrated composer, relates the following anecdote in his memoirs: On a cold December night a man in a little village in the Tyrol opened the window and stood in front of it, with hardly any clothing to his back. "Peter!" shouted a neighbor who was passing, "what are you doing there?" "I'm catching a cold." "What for?" "So I can sing bass to-morrow at church."—*Household Words.*

The young man had seen the play before. He let everybody for four seats around know that, and he kept telling just what was coming, and how funny it would be when it did come. He had a pretty girl with him, and he was trying to amuse her. At length he said: "Did you ever try listening to a play with your eyes shut? You've no idea how queer it seems." A middle-aged man with a red face sat just in front. He twisted himself about in his seat and glared at the young man. "Young man," said he, "did you ever try listening to a play with your mouth shut?" The silence that followed was almost painful.—*Washington Post.*

A Blunt Physician

A writer in the "Nineteenth Century" tells a characteristic story of Dr. Jephson, who was a famous English practitioner forty or fifty years ago, as well known for his bluntness and freedom of speech as for his professional skill.

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The patient listened with surprise. "But, doctor," she said, "do you know who I am? Do you know—ahem!—my position?"

"Perfectly, madam, perfectly," answered the doctor. "I am prescribing for an old woman with a deranged stomach."

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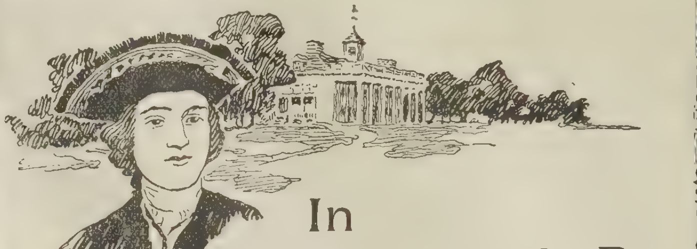

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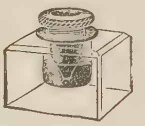

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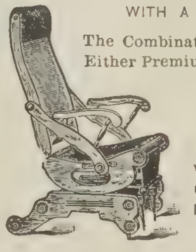

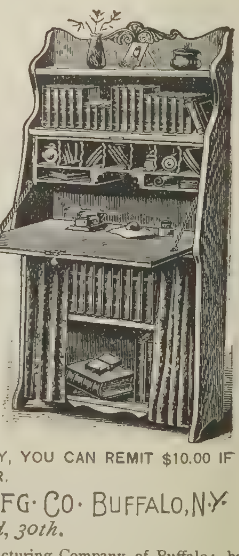

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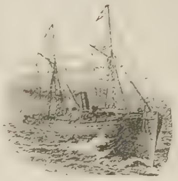

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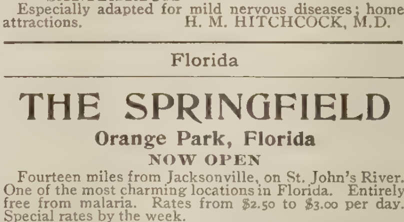

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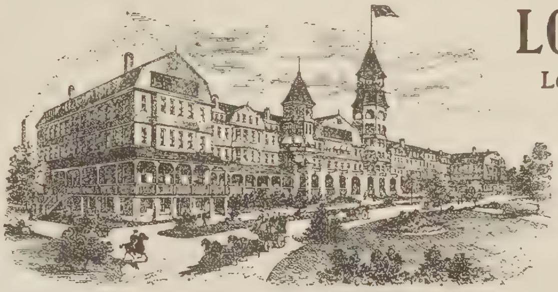

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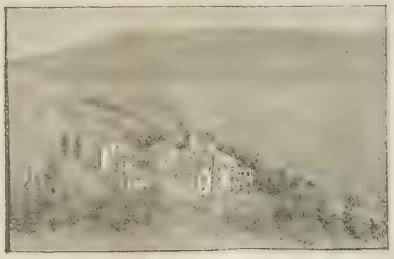

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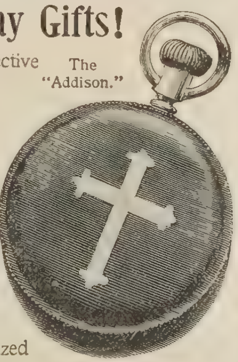

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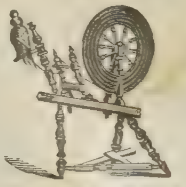

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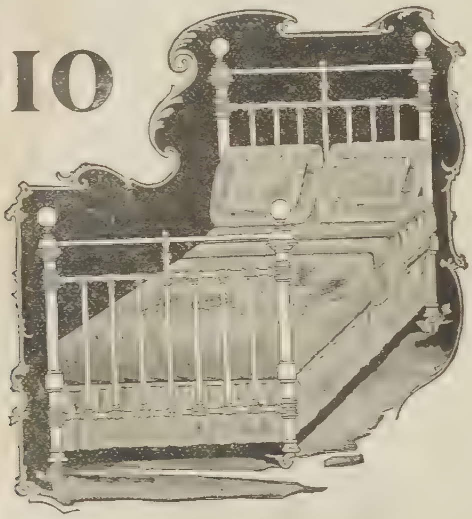

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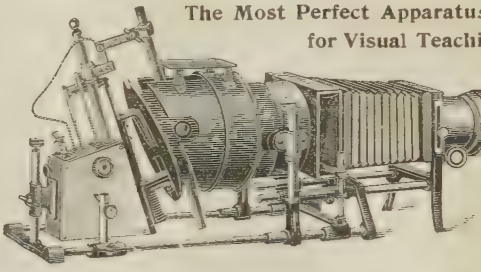

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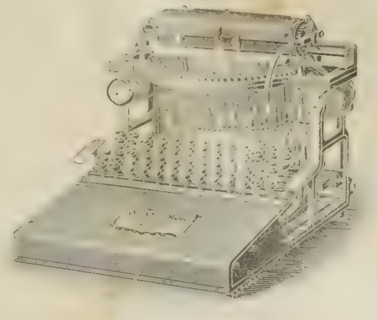

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The Outlook

A·Family Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 25 January, 1896 Number 4

To the friends and country we love:

Farewell! We know we have your prayers, and you have our efforts for the best that in us lies.

American National Red Cross.
Clara Barton, President.

Washington, D. C.

The telegram printed above was received by The Outlook on Tuesday, as Miss Barton was on the very eve of sailing from New York on her way to Constantinople.
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Gifts of the gods with a lavish hand.

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TWO sets of resolutions have been introduced into the United States Senate—one by Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, affirming that the President's message extends the Monroe Doctrine beyond its proper scope, and that this Doctrine does not pledge us to aid and protect Southern Republics; the other by Senator Davis, of Minnesota, reaffirming the Monroe Doctrine, and characterizing

> "any attempt by any European power to take or acquire any new territory on the American continents, or any islands adjacent thereto, any right of sovereignty or dominion in the same, *in any case or instance as to which the United States shall deem such attempt to be dangerous to its peace or safety*, by or through force, purchase, cession, occupation, pledge, colonization, protectorate, or by control of the easement in canal or any other means of transit across the American isthmus, whether on unfounded pretension of right in cases of alleged boundary disputes, or under other unfounded pretensions, as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States, and as an interposition which it would be impossible in any form for the United States to regard with indifference." (Italics ours.)

The American public will not regard either set of resolutions quite so seriously as they will be regarded abroad. The only way in which our Senators can get an opportunity to make speeches to their constituencies on current topics is by introducing such resolutions. For a Senator can no more speak without a resolution than a minister can preach without a text. The editor has in this respect an advantage over both. The fact is that the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine is not very important. We are quite as competent to define American doctrine for 1896 as Monroe was for 1823. Both Senator Sewell's and Senator Davis's resolutions might be true. There is no good reason why we should assume a protectorate over all South America; there is very good reason why we should view with jealousy any attempt to get, by any means, control of possessions on this hemisphere which might, in the event of war, become a menace to us. But this is not an opportune time to make this declaration. Certainly the disputed territory in Venezuela can by no possibility ever become such a menace.

⁂

One of the most interesting features of the recent tension of feeling between this country and England has been the very frank talk in which the best English newspapers have indulged with regard to English failings. The superiority in tone, dignity, and sense of responsibility of the average English newspaper over the average American newspaper has never been more signally illustrated; for the English press, as a rule, has discussed the recent events which have so overshadowed England with possibilities of peril with sobriety, with an evident desire to state the facts, with clear recognition of English responsibilities, and with a sincere desire to get at the causes of dissatisfaction with English action. Our press, on the other hand, has, as a rule, abounded with denunciation and recrimination. The frank discussion of the question why Englishmen are disliked which has been going on in the English press shows a general consensus of opinion on two points. First, that English commercial ability and prosperity have excited the jealousy of European countries, and have made them eager to take any opportunity of humiliating a successful rival. Secondly, that English conceit, manifested in an irritating assumption of superiority and an irritating habit of disregarding other people's sensibilities, has bred dislike of England in this country. "There is," says the "Speaker," "some justification for the popular American impression of our self-conceit. We ourselves know that it springs mainly from the self-absorption of a busy race. We have our own work in the world to do; and whilst we are doing it we trouble ourselves very little about the affairs, or indeed the feelings, of others. So we tread unconsciously upon the corns of many of our fellow-creatures, and we have naturally to pay the penalty for doing so." Insularity, the "Speaker" adds, is a great thing for England, but there is a penalty attached to it. "It inspires in us that traditional attitude of, we will not say contempt, but condescension towards the foreigner which has been so often satirized by writers and philosophers of our own race." This is admirable talking. It shows the instinct for truth which lies at the bottom of the character of the English-speaking races. We commend this example to our own flamboyant press.

❀

Last week the question was raised in England why the United States should recommend arbitration in the British Venezuelan affair, when it has not yet paid the $425,000 to Great Britain, agreed upon between the late Secretary Gresham and the British Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, as a lump sum in settlement of Behring Sea claims. The charge that we are not carrying out the terms of that arbitration is wholly unjust. By Article VIII. of the Behring Sea Treaty it was provided that

> "The United States and Great Britain, having found themselves unable to agree upon a reference which shall include the question of the liability of each for the injuries alleged to have been sustained by the other, or by its citizens, in connection with the claims presented and urged by it, and being solicitous that this subordinate question should not interrupt or longer delay the submission and determination of the main questions, do agree that either may submit to the arbitrators any question of fact involved in said claims, and ask for a finding thereon; the question of the liability of either Government upon the facts found to be the subject of further negotiation."

When the questions of fact were submitted to the arbitrators, the finding was against us; but the amount of damages to be paid by us was left to be settled by further negotiation, the Paris Tribunal expressly declining to arbitrate the question of damages. The late Secretary of State and the British Ambassador decided that the best method of settlement would be through a Commission, but as differences had arisen regarding the phraseology to be used in establishing the Commission, and as the expenses of the Commission would be considerable, the Secretary and the Ambassador proposed to settle all claims without adjudication, by a compromise lump sum of $425,000. This agreement was, of course, subject to Congressional ratification; Congress refused to ratify it, and negotiations have been resumed for the organization of a Commission. If our Government shall refuse to pay the damages awarded by this Commission, it will then be time enough to accuse us of bad faith. As many of our Representatives in Washington believe that more than half the British claim was for the expected catches of vessels warned away; that more than half the vessels for which claims were filed were wholly or in part owned by Americans; that a large number of these ships had been put down at double their value; in short, that less than one-fifth of the amount originally claimed was on an equitable basis, it is not surprising that our National Legislature decided to provide for a proper compensation only after thorough investigation.

❀

Last week the Volksraad of the Orange Free State adopted a resolution declaring that the State would assist the Transvaal at all times when such assistance should be required, and protested against the continued existence of the British South Africa Company as being a danger to the peace of Africa, recording its opinion that the charter of the Company should be canceled and that Mashonaland and Matabeleland should be placed either under the British Imperial Government or under the Government of Cape Colony. It is thought in England that it might be a good thing under the circumstances to cancel the charter, since, should the Company be forced into liquidation, the resulting tumult would show that many men high in station, including some members of the reigning house, have realized great amounts of money by the sale of South Africa shares at large premiums to the present unfortunate holders. The forfeiture of the charter would also relieve the Company of much of the blame which has already come to it, and some of the odium might be transferred to the Government. The directors would contend that, but for the repeal of the charter by the Government, they might have fulfilled every engagement. The Company's organizer and chief working power, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, ex-Premier of Cape Colony, has sailed for England. As to his lieutenant, Dr. Jameson, the leader of the recent filibustering raid, we have conflicting dispatches. It is announced that he and his officers are to be conveyed as prisoners to England, where they will be arraigned before proper tribunals. Again, we have news that, as the arrested men have been accused of treason and also of seeking to subvert the Government of the Transvaal, they must be tried by its High Court. As to the Americans arrested, our consular agent at Johannesburg is acting in co-operation with the British authorities in securing protection. The fact that we have accredited an agent to the South African Republic has led some to think that we have recognized the entire independence of that nation and have disregarded the species of suzerainty which Great Britain holds. The statement has been made by officers of our State Department, however, that, in view of the treaty of 1884 between Great Britain and the Transvaal, this has no bearing on the question. In the abovementioned treaty this paragraph defines the former's authority:

> "The South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty the Queen. Such approval shall be considered to have been granted if her Majesty's Government shall not, within six months after receiving a copy of such treaty (which shall be delivered to them immediately upon its completion), have notified that the conclusion of such treaty is in conflict with the interests of Great Britain, or of any of her Majesty's possessions in South Africa."

Hence it will be seen that it was not necessary to ask Great Britain's consent to accredit an agent to the South African Republic. Its Volksraad has met at Pretoria, and, after authorizing an addition to the State artillery, and passing resolutions of thanks to the Orange Free State and also to the Cape Colony Government for their influence and support, has adjourned until the regular May session.

❀

The return to office of some of the Ministers who had resigned from the Canadian Cabinet was entirely overshadowed in importance last week by the elections in Manitoba. Premier Greenway has increased his legislative support over that which he enjoyed in the last Manitoban

Parliament. More than thirty constituencies out of the forty have now indorsed Mr. Greenway's colleagues—a sufficient answer to the Remedial Order providing separate schools for Manitoba. It is claimed by the Roman Catholics that the Dominion could not have been formed without the compromise of separate schools, and on this account a provision was inserted in the British North America Act that "nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union." Under this act the Roman Catholics of Manitoba had the right of support from the public fund for their separate schools; but when the province became mostly Protestant, it was seen that the Protestant schools were making better progress than were those of the Roman Catholics. In 1890, therefore, the Public Schools Act was passed. It declared that no school which did not conform to the provisions of the Act with reference to certificated teachers, authorized text-books, and teaching should be deemed a public school and entitled to any share of the school taxes or legislative grant for educational purposes. No religious exercises were to be allowed except those authorized by the Advisory Board, and no religious exercises were to contain anything opposed to the religious beliefs of any class of the people. This provision was not satisfactory to the Roman Catholics, who contended that they were entitled under the Manitoba Act to separate schools in which they might teach their own doctrines. A test case—"Barrett vs. the City of Winnipeg"—in which the constitutionality of the Public Schools Act was attacked, was carried from court to court until it reached the British Privy Council, which declared that the Public Schools Act was constitutional. Then the Roman Catholics declared that they had the right of redress from the Dominion Parliament, and accordingly they petitioned the Governor-General in Council for relief. The Dominion Cabinet (the Governor-General in Council) expressed doubts as to whether this petition could be heard, and referred the matter to the decision of the Canadian Supreme Court. As the Court was evenly divided, the question was carried to the British Privy Council, which decided that the Roman Catholics had the right to appeal to the Governor-General in Council. A statement was added, however, that the matter of relief was entirely one for the Dominion Cabinet to decide. The Cabinet issued an order directing Manitoba to restore separate schools to the Roman Catholics. Last June the Manitoba Legislature met and declined to carry out the terms of the order; upon which the Dominion Cabinet declared that if Manitoba did not carry out the terms the Dominion Government would at the present Parliamentary session institute legislation to override the Manitoba Public School Act. By the elections last week the people of Manitoba reiterated the answer of the Manitoba Legislature, and it remains to be seen what response the people of the Dominion of Canada will make at the impending Canadian elections. In the United States the laity of the Roman Catholic Church might be safely trusted to confirm the position of Manitoba in favor of non-ecclesiastical public schools.

◆

The recall of General Campos from the command of the Spanish forces in Cuba is regarded by the friends of the insurgent movement as an open confession on the part of Spain of her total failure, so far, to make any headway in putting down the rebellion. General Campos has been universally regarded as Spain's ablest military commander. He has had far larger bodies of troops under his orders than were ever sent to Cuba in previous outbreaks; his army has outnumbered the insurgents ten to one. Yet he has not only failed to defeat or disperse his enemies, but he has been unable to compel them to confine their operations to any one part of the island. At first we were told that the rebels had been driven into the swamps at the eastern end of the island. Then, as they appeared in large bodies in central Cuba, a line was drawn south from Havana to the southern coast, beyond which they were not to pass. As the island is narrow at this part, it seemed an easy military undertaking to hold the line inflexibly. But the insurgents, by threatening Havana, compelled Campos to draw his whole force around the capital, and have passed and repassed his imaginary line at pleasure. Naturally, the extreme party in Havana have accused Campos of lack of vigor and of political leanings towards a compromise with the autonomists. General Garcia, the leader of a former Cuban revolt, speaks of Campos as conciliatory; all accounts agree that he has absolutely refused to adopt the cruel methods of warfare which have been employed by other Spanish generals in Cuba. His successor, General Weyler, is in experience inferior to Campos; he is spoken of as energetic and ready to adopt extreme measures. In this desultory kind of warfare it seems almost impossible to bring on a decisive engagement. The rapidity and alertness of the revolutionary leaders are remarkable. Raids and attacks upon exposed points are followed by swift retreats to inaccessible districts. A whole year has been spent by Spain in futile attempts to crush the rebellion, and it is now stronger than ever.

◆

During the past week the newspapers which urged most strenuously that the new bond issue should have been sold to the Morgan syndicate, instead of being offered in the open market to the highest bidders, have abandoned the prediction that the method employed would fail. From the beginning it was evident that foreign capitalists could bid for the new bonds, and therefore that the syndicate could not dictate its own terms by reason of its control of so large a part of the available gold in this country. The question of greatest interest was whether individual members of the syndicate would enter into the competition for the bonds by offering separate bids. This question had been practically answered in the affirmative by the beginning of last week, certain members of the syndicate having announced that the investors they represented desired the bonds and would offer competing bids. On Wednesday this answer was given in a conclusive way by the publication of a circular-letter from Mr. Pierpont Morgan, dissolving the syndicate. This letter ought to do much to disabuse the public mind of popular prejudice against capitalists, though, unfortunately, it will not be read by nor truly interpreted to the prejudiced class of the public. It is thoroughly patriotic in tone. The syndicate, it says, was organized to offer the Government $200,000,000 of gold coin in exchange for bonds. Within four days the entire amount had been subscribed. The subscribers belonged to four classes of about equal importance:

1. Foreign firms, prepared, if necessary, to ship gold to the amount of this subscription.
2. American banks, savings-banks, trust companies, and private individuals in possession of gold, and wishing the bonds for investment.
3. American banks in possession of gold, and wishing the bonds for future sale in the market.
4. Firms without gold, but willing to obtain it, in order to participate in the loan.

In his circular Mr. Morgan quotes a letter from himself to the President, written just prior to the announcement of the new bond issue, and presumably influential, in connection with a previous interview, in bringing that issue about, recommending, on grounds of public policy, that new bonds should be sold to the syndicate "on about the basis of the contract of February 8, 1895," but pledging his co-operation in making the loan a success in case the President decided to offer the bonds to public subscription. This pledge is carried out by the dissolution of the syndicate, leaving the members entirely free to offer what terms they see fit, and by the co-operation of members of it in making the loan a success. There is now little doubt that the entire issue will be subscribed for at rates approximating those for which the former issue now sells in the open market. During last week Secretary Carlisle sensibly extended the time during which payments for the new bonds could be made. He did this at the suggestion of many New York bankers, who recognized that the purchase of $100,000,000 in gold for the Treasury would contract the amount of money in circulation, and feared that if this contraction took place suddenly, the loan to "restore confidence" would precipitate a panic.

* * *

Among the recent elections of United States Senators the most important was that held in Utah on Monday of this week. Mr. Frank J. Cannon, the son of George Q. Cannon, of the Presidency of the Mormon Church, was selected as the representative of the Mormons, and Mr. Arthur Brown as the representative of the Gentiles. Mr. Cannon was elected delegate to Congress in 1894, partly because of the revulsion of public sentiment against the Democratic party, and partly, it is alleged, because of the church influence in his favor. At one time, in his wilder days, he left the Mormon Church, but returned to it previous to his entrance into politics. He is not regarded as a man of marked ability or strength of character. His colleague, on the contrary, is reported to be a man of exceptional power, closely resembling Senator Tillman. He has been an intense anti-Mormon, and his election was something of a surprise. Both Senators are, of course, Republicans and advocates of the immediate free coinage of silver. In Kentucky the Democratic caucus renominated Senator Blackburn, but fourteen Democrats opposed to free coinage refused to be bound by the caucus action. The election of a Democrat is thus rendered next to impossible, as the two Populists who hold the balance of power will not support a Democrat acceptable to the anti-silver wing. The Republicans may unseat enough Democrats in the lower House to give themselves a majority of both Houses on joint ballot, but the Democrats threaten to meet any such tactics by unseating Republican Senators. In such an unseemly fight as this the Republicans would seem to have the political advantage, as the Republican House has a much longer tale of members than the Democratic Senate. In Ohio the Republicans have elected to the Senate ex-Governor Foraker, who is expected to succeed in all respects to the power and prestige of James G. Blaine. In his speech before the Ohio Legislature accepting the election he characteristically defined himself as a bimetallist, without defining bimetallism.

* * *

Temperance legislation occupies the first place before most of the newly assembled Legislatures. In Ohio the temperance forces seem to be entirely united in support of the local option bill, barely defeated last year, extending to counties the rights now possessed by townships to prohibit bar-rooms within their borders. The Anti-Saloon League, which has carried on so effectively the agitation in favor of this measure, holds its convention in Columbus this week. Among the speakers announced are the Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Minnesota, and Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, representing the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, Colonel Eli Ritter and the Hon. I. E. Nicholson, of Indiana—the leaders of the forces which secured the enactment of the Nicholson Law last year—and the Hon. Walter B. Hill, of Georgia, representing the powerful Anti-Bar-room League in that State, besides President J. W. Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan University, and others who have given the Ohio League its astonishing vitality and strength. The fact that most of these men are Prohibitionists furnishes illustration of the falsity of the charge that Prohibitionists will not work with moderate temperance people to push forward restrictive measures immediately practicable. It is our observation that much, if not most, of the hard work in behalf of such measures is performed by the members of this party from whose theories we so often dissent. In New York State a large number of excise bills have been introduced into the Legislature besides the Raines tax bill reported last week. A moderate Sunday-opening bill has been presented having the support of Dr. Parkhurst and the Chamber of Commerce, and an immoderate Sunday-opening bill having the support of the Chamber of Commerce and the Excise Reform Association. The former merely authorizes bona-fide restaurants to sell wine and beer with meals, and without meals from 12 to 2 P.M. and from 6 P.M. to 8 P.M. provided they are not to be drunk on the premises. With such an enactment as this it is believed that the temperance forces in this city could defeat at the polls the proposition for wide-open saloons from 1 to 10 P.M., on which the other bill demands a referendum. It is for this last bill, of course, that the liquor-dealers are working with might and main, and we regret to find them supported by many men to whom Sunday bar-rooms, with the attendant treating, tippling, and loafing, are personally repugnant. Fortunately, however, the Legislature—Republican by over two-thirds majority—will not dare to repudiate the anti-saloon platform on which it was elected by offering the local option demanded by liquor-dealers while refusing the local option demanded by temperance people.

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Another temperance matter of interest in New York is a decision of the Court of Appeals which will gradually reduce the number of saloons within two hundred feet of churches or schools. Heretofore it has been the custom, at least in this city, to renew licenses to old saloons within the legal limit, even if the saloons changed hands, unless a protest was filed by the church or school authorities. The Court of Appeals decides that under the law licenses can only be renewed to present licensees and cannot be transferred to new men. The significance of the decision is much less than most of the reports have indicated. In Iowa retiring Governor Jackson, in his message to the Legislature, urges that the license law passed under his administration has lessened the number of saloons. The number of United States licenses issued during the last year of State-wide prohibition, he says, was 6,032; the number issued during the first year of the so-called "mulct" law was 4,264. The revenue of the taxpayers from the license or "mulct" system was $1,156,000. On these accounts the retiring Governor urges that the new law has been helpful to the State as well as to the liquor-dealers. That it has helped the liquor-dealers no one denies; that it has helped the State is vehemently denied by most of the temperance people, who ask nothing more of the new Legislature than that it shall fulfill the pledge to submit to the voters of the State a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution. The fact that the number of United States licenses issued has been lessened signifies nothing, they urge, since one open dram-shop does more business than a dozen stealthy transitory joints. The public revenue from the licenses, they add with force, is not so much wealth added to the State, as a petty salvage from the sums wasted in the bar-rooms. In Canada the prohibitionists have just scored a succession of victories. In the city of Toronto the Prohibitory Union has elected its candidate for Mayor, and seven members of the Board of Aldermen. In Manitoba five-sixths of the Liberal candidates for the Legislature were prohibitionists, and the great Liberal victory was incidentally a prohibition victory.

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The problem of the Greater New York is far more serious and more important than the legislators seem to think. To compel a union of two great cities under one municipal government against the protest of a considerable portion of the citizens of either city would be a great injustice. On the other hand, a mere submission to popular vote of the question whether the two cities should be united in one city, without any attempt to determine beforehand what the nature of that union shall be, is to ask for a vote in the dark. The real problem is this: There is crowded together on Manhattan Island and the immediate vicinity a population already numbering two and a half millions, and certain in a very little time to number four millions. What should be the relation of this great population to the rest of the State? What should be its powers of self-government, and how should they be exercised? These questions cannot be answered offhand by a popular election, nor wisely answered by a committee composed of legislators many of whom are without any expert knowledge of municipal problems. Moreover, it is certain that any legislative committee will be largely influenced by a consideration of the effect which union will be likely to have upon the fortunes of the two great political parties. A hasty decision is not important; a wise decision is. For this what is needed is a committee composed of the most statesmenlike men in the State, men familiar with municipal problems here and abroad, such men as Seth Low and Albert Shaw, to study the problem and propose a plan for legislative or popular acceptance, or both. It may well be that the whole district should be divided into smaller districts, each with its own administrative center and administrative head, analogous to the arrondissements in Paris, but all united in one municipal organization with a central legislative body and a central executive head including and supervising the various departments. It is possible that the proposition to give local option in the matter of liquor-selling to the wards should be extended to other matters either in the wards or in larger districts. Certainly the wisest plan for municipal government for such a heterogeneous population cannot be hit upon by chance, but requires for its formulation a comparison of views by the wisest and most patriotic men.

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This problem is itself part of the larger problem of municipal government throughout the State. What is the relation of the city to the State? What measure of home rule should be accorded to the city? These are questions which not only have never been solved, it may almost be said that they have never been seriously studied by the law-making powers. Dr. Shaw, in his studies of foreign municipalities; Professor Goodenow, in his study of American municipal legislation; The Outlook, in its description three years ago of municipal corruption in this country, and other periodicals and papers in fugitive and fragmentary articles, have considered the subject of municipal government from the historic and scientific points of view; but it may fairly be said that no systematic, patriotic, and scientific endeavor has been made by any Legislature to ascertain the principles which should be applied to municipal government, and to construct a general municipal charter upon those principles. This is what pre-eminently needs to be done. The charter of the great cities should be like the Constitution of the State, adopted after careful deliberation, and not easily to be changed. The Reform Club in the city of New York could render no better service than by entering into correspondence with smaller bodies in other cities for the purpose of devising a plan for municipal government to be urged upon the Legislature. If the cities from New York to Buffalo were once able to agree upon a general plan of municipal government, their united action would unquestionably secure its ratification by the people of the State. It is doubtful whether any legislative committee will or can secure any such results.

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The political machine corrupts, vitiates, and demoralizes everything which it touches. The Hon. Levi P. Morton has made, on the whole, an excellent Governor of New York State. He has been conservative, conciliatory, prudent, and in his moral standards greatly superior to the politicians who have claimed to control the Republican party. When such a man is nominated for the Presidency by his friends, legitimate political ambition should intensify his desire and strengthen his purpose to do great things. But the machine is supposed to control the convention which makes the Presidential nomination, and it is probably true that no man can even have his name submitted to the people as a candidate unless he has secured a nomination from the machine. When, therefore, Mr. Morton's name is seriously mentioned for the Presidency, immediately he is brought under pressure to yield to the machine, whose behests he did not obey in the gubernatorial administration. Apparently as a result of that pressure, he has removed a good man and appointed an extremely doubtful one on the Civil Service Commission, in deference to the demands of the spoilsmen, and in spite of the protest of the Civil Service Reformers; in other words, he has put the law into the hands of men whose character and antecedents give the public reason to believe that they will disregard its spirit, and, so far as they dare, will violate its principles. If this is what the machine can do with a man so deservedly esteemed as Governor Morton, what wonder that it corrupts and demoralizes men of feebler fiber and less eminence! Such political appointments as these make the independent citizen question whether he can hope for political purity in either party, or for a political issue, not between spoilsmen struggling for office, but between statesmen honestly differing in their political judgments. Our present political system is as if in the Civil War General Lee on one side and General Grant on the other had been controlled in their campaigns by the peddlers, sutlers, camp-followers, and hangers-on who were following the army for what they could make out of it.

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The New York Kindergarten Association has made an appeal for funds. It needs about $9,000 for the work of the winter, in addition to the money which it receives from regular sources. No officer of the Association receives any salary, and very considerable work is done and very heavy responsibilities are shouldered by busy men and women out of pure love of the cause. Subscriptions of any amount may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Alfred Bishop Mason, 10 Wall Street.

Hopeful Signs

That waves of emotion sometimes sweep through whole races is well known. There are times when great populations are seized with a kind of hysteria; when it seems as if the nerves were in control instead of intelligence and will. The world appears to be passing through such a period at present. The evidences of nervous excitement have long been numerous in all the arts, and the recent outbreaks of race and national feeling in their suddenness and intensity have seemed to betray the general diffusion of a hysterical element. Only a few weeks ago, with the exception of the uncertainty at Constantinople, the whole world was at peace; now it would seem as if the whole world were by the ears. The clamor of tongues has been deafening. First came the roar which rolled over this continent like a surge. Then followed a similar tumult in England and Germany, and mutterings all over Europe. The sober business of governing the world and keeping order, with due sense of the tremendous responsibilities involved, has apparently yielded for the moment to the sort of irritability which sometimes takes possession of a school of boys at the end of the winter term, when, at the least provocation, self-restraint goes and passion comes. President Woolsey used to say that about the middle of March the devil went through the New England colleges like a roaring lion. It seems to-day as if the whole world were feeling a kind of nervous tension, and as if its nerves were giving way under it.

There is, however, one fact in the present situation which is profoundly significant, and, from our point of view, profoundly hopeful, and that is the evident reluctance of any Great Power to commit itself beyond hope to the settlement of questions by war. All Europe is armed to the teeth. Not since the days of Napoleon the Great have so many men been under arms, or so many vessels equipped for battle, ready to sail at an hour's notice; and not even in Napoleon's time was there anything like the systematic, scientific, and complete equipment of armies and navies alike for the highest service and the most deadly destructiveness. And yet, with these superb instruments in hand, no country is willing to evoke the awful possibilities of war. Science has armed men with such instruments of destruction that the very perfection of the instrument makes the man unwilling to employ it. It would seem as if the development of the machinery of devastation and wreck had developed also a keener sense of responsibility, a keener consciousness of pain. The Emperor of Germany may send gratuitous congratulations to the President of the South African Republic, and all England may be set aflame with indignation, but Germany has probably no intention of provoking an armed struggle. With every possible facility for warfare, war is the one thing which she wishes to avoid. The same thing may be said of England, which, as usual, has shown the nerve of the English-speaking races under great danger, and has manifested a characteristic readiness and resourcefulness. France is supposed to be full of the belligerent spirit, but France is now calling herself the arbiter of peace in Europe. Italy and Austria have great armies, but neither desires to use them. Even Russia, which still stands largely outside of European opinion, shows a new reluctance in employing force.

The unwillingness of the world to fight is due to several causes: First, to the clear recognition, on the part of all who know anything about the matter, of the enormous destructiveness which must be involved in any modern war. Second, to the immense and crushing expense which any war must involve. The Franco-German War cost eight and a half millions of dollars a day. A United States Senator is reported as having said that war would be a good thing for this country—not war for the vindication of National honor or the protection of National rights, but war in itself. Never, surely, did any man in high position evince a greater ignorance of the laws of economics or of the teachings of history. War is sheer brutal destruction of values, and in the present condition of things, when almost every country in Europe is loaded to the water's edge with indebtedness of every kind, no country has the courage to face an enormous addition to its financial burdens. France, with all its prosperity and sagacity, has been steadily increasing its national debt; Italy has been almost crushed by the burden of taxation; the same burdens in Germany are already as heavy as the people can comfortably bear; and, while the English are rejoicing in a large surplus of revenue, the general financial condition of the Empire is not one to encourage any increase of obligations. Third, to the growing sense of the solidarity of the race and of the reality of the ties which bind country to country. We have long passed the point where even a German bomb could be dropped by the most ardent German marksman into the Louvre with any degree of satisfaction, and the American who could destroy Westminster Abbey would be a monster. In spite of armaments and arms, there is more real brotherhood in the world than there has ever been before, and the swift reaction against the passion which in this country, in England, and in Germany has been so notable in recent weeks, is an assertion of a common sentiment which public men and the ruling classes cannot disregard. The peoples of the world are for peace because they hate destruction. They have a growing sense of the responsibility of race for race, and they are coming into that broader economic knowledge which makes them understand that the highest results, both materially and spiritually, are reached by co-operation between the races, and not by the kind of competition that involves destructiveness. In other words, war, which is the old method of barbarism, has already become an anachronism in these civilized days, which are not, as some of our warlike public men declare, "piping times of peace," but times of higher discernment of the uses of energy, of profounder sense of the solidarity of the race, and of truer ideals of honor.

A Historical Precedent

The Outlook cited last week the action of President Monroe and the speech of Mr. Webster in support of the Greeks in their struggle for freedom against Turkey, as furnishing a historical example of the spirit and method in which and by which the United States may properly endeavor to put a stop to outrages in Armenia. England may find a still more striking historical precedent in one of the finest episodes in her later history. Two hundred and forty years ago, in 1655, Charles Emanuel II., Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, by an edict, commanded his Protestant subjects in the valleys of the Cottian Alps, known sometimes as the Vaudois and sometimes as the Waldenses, to abjure Protestantism and accept the Roman Catholic faith within twenty days, or to part with their property and leave the country. These brave and sturdy people resisted. Military force was sent against them. They were overcome by preponderance of numbers, they were slaughtered, flung over precipices, carried away into captivity, outraged in every conceivable fashion, and hundreds of families were driven to seek access among the snows of the high Alps, where many of them perished from exposure and cold. The news of this persecution, so brutal in its method, aroused deep feeling throughout Europe, and stirred the heart of England profoundly. As the leader of Protestant Europe, the English felt a deep and sacred sense of responsibility. One of the greatest of Englishmen was then at the head of the State, and the appeal of the suffering Vaudois found no uncertain response in the heart of Oliver Cromwell. An Ambassador was sent to the country to ascertain the facts, a fast-day was appointed to be observed throughout England, a subscription of more than forty thousand pounds, equal to at least a million of dollars in our day, was raised for the sufferers, and letters of protest were sent to Charles Emanuel and to the chief princes and powers of Europe. Behind the evident indignation and determination of these letters of protest, signed by a man who not only ruled but governed, was the best army in Europe. The edict of persecution was withdrawn, and the Vaudois were not only freed from the outrages to which they had been subjected, but were allowed to worship according to their own conscience. The spirit of England found expression not only in this energetic and effective action, but also in one of the noblest of Milton's sonnets—a sonnet which has to-day a new meaning:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

A statesman at the head of the English Government, a statesman even in our own Senate, might learn a lesson concerning the power of public opinion from this chapter of English history, and a hint as to one method of relieving the martyred Armenians.

The Peace of God

In troublous times we find refuge in the truth that God dwells in perpetual peace. Peace is the eternal fact. Wars and rumors of wars are temporary facts breaking in upon that eternal peace. When the black clouds gather in the west, and the thunder seems to fill the heavens with reverberation, and the lightning illumines the whole angry horizon as with fire gleams of wrath, and the winds, broken loose, swoop down upon the plain and cut a broad swath through the forest, cutting the trees as the scythe cuts the grass-blades in its path, it seems as though all nature were in wild chaos. But, in fact, the path of the storm is but a few miles in width, and on either side the sun is shining and the birds are singing. All the storms of earth are of earth's own making, and rise but a few thousand feet above its scarred surface. The world itself, with all its storms, moves in its appointed orbit through unbroken and eternal peace. So our world-storms travel in narrow paths through environing peace. So humanity moves forward in the orbit God has appointed, through a peace which is never broken. He in whom we live and move is never tempest-tossed, never bewildered, never hurried, never perplexed, never bowed beneath burdens too heavy for his carrying. As children playing, worrying, sometimes quarreling in the nursery, on whose troubled life the strong mother looks without dread, knowing that out of even the apparent evil there will issue, if the children be but rightly guided, a better, braver, clearer-thoughted, stronger-willed manhood, so we in this little nursery of ours play our child games, and fight our child battles, and suffer our child sorrows, while the strong God looks down on us with infinite tenderness, but with infinite peace. It is well sometimes for us to flee from the nursery strife, stand for a moment at the divine Mother's side, look up into Her calm face, and receive the quiet benediction of Her presence. This it is to "acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace."

Calvinism has its beatific side. The sovereignty of force is terrible; the sovereignty of law may be dreadful; but who can be in terror of the sovereignty of love? "I am the Lord, and there is none else; I form the light and create the darkness; I make peace and create calamity; I the Lord do all these things." Substitute love for I, and re-read this declaration, and life becomes luminous. Love-sent calamity becomes a blessing. As when the green sod sees the plow coming straight toward it, and knows that in a few moments it will be torn up by the roots, and all its glorious verdure will be bruised, and yet can rejoice if it can foresee that this burial of spring prepares for the resurrection of a harvest, so the soul that knows the good God and what glory he brings out of desolations and devastations, fears not the destruction that wastes at noonday. Love holds the plow-handles and makes the furrows;

"And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His dear will."

When in the apocalyptic vision the book of human destiny was brought out, John wept much because no one was found able to open it. Then the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the strong Son of God, the lover of mankind, strong in his love and strong in his hope, because he could see the end from the beginning, and could in his strong love share the sufferings which were to redeem the race, came forward and took the book and broke its seals. And when He did so, forth from the book came war and famine and pestilence and persecution. It is self-sacrificing love alone which dares open the book of human destiny and let free the awful woes that are hidden in it. For tears are seeds of joy, and sorrow is the travail-pain of a new life. And all the tumults and strifes are but the dust and confusion of the factory whose finished product is man, made in God's image, and satisfied only when after life's troubled dreams he awakes in God's likeness.

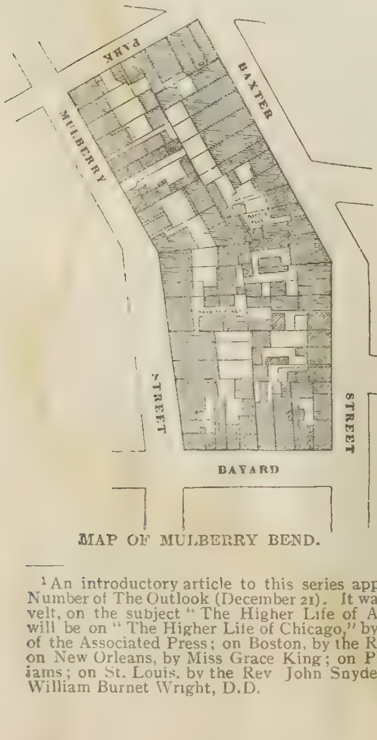
What a tumultuous rapid is that which flows from the foot of Niagara Falls to its peaceful resting-place in Lake Ontario! Two drops take this tempestuous and seemingly perilous journey together, both tossed hither and yon in the foaming current, both flung now into the air by interposing rocks, now forced backwards by recalcitrant eddies, but both making their way steadily to the lake below. One, perplexed, distraught, terrified, despairing, cries out to itself, What is all this for? Why was I taken from my quiet repose in Lake Erie? The other knows that God has cleft this passage for the river through the rocks, and not in vain, and that all thwarting obstacles and jutting stones cannot hinder his purpose nor block the pathway of the tiny drop whose roadway has been hewn out for it, whose peaceful harbor is waiting for it. So in the midst of the swirls and eddies and currents of this tumultuous life, the soul that knows God moves on serenely to the issue his Maker has prepared and predetermined; kept in perfect peace because his mind is stayed on God.

KINDERGARTEN, HEBREW INSTITUTE

The Higher Life of New York City[1]

By Albert Shaw

FOR some years I have been of the opinion that no other great town, anywhere within the bounds of highly civilized countries, could fairly be charged with so great a neglect of the common wants of its population, and with so feeble a sense of common citizenship and of burgher pride and responsibility, as New York. It happened some years ago that I landed at New York after a visit to Constantinople, and I felt strongly impelled to write an article comparing the two cities in some of their outward aspects. In paving, cleanliness, and various other respects, New York seemed scarcely superior to the Sultan's capital. There had been, doubtless, a well-developed local feeling in New York in the earlier history of the town; but the tremendous growth of the period following the Civil War had swallowed up the old New York, while the new metropolis had not arrived at any civic self-consciousness.



MAP OF MULBERRY BEND.

Time is an element for which there can be no substitute. It is not wholly inexplicable that in the twenty-five years from 1865 to 1890 New York should have dealt so impotently with many of those common concerns that make for the happiness and welfare of its people. But the situation has marvelously changed for the better. Citizens who were indifferent, and who seemed lacking in local public spirit, have been converted to a new sense, not only of the stern necessities for local reform, but also of the attractive possibilities that are within reach.

Perhaps nothing illustrates this fact more pertinently than some of the circumstances under which the street-cleaning of New York has of late so marvelously improved. The proper cleansing of the streets, with the satisfactory removal of garbage and waste materials, forms one of the primary factors in the wholesome life of every great town. And inasmuch as the tenement quarters of New York are the most densely populated in the whole world, it is plain that clean streets, courtyards, and passageways are of vital consequence to the health and well-being of New York's inhabitants. Under the new municipal order of things, a number of wealthy and fastidious ladies are acting regularly as volunteer inspectors to assist the Street-Cleaning Department in obtaining the best service and the highest efficiency from its army of sweepers; while in the crowded districts of the East Side hundreds and thousands of little children of foreign parent-

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOUSE

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[1] An introductory article to this series appeared in the preceding Magazine Number of The Outlook (December 21). It was written by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, on the subject "The Higher Life of American Cities." Other articles will be on "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Mr. Melville E. Stone, Manager of the Associated Press; on Boston, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.; on New Orleans, by Miss Grace King; on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder; and on Buffalo, by the Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D.

age are, by precept and example, doing valiant duty against the vicious local practice of throwing paper and other kinds of waste materials into the streets. The new civic spirit has invaded the school-rooms. Pupils carry home to their parents the new gospel of clean and well-kept streets. The Department of Public Works, recognizing the just claims and needs of the districts most densely crowded with working people, has now entered upon the policy of a rapid extension of asphalt paving where formerly one found only the ill-laid, sunken, and rut-worn stone-block roadways, from which the entire removal of dust and filth was impossible. All this means real and practical progress. New York is very peculiar, not only in its elongated contour, but also in the distribution of its population elements. The more wealthy classes live as a wedge, the sharp point of which may be regarded as reaching down to the Washington Arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue in Washington Square, while the lines of the wedge gradually diverge as they proceed northward. On the lower end of the island, south of Fourteenth Street (except for the entering tip of the wedge), and on the east and west river fronts for a long way to the north, is a vast working-class population, housed altogether in tenement buildings. The sharpness of the contrast of conditions inside and outside of this wedge is destined to grow less by virtue of processes which the new policies in street cleaning and paving serve well to illustrate.

There are advantages as well as disadvantages in that peculiar shape of Manhattan Island which has resulted in such unexampled density of population. The rivers are too deep to become contaminated, and are broad enough to serve as fresh-air ducts. No portion of the tenement-house population is far from the water front. To a limited extent this water front has been utilized for free summer baths. The Battery Park, at the foot of the island, has a glorious sea wall and harbor promenade, and it ministers to the health and happiness of scores of thousands of tenement dwellers. It may well be believed that a much larger use will ultimately be made of the river fronts for purposes of recreation.

Only a few years ago, portions of the lower East Side tenement districts were avowedly slum neighborhoods of such character that it was not deemed safe for well-dressed men and women to pass through the streets even by day. All this is rapidly changing. Comparatively speaking, good order prevails through the tenement districts. One of the inestimable reforms of the past year has been the removal of trucks and other heavy vehicles from the streets at night and on Sundays. The movement for clear streets, smooth streets, and clean streets in New York has now acquired a momentum that nothing can check.

NEW YORK TRADE-SCHOOL, BRICKLAYERS' CLASS

COOPER UNION, BIBLE HOUSE IN BACKGROUND

The European cities, having in large part performed this essential task of street renovation, have begun to lay serious hold of another great problem—that of the reform of the housing conditions of the masses. The difference between decent and healthful house accommodations and the opposite state of things amounts to all the difference between a hopeful social growth and a hideous social decay. The problem is a difficult one in New York, but its solution is not impossible. An essential part of the task lies in a full and deliberate diagnosis of the malady. A valuable study of the facts has been made for us by an official Tenement-House Committee, of which Mr. Richard Watson Gilder was Chairman, and which, after remarkably painstaking inquiries, made report to the Legislature a year ago. Certain changes in the building laws, and other legislative remedies, promptly followed, and the process of condemning the worst of the tenement rookeries has been rendered much easier for the health authorities.

The worst houses in New York are the buildings which were a generation or two ago occupied as the homes of New York's merchant princes, but which have now been made over into tenement-houses, the well-to-do inhabitants having moved a long way up-town. A good illustration is to be found in the building now used as headquarters by the Industrial Christian Alliance in Bleecker Street. This building, perhaps as recently as the outbreak of the Civil War, was still occupied as the home of a prosperous merchant. It was built for the use of a single family. Its mahogany doors and marble mantels still remain. Two years ago it was occupied by not fewer than seventy Italian families, comprising perhaps three hundred persons. It is now the headquarters of one of the best and noblest works of practical philanthropy to be found in the city. The lower part of New York contains thousands of houses thus built for the private occupancy of one family, which have been made over into tenement hives with a family for every room.

The laws now carefully regulate the appointments of new tenement buildings; and while most of them fall far below the ideals advocated by the English and American promoters of so-called model dwellings, they are in the line of progress. The coming decade promises to bring great improvements in the construction of workingmen's dwellings. There are not a few wealthy men and women in New York who are giving earnest thought to the question, and are ready, when their plans have had a little more time to mature, to make large investments in blocks of model tenements. I am willing to be called a confirmed optimist if such a characterization is to be based upon the expressed belief that slum dwellings in New York are not inevitable, but that their abolition is perfectly feasible, that the worst is now already behind us, and that the agencies, public and private, already at work along the lines of improvement will ultimately stamp out all the worst plague-spots.

Towards this great end of the cleansing of the slums, one of the most imperative needs is the creation of a considerable series of small parks and playgrounds scattered through the very heart of the congested tenement districts. A beginning is the difficult step in measures of this kind; and, fortunately, the first victories for small parks in New York have been won. The Legislature and the municipal authorities are definitely committed to the policy. Moderate appropriations have been made. A block of the worst tenement-houses in New York, known as Mulberry Bend, was demolished last year to make way for one of these much-needed little parks. The policy moves with a somewhat discouraging tardiness, but public opinion will in the end sustain the small-parks movement and make it effective. Its great champion is Mr. Jacob A. Riis, a journalist whose daily work has given him an unequaled knowledge of social conditions in the tenement districts of New York, and whose books, articles, and personal efforts have availed, more than the work of any other one man, to acquaint the prosperous half of New York with the rights, needs, and possibilities of the working masses.

THE CHARITIES BUILDING

One of the great needs of New York has been public baths and wash-houses, lavatories, and similar conveniences. Here again the great difficulty was in getting a tangible start. That start has been made. To one of the sub-committees of the Chamber of Commerce's famous "Committee of Seventy" on municipal reform was assigned the subject of public baths. Mr. W. H. Tolman, Ph.D., formerly Secretary of Dr. Parkhurst's City Vigilance League, and now Superintendent of the work of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, acted as secretary of this sub-committee; and Mayor Strong, when his administration began, retained the committee as a Mayor's advisory group for the initiation of the policy. A practical result is the appropriation of $150,000 for the construction, in a crowded tenement district, of a well-appointed model public bath on the best European lines. The establishment will be erected in the present year, and its success is a foregone conclusion. It will be followed by others in a series which will gradually supply the entire population. This is no slight mark of municipal progress, but rather a most hopeful and far-reaching line of new public policy.

One of the most difficult problems in a great town is the proper shelter of the floating population. The old-fashioned common lodging-house is an exceedingly hard thing to regulate. In the English cities the only effectual means of lodging-house reform thus far discovered has been municipal construction and operation. The municipal model lodging-houses have not wholly superseded those conducted by private enterprise, but have set a high standard, and, by virtue of example and by force of competition, have driven the meaner and smaller establishments out of business, compelling private lodging-house keepers to provide large, well-appointed establishments which can readily be inspected by the health authorities and the police. For several reasons needless to discuss (the "floating vote" being one of them), municipal lodging-houses in New York could not secure public indorsement. The feasibility, however, of the provision of model lodging-houses through private enterprise—under motives of public spirit and philanthropy, yet with the assurance of a moderate return upon capital invested—has become clearly evident to those best informed. No fact has more strongly impressed itself upon the minds of Mr. Milbury and his associates in the work of the Industrial Christian Alliance (this work dealing with the most unfortunate element of the floating population) than the great need of a series of model lodging-houses in New York. One of the social experiments of Calvary Church is a lodging-house in East Twenty-third Street (next to its admirable workingmen's club, known as the Teetotum, on Mr. Buchanan's London pattern); and this hostelry is highly successful. It is now well understood that a prominent capitalist and man of public spirit is preparing, out of his own means, to provide for New York a notable series of model lodging-houses. Mr. D. O. Mills, who is engaged in this project, has thoroughly acquainted himself with the British models, and has enlisted the co-operation of Mr. Ernest Flagg, a very brilliant New York architect. The undertaking is destined to form one of the most notable forward steps which New York will have taken in this decade in the direction of a betterment of social conditions and facilities.

The field for educational improvement is everywhere an unlimited one; but New York's educational deficiencies are by comparison painfully conspicuous. Nevertheless, the very fact that this necessity for educational reform is now so appallingly evident is perhaps the most hopeful element in the situation. A few years ago the condition of things had not been laid bare. Few people appreciated the inadequacy of New York's educational methods and opportunities. To-day the work of reform is based upon a better knowledge than ever existed before.

The public schools of New York are sadly inferior. The school system is badly organized, and has hitherto been fatally involved in Tammany politics. Some of the teachers are faithful and enlightened, while many of them are of poor qualifications, and others are lacking both in character and in zeal. The school accommodations are so insufficient that many thousands of children are unable to find places. A majority of the buildings are of ill design, and playgrounds and modern appliances are totally lacking. The movement for public-school reform is, however,

THE HEBREW INSTITUTE

Mrs. Ballington Booth

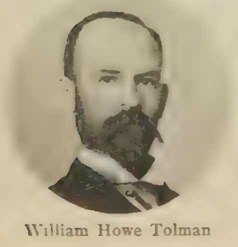
Rev. Edward Judson

J. A. Riis

Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D.

Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D.

D. O. Mills



William Howe Tolman

fairly begun. The disagreeable facts have been unsparingly exposed. The necessity for manual training in the schools has been recognized, and some progress has been made in introducing practical lines of instruction. That famous and noble charity, the Children's Aid Society, has for a great many years maintained a series of so-called industrial schools, and given instruction to thousands of poor children, receiving some support out of public funds for its educational work. The same thing is true of one or two other benevolent organizations. It is now proposed that these schools should be amalgamated with the public-school system. The result will be a greater watchfulness on the part of the workers in such organizations as the Children's Aid Society, to the end that the public schools may more completely fill the requirements of the present day.

One of the most hopeful innovations—even though its statistical exhibit thus far is very modest—is the free kindergarten. In order to show what free kindergartens might accomplish, and what place they were destined to fill in the life of the tenement-house population, it was necessary that a private society should make the beginning. A devoted band of men and women have exerted themselves to make this demonstration a success. Prominently identified with the work have been Mr. Gilder, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, and Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, now Mrs. Riggs. It was never expected by them that New York could be fully supplied with the free kindergartens of a charitable society. What they aimed at was the ultimate acceptance of the kindergarten as an essential part of the work of the public schools of the city. The school board has at length been converted, and a considerable number of free kindergartens are now maintained as a part of the school system. The number will doubtless steadily increase. New York supports seven or eight thousand drinking-saloons, and not less than ten thousand places where intoxicants are sold. There ought to be ten thousand free kindergarten classes in New York. There will at least be some hundreds of them within a few years.

Another imperative educational need of the city is a series of popular manual-training and practical trade schools and of technical high schools. Thus far the development of facilities for technical instruction and for training in practical trades has been very limited. But some right beginnings have been made, and the city will eventually become aroused to the possibilities of popular instruction in applied art, designing, and all kinds of practical callings. The old Cooper Union, given to the people of New York by Peter Cooper, has served a magnificent end as a people's university and social center. Its art, science, and general classes and its various educational opportunities have made it the central influence in the lives of thousands of young apprentices, clerks, and working people. The Hebrew Institute, far over in the lower East Side of New York, is another social and educational center which is accomplishing a vast work for the young members of that great Jewish population element which is becoming so important a factor in the industrial life of New York. The Hebrew Institute is a powerful agency for the making of good citizens. A long article could be written upon its varied activities and its patriotic and wholesome influences. The Hebrew Technical Institute, the Baron de Hirsch trade-schools, and the manual-training schools which are under the auspices of Dr. Felix Adler and his associates, are helping to supply the need for practical education, and, above all, are serving as object-lessons. The New York Trade-Schools founded by Colonel Auchmuty on the upper East Side also deserve honorable mention; but their fees place their desirable facilities beyond the reach of the poorest lads. Few persons are aware that the best technical school available for New York's young men, and the one most largely patronized, is supported by the State and is a free boarding-school, with a beautiful country location. The terms of admission, however, are a serious drawback. Let us hope that the day will come when it will not be necessary for a sixteen-year-old youth in this great city to be guilty of a crime in order to avail himself of such magnificent facilities for trade instruction and for general education and discipline as are freely supplied by the State to the inmates of the Reformatory Prison at Elmira.

Among the best and most promising agencies in the general educational field are to be included the so-called "Settlements" and the parish work of the "institutional" churches. The University Settlement, maintained by a large number of gentlemen and conducted by Mr. James B. Reynolds as head worker, forms a most excellent center for the practical investigation of social conditions, and at the same time affords opportunity for the carrying on of a series of clubs and classes which enlist the interest of many hundreds of East Side boys and girls, and which, chiefly through the young people, appeal also

Seth Low

Bishop Potter

Mrs. Rylance (Ellen Coe)

Theodore Roosevelt

Rev. A. R. Doyle

J. B. Reynolds

Rev. W. T. Elsing

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND TOWER

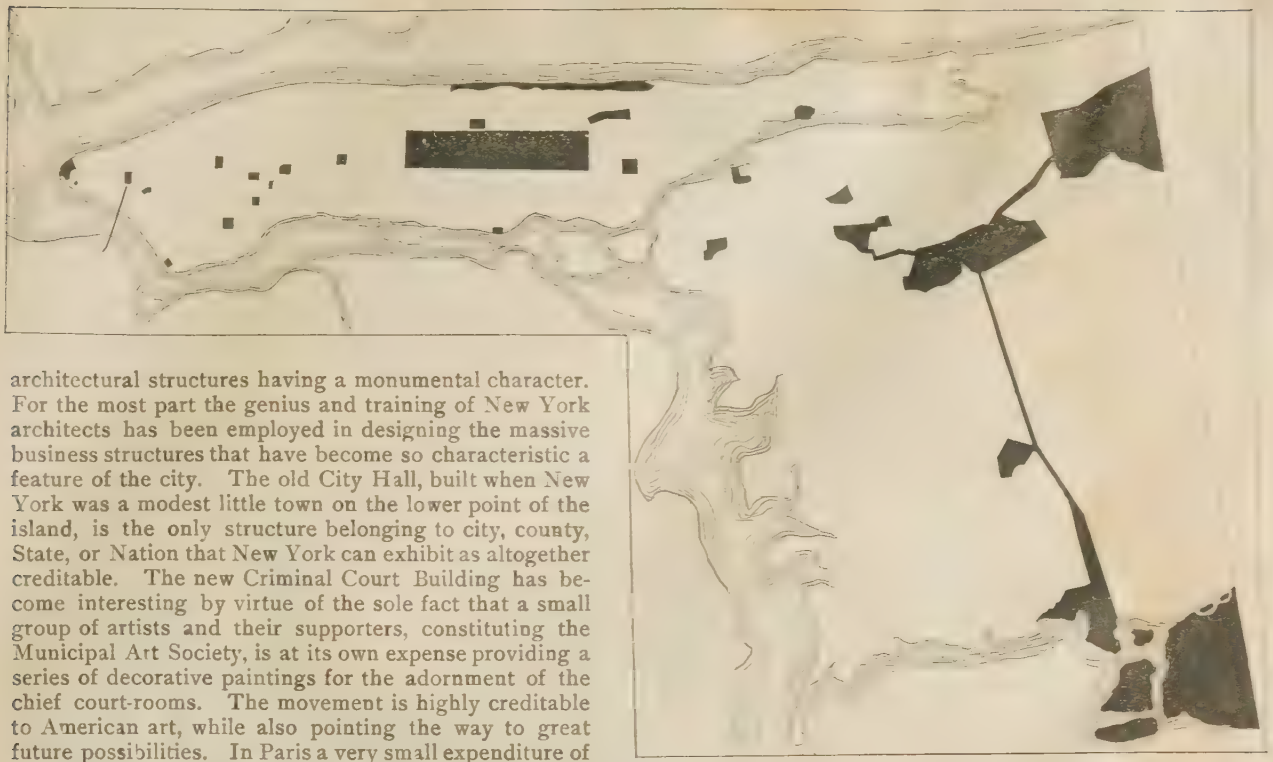
NATHAN HALE STATUE IN CITY HALL PARK

to the parents. It is a similar work that the College Settlement in Rivington Street, maintained and conducted by educated women, performs in its vicinity. The usefulness of these social centers is constantly increasing. They promote the progress of the community in all kinds of ways. They are in touch with relief work, with the reforms of the street-cleaning and public works departments, with the police and health authorities, with public-school work, and with all sorts of movements for the betterment of the city. In a somewhat similar way a number of churches have so organized their practical work as to come into touch with the whole life of the people about them. Thus, on the East Side, the Settlements and various churches, Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and others, under such leaders as the Rev. Dr. Rainsford and the Rev. John B Devins, have formed a "Federation of East Side Workers," with the result of various useful forms of co-operation. St. George's Church, under Dr. Rainsford's vigorous administration, is famous for its many-sided social activity. In like manner the Rev. Dr. Judson, south of Washington Square, through the agencies which have been called into existence around the Judson Memorial Baptist Church as a center, is carrying on an admirable work. St. Bartholomew's parish, under Dr. Greer's administration and with the benefit of the liberal gifts of such public-spirited men as Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, furnishes another conspicuous illustration of what the modern church may accomplish when it conceives of its mission as a broad one and enters upon a large practical policy. The great Catholic parish of the Paulist Fathers, located in the densely crowded upper West Side, has been eminently successful in its educational work and as a center of good social influence; and various other instances might readily be given of individual New York churches which have become centers of social activity. Out of all these sound and earnest beginnings of educational and social work in the crowded parts of New York there is going to be evolved at length some well-distributed and complete system that will meet the entire situation. Many years will be required, but the outcome is not doubtful.

Meanwhile, the opportunities of New York in the sphere of the higher education are constantly improving, and they afford a brilliant outlook. The high ridge between the Hudson and Harlem Rivers north of Central Park has been selected as the new site for Columbia College, for its protégé Barnard College, for its other protégé the Teachers' College, for the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, for the great St. Luke's Hospital, and for some other institutions which will aid in the general result of creating a splendid center for the higher ethical, educational, and scientific interests of New York, besides affording an opportunity for noteworthy architectural achievements. The old "University of New York" has also gone northward and domiciled itself upon an attractive eminence overlooking the Hudson, now fittingly designated as "University Heights." A strong tendency has been shown during recent years towards the affiliation in New York of agencies making for the advancement of learning and the promotion of the intellectual and æsthetic life. The wealthy citizens also show an encouraging disposition to contribute toward the promotion of public institutions of learning and culture. A notable instance is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which, through the liberality of the citizens of New York, is rapidly assuming rank as one of the world's important galleries. Another instance is the American Museum of Natural History, which is much visited by the young people of New York, and which has a rapidly developing scientific value. Popular lecture courses are maintained in connection with both of these. For several seasons Columbia College has co-operated with these institutions and with Cooper Union in providing the people of New York with lecture courses in various fields of science and art. New York has never followed the example of Boston and Chicago in providing a great public library, and the lack of such an institution has been sorely felt. The want is likely to be supplied, however, through the amalgamation of the Astor and Lenox Libraries with the Tilden Trust. Besides the resulting great reference library, it is expected that there will also be developed in connection with the institution a circulating library, with branches, somewhat after the Boston plan.

It is to be regretted that the ground plan of New York does not lend itself to any very advantageous placing of public buildings, or of

THE CITY HALL

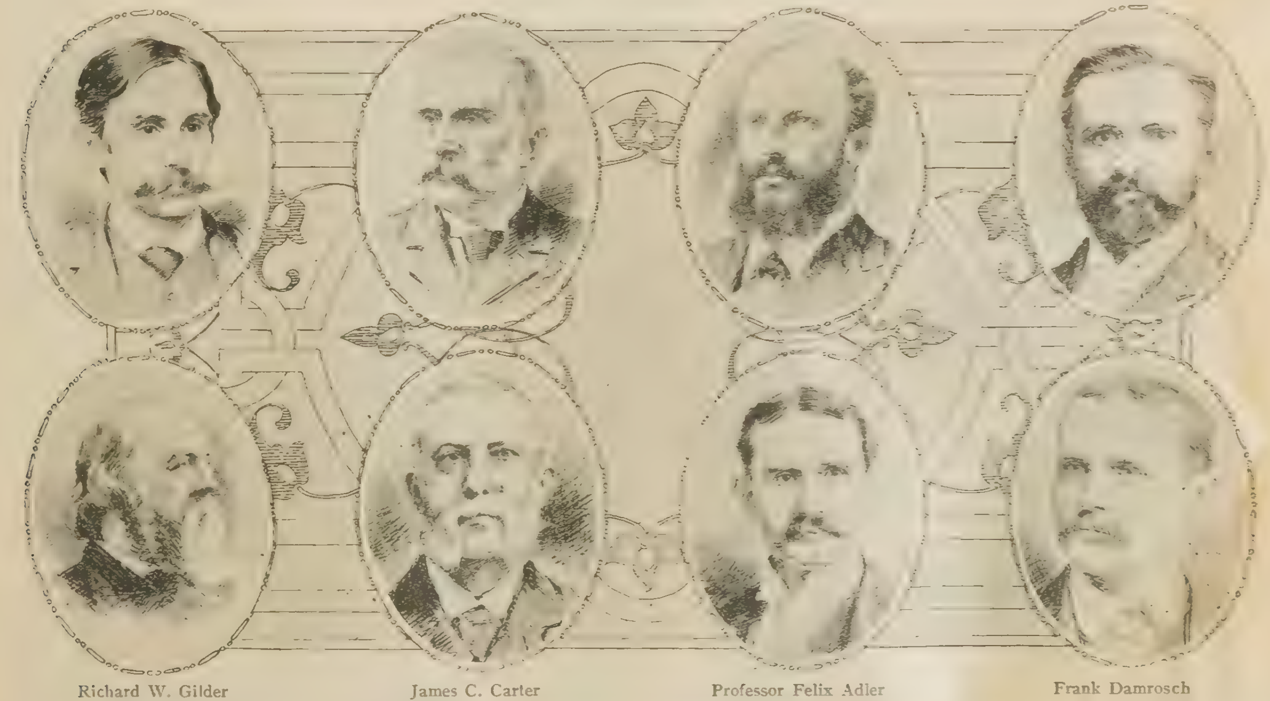


THE PARK SYSTEM OF NEW YORK CITY
(The black spots represent the Parks)

architectural structures having a monumental character. For the most part the genius and training of New York architects has been employed in designing the massive business structures that have become so characteristic a feature of the city. The old City Hall, built when New York was a modest little town on the lower point of the island, is the only structure belonging to city, county, State, or Nation that New York can exhibit as altogether creditable. The new Criminal Court Building has become interesting by virtue of the sole fact that a small group of artists and their supporters, constituting the Municipal Art Society, is at its own expense providing a series of decorative paintings for the adornment of the chief court-rooms. The movement is highly creditable to American art, while also pointing the way to great future possibilities. In Paris a very small expenditure of municipal money annually devoted to the promotion of art is securing for the public buildings, including the school-houses, a wonderful array of wall designs illustrating historical and local subjects, and adding very much to the æsthetic and educational wealth of the community. If New York's beginnings in this direction are small, they are nevertheless of commendable quality.

The story of public statuary and sculpture in New York is not a pleasant one. Since most of the attempts at public statues are so bad, it is fortunate that the aggregate number occupying conspicuous places is small as yet. Happily, the best American sculptors of our own day are men of sound taste and thorough attainments. The municipal authorities are learning to trust the judgment of the sculptors, and there is comparatively little danger, henceforth, that inartistic work will find acceptance. The Washington Arch, at the foot of Fifth Avenue, is an admirable possession, while sculptors like St. Gaudens and MacMonnies have begun to give us statues that are worth a journey to inspect. Clearly, New York has begun to give evidence of its growing importance as an art center. The tendency is toward the union of æsthetic forces, and towards a larger and more generous mutual understanding between the art leaders and the community at large. What is true as to the improving outlook for architecture, sculpture, and painting is also discernible in the field of music. It would appear that New York can support the opera without any governmental subvention. The Carnegie Music Hall, and all that its existence and uses represent, is also a good sign of progress.

I have not intended that this brief and sketchy attempt at an appreciation of some of the varied elements and factors



Richard W. Gilder
Frederick Law Olmsted

James C. Carter
Elbridge T. Gerry

Professor Felix Adler
Rev. David H. Greer

Frank Damrosch
John P. Peters

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

which are helping to swell the rising tide of New York's progress should give much attention in a specific way to the machinery of municipal government, the machinery of church organizations, or the machinery of the standard charitable and philanthropic societies. The readers of The Outlook are not in need of such information. It is enough, then, for me to remark that under the new administration, with such officials as Mr. Roosevelt, the municipal life has received a great uplift. The recent history of some of the municipal departments is teaching New York what a wealth of unanticipated blessing lies in the mere fact of an honest and disinterested city government. The influence upon public and private morals of the new order of things at police headquarters is exhibiting itself in unexpected ways. It is penetrating to the very foundations of the community's life. As for the churches, it may suffice to remark that they are concerning themselves with the study of the actual conditions of New York life as never before, and that their social usefulness and their influence for good citizenship are plainly increasing rather than diminishing. Dr. Parkhurst's stirring work has counted for much toward this end.

The great charitable societies, moreover, show themselves capable of a considerable degree of adaptation. I have already alluded to several of these. The Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, with Mr. Cutting at its head and Dr. Tolman as its executive officer, is engaged in a varied social work of uncommon interest and value, which includes public baths, summer outings, vacation schools on a large scale, an admirable free labor bureau, and a dozen other things out of the ordinary lines and of timely significance. Its central offices are in the attractive new United Charities Building—which, by the way, constitutes another of New York's social centers of first importance. Here one finds the offices of the Charity Organization Society, which, besides the well-understood primary functions of such an association, is also carrying on other interesting branches of work. One of its most important lines is its Penny Provident Fund. Several hundred receiving places are maintained for its savings system, and it thus supplies an important incentive to thrift.

THE WASHINGTON ARCH AND THE JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH

In distinctive relief work along established lines of charitable aid the Organization Society holds the guiding place, and the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor works in immediate harmony with it. The really significant fact about the charity work of New York is the practical manner in which it has adopted the broad modern view that charity must not pauperize; that the individual family may be greatly benefited by an improvement in the general social conditions and facilities of the town.

THE OLD CITY COLLEGE

It is the policy of the charitable societies to favor such movements for self-culture as Miss Grace Dodge's Working-Girls' Clubs, to promote forethought and co-operation in such forms as mutual benefit funds for insurance against accident or illness, and in a hundred ways to help people to help themselves.

I have long been strongly of the opinion that the savings-bank system, on some plan or other, needs a tremendous amplification in New York. We have in the Bowery Savings Bank, the Bank for Savings, the Emigrant Industrial, and several other well-known institutions, a group of savings-banks doing an enormous business in the aggregate. There would be no advantage in endeavoring to establish a municipal savings bank system in competition with these existing institutions. But it has seemed to me that, through some sort of federation among the existing banks, with the countenance of State and municipality, the help of leading financiers, and the support of the principal charitable organizations, it might be possible to invade all the tenement-house districts and all the suburban neighborhoods with a great number of branch savings-banks. And together with these there should be provided the branches of a great pawnbroking shop, or *mont-de-piété*, which ought also to be under the management of a society of financiers and philanthropists, with the Mayor and certain other municipal representatives as ex-officio members of the board. Happily, the Provident Loan Association, with its office in the new Church Missions Building, was formed last year under Dr. Greer's direction, and it has entered with caution, but determination, into this very field of reformed pawnbroking. Its experience as a pioneer will be invaluable, but its scope ought to be vastly enlarged. New York urgently needs not less than fifty branch offices of a central pawnbroking institution managed on as broad and beneficent lines as the *mont-de-piété* of Paris.

There was a time when it seemed to me that municipal reform in New York promised to make headway only slowly, because the reformers appeared to have in mind nothing but the negative task of defeating Tammany. They seemed lacking in constructive programmes and in progressive municipal ideals. Their point of view, however, has been shifting almost as rapidly as any reasonable optimist could desire. After all, good government will inevitably seek to accomplish the ends for which good government is adapted. The reasonable hope that New York is henceforth to have both honest government and also progressive policies is beginning to act powerfully on the minds of many citizens. Not to mention with any detail such organizations as the City Club, the Good Government Clubs, the branches of the City Vigilance League, and other non-partisan organizations for the betterment of civic affairs, it is evident that among rich men and poor men alike there is springing up a practical faith in the possibilities of that Greater New York which is to be great not merely in area, population, and commercial resources, but also greater by far than heretofore in its means and methods for promoting the welfare of all its people. It is also perceived that no man's contribution toward the general end is to be despised, but that the great millionaire, the literary man, the guilds of artists, the labor unions, the societies of women, the down-town business organizations, and the poorest school-children, as well as political bodies and churches, may all contribute very appreciably. I have now, therefore, high expectations for the advancement of the one great community which for a long time seemed to me the worst governed, the most unenlightened, and in many ways the least hopeful of all the great population-centers of the civilized world.

ALBERT SHAW

Albert Shaw

Dr. Albert Shaw, who has become widely known as the editor of the "Review of Reviews," as a student of topics connected with municipal government, and as a writer upon such subjects, is a young man of Western birth, tall and slender in figure, with a keen eye, a quick and rather nervous manner, and features expressing in an unusual degree intelligence, energy, and character. Born in Ohio, the central West, Dr. Shaw represents a catholicity of feeling and knowledge which very few Americans possess. He knows the whole country. He is not distinctly an Eastern man, a Western man, or a man of the Pacific slope: he is a man of America. He knows the characteristics of each section, its strength and its weakness. With New England blood in his veins, but with the energizing influences of the West about his boyhood, Dr. Shaw graduated at Iowa College, the oldest institution of its class west of the Mississippi. During his college life the future journalist and writer devoted a great deal of time to the study of literature and of literary style, disclosing very early two qualities which are pre-eminently characteristic of him to-day, lucidity and directness. After graduation Dr. Shaw began his professional life as editor of the Grinnell "Herald," a position which enabled him to master all the mechanical and routine work of journalism.

His aims were not the aims of the ordinary journalist. He saw with unusual clearness the possibilities of his profession, and he saw also that he needed a wider educational basis. His interest in social and political topics was the interest of a man of philosophic mind, eager to learn the principles and not simply to record the varying aspects from day to day. In order the better to secure the equipment of which he felt the need, he entered the Johns Hopkins University and took a graduate course. It was during his residence in Baltimore that he met Professor Bryce, who recognized his rare ability and intelligence, and who used his unusually large knowledge of social and political conditions in the country. While carrying on his special studies at the Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Shaw joined the editorial staff of the Minneapolis daily "Tribune." After receiving the degree of Ph.D. in 1884, he removed permanently to Minneapolis, and took his place at the head of the staff of the "Tribune." His work almost at once attracted attention. Its breadth, its thoroughness, its candor, and its ability were of a kind which made themselves recognized on the instant. Four years later Dr. Shaw spent a year and a half studying social and political conditions in Europe, traveling extensively and devoting much time to the examination of the condition of municipalities. It was this study which has borne fruit in the two volumes on Municipal Government which have come from the press of the Century Company, and which have given Dr. Shaw the first rank as an authority on these matters. When the "Review of Reviews" was established in this country in 1891, Dr. Shaw became its editor, and his success in the management of this very important periodical has justified the earlier expectations entertained by his friends, for he has given the "Review of Reviews" a commanding position. He is one of the very few journalists in this country who treat their work from the professional standpoint, who are thoroughly equipped for it, and who regard themselves as standing in a responsible relation to a great and intelligent public. Dr. Shaw's presentation of news is pre-eminently full, candid, and unpartisan; his discussion of principles is broad-minded, rational, and persuasive. He is entirely free from the short-sighted partisanship of the great majority of newspaper editors, and he appreciates to the full the power of intelligent, judicial statement. His opinions, for this reason, carry great weight, and it is not too much to say that he has not his superior in the field of American journalism.

THREE POEMS
BY
EMILY DICKINSON

READERS of Miss Emily Dickinson's verse and of her letters do not need to be told that she belongs among the writers who cannot be classified. The note of individuality, which is so distinct throughout the entire history of New England, has been nowhere more definitely struck than in her verse and prose. During the latter years of her life she was a recluse, and her thought shows singular insulation. She was solitary, but her solitude was populous with thought, imagination, sympathy, kindness, and aspiration. She seemed to owe very little to any literary parentage, although she once said that Keats and the Brownings, Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne, and Revelation were her books. "I went to school," she writes, "but in the manner of the phrase had no education. When a little girl I had a friend who taught me immortality, but venturing too near, himself, he never returned. . . . You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself that my father brought me. They are better than beings, because they know but do not tell; and the noise of the pool at noon excels my piano." Spontaneity, flashes of insight, epigrammatic phrase, are characteristic of Miss Dickinson's prose and verse. She saw things in detached flashes of light. She never took the trouble to co-ordinate the objects of her vision, and they come before us isolated and detached as they came to her. She is often abrupt, sometimes inconsequential, but she has thoughts; and at times these thoughts take on a wonderful felicity of speech. These qualities are admirably illustrated in the three poems by Miss Dickinson here published for the first time. The portrait of Miss Dickinson as a child is reproduced, by permission, from the book "Letters of Emily Dickinson" (Roberts Brothers, Boston).

Immortality

This world is not conclusion;
A sequel stands beyond,
Invisible as music,
But positive as sound.

It beckons and it baffles,—
Philosophies don't know,
And through a riddle at the last
Sagacity must go.

To prove it puzzles scholars;
To gain it, men have worn
Contempt of generations,
And crucifixion borne.

Sufficiency

'Tis little I could care for pearls,
Who own the ample sea,
Or brooches, when the Emperor
With rubies pelteth me,

Or gold, who am the Prince of Mines,
Or diamonds, when I see
A diadem to fit a throne
Continual crowning me.

Departing

We learn in the retreating
How vast a one
Was recently among us;
A perished sun

Endears in the departure
How doubly more,
Than all the golden presence
It was before!

MISS CLARA BARTON
The Latest Photograph

Clara Barton and the Red Cross

By Myrtis Willmot Barton

MISS BARTON AT THE TIME OF OUR CIVIL WAR

The story goes that toward the end of the sixteenth century there lived in Lancashire five brothers, who decided that not only was Lancashire too small, but England not quite large enough, to hold them all; so one went to Ireland, and from him come the Bartons of Grove; another wended his way to the land of the canny Scots, where in time the name became changed to Bartan; a third crossed over to France, where his descendants bear the name of Bartin; a fourth settled in southern England, under the name of Burton; and, after fifty years, the younger son of that Barton who remained in the old home, one Marmaduke by name, was seized with the wandering spirit of his race, and, coming to America within a dozen years after the landing at Plymouth, founded the family of which Clara Barton is the brightest light. Thus she comes from a race of sturdy pioneers and volunteer soldiers; the very name Barton in the Anglo-Saxon means "defender of the town."

Her father, Captain Stephen (one of the youngest sons of Dr. Stephen Barton and beautiful Dorothy Moore), was a man prominent in the business and political life of his town and State; until incapacitated by age, he was always chosen "Moderator" to preside at town meetings; he was also a captain of the militia—being a soldier by training and nature, having served for three years in the Indian wars by the time he was of age; and, in short, was a man universally respected and esteemed for his bravery and goodness of heart. The family into which my Aunt Clara was born was already a grown-up one, she being the youngest, by a dozen years, of five children. With her two sisters and eldest brother all teachers themselves, it is not surprising that she began her school life at the age of three, riding to and from the rude little building on the shoulder of her big brother Stephen, who was a teacher there, and studying quietly in classes by the side of boys and girls many years her senior. She has told me she never remembers possessing a doll, her loving care having been lavished on the pets of the household—a sick cat or dog appealing more strongly to her sympathies than anything else. The only inanimate playthings she had were wooden soldiers fashioned by her brothers, and with these her father would amuse and interest her, as together they fought over the battles of his younger days, until she felt all the fire and enthusiasm of a soldier following the lead of Mad Anthony Wayne, and learned lessons in military tactics and war as though in preparation for the life before her.

Lest I give the idea that her time was devoted entirely to books, I must speak of her outdoor life, for she was one of those fleet-footed, agile girls, strong of limb, clear-headed, and perfectly at home in a saddle. Her younger brother, David, instead of being studiously inclined, as were the others, was passionately fond of horses; so that when she was but a wee child he would put her on the back

THE NEW YORK RED CROSS HOSPITAL

of a young horse, while he, on another, would hold her hand, and together they would canter around the fields, in and out among the other horses, broken and unbroken. Those who know her now will understand what a sensitive, shrinking girl she must have been, never thrusting herself forward, and avoiding, rather than seeking, strangers; although in her own home she was gay and light-hearted, full of fun and jokes, with the keen sense of humor which she has never outgrown, and the power of making the drollest speeches in a quiet, irresistible way; the knack of remembering, and telling well, a good story has always been one of her greatest charms. Remembering her shyness and modesty, one can imagine how soon it must have been tried, when, as a little nine-year-old girl, she went away from home to board in the family of the teacher under whom she was to study. The love and respect she bore this man are things of which she cannot speak now with dry eyes, and his sayings and advice she remembers and often repeats to this day.

Thus the years passed, first in study, then at home caring for a sick brother—nursing him through a dangerous illness though a mere child herself; and, when scarce entering girlhood, away with a school of her own to teach, and later at a college for young women, until she came back to assist her brothers in the counting-rooms of the mills they had built. She was always wise, always helpful—going home when needed, and, when the work in hand was done, going away to earn a little more by her teaching or bookkeeping, and with those earnings to further educate herself—taking a few lessons in one thing here, a few more in another branch there—until she went to Washington as one of the first women in a department of the Government.

Her labors in the Civil War have been recounted so often and so minutely that I shall not undertake to describe them again in so brief a sketch as this. The story of her courage and self-sacrifice the world can never know in its fullness—except as she consents to give it us in the autobiography upon which she is now at work.

In Miss Barton's home in Washington is a collection of Andersonville relics—rude cups and plates, and still ruder tools, all made by those poor prisoners; and these, while each speaking of heartache and misery, bear also, to those who know how to read between the lines, a story of that melancholy comfort that makes a woman rejoice, even though her loved ones be dead, in knowing that they were given Christian burial, and that a woman's hand, with pity and tenderness, marked their last resting-place. To see Miss Barton before a group of Grand Army men shows how she must have worked and ministered through those long, hard years of war to have so won the esteem and admiration of these strong men.

Clara Barton's connection with the Red Cross began when, at the end of the sixties, worn out and broken down in health, she went to Switzerland to rest and grow strong again, only to find there more work to do, and, finding it, to so enter into it, heart and soul, as never to lay it down. At the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War there came to her, in her Swiss cottage, several members of the International Committee of the Red Cross, *en route* for the scene of action. They explained their errand, begged her to join them, and finally so filled her with enthusiasm that, ill as she was, she promised to follow them within a fortnight.

She was at once presented to the sweet, unassuming daughter of Kaiser William I., the Grand Duchess of Baden, who, with her ladies of the court around her, was working as hard and unceasingly as any simple woman of our own land worked during our great conflict; and as they worked together, these two women found themselves mutually helpful—my aunt bringing forward her practical experience, and the Grand Duchess being able to teach her the methods and objects of the Red Cross, its workings and its ways; so that, all

A RED CROSS NURSE

Miss Bettina Hofker, Sister Superintendent of the New York Red Cross Hospital through her months there, in the field, at court, or in the hospitals, while she was doing good in her own way, she was acquiring the knowledge necessary for the fulfillment of her ultimate promise—to work unceasingly until she should have brought her own country into the Treaty; for the international character of the Red Cross is a feature of the greatest importance, though often forgotten.

It would be impossible to enter here into a detailed account of her life during the Franco-Prussian strife; it would be too long a story, however interesting, to follow her about from hospital to battle-field, and from Strassburg to Paris, which latter place she entered the day after the siege was raised; but, as an illustration of her work there, and as showing the sorrows of the weaker sex during war, there stands out in my mind one picture. Among the recollections of a dozen years ago I remember seeing in a little Frenchwoman's studio a large, unfinished painting of a scene in a Strassburg hospital. It was a picture to appeal to my childish eyes, for there stood my aunt with her head turned away toward a baby in a woman's arms, while women leaned toward her to catch a word, and children clung to her skirts, and one little boy, half afraid, had lifted a corner of her gown to his lips. I hope that picture may be finished some day. The gown in this picture, by the way, is green, my aunt's favorite color. The story is told that one of her sisters once said: "When Clara goes to town to buy a brown dress, a brown dress I know she will get, for Clara always does as she says. But, one way or another, that dress always manages to turn green before she can get home."

I have said that as regards the international character of the Red Cross so little seems to be known; the name, as a general rule, brings to people's minds a hazy idea of "trained nurses," and "something to do with hospitals," when in reality it stands for a great Treaty entered into by the nations of the earth for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of war. It shows that, although that glorious day when war shall be over and all difficulties settled by arbitration has not yet come, still the time has arrived when a wounded man is no longer left to die on the field, nor shut up in a prison to expire little by little—that the time has even now come when the sick and wounded of the enemy are cared for with the same tenderness shown one's own.

Under the flag of the Red Cross all ground is neutral; all persons lawfully wearing its *brassard* can go unmolested; in its hospitals are found friend and foe, side by side, with every thought of personal strife left outside its walls, and only the motto of humanity and neutrality in mind. One by one, nearly every civilized nation of the world has accepted the invitation to enter, becoming a party to the great treaty; and the reasons that the United States did not join sooner are, first, that the idea was never presented to the people themselves, the knowledge of the treaty never having gone beyond the State Department; and, second, that the possibility of war for us was so remote that our Government seemed to think it a useless step until the new feature known as the American Amendment was suggested, whereby relief was to be given to the victims of the terrible national calamities so frequent here; this addition to the original scope of the treaty, in its purely war character, made it appeal more fully to our people and our officials. Since the adhesion of the United States, in 1882, several succeeding nations, in joining, have added the American Amendment to the provisions of the treaty.

It is a long story, that of those ten years between the close of the Continental war and the final accession of the United States—a long story, full of discouragements, false hopes, and disappointments, full of weary months, I may say years, of nervous prostration, when my aunt was so ill that it seemed as if she were a weak little child, and had to grow up again. But, as soon as she was able, she was up from her sick-bed and in Washington, ready to begin the work to which she had pledged herself; and, at last, through the interest and co-operation of those great statesmen, Garfield, Windom, and Blaine, steps were taken necessary for making the United States one of the Red Cross nations—the untimely death of the martyred President leaving the honor of signing the treaty to his successor, President Arthur, who affixed his signature and made proclamation of the fact in 1882.

We have had no wars in the past fifteen years to call the Red Cross into its original field of action, but in the time of suffering from the elements it has come nobly to the front, doing the work of humanity in the quiet, unostentatious way characteristic of its American President; asking nothing, distributing what was given with a wise and generous, though frugal, hand, bringing order out of chaos, feeding the hungry, and clothing the destitute, at first; teaching the people to help themselves rather than making them objects of charity; so that, in every case where the Red Cross has quitted a field, it has left the mass of the people better off than before the disaster—better off because of the practical lessons inculcated as well as from the gifts distributed.

RATION DAY, ST. HELENA ISLAND

It has worked at such times as those of the forest fires of Michigan, the Texas drought, the Mount Vernon cyclone, the Johnstown flood, twice on the Ohio at the time of the floods, for ten months at the Sea Islands after the cyclone and flood there; and, after being at home but one year, preparations are even now being made whereby, if so decided, Miss Barton will start with a few of her staff for the East, to carry food, money, and clothes to the suffering Armenians. This, if undertaken, will be a new and terrible kind of work—an undertaking full of peril and danger, and one requiring the head of a diplomat and a heart of courage, as well as the hand and soul of a philanthropist.

Altogether, the work of the Red Cross here has been of a different nature from that in other countries; that it is not conducted on quite the same plans and principles as in Germany or Italy, for instance, is due to the difference between the governments of those countries and ours, the difference in the character of the people, and to the entirely different kind of work needed. That there are so few authorized sub-societies is owing mainly to lack of knowledge and even to indifference on the part of many. In New York City there is, however, an association under its direct patronage, which, since its founding, has done good and faithful work in its nursing among the poor, as well as in its hospital and training-school, which is to supply all the nurses used by the National Red Cross.

GEORGE KENNAN
First Vice-President of the Red Cross Society

The New York branch, of which Mrs. Charles H. Raymond is President, is at present located on One Hundredth Street, between the Boulevard and West End Avenue, and is under the supervision of Miss Bettina Hofker, who, although but a young girl, has won laurels for her self-sacrifice and devotion while working in the slums of this city, before she undertook the larger and more responsible position of training "Sisters" for true Red Cross work. It will be a gratification to the people of New York to know that their institution is the especial pride of Miss Barton; it being begun and carried out on the genuine Red Cross ideas, brought straight from Germany.

The American National Red Cross has its headquarters at Miss Barton's home in Washington—in a house well fitted, because of its location and history, to be the center of such a work as that of the Red Cross. On the corner of Seventeenth and F Streets, across the street from the War, State, and Navy Departments, and on the opposite corner from the famous old Winder Building, stands a large, old-fashioned house, a place of great, high-studded rooms—plain, comfortable, staid, and substantial, but with a total absence of any suggestion of luxury. Here live Clara Barton and the Red Cross. The house was built in Jefferson's time, and for years was the private residence of General Jessup, of the old army; then, during the Civil War, it was the headquarters of the army of Generals Halleck and Grant; and my aunt has pointed out to me the room in which, for months, lived the famous Indian, General Eli Parker, and has told me a story of his singular life and ways. In another room General Horace Porter had his office, and out of General Grant's great room was that of Colonel Dent, while many other well-known names are associated with the various rooms.

It is a house in which to remember half-forgotten stories and bits of history, each and all suggested by the rooms themselves or their contents. Thus, in a vase in the reception-room one sees a large bunch of wild rice, gathered and dried by my aunt at the siege of Fort Wagner—gathered from a spot over which had rained shot and shell for a whole long day; close beside it stands a modern photograph of her Highness the Grand Duchess of Baden; while upstairs, in my aunt's own room, there hangs, in its quaint frame of twenty-five years ago, a larger portrait of her, showing the sweet, womanly face as my aunt first knew it in its youthful beauty. Again, one finds some curious and beautiful pillows of Russia leather in all colors, sent home at the time of the relief work of our Red Cross during the Russian famine; and in an out-of-the-way corner, as far from being on exhibition as possible, lies a bit of wood from the fence of the dead-line within Andersonville Prison.

The walls of the corridors are hung with banners and immense flags of all nations. Norway and Sweden greet one upon opening the door; on either side hang the crown of Italy and the cross of St. George and St. Andrew; in the drawing-room are two beautiful flags of silk—the dainty blue and white of Greece surmounted by the silver ball and crescent; and the flag of brave little Switzerland, of which our Red Cross is the reverse. The most magnificent of these is the enormous black eagle of Prussia; in the upper corridor hangs the flag of United Germany, the large eagle with its circle of smaller ones; then come the tri-color of France, the Russian ensign, and many others, all sent as personal gifts in appreciation and acknowledgment of her service under the one little flag to which they all bow.

As is the case with all the rest of the house, Miss Barton's office is devoid of useless luxuries; it is plain, simple, and devoted entirely to business. Here she works from early in the morning until late at night, answering personally and by dictation the enormous daily correspondence from all parts of the world, transacting business of all kinds, working quietly and steadily for hours, forgetting to eat, and, one is tempted to say, to sleep as well, for she is always the first one up in the morning, and frequently works until away into the small hours of the night.

The question naturally arises, How has she preserved her strength and youth so marvelously? The only answer to my mind seems to lie in the fact that she is so quiet and calm and that she never wastes her strength, coupled with a thoroughly acquired knowledge of how to live and keep well; and as for sleep, she has the happy faculty of being able, at any time and in any place, to curl up, sometimes in the most cramped positions, and sleep for fifteen minutes, then, waking, to take up the conversation or work just where it was dropped and go on.

The letters she receives are most curious, interesting, and touching; all of them showing love—and all receive the same kind attention. Indeed, I have seen her, on several occasions, toss aside, until she had more time, some delicate letter in the unintelligible fashionable hand of the day—from some stranger who thinks she has more time to study over the writer's words than the latter has to write them distinctly in the first place—only to take up reverently and lovingly a poor, misspelled, badly written, much-blotted letter of love and thanks written by a Southern negro whom the Red Cross had helped at some time.

Questions are frequently asked concerning Miss Barton's religious belief; on that score I can say that she comes of a family of most liberal-minded people, and this, combined with her life, has led her to adopt the true Red Cross spirit, making no distinction in race, nationality, nor creed—the word "humanity" embracing everything—so that it may well be said of her, as Thomas Paine said of himself:

The world is my country,
To do good is my religion.

STEPHEN E. BARTON
Second Vice-President of the Red Cross Society

That she is a fluent writer every one knows; but not every one knows of the dainty bits of verse she has been in the habit of writing since her girlhood. She also adds to her other accomplishments that of reading aloud most charmingly, and sometimes gives her family and a few friends delightful treats in that way.

At home, as in the field, she is never idle; and when traveling is never distressed by inconveniences by the way. I have journeyed with her throughout the Western country, in parts unsettled and wild; I have ridden miles with her over rough Western trails while she told of roads during war-times—roads rough and unbroken, with mud to the hubs of the wheels, over which she rode on a springless wagon, the only woman, with a band of mutinous men, when to show one sign of fear or fatigue would have meant failure to her; and when the wagon stuck and the men refused to help, delicate little woman that she was, she was out in the mud with her own shoulder to the wheel, until, for very shame, the men fell to work with a will.

I have seen her in camp, where she has taught us how really comfortable and delightful an out-of-door life can be made without any of the conveniences of modern appliances.

Again, on the Atlantic coast in her native State, I have seen her in a State's prison, in a group of the most hardened, obstreperous of women offenders, still quiet and gentle, but controlling them so that not one would disobey her, and even the most ugly had a word of praise. This was at Sherborn, Mass., to which place General Butler asked her to come as Superintendent of the Woman's Reformatory Prison for the year 1883. She, remembering his kindness and goodness to her and her family in the years gone by, gladly went to help straighten out one of the tangles of his Governorship. Her home in Dansville was another place where for a few years she was able to live in quiet, peace, and retirement among the trees and vines of that beautiful spot on the hillside, resting in preparation for the greater work of after years.

In conclusion, I can say that if Clara Barton ever had a motto or watchword, she has kept it so modestly in the background that even *I* never heard of it; but her idea of life, I often think, lies in what she once said to me when, with the feverish haste and impatience of youth, I was longing for great things to do. "Be always calm, my child," she said; "keep yourself quiet and in restraint, reserve your energies, doing those little things that lie in your way, each one as well as you can, saving your strength, so that when God does call you to do something good and great you will not have wasted your force and strength with useless strivings, but will be ready to do the work quickly and well. Go slowly, my child—and keep ready."

Clara Barton: An Impression

Recently a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook visited Miss Barton at her Washington office. The personal impression received will supplement the preceding article.

The first impression Miss Barton makes on a stranger is that of a woman of perfect repose. The expression of her face, the quiet of her manner, and the exquisitely modulated voice are so harmonious, so restful, that the thought that this woman was born to command, to lead, to endure hardship, to witness suffering, seems past belief. Miss Barton is a little below medium height; her figure is almost girlish. As I saw her, she wore a dress of some dark material, with a feather boa about her neck. Her hair was parted in the middle, and combed down over her ears, and brought in a soft puff just above and back of the ear; two side-combs were in the hair, a little below the part on either side. The woman reveals the spirit of motherhood in her face. It is the true mother who sees in all the world, everywhere, the objects for her ministrations. Her sentences constantly reveal this spirit. Miss Barton is a charming talker when roused. The listener sits back, in the dim light of the stately room that makes a fitting frame for the woman, and listens, if wise. The simple directness of Miss Barton is one of her greatest charms. She cannot believe that the great, busy world is interested enough in her to want to know the story of her life. She is not important; her work is all that interests the world, she says, with positiveness. Doubtless it has often occurred to thousands, as it did to this special visitor, that they would like to know why Miss Barton had consecrated her life to the Red Cross movement. When the question was asked, Miss Barton looked surprised.

"The work was put into my hands. I was asked by the Geneva Commission to take it up. They thought I could do it. They wanted me to interest the United States Government. I said I would think about it. I decided to do it. I was not led; I was not standing around looking for something to do; these people wanted some work done, they asked me, I did it. That is the whole story.

"About this Armenian Mission. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions asked us to take the work. We made two conditions. First, that all the Boards should agree that we were the ones to go into Armenia with relief; we did not want to take the work up to find that other bodies had chosen other agents. If all the great bodies were agreed that we were the ones to do the work, then one of our conditions would be met.

"The second condition was that there should be funds. We would not agree to go into a field to give relief to suffering people unless there were funds to provide that relief. We were asked how much we would require. My financial secretary responded by asking a question. 'You are in touch with the people of Armenia; you know better than any one else the number of people who need relief; it is said that 350,000 people are in danger of starvation before their crops will be ready. How much would you think necessary?' The response was, 'About $500,000 to relieve and keep relieved until danger is over.' You see the situation. Now, if only part of that sum is put at our disposal, we dare to go forward.

"If we cannot reach them, then we suffer alike, we suffer with them. Interesting? When you stand day and night in the presence of hardship and physical suffering, you do not stop to think about the interest. There is no time for that. Ease pain, soothe sorrow, lessen suffering—this is your only thought night and day. Everything, everything else is lost sight of—yourself and the world.

"I shall go if we take up the work. I have the finest executive officers in the world; trained men, every one. They go into the field with absolute power. It must be so. I am a poor sailor, but I shall go. There is nothing else to do."

"Good-by."

The impression of womanly strength, determination, gentleness, and dignity strengthens after one has gone from Miss Barton's presence.

The American National Red Cross.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, OCTOBER 1, 1881
REINCORPORATED, APRIL 17, 1893.

For the Relief of Suffering by War, Pestilence, Famine, Flood, Fires, and other Calamities of Sufficient Magnitude to be deemed National in Extent. The Organization acts under the Geneva Treaty, the provisions for which were made in International Convention at Geneva, Switzerland, August 22, 1864, and since signed by nearly all civilized nations. The United States gave its adhesion by Act of Congress, March 1, 1882. Ratified by the Congress of Berne, June 9, 1882. Proclaimed by President Arthur, July 26, 1882.

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Washington, D. C., December 2, 1895.

Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

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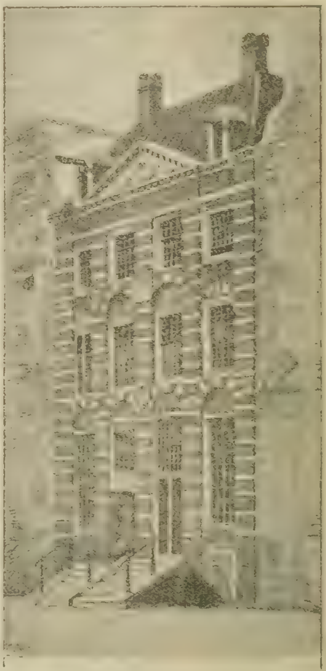
PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT

In all Holland there is no more typically Dutch town than Leyden. When we hear its name, we think instinctively of its celebrated university, of its Elzevirs, of its situation on the lower reaches of the Rhine, of its picturesque town-hall and churches and asylums, of its markets and fairs, of Spinoza and Lucas van Leyden. The town could not have looked very differently nearly three centuries ago, when to a miller and his wife was born a son. That son became the greatest of Northern painters, and his name is one of the supreme names in all painting. The name was Rembrandt Harmenszoon (shortened later; zoon meant the son of Harmen) van Rijn (because he lived on the banks of the Rhine). He was not destined by his parents to follow his father's trade. Instead they enrolled him among the students of Latin literature at the University, and intended him for the law. Nature intended otherwise. Unlike the traditional parents of artists, these parents saw their mistake, removed him from the University, and placed him under the instruction of one Swanenburch, where he remained three years. Rembrandt then went to Amsterdam, where he placed himself under a more famous teacher, Pieter Lastman. In six months the young painter returned to Leyden to work independently, so sure of himself had he become. Here he made such progress that, when only twenty-five, he decided to locate definitely in the larger city, and returned to Amsterdam for good.

Rembrandt: fic
1633:

Most artists live lives in which are striking, not to say dramatic, effects; but a quieter artist's life than Rembrandt's is rare. He was a genuine Dutchman in this; but in another equally important respect he did not at all correspond to the Dutch character, which is above everything economical, unprodigal, thrifty. Rembrandt realized the phrase we hear nowadays, "You would not expect an artist to be a practical man, would you?" Now, Rembrandt did not mean to be extravagant in his own living, and in personal and household expenses was actually frugal, but he had one habit which brought him to bankruptcy. It was not drinking, nor gambling, nor dissipation in any fiercer form than extravagant expenditure for works of art. His studio must have been something worth seeing, for anything to decorate it or his beloved models, his Saskia and his Hendrickje, was hard to refuse. If he had no money to buy hangings and furniture, jewels and robes, he would borrow it. That studio must now be appropriately housed, and what house was there quite so expressive of good Dutch architecture, and so adapted to Rembrandt's use, as the one in the Breestraat, which cost 13,000 florins, and was never but half paid for? The accumulated interest on the remaining half was one reason for the artist's financial ruin. The house was built in 1606, from the date inscribed on the modillion in the second story. Rembrandt loved this home more than anything in the world: it was his world. It sheltered his wife and his children, and the children of his art. What a picture must have been seen there every evening: Rembrandt quietly drawing or engraving, and his beautiful wife engaged at her needlework; for it was to that house that he brought his Saskia, the Frisian girl whose face in maturer beauty looks out of the frame on the opposite page. We may gain a wrong idea of their married life, and think it a rollicking one, from the familiar picture in the Dresden Gallery showing Rembrandt laughing and holding his wife on his knee, while with one hand he raises a wine-glass. The couple are arrayed in richest attire, and seemed only too well disposed to make holiday. Their real life was singularly sedate and serene. It is pitiful that it should have been only eight years long, cut short by Saskia's premature death. During those years Rembrandt seemed for the most part to forget other subjects than his beloved Saskia. We have portrait after portrait of her in pencil, etching, and paint. It was always a labor of love to produce those portraits. He never tired of painting his wife's long, golden, silky hair, her peachlike complexion, her beautiful dark eyes, and her lovely mouth. After the manner of his time, he loved to deck her in gold-broidered garments and in rare jewels. He sought for characters whom he could thus adorn, as, for instance, Delilah in "Samson's Marriage," or "The Wife of the Burgomaster of Pancras." No works of Rembrandt are more painstaking than these portraits in their various disguises. There is an impulsiveness and yet a perfect finish about them which fascinates every art-lover.



REMBRANDT'S HOUSE

From the time of Saskia's death, however, obscurity began to fall on Rembrandt's life, if not upon his work. That life had never been a particularly convivial one; he had never cared for the tavern-existence of many of his companions; he had always longed for a home of his own; his appreciation of his parents and kinsfolk had been as proverbial as his kindness to them. Yet Rembrandt's retirement was becoming almost morose. Fully to develop his art he had sought it where he could find greatest spontaneity of expression—among the lower classes rather than in the ranks of the aristocracy. Like Luther, like Shakespeare, he spoke out of the people, to the people. Though he had now become a painter without peer in Holland, he had never sought to raise himself into greater social distinction, and his personality was hidden from those in high station, who should have been the very ones to help him out of difficulty. There is no more startling proof of his estrangement from society than, when there were national rejoicings on account of the Peace of Westphalia some years later, Rembrandt's name was not mentioned among those commissioned to celebrate the occasion by works of art.

THE BEGGARS

About this time, too, the whims of picture-buyers began to change. Instead of virile Rembrandtesque work, the minute and enamel-like prettinesses and insipidities of some fashionable painters were preferred.

We now come to that disputed point, the relations of Rembrandt and Hendrickje, the latter the model for the exquisite "Portrait of a Woman" in the Louvre. Whatever might have been true at first, Rembrandt recognized Hendrickje ere long as his wife, as, at birth, he acknowledged the child, Cornelia, as his own. Nor could there be more striking proof of complete respect and accord than in the tender treatment always given to

Hendrickje by Saskia's son, Titus. In truth, Hendrickje and Titus were drawn together by an increasingly common embarrassment and hardship—namely, Rembrandt's hopeless bankruptcy.

Yet, in adversity as in prosperity, Rembrandt's mighty art-passion and genius never left him. His continued production at a lofty level was due far more to his self-revelation than to his technique, unequaled as that was. It was no egotism which made him paint fifty portraits of himself; it was because he was himself his own best model, and from his ever-varying emotion he carefully studied his own expression, equally varying. Never was vigorous youth more perfectly portrayed than in his early pictures of himself; but the later ones are more pathetically interesting—the face often unshaven, the eyes sunken, the hair scant, the frame grown unwieldy, the garments almost slovenly, the expression no longer vivacious, but full of melancholy experience. What a change from the portrait on the opposite page! Yet, in evil days as in good, Rembrandt always painted himself just as he was. He did himself this honor, and he gave it to every one. No painter was ever more exactingly truthful. A "poet's license" was not for him.

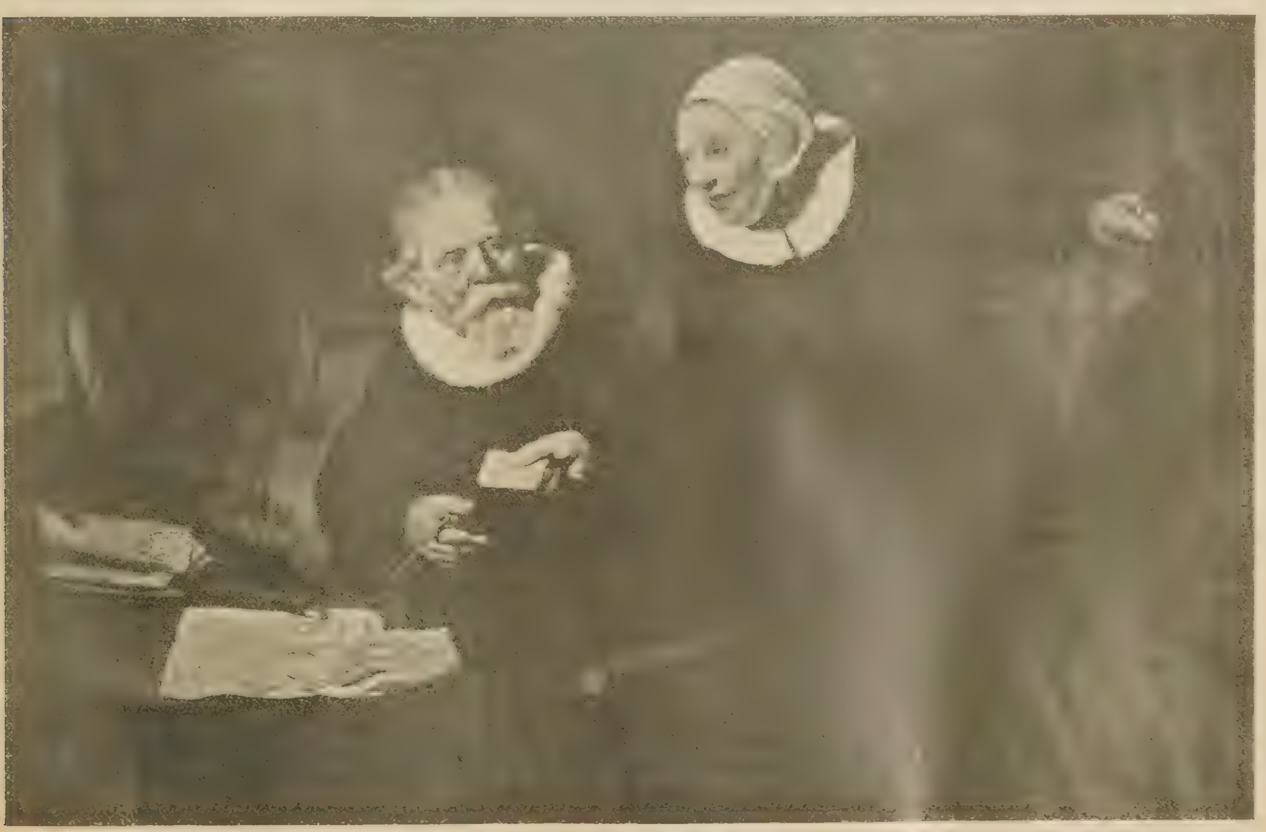
PORTRAIT OF SASKIA

THE DRAUGHTSMAN

Another reason for his steadiness of work was the inspiration from his married and family life. In his domestic devotion was also seen his independence of the world. How well the mutual interests of wedded life are suggested by his "Shipbuilder and his Wife" (a picture now hanging in Buckingham Palace)! How entirely Rembrandt transfers his own imagination to the observer! In the works of other Dutch artists we read Dutch life, its homely, healthy joys, orderly household cares, rigid but dignified customs; sturdy, vigorous, character-making existence; in Rembrandt we read something more. The family life is not objective alone, it is also subjective; it is not only Dutch, it is the world's.

The love of humanity often carries us over personal disasters, and it was so with Rembrandt, more than any other artist a painter of the common people. He knew that the significance of life was greatest where it was least complex. This may be noted in "The Beggars," the etching printed upon the opposite page. Few strokes are there, but a master-effect. It is fortunate that the cheapness of reproduction has made it possible for any one to own a print of Rembrandt, and it is fortunate for us in America that the Metropolitan Museum in New York City possesses some examples of the master's drawing and painting.

Rembrandt's work is spiritual, not spectacular. All his pictures, but specially his illustrations of the Bible story, speak of the inner life. Ecclesiastical conventions no longer prescribed forms for sacred art in the North, but even they could not have restrained Rembrandt, who better than any other painter realized that the Bible describes man's whole nature, not a part of it. Therefore no artist has ever given to the world such a complete history of the Old and New Testaments. Rembrandt is the truest art-interpreter of Scripture, for to him it was not alone the divinest, it was the most human of books.


THE SHIPBUILDER AND HIS WIFE

Alfred Austin: The New Poet Laureate

By Hamilton W. Mabie

It is forty-five years since Tennyson was made Poet Laureate, a stretch of time so long that, to the great majority of readers of English poetry, it seems as if the great poet and the great place were indivisible. Nothing shows more clearly the national and representative character of Tennyson's poetry than the splendid tradition which he has created about the Laureateship. He has so exalted the place that men have forgotten that it is merely an official position; they have come to regard it as formal recognition of primacy among contemporary singers. As the crowning of Petrarch was simply a public recognition of a genius which had already thrown its spell over Italy, so we have come to think of the Laureate as a child of the Muses rather than an appointee of the English Prime Minister. The vacant place confirmed the general impression; the golden crown was above the grasp of any living singer. Lord Salisbury has rudely dispelled the illusion by a selection which compels us to remember that of the fourteen men who have been Laureates only four have been singers of high rank; four others have been men of respectable gifts and achievements; six have been minor poets of such slender talent that they have been forgotten. Ben Jonson, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Tennyson seem, in the long historical perspective, to have happened among the Laureates rather than to have been of them; the lines of Olympian descent and of official recognition have four times run parallel, but for the greater part they have had widely different directions.

ALFRED AUSTIN

Mr. Alfred Austin carries us back, not to Davenant and Colley Cibber and the singers of the second grade of Laureates, but to Eusden and Pye, poets of the lower rank—the rank from which the official singers have usually been taken. And yet Mr. Austin is an English gentleman of culture, dignity, and ability; a man of scholarly tastes and attainment, of high character, and of unquestioned ability. He does not lack talent, but he lacks the kind of talent which the world has come to associate with the position to which he has been called. He is essentially a prose writer, and it has been his ill fortune to be thrust into a place which two great poets have held in succession. His clear-cut face expresses virility, decision, energy; but there is no imagination in it. It is the face of a strenuous rather than of a spontaneous man; of a poet who has formed himself by deliberate and laborious effort rather than one who has had the help of heaven in following the lines of his own inclination. All that high aims, hard work, a wholesome life, and an honorable ambition can accomplish in a man to whom the higher gifts have been denied has been wrought in Mr. Austin; but the ease, the spontaneity, the freshness, and the magical charm of the poet he has never compassed. They are beyond him; in spite of all his striving and his painstaking effort he remains an artisan, unable to cross the invisible line which separates the man at work from the man at play, the craftsman from the artist.

Carefully educated, not in the historic English schools, but in Catholic institutions, taking his degree at the London University, called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, forsaking the law at an early age for the more congenial work of the pen, a writer of verse since his eighteenth year, a journalist of skill and intelligence, Mr. Austin has come to the full maturity of his sixtieth year with a very honorable record of work, which is widely respected but which has never set the pulse beating or the imagination aflame. A stout Conservative of the Tory type, he has felt the charm of English scenery, history, and life in their imposing and impressive attitudes. He is well equipped to write an ode on the death of a Prime Minister or the birth of an heir to the throne, but he has never touched the heart of the English people. He has, it is true, written a number of short lyrics which have some singing quality in them, touches of ease and abandon such as a poet by the grace of God always has at command. It ought to be added that he has also feeling; indeed, feeling is his truest gift. But it is significant that even his smoothest and sweetest verse has never found lodgment in the memory of his readers, and the men are probably few who can recall a line of his writing. His love of nature is sincere and intelligent, but the magic of English skies and woods never steeps his lines in the enchantment which lies on Wordsworth's "Daffodils." In the expression of this love he is always self-contained and conventional. He has never felt the throb of passion which Wordsworth knew. He is always rational and sophisticated; his contact with nature is always through the medium of thought, as the first line of the verses entitled "A Birthday" shows:

I love to think, when first I woke
  Into this wondrous world,
The leaves were fresh on elm and oak,
  And hawthorn laced and pearled.

The earliest sound that greeted me
  Was the ousel's ringing tone;
The earliest sight, lambs frisking free
  Round barked oaks newly thrown.

The gray-green elder whitened slow
  As in my crib I slept;
And merles to wonder stilled my woe
  When I awoke and wept.

When held up to the window-pane,
  What fixed my baby stare?
The glory of the glittering rain,
  And newness everywhere.

It is Mr. Austin's misfortune that, while he can write

SWINFORD HOUSE, ALFRED AUSTIN'S HOME IN KENT

about the glory and the newness of the world, he cannot make us see and feel them. Mr. Watson has said of him that he "may, in a special sense, be styled the Laureate of the English seasons," and it certainly is true that, in picturing the changes of the year and expressing the spirit of the seasons, Mr. Austin is at his best. The following lines have been widely quoted, and come very near the felicity and freshness of poetry:

I.

The Spring-time, O the Spring-time!
Who does not know it well?
When the little birds begin to build,
And the buds begin to swell.
When the sun with the clouds plays hide-and-seek,
And the lambs are bucking and bleating,
And the color mounts to the maiden's cheek,
And the cuckoo scatters greeting;
In the Spring-time, joyous Spring-time!

II.

The Summer, O the Summer!
Who does not know it well?
When the ringdoves coo the long day through,
And the bee refills his cell.
When the swish of the mower is heard at morn,
And we all in the woods go roaming,
And waiting is over and love is born,
And shy lips meet in the gloaming;
In the Summer, ripening Summer!

III.

The Autumn, O the Autumn!
Who does not know it well?
When the leaf turns brown, and the mast drops down,
And the chestnut splits its shell.
When we muse o'er the days that have gone before,
And the days that will follow after,
When the grain lies deep on the winnowing-floor,
And the plump gourd hangs from the rafter;
In the Autumn, thoughtful Autumn!

IV.

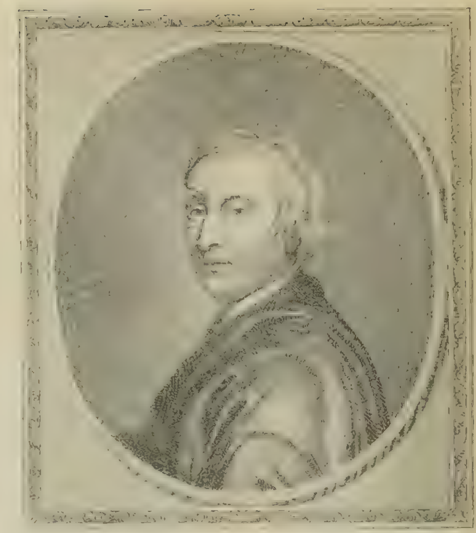
The Winter, O the Winter!
Who does not know it well?
When, day after day, the fields stretch gray.
And the peewit wails on the fell.
When we close up the crannies and shut out the cold,
And the wind sounds hoarse and hollow,
And our dead loves sleep in the churchyard mould,
And we feel that we soon shall follow;
In the Winter, mournful Winter!

The range of Mr. Austin's ambition is indicated by the long list of his published works. In verse alone many volumes have come

IN "THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE"

VILLAGE CHURCH NEAR ALFRED AUSTIN'S HOME

BEN JONSON
Poet Laureate 1619-1637
By permission of D. G. Francis

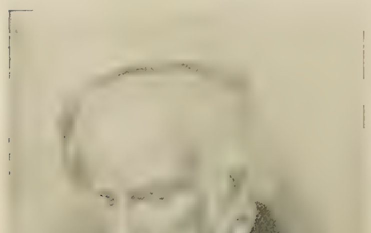


JOHN DRYDEN
Poet Laureate 1670-1700

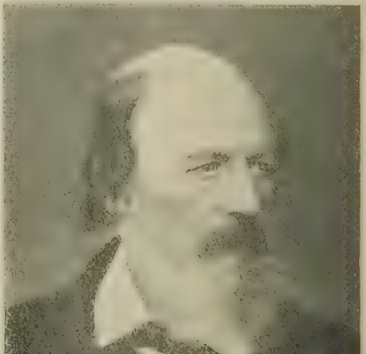
from his tireless hand, and of these four are devoted to long and elaborate poems. Such titles as "The Human Tragedy," "Savonarola: A Tragedy," "The Tower of Babel: A Celestial Love Drama," "Fortunatus, the Pessimist," "Prince Lucifer," suggest the gravity of the themes with which Mr. Austin has dealt and the seriousness with which he has taken himself and his work.[1] Seriousness is the note of great poetry, but it is also the note of a great deal of mechanical verse. Both Wordsworth and Tennyson took themselves, as we say, very seriously; but so also did Mr. Tupper and Mr. Bailey. Mr. Austin is a careful, conscientious, and often skillful workman; he understands the technical side of his craft; but he has neither the intellectual force which gives long poems their architectural strength and beauty, nor the freshness and variety of touch which lends continuous charm to massive structure. Like Keats's friend, the ambitious painter Hayden, Mr. Austin has epic hopes and desires with only a lyric gift of very slender substance. He is best in his shorter and less pretentious pieces. Love of nature and love of country are familiar notes in these lyrics. He shares with his greater brethren that national feeling which is rarely lacking in poets of force and originality. The England of which Shakespeare sang with such majesty of epithet and adjective—"this sceptered isle," "this teeming womb of royal kings," "this seat of Mars;" which evoked from Tennyson so many noble lines illustrative of civic progress and of the continuity of national growth and power, appeals also to Mr. Austin. But it is not the heroic England of Shakespeare nor the progressive England of Tennyson of which he sings; it is imperial England of world-wide trade and sea-wide supremacy:

I see the deep-plowed furrows of the main
  Bristling with harvest; funnel, and keel, and shroud,
  Heaving and hurrying hither through gale and cloud,
Winged by their burdens; argosies of grain,
Flocks of strange breed, and herds of Southern strain,
  Fantastic stuffs and fruits of tropic bloom,
Antarctic fleece and equatorial spice,
Cargoes of cotton, and flax, and silk, and rice,
  Food for the hearth, and staples for the loom;
Huge vats of sugar, casks of wine and oil,
  Summoned from every sea to one sole shore
  By Empire's scepter; the converging store
Of Trade's pacific universal spoil.
And, heaving and hurrying hitherward to bring
  Tribute from every zone, they lift their voices,
  And, as a strong man revels and rejoices,
They loudly and lustily chant, and this the song they sing.

Mr. Austin's work as a journalist has been varied and ardent. He reported the Franco-German War and the last great Vatican Council for the "Standard," and he has long contributed editorially to this Conservative organ. He has written three novels, which, in this country at least, have attracted no attention. It was as a critic of trenchant style that he first became known in England. The essays on "The Poetry of the Period" had an audacity and dash which stimulated curiosity. They were keen and epigrammatic, and they dealt frankly with great reputations. Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and Morris were sharply called to account by a writer who sounded a clarion note in behalf of virility, passion, stir, and power. It is singular that when this voice crying in the wilderness of conventionality began to chaunt the burden of its own prophecy it was devoid of every tone which it had demanded from other voices; of all the voices of the time which have tried to sing, it has been most tame, unimpassioned, and mechanical. In two books of prose, "The Garden That I Love" and "In Monica's Garden," Mr. Austin makes his nearest approach to literature; for in these books he writes of things he knows and loves; of flowers, hedges, secluded walks, leafy retreats, the stillness of afternoons in old gardens, the beauty of summer on ancient sward. His tastes are the tastes of a cultivated English gentleman, born to intelligence, integrity, and the opulence of an old and ripe civilization. He loves the beautiful English scenery, and he glories in the splendid force and achievements of the English race. He has had long practice with the pen, and he is an excellent craftsman. All this must be said of the new Laureate. He is well furnished with all the external qualities which ought to go with his office. He lacks, however, the one quality which would have given official recognition confirmation by the inexorable Muses—the gift of genius.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Poet Laureate 1843-1850



ALFRED TENNYSON
Poet Laureate 1850-1892

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[1] Mr. Austin's books are published in this country by Macmillan & Co., of New York. For the photograph from which our portrait of Mr. Austin is made we are indebted to the "Literary Digest."

From Atlanta to the Sea

I.—Atlanta and Macon[1]

By Willis John Abbot

THE traveler who approaches Atlanta from the north and finds himself suddenly whirled into the center of a great and populous city, with electric cars clanging in every direction, a great hotel such as might stand on Fifth Avenue, New York, towering beside the smoky, squalid railway station, with a din of traffic over the granite pavement of the streets that fairly drowns the rumble of the trains and the clangor of the engines—a traveler in such case is almost certain to ask, as I have heard during the past six months a score or more inquire, how it came about that a great city and a modern city had been set down at such a point. If he came from any northern point to the westward of Atlanta, he passed through Chattanooga, and from that town to Atlanta saw much to remind him of the fratricidal strife which is not forgotten though the bitterness of its memory has died away. The droning voice of the conductor calling the stations seemed that of one reading a page of history. Where the train plunged through the range of mountains dividing the Atlantic from the Mississippi watershed, the passenger, if observant, might see one mute reminder of the days of war, one evidence that a railroad company can, on occasion, be sentimental, for there in the narrow cut is a lonely grave, kept green by railroad hands, and marked with a simple tablet inscribed "To an unknown hero." One of Sherman's men lies buried there, and you will note as clear a tone of pathos in the voice of the Southerner who may point out the little mound as in that of any Northern man who speaks of it. Then from the car windows the passenger can see Rocky Face, Kenesaw, and Stone Mountains, and hears men speak of Resaca, Allatoona, and Marietta, but the suggestions of war-time are only in the names and in the mountains and rivers—nature's imperishable monuments. Scan the face of the country as he will, the most keen-sighted traveler on this railway, which traverses every inch of the pathway of Sherman toward Atlanta, will find no trace of the war. Nature has healed the scarred fields and forests. Frost and rain have leveled the earthworks, or kindly foliage and vines have covered them. And a new spirit bred of new conditions has repaired whatever damages the little hamlets and villages along the railway suffered. Nor has the kindly hand of time been less successful in removing from the minds of men the memorials of war-time hatreds. Last summer I traversed that railroad in a car full of Sherman's veterans, fresh from the G. A. R. encampment at Louisville, and eagerly pointing out to each other old landmarks. At every station was the usual throng of idlers. Nowhere was there a sign of disrespect for or aversion to the blue coats and brass buttons, and at more than one stopping-place the invaders were greeted with cheers. The nearest approach to a hostile voice was that of a coal-black "mammy" who alternately berated the "Yankees" and besought them to buy her fried chicken.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD SOUTH

But I digress. Though there is much in the country about Atlanta to interest the traveler, there is nothing to suggest the reason why a town left prostrate and in ruins little over thirty years ago should have since grown from barely 12,000 to more than 110,000, and, what is more, should have discarded every characteristic of an easy-going Southern village and taken on the appearance and manners of a bustling Northern city. For, even at the risk of offending local pride, it must be insisted that Atlanta is essentially Northern or perhaps Northwestern. It is more like Chicago or Minneapolis than it is like its neighbor Savannah. It is Northern in its rush and hurry, in its "strictly business" air, in the opportunities it offers to newcomers and the eagerness with which it invites newcomers, in its smokiness, in its architecture, in its unpicturesqueness, and in its push. Unlike a good many Northern, or rather Northwestern, cities, Atlanta has proved its capacity to enjoy that most dangerous of municipal dissipations, a "boom," and recover almost without sign of disaster.

I put to a lifelong resident of Atlanta the almost universal questions: "What has made your city? Why does it stand here in the midst of a country not overpopulous, gifted undoubtedly with natural resources of unusual richness, but not needing a market-place of 110,000 people? Why are you growing at double the pace of Georgia's seaport, Savannah?"

His response sounded queerly, coming from that source. "Sherman made Atlanta," said he; "Sherman taught all

LEYDEN HOUSE, THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN IN ATLANTA the world that Atlanta was the gate city of the South. He fought for months to get it so as to secure an entrance to the Confederacy. When he left, he burned it lest some one else should get the prize, and he tore up all its railways, so as to close the gate. When the war closed, railway promoters saw, as Sherman had, that Atlanta was the key to the South, and raced with each other to get their rails there first. The advertising Sherman gave us, supplemented by the public spirit of our people, built this city."

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[1] In the series of three illustrated articles of which this is the first, Mr. Abbot will trace the present conditions in that part of the New South falling within the route of Sherman's famous march "from Atlanta to the Sea."

There may be something in this explanation of Atlanta's growth. I am sure there is much in that part of it which ascribes prosperity to the enterprise of the citizens. They have in them the temper and the pluck of city-builders. They are the sort of people who could build a $2,000,000 Exposition and, when it seemed that the people of the surrounding country were not likely to support it, go cheerfully down into their pockets for additional tens of thousands to pay running expenses and clear off the floating debt. They have adaptability, too. A case in point: When the first Cotton Exposition in Atlanta, in 1881, closed, there was left a great and durable building. What to do with it? Should it be sold for a song to wreckers, like the palaces of Chicago's White City? An Atlanta man looked it over and said he would buy it for a cotton-mill—then an institution not common in the South. So a cotton-mill it became, and has steadily increased its business until it has now 20,000 spindles and 680 looms. The Atlanta man who tells you this story is fond of adding that when this mill started, Mr. Edward Atkinson, the eminent Bostonian, had just demonstrated that cotton-manufacturing could not succeed in the South.

State Capitol Atlanta

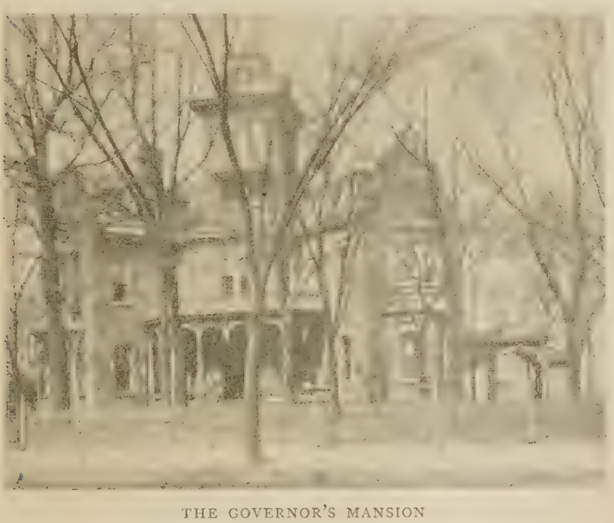
An Atlanta Club House

The Atlantan, like all denizens of new and rapidly growing towns, is glib of statistics; but it seems to me that municipal statistics convey little to the mind of the man who hasn't seen the city, and fail to impress him who has. That more than seventy-four miles of streets are traversed by street railways—all electric—is less suggestive than the note that Atlanta's focal point, Broad Street, where the cars from every section of the city cross and recross, is almost as busy and bewildering as the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street in New York, or that of State and Madison Streets in Chicago at dusk. Nor could the statement that there are in Atlanta 101 churches give half so vivid an idea of the general dissemination of religious throught and culture among the people as the recollection of a certain church, Episcopal and not the most prominent or most fashionable sanctuary in the city, into which Sunday after Sunday I saw carried camp-chairs to fill every aisle from the chancel to the lobby, and even then there were not seats enough for all who came to its doors.

This subject of the work of the churches leads naturally to thought of the condition of social order in Atlanta. The North is prone to think the South the home of gaming and drinking, oblivious to the fact that local option has given even to Texas a wider measure of prohibition than has Massachusetts. In Georgia the prohibition element is strong—so strong that one of its opponents remarked to me, rather ruefully, that as soon as the Exposition closed the whole State would be under a prohibition law. But for the present Atlanta enjoys one of the most stringent laws for the regulation of the liquor traffic, and the one most perfectly enforced of which I have ever heard. All dramshops are closed at 10 P.M., and not one is opened on Sunday. It is not a merely nominal closing—a front-door and side-door shuffle—but an actual discontinuance of the trade of liquor-selling during the prohibited hours. So far as I could see, there was no difficulty about the enforcement of the ordinance, nor any persistent effort made to evade it. The saloon-keeper, on getting his license, puts up a heavy bond, which is forfeited if he is detected in violation of the law. This, and the widespread public sentiment favoring strict regulation of the business, have proved sufficient. Just about the time the Exposition opened, the Council, on the plea that Atlanta was about to become a "cosmopolitan city," extended the time for keeping saloons open at night to twelve o'clock. The Mayor promptly vetoed this ordinance, and the Atlantans applauded the act, which may have discouraged cosmopolitanism, but kept Atlanta a purely American city. The other evils incident to a great city are kept under rigid control, and I am credibly informed that there is not a gambling-house, open or covert, in the whole city.

Returning to the material side of Atlanta's life, it is to be noted that it is rather as a commercial than as a manufacturing city that it is great. By the southward movement of the cotton-manufacturing industry, which is one of the most noteworthy industrial phenomena of the day, Atlanta has profited, but not in proportion to her size. It is, perhaps, the lack of water-power which has diverted so much of this business from her doors to smaller Georgia cities, like Augusta, Macon, and Columbus. I should judge the course of Atlanta's development to be much like that of Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, or even Chicago. To-day it is great because it has the geographical position which makes it a distributing center. To-morrow there develop such manufactories as are necessary to the immediate needs of a great and growing city with populous surroundings. The ball, turning, grows with each revolution, and in time the city, which, like Chicago, had no natural advantages as a manufacturing center, is made one through artificial conditions which it itself creates.

In the architecture of Atlanta is little that is notable. The "sky-scraper" has invaded the business district, it is true, but neither in numbers nor proportions is it remarkable. One of the several good hotels, the Kimball, is an excellent example of commercial architecture, while the Grand Opera-House interior affords as creditable an example of theater designing and decoration as is to be found on the continent. Of the public buildings the State Capitol is a really dignified, if rather conventional, edifice, possessing the unusual distinction of having been built within the appropriation. Domestic architecture is heterogeneous, Peach-tree Street, Atlanta's pride, being lined with all sorts and conditions of houses. It is curious to note in the new residences now building a tendency to revert to the old-fashioned Southern type, with Grecian pillars encircling three sides of the main structure, as in the Leyden House, here illustrated, which once served as General Sherman's headquarters. For a time the Atlantans fell a prey to the Queen Anne mania, and then to servile imitation of anything Northern, but latterly are returning to the rather classic type of house so long distinctive of the South. But, indeed, there is little of ostentation in the domestic life of Atlanta. It is a city of homes, and though there be stately ones among them, they are but few. It is not certain that the economic situation which leads to the multiplication of what the reporters call the "palatial residences" is the best, after all.


THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION

What effect on the commercial development and the social life of Atlanta the Exposition just ended will have is hard to estimate. The Exposition was nobly planned and executed. Its landscape effects were impressive, though the architecture was, in the main, commonplace. It suffered, perhaps, in coming so swiftly after the great Chicago Fair. But it cannot fail to exert a very considerable influence, not only on Atlanta, but on the surrounding country. The discovery in the financial centers of the North that Atlanta, with 110,000 people, of whom at least 50,000 are negroes, had in it the qualities necessary to the creation and maintenance of such an institution, must result in profit. And, indeed, the manifestation of those qualities day by day as the Exposition progressed was a source of constant admiration to beholders. Every exposition sees its dark days during the opening weeks. The Atlanta affair was no exception to this rule, and so there came to us, strangers in Atlanta, almost weekly news of a guarantee fund raised by citizens, of the directors contributing $10,000 each to avert some threatened disaster, or of one citizen subscribing $50,000 to put the finances of the Exposition in sound condition. And as for the social burdens entailed and bravely met, surely never were clubs more constantly and hospitably open, never did a handful of society people dine, dance, and receive with such unremitting attention the stranger within their gates; never did orators of any city—and the South is the home of oratory—more assiduously discourse in welcome to New York and Illinois, the Commercial Men's Association, the League of Press Clubs, or the thousand and one visiting organizations which haunt expositions of every kind.

I am not one of those who believe that the greatest benefit, or even a great benefit, to spring from the Atlanta Exposition will be the extinguishment of rancor between the sections lately at war. My judgment is that that hatred was dead long ago. So far as their reiteration of peace and good will goes, the speeches at Atlanta were a mere repetition of those I heard at the New Orleans Exposition in 1884. And if there were dramatic scenes of renewal of friendship at Atlanta, was it not at New Orleans that two Union veterans escorted Jefferson Davis from his house to view and pay his respects to Philadelphia's Liberty Bell? But, after all, there was something fine in the spectacle, one September afternoon, of Chicago's famous First Regiment, 900 strong, clad all in gray, marching down Peachtree Street, headed by the Fifth Georgia, uniformed in the regulation garb of the United States Army. "'Pears like they had the colors mixed," remarked a contemplative spectator of this queer reunion of the blue and the gray.

The greatest good that can come to Atlanta and the South from the Cotton States and International Exposition came when the directors of that enterprise gave the colored race an equal right to participate in it, gave them a building, and invited one of their foremost men, Professor Booker T. Washington, to join in the exercises of the opening day. The address he then made, no less than the warm plaudits of his auditory, mostly Southern, and the generous comments of the Atlanta press, taught the whole country that the negro problem, as we call it, had taken on a new phase. Atlanta has six institutions for the education of the colored people. The new Constitution of the State of South Carolina provides for a State technological school for blacks, in every respect the equal of that for whites. In short, without enumerating the institutions, it may fairly be said that, except in very unusual cases, any Southern negro can secure a technological or academic education if he will make to such end such sacrifices as many a New England boy two generations ago made to go to Dartmouth or to Bowdoin.

Sherman left Atlanta ruined; it is now stately. He left it small; it is now great. He left it a mud-hole; its streets now are paved with granite quarried from historic Stone Mountain. The handful of shops he left behind him has grown to more than two hundred wholesale houses, doing a business of nearly $100,000,000. The two railways he tore up are succeeded by nine. The blacksmith-shop and the cotton-press, which made up most of the manufacturing industry of the village of 1863, have developed into more than six hundred factories in 1896. This is the record of a scant third of a century, much of it made against the worse than war-time discouragements of the Reconstruction period.

Georgia, save for its two considerable cities, Atlanta and

IN MACON—A CITY OF HOMES

Savannah, is practically a farming community. Its urban population is estimated at 225,000, the two cities named having not less than 170,000 out of this number. But a number of thriving small towns are found in the State, some of them having in their water-power and railroad facilities the nucleus of very considerable growth in this era of the southward tide of emigration and of manufacturing. Notable among these are Augusta, Macon, and Columbus—all towns that escaped the full shock of Sherman's onset, but were scorched by the hot breath of his rushing legions. Milledgeville, which he entered, has abandoned the race for commercial prestige. It is the home of several State institutions, which, in part, occupy the buildings erected when this venerable town was the capital of the State. The old State House, built in 1803, in which the Ordinance of Secession was passed, now houses the Middle Georgia Military and Agricultural College—an odd combination, by the way, but typical of Southern life, where the sword and the plowshare are still interchangeable. The old executive mansion, a dignified structure, is now used as the dormitory of the Georgia Normal and Industrial School for Girls, a college the classes of which are attended by more than four hundred pupils. The State asylum for the insane is also located at Milledgeville. But, like most towns given over to educational and State institutions, this one strives little for commercial advancement.

Macon is a fair type of the Georgia manufacturing city of the smaller kind. It strove long and valiantly to rival Atlanta, even making an effort to secure the State capital when it was moved to the larger city in 1867. Public-spirited citizens raised a considerable fund to press this issue, but at the last moment wisely concluded that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, and spent their campaign fund at home in municipal waterworks. It is perhaps characteristic of the journalist to judge the enterprise of a community by the use it makes of printers' ink. So judged, Macon ranks high as an enterprising city. In a somewhat extended experience with "booming" towns I have never seen printed matter eulogistic of a city more artistic or more effective than that issued by the Macon Advertising and Information Bureau. Work of this nature, when joined in by all the citizens, is bound to tell; and in the case of Macon it has told, for between 1880 and 1890 its population increased from 12,794 to 22,746—an increase of 79 per cent., greater by far than that of any other Georgia city. To-day the commercial population of Macon—that is, the people within its limits and in its suburbs—is over 37,000. Nearly every city of moderate size has some great man's words of praise to cite to strangers, and in Macon they will tell you that Henry Ward Beecher said that in respect to natural advantages Macon is the most beautiful city in the South.

Natural advantages, however, do not build cities; the biggest grow where the obstacles to be overcome are greatest. (Query: Does the individual man thrive on opposition as does man collectively?) Macon owes her growth in the past decade to the push of her citizens. They promoted the two great cotton-mills which run 35,000 spindles and employ nearly 1,000 hands. They built up the iron and other manufacturing industries in which over 3,000 men are engaged. They built up the jobbing houses which do a business of $50,000,000 annually. They showed the enterprise and pluck which brought twelve railroads thither seeking their trade. And if once they brought themselves and their town to the verge of ruin by the too great enthusiasm with which they backed a railroad construction company, it must at least be said that their recovery was swift and complete.

The natural advantages of soil and climate which he enjoys, the Maconian has utilized to the highest degree. He has made his town a city of homes, with broad, well-shaded streets, verdant lawns, and flowery gardens. The park system of the city is on a scale befitting a town which expects and deserves to grow rapidly and uninterruptedly. To soil and climate, too, is due the fertility of the surrounding peach orchards and watermelon fields which make of Macon one of the great fruit markets of the country. It is perhaps not necessary to accept the figures of the optimistic President of the Macon Advertising and Information Bureau when he assures prospective settlers that it costs $40,000 to bring a 1,000-acre peach orchard to maturity, while a single full crop will net the farmer $300,000. But none can traverse the fruitful territory about this little city without being impressed with the fact that its advantages are not half utilized, that the bounty of nature is going to waste, and that there, as in other parts of the South, it needs but industry, intelligence, and thrift applied to farming to bring in a rich reward.

I can give but a passing word to the educational and religious establishments of this thriving Southern town. Of the former the most interesting feature is the Wesleyan Female College, established in 1836, and certainly the oldest college for women in the United States, if not in the world. Think of that, O Smith and Vassar! Georgia, and not New England or New York, the pioneer in the higher education of women! It will be interesting, by the way, to New Yorkers to know that the building which at present houses this venerable institution owes its existence largely to the munificence of the late George I. Seney. Of churches Macon has forty-six, of which twenty-four are for the whites and twenty-two for the negroes.

Since Macon lost heart in the endeavor to outstrip Atlanta in the race for population, one great ambition burns in the minds of its citizens. The stranger is taken to the water part of the city and shown the Ocmulgee River—a turbid and not impressive stream. Once great river steamers came up that channel, he is told, and Macon then sat at the head of navigation in central Georgia. Brunswick was the port of entry then, and cotton shipped by boat from Macon was transferred direct to the holds of ocean steamers. All this, it is expected, shall come again, for not only have private funds been expended for dredging the river, but Uncle Sam has lent a friendly ear.

How Shall a Boy be Introduced to Tools?

By Charles Alpheus Bennett

Professor of Manual Training in the New York Teachers' College

When a parent introduces his son to books, he is careful to select the best ones and then to see that they are properly used. He should take no less pains in introducing his son to tools. Both books and tools are a valuable means in education, but their value depends upon the kinds selected and the use that is made of them.

It has sometimes been said that the country boy has a great advantage over the city boy in this matter of learning the use of tools. There is much truth in this statement, yet the extent to which it is true and the reasons why it is true are often lost sight of. After several years of Robinson Crusoe life in the sand-pit behind the barn, the country boy drops his play tools and takes up the real tools of the garden, the field, and the wood-pile. He is shown how deep to cover turnip-seeds and potatoes. With his new hoe he tries to keep up with the men in the corn-field. In haying-time he spreads the swaths in the morning, and loads or rakes after the cart in the afternoon. When harvest is over and the hills are covered with snow, he shoulders his ax and goes to the woods with his father or the hired man to help cut the year's stock of firewood. In a few days more he is serving an apprenticeship at the sawhorse and the chopping-block, or is trying his hand at the beetle and wedge. In all this work he is guided by his father or some one who is interested in having the tools used properly and the work done well. Herein lies one of the secrets of the value of the country boy's training in the use of these tools. He is not left to his own destruction, but is systematically drilled to do his work quickly and well.

But the country boy's opportunity to use tools does not always stop with the spade and the beetle; he often has access to a limited number of edged tools. Every thrifty farmer has, at least, two or three chisels, as many augers, a gimlet, a hand-saw, a draw-knife, and a spoke-shave. In the use of these his son is not always so successful as in the use of the heavier ones, and the training resulting from their use is not always so valuable. The value of edged tools to the farmer's boy is in direct ratio to the farmer's ability to use the tools himself and to his wisdom in dealing with his son. The wise father (and in this case poverty lends wisdom) does not give his boy the free use of all these tools at once. He first gives his son the gimlet and the spoke-shave or one of the chisels, at such times as he can supervise their use. Later the boy is allowed to use these tools at any time he pleases, and others are given him on special occasions. The father is careful to see that the boy knows how to use each tool properly and how to keep it in repair; but never is the boy allowed to use a tool until he has given assurance that he will neither damage the tool nor injure himself in using it. Unfortunately, many farmers do not take pains to teach their sons the use of edged tools. They only take pains to chastise them when a tool is lost or broken, and to say, "You ought to have known better" when a finger is cut or badly bruised. When the son of such a farmer comes to the manual-training school, the teacher becomes skeptical regarding the superiority of the country boy's training. Not only is this boy's way of handling tools unworkmanlike, but his careless and slovenly habits seem to retard his mental and moral growth. It is with great difficulty that the teacher puts him through a course of unlearning to get him back to the starting-point and ready to begin over again. This unfortunate state of affairs in many cases is clearly due to a lack of supervision and instruction.

Three suggestions, then, may be given to the parent who wishes to make tools as well as books an effective means in the education of his child.

1. Do not give him a Christmas present of a large box filled with a great variety of tools, of the use of which he knows nothing. Instead, buy him a few tools; add to this stock as fast as additions are needed; be sure they are excellent in quality, and that each tool is the right size. At first do not give him too many tools that imply a high degree of accuracy in working. Accuracy is the result of growth.

2. See that he is taught how to use a tool before you allow him the unrestricted use of it. It is desirable also that he should be taught how to sharpen it and to keep it in repair.

3. Manifest interest in his work, and supervise it enough to satisfy yourself that he is forming good habits instead of bad ones—habits of neatness and orderliness, of perseverance and accuracy, instead of the reverse.

The answer to the question, "How shall a boy be introduced to tools?" is now easily given. At first he should be taught to use the ordinary hand tools of the farm and garden. If this is impossible, teach him to use such other tools as the hammer, the hatchet, the saw, and the auger; these do not imply too high a degree of accuracy in working. Later he should gradually be taught the use of such finer tools as the chisel, the gouge, the plane, and the knife.

The father who cannot find time to teach his son the use of tools at home will do well to send him to a good manual-training school. In such a school instruction in the use of tools is given as a means of general education, not to teach a trade. The manual-training teacher takes the standpoint of the parent, and looks upon the boy, not as a future mechanic, but as a future man. Instruction from such a teacher under the favorable conditions existing in a well-equipped manual-training school is likely to be far better than can be given at home by the father. But the fact that a boy is sent to a manual-training school does not relieve the parent of all responsibility regarding the boy's training in the use of tools. His school work should be supplemented by work in the home shop. In this work the parent should always manifest deep interest and take pains to see that the habits formed are of such a nature as to elevate and strengthen the character of the child.

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—A HOME OF MANY GENERATIONS

For Chapters I. and II. see the last Magazine Number of The Outlook (December 21)

It was the custom of the former time to construct roads on a straight line, with a preference for uphill and down, and engineers refused to make a circuit of twenty yards to secure level ground. There were two advantages in this uncompromising principle of construction, and it may be doubtful which commended itself most to the mind of our fathers. Roads were drained after the simplest fashion, because a standing pool in the hollow had more than a compensation in the dryness of the ascent and descent, while the necessity of sliddering down one side and scrambling up the other reduced driving to the safe average of four miles an hour—horse-doctors forming a class by themselves, and being preserved in their headlong career by the particular Providence which has a genial regard for persons who have too little sense or have taken too much liquor. Degenerate descendants, anxious to obtain the maximum of speed with the mimimum of exertion, have shown a quite wonderful ingenuity in circumventing hills, so the road between Drumtochty Manse and Tochty Lodge gate was duplicated, and the track that plunged into the hollow was now forsaken of wheeled traffic and overgrown with grass.

"This way, Kate; it's the old road, and the way I came to kirk with my mother. Yes, it's narrow, but we 'ill get through and down below—it is worth the seeing."

So they forced a passage where the overgrown hedges resisted the wheels, and the trees, wet with a morning shower, dashed Kate's jacket with a pleasant spray, and the rail of the dog-cart was festooned with tendrils of honeysuckle and wild geranium.

"There is the parish kirk of Drumtochty," as they came out and halted on the crest of the hill, "and though it be not much to look at after the Norman churches of the south, it's a brave old kirk in our fashion, and well set in the Glen."

For it stood on a knoll, whence the ground sloped down to the Tochty, and it lay with God's acre round it in the shining of the sun. Half a dozen old beeches made a shadow in the summer-time, and beat off the winter's storms. One standing at the west corner of the kirkyard had a fuller and sweeter view of the Glen than could be got anywhere save from the beeches at the Lodge; but then nothing like unto that can be seen far or near, and I have marveled why painting men have never had it on their canvas.

"Our vault is at the east end, where the altar was in the old days, and there our dead of many generations lie. A Carnegie always prayed to be buried with his people in Drumtochty, but, as it happened, two out of three of our house have fallen on the field, and so most of us have not had our wish.

"Black John, my grandfather, was out in '45, and escaped to France. He married a Highland lassie orphaned there, and entered the French service, as many a Scot did before him since the days of the Scots Guards. But when he felt himself a-dying, he asked leave of the English government to come home, and he would not die till he laid himself down in his room in the tower. Then he gave directions for his funeral, how none were to be asked of the county folk but Drummonds and Hays and Stewarts from Blair Athole and such like that had been out with the Prince. And he made his wife promise that she would have him dressed for his coffin as he fought on Culloden field, for he had kept the clothes.

"Then he asked that the window should be opened that he might hear the lilting of the burn below; and he called for my father, who was only a young lad, and commanded him to enter one of the Scottish regiments and be a loyal kingsman, since all was over with the Stewarts.

"He said a prayer and kissed his wife's hand, being a courtly gentleman, and died listening to the sound of the water running over the stones in the den below."

"It was as good as dying on the field," said Kate, her face flushing with pride; "that is an ancestor worth remembering. And did he get a worthy funeral?"

"More than he asked for; his old comrades gathered from far and near, and some of the chiefs that were out of hiding came down, and they brought him up this very road, with the pipers playing before the coffin. Fifty gentlemen buried John Carnegie, and every man of them had been out with the Prince.

"When they gathered in the stone hall you 'ill see soon, his friend-in-arms, Patrick Murray, gave three toasts. The first was 'the king,' and every man bared his head; the second was 'to him that is gone;' the third was 'to the friends that are far awa';' and then one of the chiefs proposed another, 'to the men of Culloden;' and after that every gentleman dashed his glass on the floor. Though he was only a little lad at the time, my father never forgot the sight.

"He also told me that my grandmother never shed a tear, but looked prouder than he ever saw her, and before they left the hall she bade each gentleman good-by, and to the chief she spoke in Gaelic, being of Cluny's blood and a gallant lady.

"Another thing she did also which the lad could not forget, for she brought down her husband's sword from the room in the turret, and Patrick Murray, of the House of Athole, fastened it above the big fireplace, where it hangs unto this day, crossed now with my father's, as you will see, Kate, unless we stand here all day going over old stories."

"They're glorious stories, dad; why didn't you tell them to me before? I want to get into the spirit of the past and feel the Carnegie blood swinging in my veins before we come to the Lodge. What did they do afterwards, or was that all?"

"They mounted their horses in the courtyard, and as each man passed out of the gate he took off his hat and bowed low to the widow, who stood in a window I will show you, and watched till the last disappeared into the avenue; but my father ran out and saw them ride down the road in order of threes, a goodly company of gentlemen. But this sight is better than horsemen and swords."

They were now in the hollow between the kirk and the Lodge, a cup of greenery surrounded by wood. Behind, they still saw the belfry through the beeches; before, away to the right, the gray stone of a turret showed among the trees. The burn that sang to Black John ran beneath them with a pleasant sound, and fifty yards of turf climbed up to the cottage where the old road joined the new, and the avenue of the Lodge began. Over this ascent the branches met, through which the sunshine glimmered and flickered, and down the center came a white and brown cow in charge of an old woman.

"It's Bell Robb, that lives in the cottage there among the bushes. I was at the parish school with her, Kate—she's just my age—for we were all John Thamson's bairns in those days, and got our learning and our licks together, laird's son and cottar's daughter.

"People would count it a queer mixture nowadays, but there were some advantages in the former parish school idea; there were lots of cleverer subalterns in the old regiment, but none knew his men so well as I did. I had played and fought with their kind. Would you mind saying a word to Bell . . . just her name or something?" for this was a new life to the pride of the regiment, as they called Kate, and Carnegie was not sure how she might

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

take it. Kate was a lovable lass, but, like every complete woman, she had a temper and a stock of prejudices. She was *bon camerade* with all true men, although her heart was whole, and with a few women that did not mince their words or carry two faces; but Kate had claws inside the velvet, and once she so handled with her tongue a young fellow who offended her that he sent in his papers. What she said was not much, but it was memorable, and every word drew blood. Her father was never quite certain what she would do, although he was always sure of her love.

"Do you suppose, dad, that I'm to take up with all your friends of the jackdaw days? You seem to have kept fine company." Kate was already out of the dog-cart, and now took Bell by the hand.

"I am the General's daughter, and he was telling me that you and he were playmates long ago. You 'ill let me come to see you, and you 'ill tell me all his exploits when he was John Carnegie?"

"To think he minded me, an' him sae lang awa' at the weary wars." Bell was between the laughing and the crying. "We're lifted to know oor laird's a General, and that he's gotten sic honor. There's nae bluid like the auld bluid, an' the Carnegies cud aye afford tae be hamely.

"Ye're like him," and Bell examined Kate carefully; "but a' can tell yir mither's dochter, a weel-faured mettlesome lady as wes ever seen; wae's me, wae's me for the wars," at the sight of Carnegie's face; "but ye 'ill come in to see Marjorie. A'll mak her ready," and Bell hurried into the cottage.

"Marjorie has been blind from her birth. She was the pet of the school, and now Bell takes care of her. Davidson was telling me that she wanted to support Marjorie off the wages she earns as a field-hand on the farms, and the parish had to force half a crown a week on them; but hear this."

"Never mind hoo ye look," Bell was speaking. "A' canna' keep them waitin' till ye be snoddit."

"Gie me ma kep, at ony rate, that the minister brocht frae Perth, and Drumsheugh's shawl; it wudna be respecfu' to oor Laird, an' it his first veesit;" and there was a note of refinement in the voice, as of one living apart.

"Yes, I'm here, Marjorie," and the General stooped over the low bed where the old woman was lying, "and this is my daughter, the only child left me; you would hear that all my boys were killed."

"We did that, and we were a' wae for ye; a' thocht o' ye and a' saw ye in yir sorrow, for them 'at canna see ootside see the better inside. But it 'ill be some comfort to be in the hame o' yir people aince mair, and to ken ye've dune yir wark weel. It's pleasant for us to think the licht 'ill be burnin' in the windows o' the Lodge again, and that ye're come back aifter the wars.

"Miss Kate, wull ye lat me pass ma hand ower yir face, an' then a'll ken what like ye are better nor some 'at hes the joy o' seein' ye wi' their een. . . . The Glen 'ill be the happier for the sicht o' ye; a' thank ye for yir kindness to a puir woman."

"If you begin to pay compliments, Marjorie, I'll tell you what I think of that cap; for the pink is just the very shade for your complexion, and it's a perfect shape."

"Ma young minister, Maister Carmichael, seleckit it in Muirtown, an' a' heard that he went ower sax shops to find one to his fancy; he never forgets me, an' he wrote me a letter on his holiday. A'body likes him for his bonnie face an' honest ways."

"Oh, I know him already, Marjorie, for he drove up with us, and I thought him very nice; but we must go, for you know I've not yet seen our home, and I'm just tingling with curiosity."

"You 'ill not leave without breakin' bread; it's little we hae, but we can offer ye oat-cake an' milk in token o' oor loyalty;" and then Bell brought the elements of Scottish food; and when Marjorie's lips moved in prayer as they ate, it seemed to Carnegie and his daughter like a sacrament. So the two went from the fellowship of the poor to their ancient house.

They drove along the avenue between the stately beeches that stood on either side and reached out their branches, almost but not quite unto meeting, so that the sun, now in the south, made a train of light down which the General and Kate came home. At the end of the beeches the road wheeled to the right, and Kate saw for the first time the dwelling-place of her people. Tochty Lodge was of the fourth period of Scottish castellated architecture, and till it fell into disrepair was a very perfect example of the sixteenth-century mansion-house, where strength of defense could not yet be dispensed with, for the Carnegies were too near the Highland border to do without thick walls or to risk habitation on the ground floor. The buildings had first been erected on the L plan, and then had been made into a quadrangle, so that on the left was the main part, with a tower at the southwest corner over the den, and a wing at the southeast coming out to meet the gate. On the northeast and north were a tower and rooms now in ruins, and along the west ran a wall some six feet high with a stone walk three feet from the top, whence you could look down on the burn. A big gateway, whose doors were of oak studded with nails, with a grated lattice for observation, gave entrance to the courtyard. In the center of the yard there was an ancient oak and a draw well whose water never failed. The eastern face was bare of ivy, except at the north corner, where stood the jackdaws' tower; but the rough gray stone was relieved by the tendrils and red blossoms of the hardy tropiolum, which despises the rich soil of the south and the softer air, and grows luxuriantly on our homely northern houses. As they came to the gateway, the General bade Kate pull up and read the scroll above, which ran in clear-cut stone letters—

TRY AND THEN
TRVST BETTER GVDE
ASSVRANCE
BOT TRVST NOT
OR YE TRY FOR FEAR
OF REPENTANCE

"We've been a slow dour race, Kit, who never gave our heart lightly, but having given it never played the traitor. Fortune has not favored us, for acre after acre has gone from our hands, but, thank God, we've never had dishonor."

"And never will, dad, for we are the last of the race."

Janet Macpherson was waiting in the deep doorway of the tower, and gave Kate welcome as one whose ancestors had for three generations served the Carnegies, since the day Black John had married a Macpherson.

"Calf of my heart," she cried, and took Kate in her arms. "It iss your foster mother that will be glad to see you in the home of your people, and will be praying that God will give you peace and good days."

Then they went up the winding stone stair, with deep, narrow windows, and came into the dining-hall where the fifty Jacobites toasted the king and many a gathering had taken place in the olden time. It was thirty-five feet long by fifteen broad, and twenty-two feet high. The floor was of flags over arches below, and the bare stone walls showed at the windows and above the black oak paneling which reached ten feet from the ground. The fireplace was six feet high, and so wide that two could sit on either side within. Upon the mantelpiece the Carnegie arms stood out in bold relief under the two crossed swords. One or two portraits of dead Carnegies and some curious weapons broke the monotony of the walls, and from the roof hung a finely wrought iron candelabra. The western portion of the hall was separated by a screen of open woodwork, and made a pleasant dining-room. A door in the corner led into the tower, which had a library, with Carnegie's bedroom above, and higher still Kate's room, each with a tiny dressing-closet. For the Carnegies always lived together in this tower, and their guests at the other end of the hall. The library had two windows. From one you could look down and see nothing but the foliage of the den, with a gleam of water where the burn made a pool, and from the other you looked over a meadow with big trees to the Tochty sweeping round a bend, and across to the high opposite banks covered with brushwood. First they visited Carnegie's room.

"Here have we been born, and died if we did not fall in battle, and it's not a bad billet, after all, for an old soldier. Yes, that is your mother when we were married, but I like this one better," and the General touched his breast, for he carried his love next his heart in a silver locket of curious design.

Three fine deerskins lay on the floor, and one side of the room was hung with tapestry; but the most striking piece of furnishing in the room was an oak cupboard, sunk a foot into the wall.

"I'll show you something in that cabinet after luncheon, Kate; but now let's see your room."

"How beautiful! and how cunning you have been," and then she took an inventory of the furniture, all new, but all in keeping with the age of the room. "You have spent far too much on a very self-willed and bad-tempered girl, and all I can do is to make you promise that you will come up here sometimes and let me give you tea in this window-seat, where we can see the woods and the Tochty."

"Well, Donald," said the General at table to his faithful servant, "how do you think Drumtochty will suit you?"

"Any place where you and Miss Kate will be living is a good place for me, and there are six, or maybe four, men I hef been meeting that hef the language, but not good Gaelic—just poor Perthshire talk," for Donald was a West Highlander, and prided himself on his better speech.

"And what about a kirk, Donald? Aren't you Free like Janet?"

"Oh, yes, I am Free; but it iss not to that kirk I will be going to here, and I am telling Janet that she will be caring more about a man that has a pleasant way with him that about the truth."

"What's wrong with things, Donald, since we lay in Edinburgh twenty years ago, and you used to give me bits of the Free Kirk sermons?"

"It iss all wrong that they hef been going these last years, for they stand to sing and they sit to pray, and they will be using human hymns. And it iss great pieces of the Bible they hef cut out, and I am told that they are not done yet, but are going from bad to worse," and Donald invited questioning.

"What more are they after, man?"

"It will be myself that has found it out, and it iss only what might be expected, but I am not saying that you will be believing me."

"Out with it, Donald; let's hear what kind of people we've come amongst."

"They've been just fairly left to themselves, and the godless bodies hef taken to watering the whisky."

CHAPTER IV.—A SECRET CHAMBER

"The cabinet now, dad, and at once," when they went up the stairs and were standing in the room. "Just give me three guesses about the mystery; but first let me examine."

It was pretty to see Kate opening the doors, curiously carved with hunting scenes, and searching the interior, tapping with her knuckles and listening for a hollow sound.

"Is it a treasure we are to find? Then that's one point. Not in the cabinet? I have it; there is a door into some other place; am n't I right?"

"Where could it be? We're in a tower cut off from the body of the Lodge, with a room above and a room below;" and the General sat down to allow full investigation.

After many journeys up and down the stair, and many questions that brought no light, Kate played a woman's trick up in her room.

"The General wishes to show me the concealed room in this tower, Janet, or whatever you call it. Would you kindly tell us how to get entrance? You needn't come down; just explain to me;" and Kate was very pleasant indeed.

"Yes, I am hearing there is a room in the tower, Miss Kate, that strangers will not be able to find; and it would be very curious if the Carnegies did not have a safe place for an honest gentleman when he was in a little trouble. All the good houses will have their secret places, and it will not be easy to find some of them. Oh, no; now I will remember one at Glamis Castle . . ."

"Never mind Glamis, nurse, for the General is waiting. Where is the spring? Is it in the oak cabinet?"

"It will be good for the General to be resting himself after his luncheon, and he will be thinking many things in his room. Oh, yes," continued Janet, settling herself down to narrative, and giving no heed to Kate's beguiling ways, "old Mary that died near a hundred would be often telling me stories of the old days when I wass a little girl, and the one I liked best wass about the hiding of the Duke of Perth."

"You will tell me that to-morrow, when I come down to see your house, Janet, and to-day you 'ill tell me how to open the spring."

"But it would be a pity not to finish the story about the Duke of Perth, for it goes well, and it will be good for a Carnegie to hear it." And Kate flung herself into the window-seat, but was hugely interested all the same.

"Mary was sitting at her door in the evening, and that would be three days after Culloden, for the news had been sent by a sure hand from the Laird, when a man came riding along the road, and as soon as Mary saw him she knew he was somebody. But perhaps it will be too long a story," and Janet began to arrange dresses in a wardrobe.

"No, no; as you have begun it, I want to hear the end; but quick, for there's the room to see and the rest of the Lodge before it grows dark. What like was he?"

"He wass a man that looked as if he would be commanding, but his clothes were common gray, and stained with the road. He wass very tired, and could hardly hold himself up in the saddle, and his horse wass covered with foam.

"'Is this Tochty Lodge?' he asked, softening his voice as one trying to speak humbly. 'I am passing this way, and have a message for Mistress Carnegie; think you that I can have speech of her quietly?'

"So Mary will go up and tell the lady that one wass waiting to see her, and that he seemed a noble gentleman. When they came down to the courtyard he had drawn water for his horse from the well, and wass giving him to drink, thinking more of the beast that had borne him than of his own need, as became a man of birth.

"At the sight of the lady he took off his bonnet and bowed low, and asked if he might have a private audience, to which Mistress Carnegie replied, 'We are private here,' and asked, 'Have you been with my son?'

"'We fought together for the Prince three days since—my name is Perth. I am escaping for my life, and desire a brief rest, if it please you, and bring no danger to your house.'

"'Ye had been welcome, my Lord Duke,' and Mary used to show how her mistress straightened herself, 'though you were the poorest soldier that had drawn his sword for the good cause, and ye will stay here till it be safe for you to escape to France.'

"He was four weeks hidden in the room, and although the soldiers searched all the house, they could never find the place, and Mrs. Carnegie put scorn upon them, asking why they did her so much honor and whom they sought. Oh, yes, it wass a cunning place for the bad times, and you will be pleased to see it."

"And the secret, Janet," cried Kate, her hand upon the door; "you know it quite well."

"So does the General, Catherine of my heart," said Janet, "and he will be liking to show it himself."

So Kate departed in a rage, and gave orders that there be no more delay, for she would not spend an afternoon seeking for rat-holes.

"No rat-hole, Kit, but a very fair chamber for a hunted man; it is twenty years and more since this door opened last, for none knows the trick of it save Janet and myself. There it goes."

A panel in the back of the cabinet slid aside behind its neighbor, and left a passage through which one could squeeze himself with an effort.

"We go up a stair now, and must have light; a candle will do; the air is perfectly pure, for there's plenty of ventilation;" and then they crept up by steps in the thickness of the walls, till they stood in a chamber under six feet high, but otherwise as large as the bedroom below. The walls were lined with wood, and there were two tiny slits that gave air, but hardly any light. The only furniture in the room was an oaken chest, clasped with iron and curiously locked.

"Our plate-chest, Kit; but there's not much silver and gold in it, worse luck for you, lassie; in fact, we're a pack of fools to set store by it. There's nothing in the kist but some old clothes, and perhaps some buckles and such like. I dare say there is a lock of hair also. Some day we will have a look inside."

"To-day, instantly," and Kate shook her father. "You are a dreadful hypocrite, for I can see that you would rather Tochty were burned down than this box be lost. Are there any relics of Prince Charlie in it? Quick!"

"Be patient; it's a difficult key to turn; there now;" but there was not much to see—only pieces of woolen cloth tightly folded down.

"Call Janet, Kate, for she ought to see this opening; and we 'ill carry everything down to my room, for no one could tell what like things are in this gloom.

"Yes, Perth lived here for weeks, and used to go up to the gallery where Black John's mother sat with her maid; but the son was hiding in the North, and never reached his house till he came to die."

First of all they came upon a ball dress of the former time, of white silk, with a sash of Macpherson tartan, besides much fine lace.

"That is the dress your grandmother wore as a bride at the Court of Versailles in the seventies. She was only a lassie, and seemed like her husband's daughter. The Prince danced with her, and they counted the dress something to be kept, and that night Lochiel and Cluny also had a reel with Sheena Carnegie, while Black John looked like a young man, for he had been too sorely wounded to be able to dance with her himself." And then the General carried down with his own hands a Highland gentleman's evening dress, trews of the Royal tartan, and a velvet coat with silver buttons, and a light plaid of fine cloth.

"And this was her husband's dress that night; but why the Stewart tartan?"

"No, lassie, that is the suit the Prince wore at Holyrood, where he gave a great ball after Prestonpans, and danced with the Edinburgh ladies. It was smuggled across to France at last with other things of the Prince's, and he gave it to Carnegie.

"It will remind you of our great days," he said, "when the Stewarts saw their friends in Mary's Palace."

Last of all, the General lifted out a casket and laid it on his table. Within it was a brooch, such as might once have been worn either by a man or a woman; diamonds set in gold, and in the midst a lock of fair hair.

"Is it really, father? . . ." And Kate took the jewel in her hand.

"Yes, the Prince's hair—his wedding present to Sheena Macpherson."

Kate kissed it fervently, and passed it to Janet, who placed it carefully in the box, while the General made believe to laugh.

"Your mother wore the brooch on great occasions, and you will do the same, Kit, for auld lang syne. There are two or three families left in Perthshire that will like to see it on your breast."

"Yes, and there will maybe be more than two or three that will like to see the lady that wears it." This from Janet.

"Your compliments are a little late, and you may keep them to yourself, Janet; it would have been kinder to tell me . . ."

"Tell you what?" And the General looked very provoking.

"I hate to be beaten." Kate first looked angry, and then laughed. "What else is there to see?"

"There is the gallery, which is the one feature in our poor house, and we will try to reach it from the Duke's hiding-place, for it was a cleverly designed hole, and had its stair up as well as down." And then they all came out into one of the strangest rooms you could find in Scotland, and one that left a pleasant picture in their minds who had seen it lit of a winter night, and the wood burning on the hearth, and Kate dancing a reel with Lord Hay or some other brisk young man, while the General looked on from one of the deep window recesses.

The gallery extended over the hall and Kate's drawing-room, and measured fifty feet long from end to end. The upper part of the walls was divided into compartments by an arcading, made of painted pilasters and flat arches. Each compartment had a motto, and this was on one side of the fireplace:

A · nice · wyfe · and
A · back doore
Oft · maketh · a rich
Man . poore.

And on the other:

Give liberalye
To neidſvl · folke ·
Denye · nane · of ·
Them · al · for · litle
Thow · knawest · heir
In · this lyfe · of what
Chaunce · may · the
Befall.

The glory of the gallery, however, was its ceiling, which was of the seventeenth-century work, and so wonderful that many learned persons used to come and study it. After the great disaster when the Lodge was sold and allowed to fall to pieces, this fine work went first, and now no one examining its remains could have imagined how wonderful it was, and in its own way how beautiful. This ceiling was of wood, painted, and semi-elliptical in form, and one wet day, when we knew not what else to do, Kate and I counted more than three hundred panels. It was an arduous labor for the neck, and the General refused to help us; but I am sure that we did not make too many, for we worked time about, while the General took note of the figures, and our plan was that each finished his tale of work at some amazing beast, so that we could make no mistake. Some of the panels were circles, and they were filled in with coats-of-arms; some were squares, and they contained a bestiary of that day. It was hard indeed to decide whether the circles or the squares were more interesting. The former had the arms of every family in Scotland that had the remotest connection with the Carnegies, and besides swept in a wider field, comprising David King of Israel, who was placed near Hector of Troy, and Arthur of Brittany not far from Moses—all of whom had appropriate crests and mottoes. In the center were the arms of our Lord Christ as Emperor of Judea, and the chief part of them was the Cross. But it came upon one with a curious shock to see this coat among the shields of Scottish nobles. There were beasts that could be recognized at once, and these were sparingly named; but others were astounding, and above them were inscribed titles such as these: Shoe-lyon, Musket, Ostray; and one fearsome animal in the center was designated the Ram of Arabia. This display of heraldry and natural history was reinforced by the cardinal virtues in seventeenth-century dress: Charitas as an elderly female of extremely forbidding aspect, receiving two very imperfectly clad children; and Temperantia as a furious-looking person—male on the whole rather than female—pouring some liquor—surely water—from a jug into a cup, with averted face, and leaving little to be desired. The afternoon sun shining in through a western window and lingering among the black and white tracery, so that the marking of a shield came into relief or a beast suddenly glared down on one, had a weird, old-world effect.

"It's half an armory and half a menagerie," said Kate, "and I think we 'ill have tea in the library with the windows open to the Glen." And so they sat together in quietness, with books of heraldry and sport and ancient Scottish classics and such like round them, while Janet went out and in.

"So Donald has been obliged to leave his kirk;" for

Kate had not yet forgiven Janet. "He says it's very bad here; I hope you won't go to such a place."

"What would Donald Macdonald be saying against it?" inquired Janet, severely.

"Oh, I don't remember—lots of things. He thought you were making too much of the minister."

"The minister iss a good man, and hass some Highland blood in him, though he hass lost his Gaelic, and he will be very pleasant in the house.

"If I wass seeing a sheep, and it will be putting on this side and that, and quarreling with everybody, do you know what I will be thinking?"

"That's Donald, I suppose; well?"

"I will say to myself, that sheep iss a goat." And Janet left the room with the laurels of victory.

[To be continued in the February Magazine Number of The Outlook]

Books and Authors

Walter Pater's Last Essays[1]

Walter Pater

This last volume, now posthumously published, of Mr. Pater's essays is made up almost entirely of the work of the last few years of his life. It contains also a curious study, printed as "the only specimen known to be preserved of those early essays . . . by which his literary gifts were first made known to the small circle of his Oxford friends," and the exquisite "Child in the House," which, though published seventeen years ago, has only of late come to general notice. But the other essays come within the last five years, and as a whole the book gives a good idea of the later developments of Mr. Pater's work and thought.

Like Matthew Arnold and Ruskin, Mr. Pater was always interested in art, not for itself alone, but in its relation to life. He wanted always to know, not merely what it was, in what forms it was manifest, but what kind of element it made in the great complex of circumstance that envelops each one of us. Indeed, in his real interest in actual life he went far beyond the two other great critics of our time, having in fact such a feeling for concrete humanity that he was himself not merely a critic, but a creative artist as well, and hence came "Marius the Epicurean" and the "Imaginary Portraits," of which, by the way, three are contained in this volume, as fine as any of the others. Matthew Arnold regarded literature as a sort of guide to conduct, but always in a largely intellectual way. Ruskin looked at all art as didactic, and at almost all works of art as symbolizing universal ideas. But Pater always sought for the actual people who had produced any artistic thing; he always strove to see the artist behind and in his work.

The particular direction which this effort took was toward an emphasizing of the representative character of style. Where Ruskin presents at length the allegoric significance of the quatrefoils in the façade of Amiens, Mr. Pater is interested in the cathedral as being one of "the grand and beautiful *people's* churches of the thirteenth century," so that he chooses as a companion study (both essays are here republished) the monastic church of Vézelay. The way in which the style represented the artist, the personal note in style, that was Mr. Pater's great interest, even as in the lecture on Mérimée here, where "Mérimée's superb self-effacement, his impersonality" is the personal trait. In his earlier work other principles seemed more important to Mr. Pater, but as he grew older this one seems to have become more dominant.

This idea, however, even when urgently insisted upon, is not in itself strikingly original; in Mr. Pater's mind it seems to have been connected with another: not the representative quality of style only, but the moral quality of it, the formative power of good style, the transmutation, in a way, not here of conduct into expression, but of expression back again into conduct. The formative power of style—he never stated exactly his conception of it. In his earlier days he pressed his conviction that the function of art was to give the highest quality to the passing moment; pressed it in a manner so focused and surcharged that it is not easily forgotten. But the later conception, that style may be a force in life, an influence on character, this idea never came to perfectly definite expression in Mr. Pater's work. It is by stray hints here and there that one becomes conscious of it—by stray hints and by its reflection on his own writing. In the last chapter of "Plato and Platonism" is there something approaching a clear statement, but in this volume only dim allusions. Still, this vaguer, less definite conception of the influence of art in life seems largely to have taken the place of the earlier theory which has offended so many who only half understood it.

If, however, this last volume gives us no new light upon the problem opened in the last lecture on Plato, it does show us clearly enough another development of the representative power of style, and that in the style of Mr. Pater himself. His earlier way of writing—the Conclusion to "The Renaissance" is the best example, although the passage on La Gioconda seems to be most quoted—his earlier style has here given place to a mode of expression very different. We have an example of the early work in the Oxford essay in this volume, which forms a quaint contrast with the writing of later years—a sort of journeyman's masterpiece, it seems. Interesting also is this lecture on Mérimée, which in the beginning is as diamond-like as if he had written it twenty years ago, perhaps consciously so with a view to its subject. But in a few pages we have the later style, the suggestion, the colloquial tone, which marks all his later writings. Instead of the clear, direct statements, we have all the armory of suggestion, the conjecture, the approximation, the remark to the reader, the exclamation. And, instead of the brilliancy and grace of literary tradition, we have countless indications of an effort to come nearer to real speech. So his style becomes less and less of a formal court costume, and more and more the every-day working-dress of an intense and cultivated intellect. To some degree also is it the mirror—and here let us recall that idea that style has a formative power, a molding quality—the mirror, not so much of Mr. Pater's actual temper, probably, as of the temper which we may think one of his ideals. Sensitive it is, subtle enough, and yet masculine and persistently truthful, putting persuasion in the place of crying and striving, attaining its end by reasonable influence instead of by authority, looking on all sides of the matter, dissatisfied with cut-and-dried conventionalities, scholarly but not pedantic, and therefore clear-sighted and keen, judging possibilities and probabilities rather than setting the thing down *ex cathedra*, and very human all the time, speaking to the reader as a friend to a friend. And all these characteristics, which might be of a man rather than of a way of writing, may have been to some extent qualities of the temper which Mr. Pater conceived of as best for one who would see clearly all the shows of this world, what they were, and through them all—whatever such a one might see.

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The theory of evolution and the theology of the divine immanence fit together, as is obvious to any one. W. F. English, of the First Congregational Church of East Windsor, Conn., has ventured to put this famous thought of Hegel's into a popular form in the way of an essay on natural theology, entitled *Evolution and the Immanent God.* (The Arena Publishing Company, Boston.) The special value of Mr. English's essay lies, not in any originality of thought, but in his application of the principle to many details of theology, such as the question of providence, miracles, prayer, immortality, and the like. As a contribution to a higher and less materialistic idea of God this book may be welcomed.

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[1] *Miscellaneous Studies by Walter Pater.* Prepared for the Press by Charles L. Shadwell. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.75.

Novels and Tales

The artist is often revealed as strongly in small things as in great. Mr. S. J. Weyman's *The Little Wizard* is short and slight, but, within its chosen limits, is a thoroughly artistic bit of fiction. Its hero is a little Royalist lad of the times of Charles I., who falls among rustic fanatics and, by an odd train of events, becomes suspected of being endowed with witch powers and of bringing a storm to hinder the march of Cromwell's army. The brief glimpse of Cromwell himself is admirably given. The close is dramatically managed and effective. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)

Mr. J. A. Mitchell, the editor of "Life," has tried his hand at a tale of the marvelous. The hero of his story (the heir of an East Indian kingdom, but transported as a boy to a Connecticut farm) has the gift of seeing exact pictures of future events, and the peculiar difficulty of his position when he thus sees the manner of his own death just before his marriage is ingeniously dwelt upon. There is plenty of invention in the story and some humor, though not as much as might be hoped for in the editor of our best humorous paper. But it cannot be said that it has the merit of being a reflection of nature or life. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. John Fox, Jr., is a worthy follower of Miss Murfree in treating the Southern mountain life with imaginative force. Like Miss Murfree, he faithfully reproduces dialect to an extent that sometimes becomes wearisome; but there are back of the dialect life, passion, and incident. In *A Cumberland Vendetta, and Other Stories* the tale which gives name to the book is much the best in the volume. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

One suspects the decadent when one reads the title of the new novel by Mr. Percy White, the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin." Yet *Corruption* is not a morbid book. It deals with a wretched failure of a man's life through an entanglement of passion. The fall of the clever politician and possible great statesman is as pitiable as it is complete, and the positive moral lesson is absolutely obvious. The realism of the book is distinct but not disagreeable. If it be allowable to treat the topic at all, it must be admitted that the method here is manly and free from objectionable purpose. From the literary standpoint the author's style is hard and unsympathetic, but he has force and clearness. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Galloping Dick, as portrayed by H. B. Marriott Watson, is a sturdy rogue and highwayman of the Claude Duval type. His impudence leads him into extraordinary adventures with a bishop, a rebel, an elegant lady of the court, and even with "Old Rowley," or King Charles II. in person. It cannot be said that there is profit to be found in these tales, but that the author has the power of creating a character and making his narrative and his diction fit the times of which he writes cannot be denied. There is even a trace of the Stevensonian delicacy of touch here and there, and notably in the adventure with the bishop. The coarseness of manners of the day is by no means disguised. The story cannot be commended for universal reading. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.)

Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson is one of the strongest poets and sketch-writers in the interesting group of the younger Irish authors. In *The Way of a Maid* she gives us a novel of Irish life which is charming in so far as it is a transcript of actual nature, but fails when it plunges into the depths of imaginative passion. The author's forte is with the simple, the natural, and the actual. Her characters are better than her plot. There is a great deal of promise in the novel, but we cannot think it equal to some of her slighter stories and sketches. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Julian Ralph, in *People We Pass*, comes very close to the line that separates strong, original fiction from the clever newspaper man's presentation of what he sees about him. In these stories the "people" are avowedly types of New York East Side dwellers. Mr. Ralph has done much more than catch the slang, dialect, and swagger of the East Side streets. He has found the point of view that explains motive and character. The incidents as well as the people are typical. The book is admirably illustrated. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

We had thought that we never wanted to see another novel of the French Revolution, but *The Veil of Liberty: A Tale of the Girondins*, by Peronne, has caused us to recant. It is a graceful story, gracefully narrated, and about a section of that great movement not commonly taken by the novel-writers as a subject. The plot is well managed and the characters are developed in a rational fashion. It is not a "blood and thunder" story, but a highly moral tale. The outcome is somewhat depressing, as would be expected from the title. The author professes to follow history closely in delineation of plot and of characters. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

John Darker, a novel by Aubrey Lee, is a story upon which a considerable amount of talent has been wasted. The idea of the story is novel, the plot is ingenious, the people and places are vividly described. The author has a power of description almost photographic. The characters are fairly well developed, and the result of the action of the story is poetically just. On the other hand, one lays down the book with the question, To what purpose is such a story written, and what does it signify? It is a long-drawn-out chronicle of commonplaces; nowhere does the story rise to a high moral or intellectual plane. From beginning to end we traverse a dull, low level of mediocrity. There are many words and many pages, and they signify nothing. It is form without substance. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

In our opinion, *Lilith: A Romance*, by George Macdonald, is a menace to the reason of the reader. It is an allegory wherein dream passes into reality and reality shades into dream by such indefinable degrees that it is not possible to tell where the dividing line lies. The motive-idea of the story is a magic mirror, through which one steps into a world of the higher dimensions, and in this world encounters Adam's first wife, Lilith, with other extraordinary allegorical personages, and thus passes through a romance of moral life which is figured under a series of exciting adventures. The story is not grotesque; it is uncanny, yet undoubtedly possesses literary power and moral excellence, if only we could guess the interpretation of the author's difficult parable. It resembles the shifting phantasmagoria of an opium dream. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, has put forth a new story, *Gathering Clouds: A Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom*, which is in some sort a companion to the story called "Darkness and Dawn." The period of history treated in "Gathering Clouds" is, as all students know, singularly picturesque. The social and political life of Constantinople were then in a state of ferment. Chrysostom was a man who united in himself, to an extent unusual, strength and sweetness of character. His faults were the errors of his time, his virtues belonged to his holy religion. The complications with which he was involved arose from many conflicting interests. All this Dean Farrar has treated with a certain fairness, though we cannot help feeling that at times he is unable to sympathize with the sincere conviction of the orthodox party. His story is a historical study, rather than a piece of fiction, a novel, or romance. He has allowed himself no liberties with facts, and his fancy plays only in the domain of the unknown. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The reasons may be physiological, or they may be industrial and economic, but, be they what they may, the dominant tendency of the intellectual world at the present day is towards a general pessimism and even cynicism. This tendency of human feeling has been made a study by Joseph Hocking in his novel *All Men are Liars*. The character that he has chosen to dissect is that of an intense, high-strung, noble-souled man, who is, by disappointment in his fellow-beings, driven to discouragement and to moral suicide. The book itself is saved from being unhealthy by the introduction of some true and worthy characters, who convince the hero, Stephen Edgcumbe, that there are some men, even if they be but few, who are true. While it may be true of thousands, as the bitter poet has said,

> They eat and drink and scheme and plod,
> They go to church on Sunday;
> And many are afraid of God,
> And more of Mrs. Grundy,

it is not true of all. There are undoubtedly left at least ten thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Balaam or kissed the calves. The literary form of this novel is good. It is the work of a practiced hand, and this, united with its excellent moral effect, renders it a story to be commended. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

Teachers of German will welcome the publication of a new book containing three stories, with capital notes and a grammatical appendix of peculiar excellence. The stories are Goethe's "Die neue Melusine," Zschokke's "Der tote Gast," and Kleist's "Die Verlobung in St. Domingo." The editing is done by Professor A. B. Nichols, of Harvard. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

The author of *A Hard Woman: A Story in Scenes*, by Violet Hunt, believes that she (or he) has depicted a type of a large class. The class in reality is not large, though it does really exist. The hard woman, whose only idea is social success, is not as numerous as the novel-writers would have us believe; nevertheless, the character of Mrs. Munday, "the hard woman," is admirably shown in all its phases. The portrait is true to facts. The only thing about this story that is not typical is that the hard woman breaks down. In real life this is the exception, not the rule. As for the rest, the dialogue is sparkling, the narrative moves on rapidly, and the diction is sufficient for the purpose. In short, it is a novel not wholly unworthy of reading. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Religious Outlook in Japan[1]

By the Rev. D. C. Greene, D.D.

A WELL-KNOWN Japanese writer, now in America, has recently declared his conviction that the civilization of the West has reached its height, and that its power of self-development is exhausted. However, he is confident that a new life from Japan is to be infused into this apparently decadent civilization, and that under the leadership of his countrymen the world will advance to a future more glorious than its brightest dreams. In varying terms, the same optimistic prophecy of the part Japan is to play on the world's stage finds daily expression in the public press of its larger cities.

While we may hesitate to accept these views, there can be no question that the growing consciousness of strength on the part of the people of Japan must lead to an unusual intellectual activity, and to an honorable share in the varied work of the world. At this crisis in her history, when the minds of all classes are filled with such bright hopes, the religious condition and prospects of her people are worthy of special study.

As is well known, two religions, Shintoism and Buddhism, have struggled for the mastery on Japanese soil. There has been no complete victory for either, but gradually a *modus vivendi* has been secured. No distinct line of demarcation has separated the followers of the two systems, neither has there been an amalgamation of the two, yet nearly every man, unless a priest (and sometimes even then), has worshiped impartially at both Shinto and Buddhist shrines. Shintoism, whether indigenous or not, dates from the very dawn of history, and is associated with all the legends from prehistoric times, but especially with the early glories of the imperial house. Hence its worship is by many identified with patriotism and loyalty. Buddhism, on the other hand, was introduced from China and Corea in the sixth century. Its missionaries brought with them the arts and literature of the Chinese civilization. Though persecuted for a time, they soon made themselves essential to the life of the nation, and early gained so much influence with the governing classes that Buddhism seemed to be supreme. The wealth and magnificence of its temples and monasteries were in striking contrast with the simplicity, though sometimes the stately simplicity, of the Shinto *miya*, "the honorable houses."

When, however, the old feudal system gave way, and a centralized government was "restored," as the Japanese insist upon saying, Buddhism, which had owed much to the old shogunates, lost its wealth and prestige. Shintoism, on the other hand, began to reassert itself, to claim to be the only true expression of loyalty, and to teach a special system of ethics founded on this one doctrine of loyalty. The stirring events of the past few years have called out many apostles of this doctrine, which, however noble may have been the purpose of its advocates, has unquestionably tended to dull the sense of social obligation. With the Chinese literature came the Confucian system of ethics, which soon rose to a commanding position in Japanese society. Shintoism was especially weak on its ethical side, but even Buddhist priests were glad to avail themselves of the teachings of Confucius. In their purer form these teachings found little currency outside the military class, but gradually they were in a measure popularized, and as thus modified came to be the main reliance for the moral instruction of the people.

When Christianity was brought to Japan by Xavier and his associates, the religious condition of the country seemed to augur a peaceful propagation of the new doctrines, but the imputation of political motives led to the well-known attempt to crush out the last remnants of the Christian faith. The work of the missionaries was more extensive than is generally supposed, and congregations were gathered in many places, even as far as Sendai, nearly 1,000 miles northeast of Nagasaki. The attempt to destroy this work was not entirely successful, and many thousands of Christians, the fruit of the old seed, were found near Nagasaki when the era of modern missions began in 1859. There is reason to believe that this widespread and persistent faith made a permanent impression upon the religious life of Japan. One meets here and there, especially in some of the irregular sects of Shintoism, forms of religious truth which certainly suggest a Christian origin. Some of these the Japanese associate with modern Christianity; but it is more probable that they indicate the working of the old leaven of Xavier's hiding.

With the opening of the country in 1859, Christianity came with new prestige, and associated with a more brilliant civilization. The efforts to take the civilization without the religion were earnest but futile. The first-fruits were early won among the *Samurai*, the intellectual leaders of the people. Even to-day a large share of the Protestant churches are in the old castle towns, and the number of Christian Samurai in the country at large is probably five or six times the normal proportion. These Christian Samurai are active, forth-putting men, whose influence is felt far outside of Christian circles. They have already furnished a Cabinet Minister, several Vice-Ministers, a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, one Speaker and two Chairmen of the Committee of the Whole in the House of Commons of the National Diet, four or five professors in the Imperial University, besides many other high officials. In a recent number of the "Sun," the best known of Japan's periodicals, four of the leading articles were by Christian writers. The high degree of intellectual activity thus indicated must be borne in mind in any attempt to estimate the religious forces at work in Japan. The Christians themselves see in the influence they have gained a reminder of the great responsibility which rests upon them to maintain their intellectual independence, to mold the religious life of Japan, and to make it something more than a mere duplicate of that of Christian lands.

This desire for something new and distinctively their own, while natural and in a manner praiseworthy, tends to an undue emphasis upon the national element in the life of Western lands, and to an underestimate of the strong current which makes for unity. Many of these Christian scholars are well read in the literature of the West. Some of them have traveled widely and have observed carefully the institutions of many lands. But this ever-present stress upon the national element in history too often leads to a misinterpretation of the condition and tendency of Christian thought, and suggests the serious danger of a provincial form for Japanese Christianity.

Happily, however, the influence of Christianity is not seen alone in the writings of its leading men. There are in all over 100,000 enrolled Christians in Japan. Outside the churches there is also a wide penumbra composed of men who, while not always nor even generally attendants on Christian worship, are yet largely under the influence of the Christians, and are ready to accept their leadership in matters of social and political reform. Such men serve not only to increase the growing volume of Christian public sentiment, but also to secure to it a greater steadiness and breadth of purpose. Then, too, though it may be thought that Christian truth comes into Japan chiefly through the force of six hundred and more missionaries, there are many other avenues not less important. I do not wish to disparage the efficiency of this large body of Christian workers, nor that of the churches and other institutions which they have built up; I do not forget the more than 2,000,000 of portions of the Scriptures in the hands of the people, nor the 100,000 native Christians, nor the 7,000 scholars in Christian schools; but I do mean to emphasize the auxiliary forces, which, because they operate at more points, are yielding results not less important, and which embody a prophecy perhaps more sure.

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[1] This article is the first in a series in which will be presented a view of the current conditions of religious thought in many of the countries of the world. Other articles will be by the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, on "The Religious Outlook in England;" by M. Paul Sabatier, on "The Outlook in France;" by Dr. Adolph Harnack, on "The Religious Outlook in Germany;" by Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, on "The Religious Outlook in India;" and by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, on "The Religious Outlook in Russia."

The life of Western lands is making itself felt in Japan in numberless ways. If not already so, English literature will soon be better known in Japan than that of China. This literature is read partly in its English dress and partly in translations. There is also a rapidly growing native literature which embodies essentially Western thought. Under the influence of this literature, changes are taking place in the language which betoken a new attitude of mind. In the meantime the common-school system, culminating in the Imperial University, and the public press are propagating these new thoughts and this new attitude of mind in the most retired parts of the country. All these influences are intensified by the increasing intimacy of relation between Japan and the Great Powers, of which she even now claims to be one. The world has never before seen the attempt to transfer a nation from one civilization to another under conditions so favorable. Brought at first unwillingly into close relations with the greatest nations of the earth, Japan has become interested in the new life and ambitious for a conspicuous share in its activities. Her scholars have already gained recognition in some important departments as worthy contributors to the world's stock of knowledge. This sense of community of interest is heightened by the close contact created by more than weekly mails, by fast steamers, and daily telegrams from the centers of the world's life. Under such circumstances assimilation must be rapid, and it is no exaggeration to say that soon the line between the Occident and the Orient will pass through the Japan Sea.

THE AMERICAN BOARD DEPUTATION TO JAPAN

Rev. J. G. Johnston, D.D. Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D.
Hon. William P. Ellison Rev. J. L. Barton, D.D.

The work of the missionaries and the Japanese Christians is supported at every point by this process of assimilation. On the other hand, the old religions, while preserving the form of life, cannot maintain themselves against the current of modern thought. Various attempts have been made to ally the Buddhism of Japan with the pantheism of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, but such an alliance does not and cannot interest the great mass of Buddhist believers. Complaints are made on every hand of the ignorance and immorality of the priesthood. Efforts at reform accomplish something, it is true, but the great reforming influence is that which goes forth from the Christian community, which, small though it be, has the ear of the public. The hold of the priesthood is relaxing, in spite of a few new and gorgeous temples, which might seem to indicate vigor and strength, and of their best efforts to adjust themselves to the new life about them. An attempt has been made to avail themselves of the late nationalistic reaction to join forces with Shintoism against Christianity, but it is plainly artificial and cannot long be maintained. The two sets of men who are thus brought together have little in common but their dread of the advancing Christianity.

The Shinto scholars, however, have gained a more legitimate advantage from the increasing influence of the Imperial House; but they, certainly the most thoughtful of them, feel that a new interpretation must be given to the doctrines of their faith, and they are beginning to proclaim them in terms of monotheism. Perhaps in part as a reaction from this rationalizing movement, many irregular Shinto sects are springing up, with which are associated phenomena akin to those which lie at the root of the so-called Christian Science. In one of the most important of these, the *Tenrikyo*, that is, the Teaching of the Heavenly Principles, which claims nearly two million adherents, there seems to be a marked tendency toward monotheism. It is chiefly noticeable because it illustrates how, under the influence of the common schools and the public press, even the ebullitions of superstition are restrained and made amenable to the general drift of public sentiment. At first anti-rationalistic, these new sects are compelled to rationalize, and will ere long lose their distinctive character and make way for a new and better movement. They mean, it would seem, the disintegration of the old religions; and I think the Buddhist priests, who are seriously alarmed, so understand them.

Perhaps no better illustration of the present ethico-religious revolution can be given than two remarkable addresses by prominent public men. The first which I will mention is that of Professor Iyenaga, of the Keio Gijiku, Mr. Fukuzawa's famous university. He took as his text the attempted assassination of Li Hung Chang, and set forth in a masterly manner the need of a new basis for the ethical instruction of the young men of Japan. He maintained that such acts could not be considered as mere sporadic cases of crime, but that they were the natural result of the Confucian system, and proved its incompatibility with the facts of modern life. It is essentially a feudalistic system, and does not contemplate the needs of the more complicated conditions of modern society. The other address was by the Minister of Education, Marquis Saionji. In almost identical terms the Marquis expressed his conviction, and indicated that the policy of his department would be in favor of a broader and more cosmopolitan view of social obligations. These two men do not speak for themselves alone; their speeches mark an epoch in the ethical history of Japan. They assert, in effect, that Japan's ethical needs are the same as those of the nations of the West. They illustrate how the future of Japan is bound up with that of Christian nations. She feels, and quickly feels, every movement which stirs Western society. Even the late so-called reaction is nothing less than a manifestation in Japan of the same world-movement which has produced anti-Semitism in Germany and the A. P. A. in the United States. The liberal movement in the churches which causes us anxiety is one and the same with that which is felt in America. To hold the German missionaries or the American Unitarians responsible for it is to miss its true meaning.

Upon this close and growing intimacy between the life of Japan and that of the West I base my forecast of the future. I believe in a Divine Providence who is to bring out of the present unrest all over the world a stronger and a more intelligent faith. This very series of articles testifies to a spirit of expectancy. As the very youthfulness of the Church of Japan has made her feel more keenly the doubts which have disturbed us all, so will that same freshness of youth render her more responsive to the new faith. The channels of influence are open. Would that there might course through them none but streams which shall make glad the City of God!

The Deputation to Japan and the Kumi-ai Churches

The letter of the Deputation of the American Board to the Kumi-ai churches in Japan has appeared in other papers, and by them has been made the basis of editorial comment. It has not before appeared in The Outlook, simply because it was definitely understood that all report was first to be made to the Prudential Committee, and after that given to the public. Misleading comments on this letter have appeared in certain quarters which are clearly made by those who do not understand the facts. The report of the Deputation will appear in substance in these columns next week. It is to be presented to the Board on Wednesday, January 23, after which it will become public property. Since the letter of the Deputation to the Japanese churches has appeared elsewhere, we give it here in full:

Dear Brethren: The Deputation appointed by the Prudential Committee of the American Board to visit and confer with its missionaries and with Japanese Christians in Japan has completed its work and is about to sail for home. During our presence in your beautiful country we have been the recipients of so many courtesies at the hands of the Kumi-ai Christians and churches that we should feel that we had been deprived of a great privilege if we were not permitted to express our hearty thanks to you for your kindness to us. With the growth of your churches, almost unexampled in the history of any country, we have had great satisfaction, and at the prospect of still larger growth, both in numbers and spirituality, in the not distant future, we gratefully rejoice. We feel that your history is our history, and your prosperity is a blessing which will carry gladness to all Christians the world around.

You are a body of independent churches, subject to no master but Jesus Christ. This we fully recognize, and this our missionaries have always recognized, and we have rejoiced to find in you much of the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, to whom the religious life of our country is so largely indebted. As we look over the world with its teeming millions, so many of whom have no clear idea of the Gospel of our Saviour, we feel that an immense and solemn responsibility rests upon the Church of Christ in all lands, and not the least in your own land, to which Providence seems to have committed the intellectual and spiritual leadership of the East.

In our study of the problems facing the missionaries we have had to consider whether the time had come for their withdrawal from Japan. In getting information on this point we have consulted with many of your ministers, laymen, and evangelists, and every one has advised us not immediately to withdraw from the field. Some have suggested that the number of missionaries should not be increased, but the voice in favor of retaining most of those now present has been unanimous. We have decided to advise the missionaries to remain in your country for the present, hoping that the time will not be far distant in which you will be able not only to do without them, but also to join with us in carrying the kingdom to other lands. Our missionaries will not attempt to establish independent churches, but will, so far as they are able, seek to co-operate with you in the work of the Kumi-ai body along the same general lines as in the past; and we ask for them in their difficult duties your generous co-operation.

They will, of course, have to do the work in the way in which they can work best, as you will work in the way best adapted to you; but there ought to be, and we are persuaded that there will be, no serious difficulty in such co-operation. We must ask you to remember that our missionaries have to render an account to the Board concerning their work and all moneys expended by them, and that often, when you may differ from them, they may be only carrying out the imperative and necessary instructions of the Board.

We have been advised, both by you and by our missionaries, to devote more attention in the future to sending out for occasional service eminent and able pastors and theologians, and also to provide for the translation and publication of works of religious thought of standard value. Both of these suggestions seem to us eminently wise, and we shall take great pleasure in advising our Board to do as you suggest. You have also suggested that so far as there may be changes in the location of missionaries, less attention should be given to cities where there are already well-established Kumi-ai churches. That suggestion also approves itself to us, and we have so advised our missionaries.

We regret that we have not been able to come to agreement with those with whom we have had misunderstanding concerning houses and lands, purchased and paid for by the treasury of the American Board. In Kioto and Kumamoto such misunderstandings exist. With reference to this we have addressed to the Trustees of the Doshisha a letter from which we quote as follows:

> We cannot believe that you will think of asking rent from the Board for the missionary houses in Kioto, when the land was purchased and the houses were paid for entirely out of the treasury of the Board. For you to do that, we believe that both you and all your countrymen would hold to be a stain upon the good name of the Doshisha.

Concerning our difficulty at Kumamoto we desire to say that we are profoundly grateful to our brethren of the Kumi-ai churches for what they have done to help us in that matter; and we trust that they will not cease to use their efforts until there has been an honorable settlement.

As we study the religious condition of the world we find much cause for rejoicing at the swift advancement of the kingdom of God; but we also see that that kingdom has many and insidious foes, and that the demand was never greater that all the Christian host should present a united and aggressive front against unbelief and sin. This is no time for emphasis upon what we do not believe. Positive, Scriptural, able, consecrated preaching, and pure, saintly, Christian lives are everywhere imperatively demanded. Will you not unite with us, and with all Christians, in exalting the personality and fatherhood of God, the saving work of Jesus Christ, the need of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and his constant ministry; the duty of all men of every land and condition to love and serve one another, and the power of the endless life? In short, may we not, together with all evangelical Christians, unite in so presenting the Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ that your land and our land and all lands shall, in due time, acknowledge him as Master and Lord?

We have read with much interest the platform adopted by you in you recent meeting at Nara, and see in it your recognition that the world can be made truly Christian only by men of lofty faith, holy lives, and pure hearts. We pray God's blessing on the movement there so auspiciously started.

Dear brethren, we greet you as our fellow-workers for the kingdom of God; we pray for you; will you not pray for us and for our country, that together Japan and America may advance toward the stature of truly Christian nations?

Once more and from our hearts we thank you for your courtesy to us. It will never be forgotten. God bless the Kumi-ai churches, and God bless the Japanese nation!

In the bonds of Christian fellowship we subscribe ourselves, dear brethren, very kindly,

JAMES L. BARTON.
WILLIAM P. ELLISON.
JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON.
AMORY H. BRADFORD.

Yokohama, December 6, 1895.

In regard to the above letter one or two points need to be guarded. The letter distinctly says that there is a "misunderstanding" in regard to the property at Kioto, and it quotes from a letter addressed to the Trustees of the Doshisha; but the letter to the Trustees was not regarded by *them* as any imputation upon their motives, and by it the Deputation simply stated that it would have to leave the whole matter to the honor of the Japanese Christians. There has been a tendency to misinterpret this part of the letter. Those who are most conversant with the facts in the case are not at all surprised that there is a misunderstanding. They feel that the Japanese Christians are intending to do the honorable thing in the midst of difficult circumstances, and they are still hoping for an agreement that will be satisfactory to both parties. The Deputation has said nothing reflecting upon the Christian character of the Trustees of the Doshisha, who interpret certain facts in a different way from that of the Board. In the absence of written documents such misunderstandings are not surprising. The Trustees of the Doshisha assured the Deputation that the missionaries would receive from them generous and honorable treatment, and thus far there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of their statement. If that pledge is not kept, there will be occasion for strong speech—but not till then. In all the intercourse of the Deputation with the Trustees we are assured that their conduct was that of Christian gentlemen. If, as the result of further correspondence, the misunderstanding continues, we hope it may be settled by arbitration.

A Lecture Course

"The God-Idea in some of the Principal Religions of the World" will form the subject of a course of lectures to be given before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, in the Pouch Mansion, 345 Clinton Avenue, on Sunday evenings in February and March. "The Hindu Conception of God" will be presented by the Swami Vivekananda, of India; "The Idea of God as Expressed in the Art of the Ages" by Professor J. Leonard Corning, of Munich; "The Ancient Religion of China: Its Teachings Concerning God, Immortality, etc.," by the Rev. F. Huberty

James, of England. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Dr. L. G. Janes, Fulton Building, New York.

The Religious World

The Recall of Commander Booth

What has been known for a little time to a few persons has at last reached the public, namely, that Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth have been recalled to England by the head of the Salvation Army. Just where they are to be placed in the future we have no intimation at the time of this writing, and it is not essential that we should have in order to say that, at least from the American point of view, a very great mistake has been made. In a peculiar way Commander and Mrs. Booth have identified themselves with the American people. The Army was in a weak condition when they assumed its direction here. They have done more than revive its spirit; they have given Americans confidence in its management, and many have contributed liberally to its support who would not have thought of doing so had they imagined that Commander and Mrs. Booth were likely soon to be displaced. It is not probable that the change indicates lack of confidence on the part of the home office. It may be supposed that it is intended to promote the American leaders; but the Army cannot promote them. It has no field to offer them in which they can do a larger work, and it has no one in its whole service who here will be regarded with the same confidence. The ablest and most efficient officers in the whole Army may be sent to the United States, but they will come untried and comparatively unknown. They will have to make their own place and secure for themselves by years of difficult service the confidence which is now reposed in the Commander and Mrs. Booth. It is possible that the welfare of the Army at large may require a serious sacrifice on the part of the Army in the United States, but nothing else could possibly justify this change. We hope it is not too late for the mistake to be seen, and for Commander and Mrs. Booth to be left in charge of the Army in this country, which they can lead better than any one else, and which affords them quite as great a field for their pre-eminent abilities as any other country in the world could offer them.

The Brick Church in New York

As our readers are aware, a year or two ago the Church of the Covenant and the Brick Church in New York, both Presbyterian, united, the congregation of the former going to the Brick Church, and the Rev. Drs. H. J. van Dyke and J. H. McIlvaine jointly retaining the pastorate. Experience has proved that both men are not needed in the position, and, in order that the church might be free to choose a pastor who should represent the united body, both pastors resigned. It was understood that Dr. McIlvaine desired to withdraw, and that he earnestly and generously urged the people to unite in retaining Dr. van Dyke. At a meeting held on January 15 the following resolution concerning Dr. van Dyke was offered by Mr. J. Cleveland Cady, who represented the old Church of the Covenant:

> *Resolved*, That the congregation of the Brick Presbyterian Church urgently request Dr. van Dyke to withdraw his resignation and to continue in charge of the church as its pastor. We do this out of sincere affection for him and appreciation for his ministrations. We recall his faithful and successful services during thirteen years, and recognize that the present prosperity of the church is due chiefly to his labors and eminent standing in the community. He has labored for our souls' welfare and brought us the consolation of Jesus Christ. We have found blessing and edification in his pulpit services, and have precious memories of his kindness and sympathy. We will not consent to bring to an end such a history of affectionate service on his part, and we sincerely trust he will continue to be our pastor.
>
> *Resolved*, That we pledge him not only our united regard and affection, but also such aid in his work as he may find necessary. We recognize the greatness of the burden we ask him to resume, and promise to come to his aid in such way and measure as he may desire.

After the above was adopted the following resolution was proposed by Mr. John E. Parsons, representing the Brick Church, concerning Dr. McIlvaine:

> *Resolved*, That we cannot allow Dr. McIlvaine to leave us without putting upon record our high appreciation of his ability as a preacher and his endearing qualities as a man. To friends who came with him to this united church he has added the larger number of those to whom he has ministered in his new field. We appreciate the unselfish and self-sacrificing motive which has led him to insist that he shall be allowed to resign and that Dr. Van Dyke shall be asked to stay. We wish him Godspeed, and shall pray that he may be safely kept in his journeyings, and prospered in any new field of labor he may select.

We do not know what Dr. McIlvaine's future will be, but a man of such eminent ability and consecration cannot long be allowed to remain idle. It is intimated that one cause of his resignation was the desire for a year's rest and travel. His ministry, both in Presbyterian and Congregational pulpits, has proved him an able thinker and an eloquent preacher.

Myron Adams

We have already briefly noted the death of the Rev. Myron Adams, but desire here to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one of the most chivalric spirits in the pulpit of the State of New York. The Rev. Myron Adams, who was pastor of Plymouth Church in Rochester, died at his home on Sunday, December 29. He was a graduate of Auburn Theological Seminary, and a son-in-law of Professor Samuel M. Hopkins, one of the most independent and vigorous thinkers of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Adams saw service in the war, and afterward entered the ministry. He was an independent and earnest thinker, a man who hated shams and loved righteousness with peculiar intensity. He was the author of several books, the best known of which is "The Continuous Creation." Those who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Adams always found him a genial friend and an earnest and manly man. He was honest—if such an expression may be used—even to a fault; sometimes perhaps even misrepresenting himself in his effort to be absolutely sincere. He had become a great power in the city of Rochester, where his noble personality was greatly honored and loved. The service in his remembrance which was held in the church of which he had been pastor was conducted by an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Unitarian, and a Jewish Rabbi, while other ministers very generally, in their own pulpits, bore testimony to the fidelity and earnestness of the man who had so strongly impressed himself upon the religious and municipal life of the city. It was the privilege of the writer of this paragraph to know Mr. Adams intimately before he entered the ministry, and from that day to his death he was always found to be a gracious, brave, honest, and manly advocate of everything which he believed to be true and good.

A New Missionary Paper Proposed

It has been long thought that an inexpensive missionary newspaper which should give important facts about the work of all the Congregational societies would have a wide usefulness. The officers of the six Congregational societies—namely, the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Congregational Home Missionary Society, American Missionary Association, Congregational Church Building Society, Congregational Education Society, and the American Board—have now prepared a circular-letter to the churches asking pledges for the support of such a paper. It would be a sixteen-page monthly, sold at the nominal annual subscription price of ten cents, and the plan would be for the churches to agree to take each a certain number of copies for its own families. The hope is to reach all families in the denomination. The officers of the societies rightly say that "such a paper as is suggested would awaken interest, stimulate inquiry after further information, unify our operations and bind us together as a denomination, facilitate the work of pastors among their people, and lead to increased prayer and giving and effort in our own denominational work." The proposed paper would in no way take the place of present missionary publications, but would supplement their work and occupy a field of its own.

A Memorial Meeting

The universal love which went out to Arthur Brooks, the breadth of his interests, and the large place he filled in this community, were evidenced both by the spirit which characterized the occasion and by the large congregation which assembled at the memorial service in the Church of the Incarnation, in this city, on Sunday evening last. Among the speakers were the Rev. Drs. Greer and Rainsford, Dr. Seth Low, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. Archdeacon Tiffany, who presided, also made some interesting comments on Dr. Brooks. The addresses breathed a profound spirit of reverence for the courage, the honesty, the ability, the helpfulness, and the varied talents of a man whose life had many sides, but whose energies were all consecrated to one end.

Union Seminary Lectures

A course of lectures in Union Theological Seminary on the now popular subject of the Unity of the Christian Church has already been announced in these columns, but all the special subjects have not been given. The subjects of the lectures still to be given are as follows:

January 27, President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, "The Sin Schism."
February 10, Bishop H. C. Potter, "The Lambeth Articles."
March 2, Bishop J. F. Hurst, "Irenic Movements Since the Reformation."
March 9, the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., "The Unity of the Spirit World-wide Necessity."

Leonard Bradley and the Wolves

A Story for Young Folks

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

I have learned more about dead generations from the attic than from the many-branched Family Tree hanging in the wide hall, under the original grant of land signed by Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. The last time I undertook the attic I was armed with a bunch of keys (wardens to the more valuable heirlooms) and accompanied by Grandmamma. For Grandmamma delights in talking "old times" to one who loves to listen. Therefore, when Grandmamma was seated upon a little, low chair with a very high back, belonging, no doubt, to a spinning-wheel and a chimney-corner, I proceeded to look at the contents of a brown hair trunk.

"What an extraordinary garment!" I said, holding up to view a coat with the tails torn or chewed directly off. "It looks as if it went with a powdered queue and knee-breeches and buckles, and all that sort of thing. But why are there no coat-tails?"

"That coat belonged to your great-great-uncle, Leonard Bradley, on your mother's side. The Bradley things are in the trunks, and the Herberts' in the chests—"

"But the coat-tails?" I said, closing the trunk and spreading the garment upon it. I settled myself beside it, and Grandmamma smiled at me.

"It'll not take long to tell, for it didn't take long to happen. I am very proud of those lost coat-tails. It happened this way—and I've heard my father tell about it so often that I can close my eyes and see it. Your great-great-uncle, Leonard Bradley, was a famous huntsman in his day, and used to make excursions into the heart of the mountains near which he lived, and bring back game, and plenty of pelts besides. That part of the country was so wild and lonely then, and the little settlement so near the foot of the mountain, that for years the sheep-pens were not safe at night from a prowling bear or wolf. I heard many a story, as a child, of the creatures which inhabited those mountains and never showed themselves by light of day.

"One evening, Leonard Bradley, who was quite a young man, returned, at dusk, with two of his friends from a hunting expedition in the mountains. A 'town meeting' had been called for that evening, and was to be held in the school-house. The school-house stood some distance from the group of houses which formed the settlement, it having been built near the foot of the mountain, because the village seemed to be growing in that direction. It was a bitterly cold evening, and the ground was covered with snow. The huntsmen, who had not brought back much game, determined to stop at the school-house and await the several townsmen, who, with themselves, would form the meeting of the principal men of the village. One of Leonard Bradley's friends had shot a bear's cub shortly before dusk, and, returning, had grown tired, and dragged it after him over the snow to the door of the school-house. The third man of the party was the schoolmaster, who, having a duplicate key of the door, let them in, and they proceeded to build a fire preparatory to the meeting to be held later.

"They sat around it, getting warm and chatting, and by and by one said:

"'The wind is rising. Hear it coming down the mountain!'

"'Yes,' said another, ''tis like a human voice. It will be bitterly cold to go home in.'

"'Harken!' said Leonard Bradley, suddenly. Then they sat silent for a moment, and in that moment the wind's voice took a strange and terrible note. Nearer and more loud it came. Nearer and more terrible.

"The men sprang to their feet with blanched faces. Then a prolonged and fearful sound swept down the mountain through the night, and wrapped them round with a terrible nearness.

"'Wolves!' said Leonard Bradley. 'They are starved out and have followed our track. There must have been blood dropped from the game!'

"An instant of listening showed that he was right. The wind-like sound that, at a distance, seemed to come from one throat, broke suddenly from a multitude, and in a moment later a frenzied pack of wolves hurled itself, dashing and leaping, upon the door of the little school-house.

"'The mark of the cub's blood,' said Leonard Bradley, briefly. 'How many charges have you?'

"'Two,' said one man, examining his gun. 'One,' said the other, looking at his. 'None,' said Leonard Bradley, snapping his flintlock, 'and the door is not over strong.'

"Between the chinks of a shutter they could see the howling forms, black against the snow, making vain dashes upon the door-sill, over which the body of the cub had been drawn. The door shook ominously as they hurled themselves against it.

"'We cannot shoot from here,' said one of the men. Then Leonard Bradley leaped up a low flight of steps to a little landing, where hung the bell-rope, the long end of which lay coiled upon the floor. On this landing was also a window, and to this window the three men pressed.

"Far off they could see a gleam of light here and there from the houses in the settlement. The moon had risen, and all around them was a world of snow, with the darkness of the mountain in the background, and beneath was a panting, ravenous pack of wolves—how many they did not dare conjecture. The tracks of blood in the snow had fairly frenzied the beasts. They were howling like mad, and leaping upon the door of the school-house.

"One of the men fired from the window, and a huge wolf sprang upward and dropped back dead. A second shot entered the pack and infuriated the animals all the more. The third missed fire.

"'That is all, and the door will not hold much longer,' said Leonard Bradley, at a sound from below. He seized the bell-rope and commenced to ring with all his might.

"'This may stir them in the village, and show that something is wrong!'

"''Twill soon be too late,' said one of the men, leaning from the window; 'they must smell the blood yet!'

"'Throw out the game and keep them off the door!' cried Leonard Bradley. So, while he pulled the bell-rope, his friends carried upward the game, which they had piled within the door, and cast it out the window, piece by piece, into the pack below. There were but four pieces in all, and these were fallen upon and ravenously devoured. But the portion of the hungry wolves which had gotten none tore upon the school-house door in a fury, evidently scenting the blood which had crossed its threshold.

"Then there came a sudden sound of cracking timbers. The two men fell upon their knees, and Leonard Bradley dropped the bell-rope.

"'The door is giving way!' he said. 'If there was but a little more time, help might come.'

"'If there were but more game to throw out!' cried one of the men.

"And again there was the sound of cracking timber. Then, suddenly, Leonard Bradley seized the coil of bell-rope and sprang upon the window-ledge. In a twinkling, before his friends dreamed of his intention, he was outside, hanging over the heads of the howling wolves. 'The door is giving!' he called back. 'You both have families. Maybe I can keep them off—'

"Then there was a howl. Two black forms leaped into the air, and there was a sharp cry from Leonard Bradley and a pistol-shot. The foremost wolf fell back dead, and a volley of shot poured into the pack, scattering them right and left. They dashed backward in a panic towards the mountain, followed by a rain of bullets and shot.

"The bell had rung the alarmed neighbors thither, and the first shot had caught the wolf which leaped upward after Leonard Bradley.

"They picked Leonard Bradley up, unconscious but really unhurt. It was found, however, that his coat-tails had been seized and torn off by the fangs of the wolf.

"And this is the coat," said Grandmamma, stroking the garment, which lay on the trunk. "Leonard Bradley's mother kept it, and afterwards his wife, for it means that, after all, soldiers do not always fight with a sword, and all the heroes are not written down in history."

Answers to Puzzles

In The Outlook for January 18

Names of Capes.—East, Farewell, Good Hope, Horn, Clear, May, Verd, Prince of Wales, North, Charles, Town, Hatteras, Cod, Henry, Blanco, Ann.

Birds with Rhymes.—1. Crow, so. 2. Jay, gay. 3. Parrot, carrot. 4. Wren, again. 5. Lark, hark. 6. Owl, scowl. 7. Eagle, legal. 8. Hen, men. 9. Goose, loose. 10. Gull, dull. 11. Dove, love. 12. Linnet, minute. 13. Duck, luck. 14. Swallow, wallow. 15. Hawk, talk. 16. Sparrow, arrow. 17. Raven, craven. 18. Thrush, hush. 19. Crane, cane. 20. Rook, nook.

Riddle.—The name John.

Flowers with Rhymes.—1. Rose, grows. 2. Lily, chilly. 3. Pink, think. 4. Myrtle, turtle. 5. Crocus, focus. 6. Phlox, box. 7. Marjoram, decorum. 8. Pansy, tansy. 9. Lotus, wrote us. 10. Aster, master. 11. Stock, rock. 12. Primrose, prim rows. 13. Clover, over. 14. Daisy, hazy.

Additions.—1. Mit, mitten. 2. Of, often. 3. Bit, bitten. 4. Has, hasten. 5. Fry, frighten. 6. Oh, oaten. 7. Lie, lighten. 8. Bat, batten. 9. Kit, kitten. 10. Pat, patten.

For the Little People

Barmecide Ball

By Isaac Ogden Rankin

My laddie and I together,
  Before he had grown so tall,
Played one odd game with an odder name—
  He called it "Barmecide ball."

"Grandmamma! I have discovered
  A nice new game," he said;
And his eyes with fun were gleaming,
  And his cheeks were cherry red.

"I can't play ball in the nursery,
  I mustn't play in the hall,
Outdoors it is raining, raining—
  Let's play at Barmecide ball!"

You remember the Barmecide's dinner
  Which the Barber tells about—
The table spread, and talk of bread,
  But food and drink left out?

Such was my laddie's fancy;
  The game was soon begun;
We had no ball to use at all,
  But simply "lots of fun."

For his heart was in the frolic,
  He laughed and tossed—and all
In pure imagination:
  And this is Barmecide ball.

It isn't the globe of leather
  That makes the game, you see,
But a laughing heart which does its part
  Whatever the fun may be.

"Compliments of Brer Rabbit"

By James Buckham

It was a nice, new box trap that stood under the oak-tree on the knoll; one of those traps that boys use when they wish to catch small animals, like squirrels and rabbits, alive.

It had a lid, caught up with a string. The string was attached to a bit of stick, on which the bait was fixed; and when the animal entered the trap and nibbled the bait, the lid would fall and shut him in.

Standing as it did upon a knoll, the trap could be seen quite a distance away. It belonged to Harry Drake; and Harry had set it under the oak-tree to catch a rabbit which he had seen nibbling there.

It happened that two young men, who were taking an afternoon walk, passed near the knoll in the pasture, and saw the trap under the oak-tree. "Ah!" said one of them, "there's a box trap—just the kind I used to set for squirrels and rabbits when I was a boy. Let's go up and have a look at it." So the two young men climbed the knoll where the oak-tree stood, and knelt down to examine the trap. It had been newly set, and there was a nice fresh piece of apple, for bait, on the wooden trigger. The young men were in a merry mood, and the one who had first suggested visiting the trap exclaimed, "Suppose we give the boy who set this trap a surprise!" He took a blank card out of his pocket, laughingly penciled a line upon it, showed it to his companion, and then put it in the trap and sprung the trigger, so that the lid fell down, as it would if a rabbit had nibbled at the bait. The two young men walked away laughing, and soon disappeared.

When school was out for the afternoon, Harry Drake made all haste to visit his trap. Imagine his delight and excitement when, as he climbed the pasture fence, he saw that the lid of his trap was down. "Oh! oh!" he cried, "I've caught my rabbit, sure!" He ran up the knoll as fast as his short and plump little legs would carry him. Then, with flushed face and trembling hands, he bent over the trap and lifted the lid ever so little, that he might get a peep within. But no little furry nose was pushed up into the crack, nor was there any sound of rustling or scratching within. Surprised and anxious, Harry lifted the lid a trifle higher. A beam of light fell across the dark interior of the trap, and Harry saw a glimmer of something white. He watched it closely for a minute, but it did not move. Finally he lifted the lid of the trap until he could thrust in his chubby hand. A bit of cardboard met his fingers. He drew it out, and, with eyes wide with wonder, read these astonishing words, written across the card in a bold hand:

> *Compliments of Brer Rabbit*

It was the card which one of the young men had placed in the trap to surprise Harry.

It was some time before the bewildered young trapper realized that it was a joke which had been played upon him, and no the real autograph card of "Brer Rabbit" himself. But when the significance of the droll message did appear to him, he had a jolly laugh, that did him as much good as if he had actually caught poor little Bunny.

Peter's Mistake and Apology

She was such a dear little girl that you loved her at once. She had a most interesting family of dolls. They were all sizes and all kinds—Chinese, Japanese, French dolls, English dolls, and American dolls. When they were together they almost made a congress of nations. The favorite doll was the American doll, not because the little mother was so patriotic, but because this doll was her first doll.

I would not be surprised if you would shudder at the description of this favorite doll. One leg was gone, and one arm had been pulled off—perhaps it would be truer to say it had been worn off by the constant carrying of this small mother, who at times forgot and dragged her doll as if she were a wagon. From dragging over the floor and lawn one heel had been worn through, and all the sawdust ran out and the limp leg hung down, or blew out in the wind with her petticoat. One eye was gone, and the other had become fixed with an upward stare that made you uncomfortable. But the little mother loved this doll for her misfortunes; she slept with her; she sat behind her when she was at the table, and in her lap when she listened to stories. The other dolls looked in speechless wonder at this devotion. They were spick and span and whole, but when they went driving it was the maimed and one-eyed doll that sat in the little mother's lap, and they were on the cushion under the robe.

This doll's name was often changed, but it was sure to keep one part of its name always—"My dear." Whatever change took place, it never lost that. At last, one day, the end came. "My dear" Etta was left for a moment on the piazza alone. She was on her back looking steadily at the roof of the piazza. Peter, the dog, an old friend, one would suppose, for they had been in the same family for three years, came bounding around the corner of the house. He stopped so short when he saw Etta that he threw himself backward. Then he bounded back some distance, and round the corner of the house again as if playing at hide-and-seek. "My dear" Etta made no advances and Peter wagged his tail fiercely, and barked uproariously, and capered around the helpless doll. Was it the wind, or did she shiver? Peter, with a jolly, joyous bark, as if saying, "Come now, let us have some fun," took dear Etta's best dress in his mouth, and scampered over the lawn. Such a frolic and game you never saw!

Such a howl and tumult as there was when the little mother saw what had happened! Peter went up the hill with his tail hanging between his legs and his head down. Why, he meant it in fun! it was a game! and now there was only a bundle of rags. You know how you felt when harm has come where you meant fun. That afternoon Peter barked up on the hill. His bark seemed to say, "I wish you would come. Somebody needs you." At last the little mamma and her big sister went up there, and what do you think? Somebody had dropped three pretty gray kittens near the fence, and they were huddled together crying piteously. The little mother gave a scream of joy, and gathered them into her apron, and trotted down the hill, with Peter jumping and barking at her side as if to say, "There! see, I do love you! I did not mean to hurt you, or dear Etta. Will you forgive me now that I have found these dear kittens for you?"

The kittens were the happiest things, and kept the little mother so busy that she forgot Etta. The other dolls took turns in riding in her lap, and shared the privilege of hearing the stories. And the little mother was very much happier with so many dependent upon her for their pleasure; and no one doll was being made selfish.

Tobe

A True Story

By E. L. Thurston

Tobe is the most deceitful animal that ever drew a street-car—at least so the drivers and stablemen of his line are accustomed to remark.

The driver groans when Tobe is led up and harnessed to the car. His groans are louder and deeper, frequently, before the trip is ended, and then, when summoned before the superintendent to give his reason for being so long on the way, he simply answers:

"I had Tobe, sir!" and the excuse is accepted. Yet Tobe would be missed were he to leave the line, and it is doubtful, after all, if the men would wish him turned off.

He is the fattest horse on the line—and the laziest. His sleek brown coat glistens in the light, and he looks the image of health and strength—and yet!

He was half-way between the two terminals the other evening, when the car was suddenly stopped to take on a passenger, and when the bell rang to go ahead, Tobe evidently decided otherwise, and calmly slid down flat on the track with every appearance of a very sick or a very dead horse.

The driver and conductor hurriedly dismounted and ran forward. The former being, with reason, somewhat suspicious, struck the horse with the whip, to make him rise. Tobe gave a groan, lay out flatter than ever, and closed his eyes. The men tried to raise him, but he hung limp on their hands, and they had to desist from their efforts.

Other cars came up and were blocked, while their drivers joined in the attempt to get the poor sick horse on his feet.

People in the crowd talked about the cruelty of the company in using worn-out horses on the line, and gazed compassionately at the form spread out before them. They did not see, as one or two others did, the poor sick horse stick out his tongue and lick in a dry leaf that fluttered against his nose.

More cars came up and stopped, and the crowd grew larger.

"Draw him off to one side, so the cars can go on," suggested a conductor, and willing hands quickly undid the harness and pulled the horse off to one side, one bystander remarking:

"*He'll* never pull a car again."

As the men turned back to their cars, however, there was a slight noise behind them They looked around, and there was Tobe calmly rising to his feet. He got up easily and steadily, shook himself once or twice, snatched a mouthful of dry leaves from the gutter, and then calmly walked back to his place in front of his car, and waited to be harnessed up.

Twice has Tobe been so afflicted, and many other times has he gone lame so suddenly and severely that the other horse has had to practically draw the car home, while Tobe appeared barely able to drag one foot after the other; and yet, the minute the stable-yard was reached, his lameness has suddenly disappeared.

Miss Juliet Corson,
Founder of the New York Cooking School,
Mrs. D. A. Lincoln,
Author of "Boston Cook Book,"
Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer,
Principal Philadelphia Cooking School,
Mrs. Emma P. Ewing,
Principal Chautauqua School of Cookery,
Miss Fannie M. Farmer,
Principal Boston Cooking School,
Miss C. C. Bedford,
Superintendent New York Cooking School,
Miss Kate E. Whitaker,
Normal Cookery School, San Francisco,
Marion Harland,
Author "Common Sense in the Household,"
All Authorities
On cookery, writers and teachers,

Use Cleveland's Baking Powder

It does the best work.

Aid for Armenia

Whatever may be the outcome of the assertion by the Turkish Legation at Washington of the refusal of the Porte to admit the Red Cross Society into Turkey, it is quite certain that it is possible for Americans to aid the starving Armenians. The letter below, from the National Armenian Relief Committee, makes that perfectly clear. In point of fact, the assertion has not been confirmed from Constantinople, and Miss Clara Barton and her assistants will probably have sailed for Turkey before this is read. We renew our urgent appeal of last week to our readers to help in this pitiful and pressing cause. The report from Van, published herewith, gives a vivid idea of what is actually being done. The Outlook subscribes $250 to the relief fund. It asks its readers to send it contributions, made payable to the order of The Outlook Company.

Relief Still Possible

The following official statement has been issued from the headquarters of the National Armenian Relief Committee:

The reported intention of the Turkish Government to refuse the American Red Cross permission to enter Turkey will not cause the National Armenian Relief Committee and its branches throughout the country to relax their efforts for an instant in raising funds to save the 350,000 Armenians who are perishing from starvation and exposure.

The National Committee is the authorized agency throughout the country for raising funds and supplies to be distributed by the Red Cross, providing it enters the field. But in case the Red Cross is excluded, the National Committee has authority to utilize existing agencies on the ground or organize new ones, so that all contributors may be assured that their gifts will, as speedily as possible, reach the sufferers for whom they are intended.

Many are not aware of the fact that relief work to the extent of not less than $100,000 has already been successfully carried out in Turkey during the past few months, under the direction of a strong and representative committee of foreign residents and diplomats in Constantinople, through European Consuls, and the Americans who are to be found in all the principal cities of the interior.

A letter just received from Constantinople, dated December 27, states that sixty bales of clothing had been forwarded that week to Cesarea, and that it is now possible to forward large amounts of money safely to those engaged in this relief work in the devastated regions.

45 William Street, New York, January 14, 1896.

What is Being Done

The following extracts from the Report of the Armenian Industrial Relief Bureau at Van show what is being done, and how:

The fact that this relief work was demanded and begun in midsummer, a time when, if ever, a people whose fortunes are bound up in the soil should be able to keep the wolf from the door, is an eloquent proof of the sad state of affairs among the Christian inhabitants of Armenia. In midsummer of a year of exceptional agricultural prosperity, so great was the number of those destitute of daily bread that we were forced to begin relief work. The plan of this work is to aid without pauperizing, and to utilize a part of the great number of workers who are idle and starving because there is no work to be had, and whose discouragements and demoralization are almost more regrettable than their physical misery.

Under the primitive conditions which Moslem rule has preserved, a large portion of the people of both cities and villages are conversant with the various processes of the manufacture of coarse cotton and woolen fabrics. Armenia is a great wool-producing country, while abundant cotton is brought from Persia. This suggests a simple solution of the work problem. Bags of wool were bought, weighed out into pound portions, and whenever a woman came begging for help or work, her case was investigated, her name registered, and she was given wool to card and spin; on the return of the thread, it was weighed and examined as to quality, the woman was paid at a rate estimated to supply her with bread, and she was given another lot of wool. The giving of two or three lots in this way was enough to bring down on us a crowd, and speedily we found a large business flooding in upon us, one demanding good organization and a corps of distributers. Cotton was added to our supplies, and all the process and tricks of the two trades were investigated, and every attempt was made to put the enterprise on a sound business basis. Infinite watchings were necessary in guarding against impostors, and in preventing petty thieving and unfaithfulness on the part of those who took work. The medical work had given us acquaintance with the people, and from our ex-patients we were able to select at once those for whom our hearts had ached to help gain a living. A good corps of helpers was soon organized: men to keep the door—and it often took three men to do this—against the clamoring crowd; men to receive and weigh the wool, cotton, and thread; men for the various demands of the Central Bureau. For the first two months the work was accommodated in our house (this is written by a medical missionary), in the rooms used as a dispensary, and we were in a state of siege from morning to night. The long lower hall was devoted to cotton-carders, the twang of whose primitive cards and the dust of whose work filled the house from early morning till dark, while a crowd of wretched men and women was never absent. The thread was given by weight to weavers who were out of work and in dire poverty; the woven goods were received by weight, and the weavers were paid with due regard to the needs of their families. To the children, and to some who were too weak and sick to do the heavier work, yarn was given to be knitted into socks.

Shortly we found ourselves in possession of a good stock of cotton clothing and woolen goods for the loose trousers worn here, and huge piles of coarse socks. The question what to do with them came to the front. The suggestion was made that this work might help and be helped by the Sassoun Relief Work, by our supplying materials for distribution there. This arrangement has been the means whereby our Bureau doubles its efficiency, thus having an assured market for all its produce.

Our goods are done up in bales here, loaded on donkeys or ox-carts, and carried down to the Lake harbor. There they are received by the miserable little sailboats that ply on the Lake, and are taken, with prayers for insurance, to the opposite sides of Lake Van, a distance of some sixty miles. Thence they are transported by horses or carts, a journey of ten days to two or three weeks, according to the weather and other exigencies of travel in this land. The entire distance is only about 120 miles.

In this way we have already sent some 2,000 pairs of socks and 1,400 webs of cloth, to the value of $950. A good market can be had here in Van for all our product, and indeed we have sold enough to bring our total sales up to $1,136.

During the past week we paid over an average of 100 persons daily. The average of wages per capita for the week was seven piastres, or about thirty cents. This is far too small a sum to meet in most cases even the cost of bread. But, considering our small balance, and the fact that we need for wages alone some $176 a week, we dare not increase wages, or give anything gratuitously. The intense poverty of the people is shown by the fact that these wages, small as they are, exceed from one-third to one-half the regular rates for the same work.

On the other hand, the demands grow more and more urgent—desperate, I might well say; so importunate are the crowds that I often have to call a man to pass me out of the office after my work is done. The people weep, and catch my clothes, and will not let me go. It is maddening to see such misery and yet be obliged to turn a deaf ear to so much of it. We help, through our 476 workers, some 2,000 souls, and this is not, in itself, a small thing. But when it is compared with the vast number of helpless poor about us it accentuates our appeal to our more fortunate fellow-Christians for larger help. . . . The cry goes up for more help. Winter cold and rains are upon us. Thousands have but the thinnest and most ragged clothing, no shoes or stockings, many no beds and most no fuel or other winter provision. Thousands never taste anything but coarse, dry bread for weeks and months at a time—and little enough of that—while, especially in the villages, hundreds have not even that and are on the verge of starvation. I doubt not that many will have actually starved before these words are read in England and America.

A private letter just received, dated Van, December 18, says that the Industrial Department is caring for over 900 families and is feeding 2,400 poor persons a day.

—President Kruger, of the South African Republic, bears upon his body many scars of bullets and spear-heads, and his left hand is minus a thumb which he lost years ago. His gun burst and terribly mangled the thumb. "Oom Paul" was so afraid that lockjaw would set in that he entreated his comrades to amputate the member. One of them tried to do so, but his heart failed him and he gave it up. Thereupon President Kruger seized a knife with his other hand and himself cut off the mangled thumb. A very small scar now remaining shows what a good job he made.

Exposure

To a contagious disease does not mean contracting that disease, if you have strength and vigor to repel it. Strength and vigor are given and safety to the health is insured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5.
Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, effective. All druggists. 25 cents.

Notes and Queries

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

(Gorhoffedd Gwry Harlech)

Hennffych well i wlad fy nghalon,
Llwyddiant i ti Gymru dirion.

March, ye men of Harlech bold,
Unfurl your banners in the field!
Be brave as were your sires of old
And like them never yield.
What tho' every hill and dale
Echo now with war's alarms;
Celtic hearts can never quail
When Cambria calls to arms!
By each lofty mountain,
By each crystal fountain,
By your homes, where those you love
Await your glad returning,
Let each thought and action prove
True glory can the Cymry move;
And as each blade gleams in the light,
Pray, "God defend the right!"
Clans from Mona wending,
Now with Arvon blending,
Haste with rapid strides along
The path that leads to glory.
From Snowdon's hills with harp and song,
And Nantlle's vales, proceeds a throng
Whose ranks with yours shall proudly vie,
And nobly win or die.

In response to the request of "E. C." I give above a copy of the first verse only of the English words now generally used in Wales to the air of the "March of the Men of Harlech." I give also the first two lines in Welsh, of the same song, believing that sufficient for one dose. There have been many versions of this song; all of them, however, are modern. The melody alone comes to us from the shadowy past, its author unknown, its history vague. It is known that the present ruins at Harlech are those of a castle built by Edward I.; though but a shell, they are wonderfully impressive. In 1404 Owain Glyndwr (the Owen Glendower of Shakespeare's Henry IV.) obtained possession of the fortress and held a Parliament within its walls. In the time of Edward IV. the Earl of Pembroke laid siege to the castle, which surrendered after a long, brave, and bloody resistance. It was during this siege that the "March of the Men of Harlech" was composed, presumably not as a song, but arranged for the harp, then the favorite Welsh musical instrument; as a march, rendered by a full military band, it can scarcely be equaled.

Wonderfully fine as this composition is, it cannot fairly be called the "national melody of Wales." If popularity is the test of a national air, then the song of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," Anglicized into "Land of my Fathers," is the melody of Wales. No musical gathering of Cymry, in this country or at home, separates without singing this noble and inspiring hymn. On the other hand, I have attended scores of such gatherings without hearing "Harlech." If "E.C." desires one of the finest specimens of modern Welsh music, let him obtain a copy of "Aberystwyth," by Dr. Joseph Parry, of Cardiff, South Wales. This tune, like most Welsh hymn tunes, is written in the minor key, but it has a triumphant ring worthy of the martyrs. It requires volume; a quartette choir could no more develop it than they could "Ein Feste Burg." A choir of ninety male voices recently sang this by command before Queen Victoria, who was greatly moved and commanded its repetition. These ninety men were mostly miners, who rarely saw the sun except on the Sabbath, but as singers they are as perfect artists as the "Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir," who so lately charmed American audiences. The composer, Dr. Parry, twenty-five years ago was a poor boy working in a rolling-mill at Danville, Pa. His spare moments and chalk were employed in composing tunes on every scrap of board, iron, or paper that lay next his hand. One or two of these compositions were sent to Wales, and excited so much interest that the composer was sought, a fund raised to send him abroad; he graduated from the Royal College of Music, London, received his honorary title from his Alma Mater, and to-day ranks among the greatest of British composers. I heard his "Aberystwyth" sung by twelve thousand or more trained voices in Llanelly, Wales, last summer, and never again expect to hear such singing on earth; Sir Joseph Barnby, speaking of it, said that he never before had heard *congregational singing*. In Wales male voices are rarely heard singing the soprano parts; the four parts are always carried firmly, in exact time, and precisely as written. German chorals are generally sung by all the voices carrying the melody, while the organs or orchestra fill in the harmony. American congregational singing is—well, I can't do it justice. If "E. C." wants to hear Welsh music thoroughly well sung, let him attend one of the Eisteddfods held annually in Wilkesbarre or Scranton, Pa., and it will be a revelation to him.

OLIVER WILLIAMS.

Catasanqua, Pa.

Please inform me of the best book or books on the great *creeds* and the great *councils* of Christian history.
F. W. B.

As to creeds, Dr. Schaff's work, "The Creeds of Christendom," is the very best. As to councils, there is Hefele's "History of Councils," translated from the German, and published at Edinburgh. But the most satisfactory recourse is to the special articles on each council in the Encyclopædia Britannica. See also the references to the several councils in Dr. Schaff's "History of the Christian Church" and Dean Stanley's "History of the Eastern Church."

Grocer, in his book on "Illustrative Teaching," speaks of Todd's "Lectures to Children," "Truth Made Simple," Abbott's "Young Christian," "Corner-Stone," etc., as embodying examples of apt illustration. Will you kindly name a few more modern books of the same sort, and some more recent book than Grocer's on teaching by illustration?
B. A. A.

You may
Snap your Fingers
at Dyspepsia.

LOOK to the kitchen for the remedy. Eat freely three times a day bread, hot biscuit, hot cakes, made light and sweet with ROYAL BAKING POWDER, stop yeast bread, use meat sparingly, take plenty of air and exercise, and you may snap your fingers at Indigestion.

There is a quality in ROYAL BAKING POWDER, coming from the purity and wholesomeness of its ingredients, which promotes digestion. Food raised by it will not distress. This peculiarity of ROYAL has been noted by hygienists and physicians, and they are accordingly earnest in its praise, especially recommending it in the preparation of food for those of delicate digestion.

Alum baking powders cause indigestion.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

"The Right Road," by the Rev. J. W. Kramer (T. Whittaker, New York), is an excellent book of the same kind. Others, for perhaps older pupils than you have in mind, are Samuel Smiles's books on "Character" and "Self-Help" (Harpers, New York); also O. S. Marsden's "Pushing to the Front" and "Architects of Fate" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), E. W. Bok's "Successward" (Revell Company, New York), W. J. Dawson's "Making of Man" (Crowell, New York), and W. M. Thayer's "Aim High" (Whittaker, New York).

Can any one tell me where the term the "unspeakable Turk" comes from; who first used it?
I. M. M.

Books Received

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Lindsay, Thomas B. The Lives of Cornelius Nepos. $1.10.
Stories from Aulus Gellius. Edited by Charles Knapp. 30 cts.

AMERICAN NEW-CHURCH TRACT & PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA

Giles, Rev. Chauncey. Progress in Spiritual Knowledge. $1.50.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Hamilton, M. A Self-Denying Ordinance. $1.
Young, C. A. The Sun. $2.
Marey, E. J. Movement. Translated by Eric Pritchard. $1.75.
Walford, L. B. Successors to the Title. $1.
Stuart, Eleanor. Stonepastures. 75 cts.
Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia. (New Edition.) Vol. VIII.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK

Webb-Peploe, Rev. H. W. The Victorious Life. Edited by D. L. Pierson. $1.25.

THE BOSTON BOOK CO., BOSTON

Foster, Roger. Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States. Vol. I.

THE CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, NEW YORK

Hewit, Augustine F., D.D. The Teaching of St. John the Apostle to the Churches of Asia and the World. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Burroughs, John. Little Nature Studies for Little People. Edited by Mary E. Burt. Vol. I.

S. C. GRIGGS & CO., CHICAGO

Fisher, Mary. Twenty-five Letters on English Authors. $1.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Zschokke, Heinrich. Das Abenteuer der Neujahrsnacht und Der zerbrochene Krug. Edited by A. B. Faust. 25 cts.
Wichert, Ernst. An der Majorsecke. Edited by Charles Harris. 20 cts.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO

Williams, John Milton, D.D. Rational Theology.
Meakin, Frederick. Nature and Deity.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Benedetti, Count. Studies in Diplomacy. $3.
Sayce, Rev. A. H. The Egypt of the Hebrews and Herodotos. $2.
Kompert, Leopold. Christian and Leah, and Other Ghetto Stories. Translated by Alfred S. Arnold. 75 cts.
Garnett, R. The Age of Dryden. $1.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Chambers, Robert W. The Red Republic. $1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Meyer, F. B. David, Shepherd, Psalmist, King. $1.
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STONE & KIMBALL, CHICAGO

Sharp, William. The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales.
Cram, Ralph Adams. Black Spirits and White.
Abbott, Angus E. The Gods Give My Donkey Wings.
Watson, William. The Father of the Forest and Other Poems.
Poe, Edgar Allan. Complete Works. Vols. VI., VII., and VIII. (Criticism). Vol. IX. (Eureka, etc.). Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George E. Woodberry. $1.50 each.

The Home Club

The Care of the Hands

By Katherine Armstrong

When our Maker planned and created the "human form divine," he did not overlook the minor parts, the accessories, if we may so call them. He made the hands and the feet shapely and beautiful, and all variations from the original model are caused, more or less, by use, abuse, and carelessness. Every one's duty to himself, in good plain English, is to look as well as possible. When one can truthfully say, "I don't care how my hands look," the condition of mind is certainly one to be pitied. There may be deviations from the "lines of beauty," but a well-cared-for hand soon blinds one to ordinary defects of form. It indicates refinement, too, for coarser natures care little for the details of the personnel.

A homely hand, that shows its owner's care and attention in all the delicate minutiæ, is far more attractive than one beautiful in form and complexion that betrays neglect.

We so often see misshapen hands. What causes them? Baby hands are usually perfect, and children's hands seldom out of shape, for they are almost constantly in motion. With suitable care, good honest labor need not get the lines of the hands "out of plumb." Lack of exercise will do it oftener. The joints grow stiff and bent and crooked as people grow older, because they are kept so motionless. A good vigorous rubbing, massage if you will, night and morning, for ten minutes, will keep the joints of the hands and fingers lithe and supple till long past the allotted threescore years and ten.

If, from age or any other cause, one feels a touch of rheumatism in the finger-joints, such as will enlarge them later on, a simple emollient will soon relieve. An old gentleman who became an invalid at mid-life had then perfect hands. He sat and bemoaned his fate that he could labor, even with his pen, no more. Gradually his finger-joints became turned and distorted, with no evidence of any disease to cause it—only *lack of use.* Had he but stirred up the circulation, and exercised his hands and his fingers, *some*how, *any*how, every day, he might have retained his beautiful and pliant hands as long as he lived.

The skin of the hands should be kept soft and smooth. This cannot be done with cheap soaps, for only poor, coarse material enters into their composition. Money is well spent for *good* toilet articles, and the most economical soap for the hands is the finest. A dainty odor is desirable as well.

Those who must count their money, and cannot afford the costlier appurtenances of the toilet, can find good substitutes in less expensive every-day articles. Ten cents' worth of borax will last a long time; it will whiten the hands and remove most discolorations, but it is astringent and drying in its nature, and if used too freely gives the skin a dry and parched appearance. Lemon-juice will remove from the hands such stains as borax will not.

The homely old remedy for chapped, rough, red hands—yellow corn-meal and vinegar—is very effectual; used, of course, in connection with a fine soap.

A little tincture of benzoin in the water for washing the hands is very softening; good for the face as well. Glycerine is healing, but does not take kindly to all skins.

Thick sweet cream is very healing for chapped hands; and a weak mustard-water will remove disagreeable odors. Profuse perspiration of the hands is a stubborn and annoying ailment and the ruin of gloves. Rice-powder, French chalk, or alum-water baths are the best remedies.

The belles of olden time used the following cleansing and agreeable preparation for the hands: one pound Castile soap dissolved over a fire with a little water till a smooth paste; then stir in a cup or more of oat, corn, or almond meal, and, when partly cold, pour into jars for use.

The manicure's art is one easily learned; the really necessary implements are not many. A high polish on the nails is not considered *en règle* to-day, and the fashion of trimming them to a point has also gone by. A pair of gloves of liberal size, if my lady wishes to do some dusting herself, will protect the hands. The "ounce of prevention" comes in most forcibly in this matter.

Nothing New

A short time ago there was in this column a suggestion for the use of the scissors for the entertaining and education of little children. It was suggested that the children should cut in white paper any of the stories with which they were familiar, such as "The House that Jack Built;" the house, the bag of malt, the rat, etc., all present outlines that are simple and those familiar to a child. After the parts had been cut, the next step is the pasting on sheets of paper, or into a scrap-book, of the figures in the story form. There have just been exhibited at the Teachers' College, Morningside Park, New York, some specimens of free-hand drawing from the Chicago public schools. In this exhibit the idea of giving the young children the opportunity for expression is used. The story of "Jack and Jill" is told by cutting out the figures, the pail, the well, and the house at the foot of the hill, from a thin blue paper laid over a cream. The colors make a picture, and the result is the first step in art work. The scissors work is for the children who are too young to use a sharp knife, but the knife work, too, offers opportunity for the expression of that which is a picture in the child's mind; it reveals to the observant mother and teacher what conception the child has of the words it uses, of the stories it hears or reads.

Preservation of Clippings

I have been interested in the suggestions concerning the preservation of clippings. Several of the methods I have used. The trouble often is that two good articles are found on the two sides of the same leaf. A great majority of the articles I preserve come to me in The Outlook. I had ten years' files of the paper. The accumulation was so great that its use was impracticable. I went through the whole of it, separating the leaves containing articles for preservation (except those containing small items for clipping, which I put by themselves), discarding the advertisements, etc. The selected leaves I divided—with no attempt at classification—into ten lots, marking them A, B, C, etc., and numbering the leaves of each consecutively. Around each lot is buckled a cloth strap. I bought white paper by weight and had it cut the size of calling-cards, and had made a slip index to all marked articles. These slips I arrange as I like, keeping some of them in a subdivided envelope. Thus I avoid the bulkiness of scrap-books, the muss of paste, the waste of time in pasting, embarrassment from articles that cannot be separated, and I have 2,500 indexed leaves of uniform size convenient for use. I shall treat my accumulating Outlooks in the same way. The system is invaluable to me in Bible-class teaching and for other purposes. W. P. W.

There is no better method of filing than that of using the manufactured files such as are in use in business offices. These files are sometimes fitted in small cabinets that will hold three files—one for letters, one for catalogues, and one for clippings—or all three may be used for clippings, classifying them in the files and filing alphabetically in each file. This is simple, inexpensive, and most convenient.

The Artist View

The artist's opinion on woman's dress is always valuable. Mr. Beckwith is quoted as saying:

> The real beauty of a dress lies in its perfect adaptation to the wearer. The Greek gown is best suited to certain types—women of full form and regular features: the Venetian or Renaissance to the warmth and richness of Italian beauty. The modern style, properly adjusted, is equally well adapted to the beautiful nineteenth-century women who grace it.

A New Business

The papers of Buffalo describe a new calling or employment for women—that of house-hunter. The business grew out of personal experience. The woman who has developed it spent a long time in finding the house she wanted. The number of useless journeys she made at the suggestion of real-estate men convinced her that a woman could make a good living who would make a study of houses, locations, and rents. She visited real-estate agents, and some agreed to pay her a percentage for the tenants she received for their houses. She charged the renters a small fee when they were suited. She has been very successful, and has added flats and rooms as well as whole houses to her list.

A Citizen's Letter

A school superintendent in Maine has received the following note from a citizen in a small town:

> Dear Sir I wish to say to you that Our School is no good and I wont you to stup the scool and it must be done for the town is paying away our monay for northing if you cannot take that teacher Out of the School and put in a new teachr you must stup the school I have seen a lawyer and he says it can be stup I shall Notify the town so that she can not get her pay I suppose that is all you want her to have thair is not a Scholar goin to scool now she come and stay her Ours now it must be stup I shal take proper meens to do so you can come and see me if you wish to

A Standard

> Ruskin once wrote to Dante Gabriel Rossetti: "If you wanted to oblige me, you would keep your room in order and go to bed at night. All your fine speeches go for nothing with me till you do that."

That was all. Ruskin stood for health as well as beauty; and order was to him—is it not in fact?—one of the first elements of beauty.

How much faster the world would grow if we only would practice as much as we preach

A Breakfast Fruit

Grape-fruit is recommended by doctors as a tonic. One physician said recently that people whose livers were always in remembrance would find them driven from their minds if they used grape-fruit freely in the morning.

A Dangerous Practice

The householders in cities should not use hot water to wash the sidewalks when the temperature is at the freezing-point. This practice is most dangerous. In some cities a fine is imposed for using water on the walk in freezing weather.

A Practical School

Near Philadelphia a Practical Housekeeping School has been opened. The school year is from October to May; pupils may enter for one month. All departments of housekeeping will be taught.

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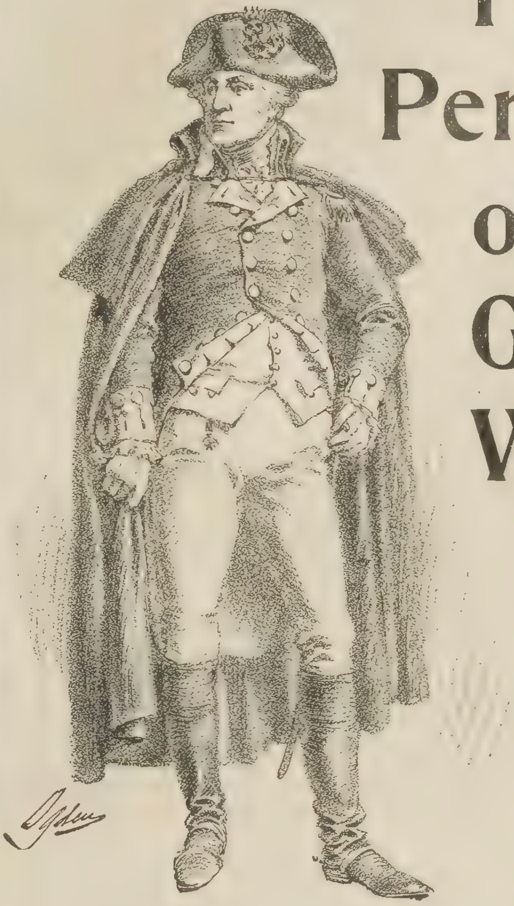

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Large Eaters. BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

Psyche Healing: Schlatter a Case. BY HESTER M. POOLE.

Notes Concerning Health. BY THE EDITOR.

Hygiene for Women. BY JENNIE CHANDLER.

Topics of the Month. BY THE EDITOR.

The New Year; A Wise Gift; Mr. Frothingham and His Sunday-School; Studying Brains; Studies Concerning Alcohol and its Effects.

DECEMBER NO., PARTIAL CONTENTS:

Grief a Spiritual Malady: Consolations. BY FELIX ADLER.

Health and Working Habits of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. BY HERSELF.

Physiological Effects of Anger. BY HELEN L. MANNING.

Notes Concerning Health. BY THE EDITOR.

The Perfect Man, No. 48, by Dr. T. D. Crother: Anorexia; Longevity and Labor; Dreams of the Blind; Diseases Not Transmitted by Heredity; Light and its Effects on the Mind.

Hygiene for Women, No. 32. BY JENNIE CHANDLER.

A Dangerous Experiment for Parents.

THE NOVEMBER NO. CONTAINS:

The Hygiene of Our Consciousness. BY HENRY WOOD.

Hygiene of Our Eyes, etc.

THE OCTOBER NO.:

Vivisection in Schools. BY DR. LEFFINGWELL.

A Bad Breath—Its Cure. DIO LEWIS.

THE SEPTEMBER NO. CONTAINS
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Was Walt Whitman Mad? etc.

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Literary Notes

—Dr. Conan Doyle has now completed his last novel. It is a tale of the Regency, and will be entitled "Rodney Stone."

—The title of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel is announced to be "A Lady of Quality." It is a story of the days of Queen Anne.

—Mr. Lecky, the historian, who has just been elected to Parliament for Dublin University, has two volumes on "Democracy and Liberty" in the press.

—With his new novel, "Über allen Gipfeln," Herr Paul Heyse has changed his course somewhat and for the better. In it the Nietszche school of philosophy is shown to be futile.

—The Clarendon Press is now publishing Mr. Gladstone's edition of Bishop Butler's works. The venerable statesman closes his account of the causes inducing him to undertake the work with a—for him—wonderfully short sentence: "Better thus than not at all."

—"Romance," in its present dress and matter, is an attractive journal for five cents. In the January number we note readable articles on Turkey, Amateur Photography, Hindus and their Tricks, Actors and their Make-up, and Gold-Mining in South Africa. There are also appreciative notices of the lives and works of M. Jules Viaud ("Pierre Loti"), Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Messrs. Hopkinson Smith and Wells Champney.

—The late Jean Baptiste Montegut was the first European to expound the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In 1857 M. Montegut became editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," a position he held five years, when he took charge of the literary criticism of the "Moniteur Universel." Besides his numerous essays on philosophy and literature, he translated the works of Shakespeare, Macaulay, and Emerson into French.

—The fashionable novelist in Italy just now is Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio. Strangely enough, the supreme test for Italy seems to be French criticism. It was rumored that Signor d'Annunzio's new series of novels, "I Gigli," would be published exclusively in French, because the romancer avers that only French readers have ever really understood him. However, this rumor does not tally with the fact that the first of the series is announced to appear in "Il Convito" and is called "La Vergine alle Roccie."

—A dispatch from London to the New York "Sun" says that "it is impossible to overlook, even in this hour of crisis, the crowning disgrace inflicted on this long-suffering country to-day by its official versifier. The Poet Laureate's effort in the 'Times,' entitled 'Jameson's Ride,' has broken the spirit of all Englishmen who have seen it, and if Parliament were in session might easily have caused a vote of no confidence in the Government which appointed this successor of Tennyson. Here is a stanza:

> "Wrong! Is it wrong? Well, may be;
> But I'm going, boys, all the same.
> Do they think me a burgher's baby
> To be scared by a scolding name?
> They may argue, and prate, and order;
> Go tell them to save their breath.
> Then over the Transvaal border,
> And gallop for life or death."

—It may not be known that as a young man Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, proposed to follow architecture as a profession, and was for a while in the office of the well-known architect Sir Arthur Blomfield. He used his spare moments, however, in writing a novel called "Desperate Remedies." Though this met with failure, he was not discouraged, and produced "Under the Greenwood Tree." At that time Mr. Frederick Greenwood was editing the "Cornhill Magazine." One day, at a cheap book-stall, he chanced to light upon "Under the Greenwood Tree," and for the sake of its name he picked it up and saw that there was genius in the neglected work. He then hunted up Mr. Hardy and commissioned him to write a novel for the "Cornhill." Thus was born "Far From the Madding Crowd."

[For list of Books Received see page 169]

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SOME WOMEN OF THE BIBLE—VI.

Sunday, January 26. Esther ix. Mordecai's day of joy comes through Esther, ver. 4. The expression, "day of feasting and gladness," in vers. 17, 18, 19. A Christmas custom, ver. 19, l. c. The month that was "turned," ver. 22, might well be celebrated forever, ver. 28. Is gratitude a national virtue in our country?

Monday, January 27. Esther x. Of the three statements concerning Mordecai's goodness in ver. 3, the last by far the most important. Ps. cxxii., 7, 8.; Col. iii., 15; Rev. i., 4; Phil. iv., 7.

Tuesday, January 28. Luke i., 28–56. Four prominent women named *Mary*: (1) the mother of Jesus; (2) Mary of Magdala; (3) Mary the mother of James and Joses, and (4) the sister of Lazarus. Also Rom. xvi., 6. Christ's mother mentioned only four times after his infancy. Her character best studied in Luke first. She is "highly favored," but not an object of worship; blessed for her faith, ver. 45; her humility, ver. 48; her reverent spirit, vers. 49, 50; her patriotism, ver. 54. Present at the ascension, but apparently not at the resurrection. Object of her son's last care, John xix., 26, 27. In Acts i., 14; ix., 11, see the blessing following the bitter hour; in John xix., 25, f. c. See Rom. viii., 18; 2 Cor. v., 1–9.

Wednesday, January 29. Mary, the mother of James and Joses, was probably the sister of Christ's mother, and her faithful friend, as well as the friend of Christ. Called also, John xix., 25. By the cross and at the sepulcher, Mark xv., 47, and xvi., 1; carrying good but incredible news to the sorrowing, Luke xxiv., 10; Prov. xvii., 17; John xi., 11; Prov. xxvii., 9.

Thursday, January 30. Luke viii., 1–3. A woman of unblemished character and in good circumstances, ver. 3, l. c. Healed by Christ of a terrible disease, she gratefully followed and ministered to him, ver. 2, 3. At the crucifixion, John xix., 25. She followed to the burial, Mark xv., 47; brought spices, Mark xvi., 1, and John xx., 1. To her Christ first appeared as she wept at his grave in the early dawn, John xx., 15, 16. No doubt she was in the glorious company, Acts i., 9. A true, loving, self-sacrificing, grateful follower of Christ. Are you such?

Friday, January 31. Luke x., 39-42. Three pictures of this lovely Mary. The first, in Luke x., reveals her character. The place that she coveted, "at Jesus' feet," hearing his word, Ps. xxvii., 4, 5; Luke viii., 35. Her position indicates humility and deep affection. "That good part" held its true place in her heart. "In having all things and not Thee, what have I?" Phil. i., 21; 1 Tim. vi., 6.

Saturday, February 1. John xi., 1–45. The sisters in deep distress, ver. 3. John vi., 68; Isa. xxvi., 16; Ps. xlvi., 1. A beautiful record, ver. 5. Mary in ver. 20, l. c., may have been overcome with grief or not aware of Christ's approach, but she came quickly, vers. 29–31. An affectionate sister, ver. 31, l. c. Had many friends, vers. 19, 31, 33. But her crowning virtue was her faith, ver. 32, l. c. Matt. xv., 28; 1 Pet. i., 7; Rom. v., 1; Heb. xi., 6.

A Popular Author

Mr. Owen Wister, the author of many interesting studies of the West, is a Harvard man, and toward the end of his course at college his tastes seemed to become musical rather than literary. After graduation, so the "Bookman" informs us, he resolved to adopt a musical career, and with this purpose in view went abroad, and, upon the recommendation of Liszt, began the study of composition in Paris. Unexpected circumstances, however, occasioned a sudden change of plan, and Mr. Wister returned to America. Shortly afterwards failing health sent him elk-hunting in Wyoming, and seeking health he found not only new strength but a new world. He then settled down to the practice of law in Philadelphia, but the spell of the West was upon him and could not be broken. The literary instinct which it had stirred could not be stilled.

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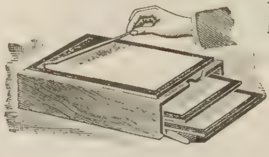

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The Business World

China to Float Another Loan Last Saturday it was telegraphed from Pekin that the Deutsche Ostasiatische Bank and the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation have secured the contract to issue a 5 per cent. Chinese Government loan of 100,000,000 taels, to cost 89½. The loan is to be issued at 95.

Iron Production Declining Last November pig-iron production reached its maximum—over 217,000 tons a week. January figures, however, show a product of only 207,500 tons. The "Iron Age" says that "while this is progress in the right direction, it is doubtful whether consumption is even now capable of coping with the output." Last week, however, iron and steel advanced in price.

Canal Trolley vs. Canal Mules A contemporary reports Mr. Campbell Adams, the State Engineer and Surveyor of New York State, as saying that within three years the canal mules will have to say good-by to the tow-path. By the time the Erie Canal is deepened from seven to nine feet, and those locks strengthened which now will admit but one boat, he thinks the canal trolley will be ready for use. The only obstacle is found in the transmission of power over long distances, but Mr. Adams adds that it is not necessary that power should be generated at one point only, even at Niagara Falls.

Railway Stocks The principal changes last week in quotations for railway stocks were advances of one point and over each in New York Central, Susquehanna pfd., Omaha and Iowa Central pfd.; of over two points in Lake Shore; of three points in Lake Erie and Western pfd. and in Lackawanna; of four points in Metropolitan Traction, and of five points in Illinois Central. There were declines of one point and over in Canada Southern and in Rock Island, and of two points in Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy. The bond list shows a larger proportion of gains than is seen in the above. This circumstance is indeed a gratifying one. The volume of business is somewhat restricted from the fear of tight money, resulting from bond-issue payments.

The New York City Clearing-House On Wednesday of last week the beautiful new Clearing-House in New York City was dedicated with appropriate exercises. It may not be generally realized how small is the sum of actual currency necessary to discharge Clearing-House balances after the exchanges of checks and securities have been arranged. In his oration, Mr. J. Edward Simmons, the President of the Fourth National Bank, said that the total transactions of the Clearing-House from October, 1853, to October, 1895, amounted to the sum of $1,092,815,818,055. The balances found necessary in connection with this almost fabulous total were but a little more than 4.5 per cent. of the clearings, and even these balances were discharged, not in currency, but principally by certificates on a common depositary. Mr. Simmons instanced the balances for 1883. One-half of 1 per cent. of these balances and less than one-fiftieth of 1 per cent. of the entire earnings were paid in legal tenders and coin.

The Government Bond Issue The two most notable events of last week in the financial world were, first, the dissolution of the syndicate formed by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to bid for the new Government bond issue; and, second, the circular put forth by Secretary Carlisle extending the time for paying subscriptions to the issue. On both of these incidents we comment elsewhere. In regard to payments for the bonds, gold is being imported from Europe (nearly $5,500,000 came in last week) by some intending subscribers; others are arranging to buy gold in this market at a premium of ½ to 1 per cent. Let it not be forgotten, however, that (though last week's gold exports were only half as much as the imports) gold is being continually withdrawn from the Treasury for export without premium, while with premium gold is imported. The Treasury thus continues to suffer. Its gold reserve is now less than $54,000,000. Preparation for the new issue was plainly seen in last Saturday's statement of the New York City associated banks. Their specie holdings have now increased to over $73,000,000, of which almost all is gold. None of the metal most recently added has come from the Treasury; but largely from checks taken by smelters for gold bars deposited in the United States Assay Office. These checks are deposited by the smelters in the various banks, which in turn exchange them at the Sub-Treasury for gold-coin certificates.

The Transvaal Mines In spite of the excitement caused by Dr. Jameson's filibustering raid and the colossal setback during the latter half of 1895, the South African gold-mining securities have held their own during the past fortnight with remarkable and encouraging steadiness. At the statutory meeting of the Barnato "Bank" on Tuesday of last week, Mr. Barnato said that the three companies belonging to the bank could pay 90 per cent. of their capital, and that the others could repay that capital ten times over. He said that in spite of the fact that they had gone through an unprecedented financial crisis, and that the depreciation of South African shares had been from £120,000,000 to £130,000,000 during the last six months, the bank could declare a dividend of 20 per cent., which would have been doubled, he asserted, under favorable circumstances. This may be "bluff," and the London "Statist" gives the following impressive table of fluctuations as a warning:

	Price Jan. 2, 1895.	Highest price, 1895.	Lowest, January, 1896.
East Rand	2 9-16	12¾	3½
Glencairn	3¾	4⅞	2½
Randfontein	20s. 6d.	4⅜	1⅝
Goldfields Deep	3⅝	14	4¾
Rand Mines	21½	45½	17½
Barnato Consols	....	5 11-16	1½
Cons. Goldfields	....	19⅝	8⅛
S. A. Gold Trust	4	12¾	6¾
Barnato Bank	....	4¾	1
Johannesb'g Investm't.	2¾	6⅞	2¼
Chartered	42s.	8 13-16	3⅛
De Beers	19⅜	32½	21

The "Statist" proceeds to say:

> We are of opinion that eventually, through force or through redress being granted and grievances removed, the outcome must be improvement in the economic conditions: and while there undoubtedly will remain the discomfort of soreness and friction between the Uitlander and Boer parties, this soreness will gradually disappear, particularly if there is resumption of business activity. . . . Not a few persons have been alarmed by silly talk about the Boers taking steps to destroy mining property in case of resort to arms. If mines were house property, and contending armies by bombardment were destroying such property, the loss would be a certain one; but, even with many conflicts in the mining area, the gold in the ground would remain, the shafts and levels of mining companies would still exist, and damage would be in respect of the surface equipment. Is it conceivable that the Boers would lay themselves out to wantonly destroy mining plants? Of course it is out of the question that the Uitlanders would do so. Apart from the common sense of the subject, there is the expediency of the Boers offending their Continental friends, for in the destruction of mining property they would be interfering with the prospects of a great number of French, and to a less extent Germans, investors in South African mines. This point leads up to the subject of whether or not, in deference to at least that portion of the capitalists who have supported the Transvaal, concessions will not be made to ameliorate the mining and general commercial situation, and reforms of police, etc., inaugurated. While the prospect of the franchise question may be further deferred, the probability is that modifications of monopolies and duties will be effected, to the benefit of the mines.

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Hon. GEO. F. HOAR, United States Senator from Massachusetts: I have examined with great pleasure the copy of The Outlook for December 21, 1895. If it is kept up to that standard it will be one of the best family papers in the world.

Mr. S. S. McCLURE, Publisher "McClure's Magazine," New York City: I think it by far the best idea introduced into weekly journalism in our generation. It enables The Outlook to enter one of the most profitable and popular fields in the whole publication business. It enables you to make a ten-cent magazine which, while it strengthens your weekly, will likewise in itself become a great force and a great property. If I am any judge of the value of an idea, I should say that it would easily double your circulation in twelve months. It makes The Outlook far more valuable than any ordinary weekly, and enables you to make it more valuable than any monthly. It gives you at one stroke the command of two of the greatest fields in journalism, and I don't see but that your table of contents would make glad the heart of any magazine editor.

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R. H. CRUNDEN, LL.D., Director and American Manager Henry Gaze & Sons, New York: I am happy to send you sincere congratulations on this new departure, which, without any increase of price, must inevitably tend to immensely increase your popularity and circulation.

Rev. ALEX. V. G. ALLEN, D.D., Professor of Church History, Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge: The Outlook did not require this addition to add to its interest or value, but this combination of the monthly magazine with the weekly journal will form a strong attraction, I trust, as it is sure to be a source of pure pleasure in every home where it goes.

President H. B. FRISSELLE, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.: I feel a sense of personal gratitude to The Outlook for its helpfulness in many lines, and I consider the new venture most enterprising. In this day, when some of our leading magazines allow stories of questionable character, it is a great comfort to have a periodical that is attractive to young and old alike, which one does not feel the necessity of looking over before placing in the hands of the family. The new feature will add greatly to its attractiveness.

Rev. Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE, Pastor Brick Church, New York: To have an idea which is both new and good is a fine thing. To be able to realize it is something even better. The editors of The Outlook have been blessed with this double good fortune. The new venture, not attempting rivalry with the existing magazines, bids fair to meet a want that was not felt until it was supplied.

Rev. C. F. THWING, President of Adelbert College, Cleveland, O.: This method of a weekly newspaper having one number of each month essentially a magazine seems to me wise; for such a number takes on more the character of genuine literature.

Rev. DAVID H. GREER, D.D., Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York: I have seen and read with much pleasure and satisfaction the first number of the Magazine issue of The Outlook; and, as one of your subscribers, I beg to thank you for the new interest which you are thus imparting to your already most interesting and admirable paper.

Mr. WILLIAM S. HAWK, Proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, New York: Until the receipt of a copy of the Illustrated Number of The Outlook, I had always considered it about as nearly perfect as a paper could be, and the illustrations are so much of an addition to the publication that in its present shape I do not see how it could be surpassed. I know of no publication we read with more pleasure than The Outlook, and I believe that if I could afford to subscribe for only *one* paper for my family, The Outlook would be *the* one chosen by all of us.

Mrs. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH, The Salvation Army, New York: You know how much absorbed we are in our own work, and can imagine how little time we have for reading any publications. So you will the better understand how much interested we must be in your paper when I say that we look forward to its arrival and keep on file its copies in our own home.

Rev. Dr. T. T. MUNGER, New Haven, Conn.: Your new departure in making one number of The Outlook each month of the nature of an illustrated magazine is every way to be commended. I wish you all success.

Rev. Dr. GEORGE C. LORIMER, Pastor Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.: I had great pleasure in examining the first Illustrated Magazine Number of The Outlook. I am sure that your subscribers will appreciate your enlightened policy.

Mr. T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager Atlantic Coast Line: I think this is a move in the right direction, and will make an already interesting magazine more interesting and popular. In our opinion it increases its value as an advertising medium.

Hon. JAMES H. KYLE, United States Senator from Dakota: There is great need to-day for wholesome, pure literature in the family, and I think The Outlook Company is doing a great work in supplying this want.

Mr. HARVEY E. FISK, of New York City: The Outlook is absolutely indispensable in our family, being read by all, from the four-year-old up to the oldest member. We think the Illustrated Magazine Number a bright idea and a valuable addition to a paper which was already the best of its kind which came into our home.

President WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON, Tulane University, of Louisiana: Your idea of publishing a monthly number of The Outlook seems to me a very good one.

Hon. W. J. BRYAN, United States Senator from Nebraska: I write to compliment you upon your enterprise in adding the monthly magazine feature to The Outlook.

Mr. N. J. POWER, General Passenger Agent Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Can.: The interest I always take in The Outlook will be very greatly increased by your new departure in issuing an illustrated magazine every month, the first of which is very attractive and cannot fail to please all your readers as it has myself.

Rev. Dr. ALEX. MacKENZIE, Pastor First Congregational Church, Cambridge, Mass.: I think the proposed modification of The Outlook, by an occasional magazine number, will increase its value as a family paper.

Rev. MERRILL E. GATES, D.D., President Amherst College: It seems to me that your Illustrated Magazine Number, gathering up in somewhat more permanent form some of the most picturesque and some of the most permanently valuable articles, is a novel idea which must find great favor with your subscribers and with others.

Rev. GEORGE A. GORDON, D.D., Pastor Old South Church, Boston, Mass.: I think your Magazine Number of The Outlook is rich and full of interest, and cannot fail to win new charm for the ample worlds of thought and literature, from the light of religious feeling and purpose that it sheds upon them.

Mrs. CANDACE WHEELER, New York City: It seems to be a very happy thought to add the more deliberate utterances of a magazine to those of an authoritative weekly newspaper, and in this way bring a satisfactory acquaintance with the general and literary activities of the world to the many who are not in them.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, of Toronto: I have read The Outlook with great interest and pleasure, and I feel sure that it must be a wholesome and elevating element in the literature of the United States. It has my best wishes for its prosperity.

Rev. Dr. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, Brooklyn, N. Y.: I can only testify to my hearty admiration of the breadth, symmetry, and charm of your Illustrated Number. The Outlook is at all times intellectually opulent, but on the new basis it becomes sumptuous.

Miss GRACE H. DODGE, New York City: It is the first time I have ever seen a weekly religious paper take such a strong, dignified stand, and I feel that The Outlook, as always, has been wise in this new venture.

President D. O. GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins University: The new Magazine Number of The Outlook is most attractive, and I have no doubt that the proposed plan will give pleasure to your readers—among whom I am glad to be numbered.

Professor NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, of Columbia College: It seems to me that the idea of publishing one number of The Outlook each month in the form of an illustrated magazine, without depriving it of its character as a weekly newspaper for cultivated and thoughtful people, is a most excellent one, and I trust that it will be markedly successful.

Mr. HERBERT WELSH, of Philadelphia: I think your idea is a capital one, and I wish you every success in carrying it out.

Rev. JULIUS H. WARD, Brookline, Mass.: The high character of your special articles, all of which are on subjects of immediate and wide interest, is a clear advance on anything you have yet done, and it lifts The Outlook into a new and larger sphere of usefulness.

Rev. FRANKLIN CARTER, D.D., President of Williams College: It is a fine number, and the illustrations are beautiful.

Mr. JAMES B. REYNOLDS, Head Worker University Settlement Society, New York: The illustrated form of The Outlook is most refreshing. I like pictures, if they are good ones, and every face that I know among your character-sketches of December 21 is a good likeness.

Hon. NELSON DINGLEY, Jr., Chairman Ways and Means Committee, House of Representatives, Washington: It is a most creditable publication, and I trust it may prove a profitable monthly addition to your excellent weekly.

Mr. THOMAS NELSON PAGE: It seems to me that your plan is an excellent one.

Rev. W. S. RAINSFORD, D.D., Rector St. George's, New York: For several years I have always felt it a privilege to do what little I could to promote the circulation of your paper. I believe it to be by far the best weekly paper in the United States, and I think I do not know any one who takes it steadily who does not coincide in that belief.

Mr. SAMUEL CARPENTER, Eastern Passenger Agent Pennsylvania Railroad: The Outlook itself is in the front rank of periodicals of its class. I wish you every success in the new undertaking.

Mr. F. I. WHITNEY, General Passenger and Traffic Agent Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.: It cannot now be said that "there is nothing new under the sun," since the idea of publishing a monthly as a part of the regular issue of your weekly has become a matter of fact. I may say that there is no need of the element of novelty to recommend The Outlook to its readers in the weekly or magazine form.

Ex-Mayor ABRAM S. HEWITT, New York City: I congratulate you and the public on the production of so interesting and valuable a serial, combining as it does the best features of the weekly paper and the more solid attractions of the monthly magazine. I am sure that it will prove to be a great success, as it is a marked advance upon existing publications, and in the right direction.

Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D., First Congregational Church, Columbus, Ohio: I wish that you might circulate five hundred thousand copies of The Outlook.

Rev. F. W. GUNSAULUS, D.D., President Armour Institute, Chicago, Ill.: I congratulate you most heartily on the excellence of the first illustrated number of The Outlook.

Mr. GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, New York City: I congratulate you upon the enterprise displayed in such an original scheme of publication, which must necessarily be much appreciated by your subscribers, and at the same time add largely to the advantages of advertising in your publication. I shall look for the next Magazine Number with a great deal of interest.

Rev. R. HEBER NEWTON, New York City: It strikes me as an admirable new departure, happy in conception and happy in execution.

Rev. WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT, D.D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I do not take kindly to illustrated newspapers. They prick my vanity by suggesting that I can't understand "c-a-t" without the picture to help me. But this first copy of the Illustrated Outlook has restored my faith and given me profound satisfaction. I shall believe without questioning whatever your future illustrations tell me, and have resolved to do what I never did before with any paper or periodical—preserve and bind all coming numbers for a Christmas present to—myself.

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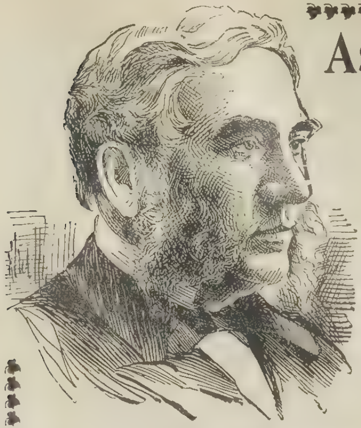

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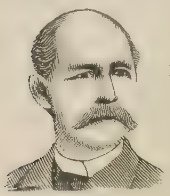

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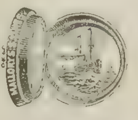

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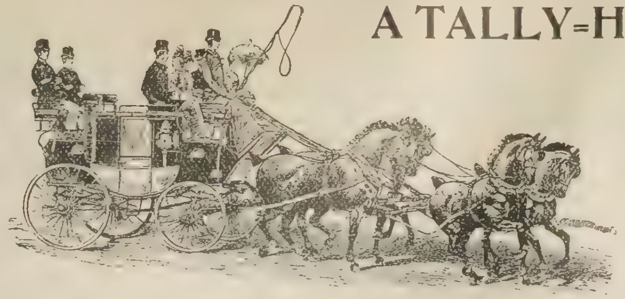

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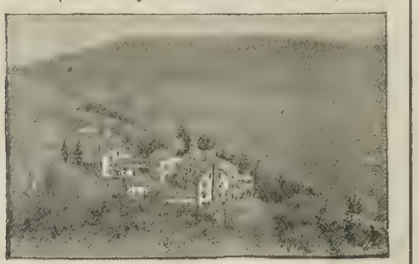

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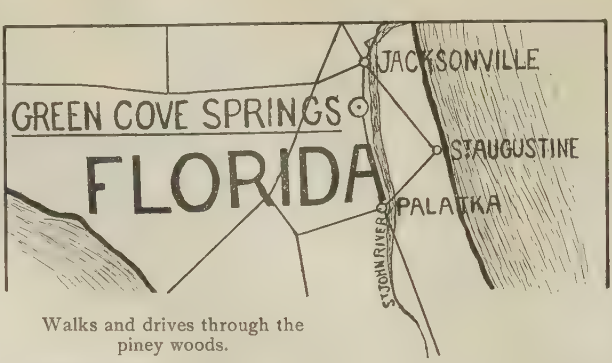

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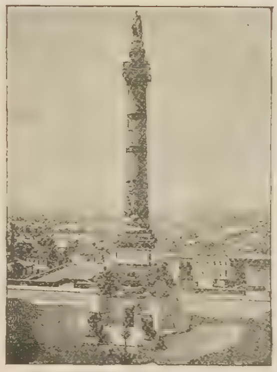

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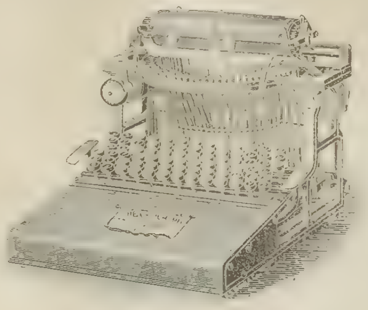

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OUR CONSTANT AIM

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 22 February, 1896 Number 8

THE Queen's Speech last week was, as usual, a kind of formal and non-communicative prelude to the opening of the new session of the English Parliament. The principal interest in it centered in the expressions with regard to Armenia, Venezuela, and South Africa, but on all these matters the tone of the message, while distinctly pacific, was vague and noncommittal. The Queen conveyed the rather stale information that the Sultan had sanctioned reforms proposed for the Armenian provinces, and expressed her regret that the fanatical outbreak among the Turkish population had resulted in a series of massacres. She also regretted the sudden excursion into the South African Republic of an armed force, and declared that the matter would be made the subject of a searching inquiry. The Government of the United States having expressed a wish to co-operate in the termination of the differences between England and Venezuela, the Queen expressed her sympathy with the desire to come to an equitable arrangement. In a word, the Speech, as usual, was purely a formal matter, but the debate which followed was significant as showing the attitude of the parties. Lord Rosebery severely criticised the Government's policy toward Armenia, which he declared was most mysterious and led to the conclusion that the Ministry had decided to abandon the cause of Armenia. Touching on the Venezuelan question, Lord Rosebery said that he welcomed the intervention of the United States because it introduced the important element of a substantial Government offering to guarantee the permanence of any settlement that might be arrived at. The whole speech was distinctly friendly in character, and Lord Salisbury, who followed, declared that the chief obstacle to settlement had been the extravagant claims of Venezuela, but that the difficulty would, in his judgment, be solved before long by the mutual development of a desire for arbitration. On Monday of this week an amendment to the reply to the Queen's Speech was moved in the House of Commons urging that the whole question should be submitted to arbitration. A most interesting debate followed, which was closed by the assurance of Mr. Balfour that the amendment would only hinder the object in view. Sir William Harcourt declared that both inside and outside the House the consensus of opinion was in favor of arbitration. The feeling seems to be very general in London that an early adjustment of the affair is now assured. Pressure has been brought to bear by our own Government on Venezuela to resume diplomatic relations with Great Britain, and when a Minister from Venezuela arrives in London, it is believed that the way will be open for a prompt adjustment of the differences between the two countries. The immense advantage of treating international affairs with calmness and deliberation instead of bluster and buncombe is plainly seen in the contrast suggested by the speeches of Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords, and of Mr. Frye in the United States Senate. Lord Rosebery's attitude was that of a trained statesman dealing with affairs of world-wide moment with dignity and a deep sense of responsibility. Mr. Frye's attitude was that of an angry boy who shakes his fists and declaims.

*

The legal opinion of Professor Bernay, of the University of Lausanne, which we publish on another page, is a very important document. It was obtained, as will be seen, by the British Peace Association, and has been forwarded to The Outlook by a special English correspondent. It is distinctly a judicial opinion, wholly free from political and national bias. It has the authority of an impartial opinion, and settles, as far as any opinion from a single unprejudiced and disinterested expert can settle, some of the disputed questions involved in the Venezuela controversy. According to this opinion, the Monroe Doctrine does not justify our intervention in the Venezuelan dispute; the claims of Secretary Olney in this respect are unfounded, and, moreover, were not presented in proper forms of diplomatic courtesy. On the other hand, our declaration that England's refusal to submit the Venezuelan question to arbitration would be regarded as unfriendly, though "ill conceived from some points of view," is not a menace of war; nor is the appointment of the Commission an infraction of international law. Finally, while intervention by one State in a controversy between two other States is sometimes legitimate, notably when a stronger State is committing an unlawful act to the injury of a weaker State, it appears impossible to discover in the issues between Venezuela and England any conditions which justify such intervention by the United States. Such, in brief, is the substance of this opinion, which we commend to the studious consideration of our candid readers. This valuable paper gives us the gift to "see ourselves as others see us"—always a valuable though not always a welcome gift.

*

The chief figure of the week in England has been Mr. Chamberlain, whose very able management of the difficulties in South Africa has elicited praise even from his political enemies. The notable quality which has characterized Mr. Chamberlain's treatment of South African matters has been directness. He seemed to grasp the situation the very moment the startling news was conveyed to him, and before the newspapers had published the reports the Secretary for the Colonies had taken every step necessary to disavow Dr. Jameson's enterprise in every form. There was none of the usual diplomatic evasion and procrastination. In the House of Commons Mr. Chamberlain has shown the same qualities. He has apparently taken the whole English public into his confidence, and told them the entire story without any of the usual diplomatic reservations and concealments. He has substituted complete publicity for the traditional diplomatic policy of secrecy, and it is not surprising that this new method has secured popular approval on the instant. From the very beginning Mr. Chamberlain has made the newspapers free of all the information which he possessed. Twenty-four hours before the debate on the Transvaal affair in the House of Commons he had published the dispatches, and when he stood on his feet to meet his critics he practically disarmed them by telling the whole story simply, frankly, and apparently without any evasions. His critics had expected to make a point of his unwise haste in printing the dispatch to the British High Commissioner in South Africa, in which he had set forth the grievances of the foreign residents of the Transvaal and suggested a scheme of reforms which included the practical autonomy of the residents of the Rand. To this suggestion President Kruger took serious offense, and has refused to carry out his intention of visiting England for the purpose of conference with the Government.

* * *

Mr. Chamberlain described this whole transaction, went over the whole question with the greatest apparent candor, said frankly that he had irritated President Kruger by his unwise action, and had possibly prevented his proposed visit; that he had made a mistake in making public a scheme of reform in the government of the Rand without previously submitting it to President Kruger; that his action had been met by an angry protest; that he withdrew it as a mere tentative suggestion; and closed a very able speech by the declaration that the English Government intended, under all circumstances, to stand by its rights in South Africa. The speech, by reason of its lucidity, intelligent arrangement of detail, and general air of candor, disarmed criticism and has made the most favorable impression in England. While Mr. Chamberlain was speaking in the House of Commons, Baron von Vieberstein, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, was also speaking in the German Reichstag. He said that Germany had never attempted to obtain any kind of a protectorate over the Transvaal, but that the German Government will uphold the *status quo* at Delagoa Bay, the rights involved in the ownership of the German railways, and the maintenance of the independence of the South African Republic. In other words, Germany apparently conveys to England the decision that she will not stand by and allow English intervention in the affairs of South Africa. The situation undoubtedly contains elements of danger. It may be doubted whether the English Government proposes to send an army corps of twenty thousand men to South Africa, as is reported in the newspapers, and whether the German Government is also making preparations looking to the same end; but the English cannot leave the difficulty with the Boers where it is, and, if German declarations are to be believed, England cannot interfere to change the conditions for the better without antagonizing Germany.

* * *

The prophecy has been freely made of late that the Bourgeois Ministry would go out of power in France, as its predecessor went out, on the question of the Southern Railway scandals, and the large attendance of visitors in the galleries of the Chamber of Deputies on Thursday of last week was an indication of the popular interest in the subject and in a possible Cabinet crisis. The trial of the first group of speculators involved in the Southern Railway scandal resulted in the defeat of the Ribot Ministry. An examination of all the matters involved has been in progress for several months, and the question upon which the Bourgeois Ministry was to stand or fall last week related to the appointment of what is called in France a Judge of Instruction to conduct the inquiry. Judge Poitevin was selected for the work, and the charge has been freely made that this official was too much under Ministerial influence. On that ground the Ministry had been beaten in the Senate, and its opponents expected to beat it in the popular body. How much sincerity there is in the charge against Judge Poitevin it is impossible to say, but the opinion seems to be that the charge was simply a pretext under cover of which the opponents of the Ministry hoped to overthrow it. Out of 581 members of the Chamber, 326 voted for the Ministry and 43 against it, leaving a large group of Deputies, 212, who seem to have preferred to leave the present Ministry in office, but who were not willing to indorse it. The affirmative vote came largely from the Moderate Republicans. In the Senate the Ministry is accused of being too radical; among the Radicals it is charged with being too conservative. But it is probably having as comfortable a time as any French Ministry can under the existing conditions in the Chamber of Deputies. All parties and groups are now looking more to the municipal elections, which will take place throughout France in May, than to the carrying out of any distinct policy.

* * *

In the United States Senate last week five free-coinage Republicans voted with the Democrats and Populists against the consideration of the House tariff bill. The Republicans who thus broke away from party lines upon a question involving what has been the cardinal principle of the party were: Senators Jones, of Nevada, Teller, of Colorado, Dubois, of Idaho, and Carter and Mantle, of Montana. With their aid the Democrats and Populists buried the tariff bill by a vote of 29 to 21. Some Republican papers express confidence that this action will be reconsidered, but the general belief is that the tariff bill is killed and that the bolting Republicans have formally served notice that they care as little for the protection of Eastern manufacturers as the latter for the protection of Western silver-miners. Whatever the outcome, the vote furnishes another sign that Republican unity is increasingly difficult to maintain. When so many Western Republicans will vote with Southern Democrats against a tariff bill, the union of the free-trade and free-coinage sections of the country in one political party certainly seems less remote. In the House of Representatives the important event of the week was the defeat of the Senate's free-coinage amendment to the Bond Bill by a majority of 125 votes. This majority against free coinage was without precedent in recent years. Even in the fall of 1893, the free-coinage amendment to the bill repealing the Sherman Act received 125 votes, as against 226 in opposition. This year the free-coinage proposition received but 90 votes, as against 215 in opposition. An analysis of the two votes shows that the increased strength of the opposition was due to the increased strength of the Republican party. In 1893 the Democrats voted 114 to 101 against free coinage; this year they voted 58 to 31 in its favor. In 1893 the Republicans voted 112 to 13 against free coinage; this year they voted 184 to 25 against it. In 1893 the free-coinage proposition had the support of 11 Populists; this year of only 7. It was, therefore, to the displacement of Democrats and Populists by Republicans in the elections of 1894 that the extent of last week's anti-silver victory was due. Only seven Republicans from east of the Missouri River supported the free-coinage proposition. This vote is admitted by silver men to be a decided setback to free coinage.

* * *

In interpreting the significance of this action the reader must recall the classification of parties on the financial question which The Outlook has heretofore given. These parties are not two, but three: the first is in favor of gold monometallism; the second is in favor of a double or alternating standard of gold and silver, kept at parity by being made legal tender for all debts, private and public; the third is in favor of free silver coinage. Some bimetallists are in favor of free silver coinage, either because they think it will lead to bimetallism or because they think that, if it does not, the evils of silver monometallism will be less than the evils of the present gold system; other bimetallists are opposed to free silver coinage, because they fear it will retard bimetallism, and they prefer to endure present evils rather than fly to ills they know not of. The free silver coinage men are reinforced by the silver-mining and co-related industries. The vote in the House indicates, if it does not demonstrate, a popular majority against free silver coinage, but it does not demonstrate such a public majority against bimetallism, and we doubt if it even indicates such a majority. It does indicate an increasing determination that every dollar shall possess the same purchasing value, whether it is redeemable in gold or silver. This is a wise determination; bimetallists all believe that it can be realized under bimetallism; if not, bimetallism is scientifically false. The way to secure a test vote of the opinion of the House on that question would be to introduce a bill requiring the Secretary of the Treasury, when the gold reserve fell below a certain definite minimum, to redeem in silver coin the notes which, by the terms of the act providing for their issue, are payable in silver at the option of the Government. Every vote against such a law would be a vote against National bimetallism; every vote for it would be a vote for bimetallism.

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Secretary Morton, of the Department of Agriculture, is trying to institute an important reform, the purpose of which is to be heartily commended, but by a method which ought not to pass unchallenged. Since 1839 the Government has expended sums gradually increasing from $1,000 a year to $150,000 for the distribution of seeds, plants, vines, and the like, in order to diversify and promote the horticultural and agricultural industries of the country. The aim was to bring the attention of farmers to new seeds and plants which our consuls abroad or correspondents in different parts of our own country brought to the attention of the Bureau of Agriculture. Naturally, the number of rare products really deserving to be thus distributed was very small, and the institution framed for the advancement of science and agriculture has developed into an institution for enabling Congressmen to show personal attentions to farming constituents. Though the total amount appropriated seems small, the number of packages of seeds distributed last year was upwards of nine million, of which about eight million went to farmers through the favor of Congressmen. The exact amount spent in purchasing and handling these seeds in 1894 was $123,000, and the cost to the Post-Office Department of transporting them free of charge was in the neighborhood of $30,000 more. Secretary Morton rightly insists that the system has developed into a gross abuse, and urges that, instead of this wholesale and indiscriminate sending of seeds to constituents, it would be better for the Government to appropriate $500 for each of the forty-eight agricultural experiment stations, permitting these to distribute as they see fit. Unfortunately, however, Secretary Morton does not stop here. Unable to persuade Congress to change the law, he discovered and followed a method by which he claims he may legally refuse to extend the appropriation. The method pursued was, in brief, to advertise for competitive bids for the furnishing of the seeds, plants, and so on, but to find that no one of the bids received by the date specified was satisfactory at all points. Those most interested in the promotion of agriculture in this country agree with Secretary Morton that the present law which he opposes is a bad one; but the way to get rid of a bad law is not to evade it. We regret to see Secretary Morton making use of a questionable means to accomplish a very commendable end. The foundation of democracy is government by law as opposed to government by officials; and when officials, in the Nation, State, or city, set out to defeat the obvious purpose of the law, even when that purpose is pernicious, by evasive methods, they set an example which, unfortunately, is quickly and skillfully adopted by those who wish to break the force of good laws.

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Several bills distinctively in the interest of morality have been introduced at the present session of Congress. One of them, forbidding prize-fights in any territory of the United States, has passed both Houses. The others have not been brought to a vote in either House, but may be helped to one by those in sympathy with them. One of these measures forbids the issue of Federal liquor licenses except to dealers possessing State licenses. The object is to reduce the number of illegal dram-shops in high license, local option, and Prohibition States by making the lawbreakers subject to the severe penalties of the Federal law as well as the comparatively mild ones of the Commonwealths. The measure was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Peffer, of Kansas, and in the House by Mr. Denny, of Mississippi. The New York "Voice" reports that the Mississippi Legislature will memorialize Congress in favor of the measure. In that State, under the local-option law, more than four-fifths of the counties have prohibited saloons, and the public sentiment in favor of the enforcement of the law is so strong that the traditional hostility to the strong arm of the Federal Government has been forgotten. It is noteworthy that most of the Congressmen quoted in the "Voice" as heartily supporting the bill are Southern Democrats. The two remaining bills especially notable for their moral purpose have been introduced by Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts. One forbids the granting of a divorce in any Territory unless the applicant has resided in the Territory for one year. The other is so short and so important that we print it in full:

> "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person who shall be a party to the transmission by telegraph or telephone or mail or express or otherwise, from one State or Territory into another State or Territory, or from or into the District of Columbia, of any gambling bet, or report of such bet on any race or prize-fight or other event, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punishable in the first offense by imprisonment for not more than two years or by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or both, and in the second and after offenses by such imprisonment only."

Already the transmission of any such bets or reports of bets from one State to another by mail or express is forbidden by National law, but the transmission by telegraph, aimed at in this bill, is a far more important way of nullifying the anti-gambling laws of various Commonwealths. By all means let this bill be pressed forward.

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The annual report of the New York State Factories Inspectors has been published. The most startling part of the report is that in regard to the violation of State laws in bakeries. The worst conditions prevail in New York and Brooklyn. The men are reported to work fourteen, sixteen, and even eighteen hours a day. The overworked men in many cases sleep in the bake-shop on the bread-troughs; not infrequently it is their only home. The bread and other products are made, in the majority of the bakeries, in cellars damp and unfit for use, which are without means of lighting or ventilation. The details of the investigation are sickening, and make immediate reform imperative. The day must come when bakers will pass examinations before they can hold a license to make bread. All bread will then be made by machinery, and in buildings in which the most careful obedience to the laws of sanitation will prevail. A people who permit an industry, whose product is a food common to every home, to be carried on under conditions that are so revolting as to produce nausea, must recognize in this fact the mark of its low degree of civilization. A bill was passed last May which was intended to improve the conditions under which bread and other bakery products are manufactured, reducing the hours of labor, and requiring rooms separate from the bake-shop for the sleeping-rooms of the bakers—sanitary conditions that merely come within the bounds of decency. To enforce the provisions of the bill it was recommended that four deputy inspectors be appointed. The factory inspection has been as thorough as could be expected when it is remembered that there is but one inspector of bakeries for the entire city of New York. The Factory Inspectors advise the passage of a bill which will prohibit the making of bread in cellars. Regarding the general condition of labor throughout the State, the Inspectors' report is decidedly encouraging. The enforcement of the law regulating child labor has resulted in marked improvement in the conditions surrounding child labor in the State, and a marked increase in school attendance throughout the State.

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Last week a resolution was passed at Albany requiring the Superintendent of Public Instruction to transmit to the Legislature whatever information he possessed as to the number of children refused admission to the public schools of New York and Brooklyn because of lack of room. The resolution also called for a general statement of the need of additional school buildings in these two cities. The police census, which has just been completed in New York, throws some light on the question. The total number of children of school age in New York City is given as 448,493. Of this number 192,929 are attending the public schools, 65,285 are attending other schools, 22,780 are at work, 983 are known as truants, 65,117 children between the ages of four and eight years are not attending school, and 101,399 between eight and twenty-one years of age are out of school. Of this last number 5,685 do not speak or write English, 907 are deaf and dumb, 133 are blind. These figures are open to question, doubtless. Many of the children reported as attending school are attending half-day sessions—this compromise the schools have been compelled to make because of the pressure in certain districts. One school below Fourteenth Street has seven hundred children attending half-day sessions. The effect of this state of things is demoralizing.

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In Brooklyn the able Superintendent of Education, Mr. W. H. Maxwell, recently called attention to the educational conditions of that city. On September 30, 1895, 9,200 in that city were attending school on half-day time. The overcrowding of classes in Brooklyn is as great as in New York. 262 classes have registers of over 60. Forty-nine have registers of over 70. Twenty-two classes register over 80. Five have registers of over 100 and below 120. One had a register of over 140. Where the register numbers over 80, the classes are divided into two half-day sessions. About 25,000 children in Brooklyn are attending other than public schools. The difficulties attending the gathering of correct data of the number of children of school age unprovided for by the Department of Public Education are many. In New York, for instance, every child who is refused admittance to a school is counted as one. That one child may make application in a half-dozen schools, and count in each school as one. Then the children in the corporate schools are not counted at all in the school census, though the chief reason advanced for the maintenance of those schools is the inadequacy of the public school. There is in New York City, not a system of public education, but systems. The corporate schools draw from the State, county, and city funds hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to develop and maintain an entirely independent system of education; that is, to maintain as part of a system of charity a number of schools. The income of these corporate schools is on a per capita basis—a most pernicious system because of the temptations it offers to induce children to attend the corporate in preference to the public schools, where no material inducements are offered. In at least two of the wards in New York there are empty class-rooms in the public schools near which are two corporate schools overcrowded. The Amended Laws of the New York State Constitution, Article IX., Section 1, says:

> "The Legislature shall provide for the maintenance and support of a system of free common schools, wherein *all* the children of this State may be educated."

Governor Morton in his first message says:

> "The new provision of Section 1 of Article IX. requires the Legislature to provide for the maintenance and support of a system of free common schools, wherein all the children of the State may be educated. That is now far from being the case, and the Legislature ought to take immediate steps to fulfill this mandate."

The resolution referred to above is a step toward carrying out the purpose of the amendment and the advice of Governor Morton.

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No scientific discovery since that of the principle of the telephone has aroused such wide interest as that of Professor Röntgen's now famous "X-rays." In this country as well as abroad, Professor Röntgen's experiments have been repeated by a host of scientists, and new developments are daily reported. Photographs have already been reproduced showing clearly marked outline pictures of such objects as keys, coins, eyeglasses, pencils, and the like, taken through leather or wooden cases or other solid substances, and of the human hand, showing the shape and articulation of the bones with great plainness. The discovery has already been applied with success in surgery: in Montreal a bullet was located in a man's leg by the X-rays and extracted; in Chicago a buckshot was located in a man's hand in the same way; in Berlin, Professor Röntgen himself, the cable tells us, located a needle which had been swallowed by a seamstress, it being discovered in a corner of her stomach by the new photography, and extracted with safety and with the result, probably, of saving the patient's life. In view of these and similar facts, there can hardly be any doubt that the discovery will be of extraordinary value in a practical way. Thus far the attention of scientists has been directed rather to repeating or improving upon Professor Röntgen's experiments than to defining the exact nature of the new medium. The most original advance is the partly proven discovery that not only can the rays be used for photographic purposes, but that they may be so treated as to present a direct shadow-picture of the hidden object to the eye without the intervention of photography. As to the exact nature of the "rays" which possess the extraordinary properties now brought to light, nothing more definite has been learned than the tentative theory put forth by Professor Röntgen himself. He says:

> "A kind of relationship between the new rays and light-rays appears to exist; at least the formation of shadows, fluorescence, and the production of chemical action point in this direction. Now it has been known for a long time that, besides the transverse vibrations which

account for the phenomena of light, it is possible that longitudinal vibrations should exist in the ether, and according to the view of some physicists must exist. It is granted that their existence has not yet been made clear, and their properties are not experimentally demonstrated. Should not the new rays be ascribed to longitudinal waves in the ether?"

◆

The news—if it be really news and not rumor—of Dr. Nansen's safe return from his Polar expedition is so incomplete and scanty that it will only arouse the liveliest curiosity and impatience to learn the history of the great explorer's achievements. The news first came from Irkutsk, and merely stated that Nansen was safe and "returning from the North Pole." Little credence was given to the report at first, as it came from an unexpected quarter, and as several unconfirmed rumors about Nansen have hitherto been printed. Another dispatch, however, was soon received from Archangel, briefly reasserting the same thing. It is supposed that the news may have been brought by natives of the Lena River region, and may possibly have come to them from New Siberia. At present geographers and Arctic experts are inclined to believe that there is basis in the reports that Nansen has been seen, but to doubt the vague statement about the explorer's success in reaching the North Pole. The surprising thing about this report is that it indicates that Nansen has returned to his original starting-point. It will be remembered that his plan was to proceed to the New Siberian Islands or as near them as he could get, and then force his way northward in the sturdy Fram, until he should find the current which he firmly believed would in the course of two or three years carry him across the Polar circle and down to the coast of Greenland, thus following the course taken, it is supposed, by the Jeannette relics which (it has been alleged, though the fact is now doubted) were found on the southwest Greenland coast in 1884, three years after the Jeannette sank north of the New Siberian Islands. If Nansen is now returning by way of Irkutsk, it is quite clear that his original plan has failed, and the most reasonable theory of his having penetrated the region adjacent to the Pole is that he found land at a very high altitude, made the last part of his journey northward by sledge, returned to the Fram, and slowly pushed his way south and east by steam-power and drifting until he again reached the Siberian coast. The Fram was last heard from two and a half years ago, steering into the Kara Sea, and it is known that the plan of stopping at the Lena Delta and New Siberian Islands was not carried out, the season and circumstances having apparently warned Nansen against going too far east before making his course to the north. Of all recent Arctic explorers Dr. Nansen is the most interesting in personality and most fascinating as a descriptive writer. If he be now really returning from the Polar seas with a record of new and great achievements, the reading world has before it a rare treat in the story as it will be told by him.

The Salvation Army

The Church of Christ has always been a democratic organization; that is, it has appealed to the common people, and has grown by recruits from their ranks. The effect of Christianity has been growth intellectual as well as moral, in culture and wealth as well as in character. Thus, gradually the Church has grown rich and aristocratic, and then the spirit nurtured in the heart of the Church has gone out from it to the poor and the uncultured, and a new growth has started from the roots. The Christianity of Jesus Christ, beginning in the heart of the Jewish Church, laid hold upon the common people whom the Jewish Church did not reach; Lutheranism gathered its recruits from the peasant population of Germany, between whom and the priesthood a great gulf had opened; Puritanism gathered its recruits, not from the Cavaliers and aristocracy, but from the "tapsters and serving-men;" Methodism went out from the Established Church with its Gospel to the farm laborers and the colliers; and in our time the Salvation Army, beginning in the Church, went beyond its bounds to gather in the destitute and the outcast, whom the Church by its customary methods failed to reach. In three articles we give in this issue of The Outlook an account of this great movement—as truly great as that of primitive Christianity under the leadership of Paul, Protestant Christianity under the leadership of Luther, Puritan Christianity under the leadership of Cromwell, or Methodist Christianity under the leadership of Wesley.

Perhaps this is the place to say that we hope that the result will not show that General Booth has made an irreparable mistake in recalling Commander and Mrs. Booth from this country. Loyalty doubtless requires that all the members of the Salvation Army should accept with unquestioning obedience the orders of their Commander-in-Chief, but it does not require that the general public should do so, and it must be frankly said that this recall has administered a severe blow to the public confidence which Commander and Mrs. Booth had won for the Salvation Army by their consecrated zeal and practical wisdom. That confidence may be secured by the successor of Commander and Mrs. Booth. It will be easier for him to secure it than it was for them when they took command in this country ten years ago. But he will have to secure it by his administration; it will not be given to him as of course. For that confidence, so far as this country is concerned, has been largely personal confidence in the Commanders rather than in the organization, whose principle of autocracy does not commend itself to the American habit of mind.

Grounds for Courage

The forces of evil are very apparent; the forces for good less visible—necessarily less visible, for beneficence sounds no trumpet before her, accomplishes her mission unwitnessed, unadvertised. Faint heart never won anything worth winning, and there is sometimes advantage in reinforcing our courage in our combat against evil influences by considering the invisible but potent influences which co-operate with us in the battle of life.

First among these is the home. The police reports a few years ago showed 4,800,000 lodgings in police stations and lodging-houses in one year in New York. That seems an appalling number; but if we multiply the population of the city and the number of the nights in the year, we shall find that between 400,000,000 and 500,000,000 people slept in homes; and though some of these homes are nurturing-places of ignorance and vice, on the whole the influence of the home in America is good, not evil. This is true even of indifferent homes; sometimes even of homes that are bad. A number of years ago the writer visited in Cherry Street a man who had the reputation of being the "wickedest man" in New York. This hero of iniquity put his little boy, four or five years old, on the dinner-table to make a speech for us. "He is a bright boy," said the proud father; "he will be a Senator one of these days. The older boy is not so bright; he is going into the ministry." "Will they live with you?" was asked him. "Oh, no," he said; "they cannot live here. The older boy has gone to his grandfather's in the country already; the younger boy is going soon." The "wickedest man" in

New York did not want his children to be the wickedest children in New York. The husbands who do not go to church are glad to have their wives go, and often insist that the children go to Sunday-school. There are millions of homes in the United States whose invisible influence is, on the whole, on the side of virtue, and is quietly and effectively combating the more apparent but less potent influence of the saloons and the gambling-hells.

The influence of the churches is not insignificant. A certain glamour surrounds the preachers of the past; the pulpit and the church are supposed to have lost their power; but this is not true. Even the revival meetings of Whitefield, Finney, and Lyman Beecher were not so largely attended nor accompanied by such significant results as those of Dwight L. Moody and B. Fay Mills. Why do not young men attend the church? the newspapers are asking. The answer is, More young men attend the church than ever before. The membership roll of the Young Men's Christian Associations, the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, and the Epworth League attest the truth of this statement. The preaching of the present is more practical, has more to do with actual life, concerns itself more with business, with politics, with the household, with the life that now is, with the kingdom of God on the earth, than preaching ever did before. The churches are not all they ought to be, but they are more schools of virtue and less schools of theology, more working forces and less social clubs, more aggressive, more forthputting, with a greater variety of enterprises, philanthropic and Christian, than ever in the past history of the Nation. We have not been accustomed to think of the pawnbroker's shop as a Christian or even a philanthropic institution, but it has been consecrated to the service of humanity through the inspiring instrumentality of one great church in New York. The churches, too, are the reservoirs of the best moral sentiment. When lately the note of war was sounded from Washington, and echoed throughout the country from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf, it was not statesmanship, nor journalism, nor commercial interest that first cried Halt; it was the Christian ministry of America, speaking in every city, East and West, North and South, without agreement, without mutual understanding, that bade the Nation pause and solve this problem by reasonable and amicable measures.

Many are the institutions growing out of these churches, drawing their life from them and really though not visibly rooted in them, which are working for a higher life. Preeminent among these are the colleges and private seminaries established and maintained by Christian beneficence. Less visibly associated with the church, though not less really dependent upon and inspired by it, is the public-school system. Serious limitations have been put upon this system, which the future, we hope, will remove. Politics has put into the schools some incompetent teachers. Ecclesiastical prejudice has taken out from them religious and even moral instruction. Nevertheless the public-school system as carried on by the State in America is doing more religiously for the children of America, more to make them intelligent and noble men and women, more to fit them for all the duties of citizenship, than ecclesiastically managed schools have ever done in the world's history; more than the parish schools of the Roman Catholic Church are doing to-day in the United States; more than the parish schools are doing in England, Spain, or Italy.

Add to these forces the tremendous force of the Bible, which has carried light and life with it wherever it has gone. Is it nothing that to-day this is a free book and men can read it if they wish? Nothing that it is in every library, in nearly every institution of learning, in most homes? Nothing that, despite the imperfections of Sunday-school instruction, it is being studied and by a greater number of pupils than ever before? Nothing that every Sunday an overwhelming majority of children in the United States are learning such simple lessons as "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery;" such a simple law of life as "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you;" such an illustration of righteousness as is afforded by the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth? Is it nothing that the spirit, the doctrine, the figures, the very phraseology of the Bible, have gone into all current literature? gone so thoroughly that the English literature of to-day dates from Wyckliffe's Bible, as the German literature of to-day dates from Luther's Bible? Is it nothing that, almost despite itself, literature, and even journalism, are disseminating spiritual ideals, inculcating spiritual principles, and furnishing for the test of life spiritual standards?

Religion to-day transcends all religious institutions; it finds expression in innumerable so-called secular forms; it utters itself in such poetry as that of Browning and Whittier, in such sonnets as those of Watson, in such novels as "The Tale of Two Cities" and "Marcella," in such music as Gounod's "Redemption" and Wagner's "Parsifal," even in such discussions of divine themes as the ecclesiastical debates in our churches, carried on through the ministry of the public press, force upon the attention of the public.

More vital and more potent than all are the forces within the human soul which make it respond to all that is highest, purest, best. The power of conscience is greater than the power of the pocket. When a Garrison denounces slavery, a thousand sleeping hearts awaken and answer to his call. When a Parkhurst denounces corruption, all that is chivalric in manhood and womanhood responds with applause, if not with service. God is in the hearts of men. The soul is not dead that slumbers, and the voice of God speaking through the prophet is heard despite itself by his careless children. More powerful than the passions of men, their covetousness, their ambition, is conscience. To doubt this is to doubt that God is God, or at least to doubt that he has to do with his children. The powers that make for righteousness are divine powers and cannot be conquered. It is well sometimes to take account of these reinforcements and take new courage.

A Truth for the Times

Perhaps the greatest refreshment which men gain from Nature at this end of the century flows from the unconsciousness in which her forces are put forth and her processes carried on. The unconsciousness of childhood, says Froebel, is rest in God—a deep saying, which goes far to explain a great deal of current skepticism and pessimism. For nothing breeds doubt and despair so quickly as a constant and feverish self-consciousness, with inability to look at life and the world apart from our own interests, emotions, and temperament. This is, in an exceptional degree, an epoch of morbid egoism, of exaggerated and excessive self-consciousness; an egoism which does not always breed vanity, but which confirms the tendency to measure everything by its value to us, and to decide every question on the basis of our personal relation to it. It is always unwise to generalize too broadly and freely about contemporary conditions, but there are many facts to bear out the statement that at no previous period in the history of the world have so many men and women been keenly and painfully self-conscious; never a time when it has been so difficult to look at things broadly and objectively, to see things as they are with entire sanity of soul and clearness of vision. All the arts are saturated with morbid self-consciousness; in literature especially, sane, wholesome, and real books in certain departments have become exceptional. Pathology has usurped the place of art, and the artist has become a specialist in diseases of the nerves. Every morbid nature rushes into print, until the weary reader of current fiction is tempted to think that the making of a modern novel involves nothing more unusual in the way of gifts than a diseased mind, a bottle of ink, a few reams of paper, and a friendly or speculative publisher. Introspective meditation, egotistical personal records, crude yearnings, immature ambitions, sickly emotions, unwholesome or premature passions, are spread out before the world with a fullness of detail of which only the wholesome and eternal verities of character and experience are worthy. Poor human nature, as illustrated in some modern fiction and verse, seems to have gone mad with the passion for publicity, and stands naked in the public squares, content with any shame if only people will look at it. The hospital and the dissecting-room have become places of habitual resort, and every morning this humanity of ours, whose diseases we used to shield from public gaze, is laid out on the operating-table while the surgeon cuts down to the last quivering nerve for our entertainment. It seems at times as if fiction had become a vast clinic, without the hush and awe with which human suffering has always been witnessed by the pure-minded. Morbid curiosity has bred an irreverence which violates the innermost sanctity of the human soul. How far this attitude is from that of a really devoted and noble nature! "We are struck by something bewildering and ineffable when we look down into the depths of an abyss," writes Amiel; "and every soul is an abyss, a mystery of love and pity. A sort of sacred emotion descends upon me whenever I penetrate the recesses of this sanctuary of man, and hear the gentle murmur of the prayers, hymns, and supplications which rise from the hidden depths of the heart." We have become so egoistic that we would rather show our deformities than be passed without notice.

From this heated atmosphere and from these representations of disease, put forth as reproductions of normal life, we fly to Nature, and are led away from all thought of ourselves. We escape out of individual into universal life; we bathe in the healing waters of an illimitable ocean of vitality; we come into contact with a mighty organism which continually receives and as constantly gives out in perfect unconsciousness of its functions. In health we hardly know that we have bodies; we breathe, move, and live without taking thought. Pain is physical self-consciousness, and when self-consciousness becomes a positive element in our lives it is an evidence of disease. A perfectly sane nature, perfectly adjusted to its time, its task, and its fellows, and expressing itself normally through normal activities, is free from abnormal self-consciousness, and therefore free to pour all its power into objective and creative work. For nothing limits normal growth and expression so inevitably as consciousness of self. In the diffusion of this morbid consciousness lies the explanation of the obvious limitation of so much genius, talent, and beauty which ought to have been large and free and sane. The talent of men like Leopardi and Verlaine commands the most generous recognition, but it is sheer blindness to accept such men as authoritative interpreters of life. Both were diseased; neither was sane in the real sense of the word, and neither saw life as it is, any more than the man in a fever, looking through the hospital window, sees Nature as she is. Byron, with the most powerful and spontaneous lyrical gift which has appeared in English literature since the days of the Elizabethans, could not escape from himself, and, when he attempted to deal with the problem of personality, painfully revealed his incapacity. Intensely self-conscious, he lost the power of seeing and reflecting life broadly and simply, and parted with that clearness and breadth of vision with which the really great poet must supplement the gift of song. Such a man, on the other hand, as we have reason to believe Shakespeare to have been, presents the entire surface of his mind to the world unvexed by a morbid sense of self, and reflects the whole order of things, as the still surface of the water gathers into itself the landscape and the sky. If for a single generation we could lose our abnormal self-consciousness and live simply, reverently, and actively, the whole race would be reinvigorated; we should see things as they are and not as they appear in our distorted vision; for society is full of sick people who see themselves more distinctly than they see anything else, and we have been taking our reports and interpretations of life largely from sick men and women, forgetful of the fact that, however interesting such reports may be, and however artistic in form, as revelations and records they are absolutely worthless. The sane mind is the only mind that can authoritatively report or interpret the immense diversity and range of experience which we call life, because it is the only mind that can see life.

The secret of productive living lies in the preponderance of the unconscious over the conscious life: for we do not really possess an experience or a truth until these things have become so much a part of ourselves that we have ceased to think of them as distinct from ourselves. Feeling, experience, conviction, tradition, never find noble expression in art until they have sunk far below the conscious into the unconscious life of a man or a race; the artist has not gained complete freedom of expression until he has completely mastered the material in which he works and the instrument which he employs. So long as he is hampered by the consciousness of himself in dealing with them, he falls short of mastery. It is significant that the descriptions of childhood are often impressive and beautiful in books which deal very feebly and ineffectively with the experiences of maturity. The reason is obvious. Childhood lies so far back in our experience that it has become part of ourselves. We do not reproduce it by observation; we do not possess it because we have consciously studied it; it possesses us because it is part of our deepest selves. It lies there, as we look back upon it, in a light at once clear and soft, apart from our self-consciousness; a vision of that which we once were. Those mountains which so often appear in Titian's pictures were the hills which gathered about the home of his childhood, and became so much a part of his memory that his whole life seemed to be lived at their feet. To drain into ourselves the rivulets of power which flow through Nature, art, and experience, we must hold ourselves open on all sides; we must empty ourselves of ourselves in order to make room for the truth and power which come to us through knowledge and action; we must lose our abnormal self-consciousness in rich and free relations with the universal life around us; we must turn our conscious feeling, acting, and living into unconscious feeling, acting, and living. For the more a man can learn to do instinctively and unconsciously, the more complete will be his emancipation from the drudgery of living, and the more complete his freedom to develop his own personality.

The Salvation Army

I.—The Story of its Beginning, Growth, and Achievements

By the Rev. J. M. Whiton, Ph.D.

THE ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK

Dora Greenwell, a gifted Christian Englishwoman, defined man as "a being capable of being saved." This way of thinking about men is the distinguishing characteristic of the Salvation Army. With this ruling idea it has, in a comparatively few years, initiated in all parts of the world what Mr. Depew, in Carnegie Hall, pronounced "a movement superior in its operation and influence to anything done in this generation." One may say more: that it goes beyond any Christian movement since the Apostolic age.

Its beginnnigs, some thirty-five years ago, were in the work of a Methodist minister among the poor of East London—the Rev. William Booth. Experience deepened his conviction that the debased and ignorant could be saved only by seeking them in ways not favored by the churches. For freedom to do this he severed his ministerial connection in 1861, and in 1865, seconded only by his noble wife, Catherine, the "Mother" of the Army, as he is the "Father," he began an open-air mission, with no more thought whereunto it would grow than Columbus, sailing from Palos, had of these United States. Friends were gradually attracted to the work, for which all sorts of rough, temporary shelters were utilized. In 1869, known as "The Christian Mission," it had branches in various parts of Great Britain. The organization was Methodistic until the co-operators unanimously resolved for greater effectiveness to place the entire control in the hands of Mr. Booth. Experience, by removing prejudices, promoted the Army idea, and since 1878 the mission has been known as the Salvation Army.

In March, 1880, "seven illiterate but earnest young women" landed at Castle Garden, New York. They were the vanguard of the Army, ably led by Commissioner Railton. We all remember the prejudice then generally felt. But fifteen years pass, and instead of the general wish that they would depart out of our coasts, a mass-meeting, addressed by the Mayor of New York and other chief citizens, proclaims its admiration of the work, and petitions that Commander Booth and his wife may stay with us to carry it on.

Statistics are less eloquent than such a contrast. At present there are 597 corps in the country, with a total of 4,564 officers of various grades. During eleven months the total attendance on Sunday services is reported at over eight millions, and on week-day meetings at nearly thirteen millions, with 58,390 professed conversions. The circulation of the Army's weekly publications is 122,187, and of the monthlies 18,330. There are also twenty-six social institutions of various kinds.

Considering the formidable difficulties at first encountered both in prejudice and persecution, it is certain that if the work were not of God, it would have come to naught. The Army has its critics still, and who has not? People whose Puritan ancestors were called to the New England meeting-house by drum-beat object to the Army drum. People who glibly sing in cushioned pews,

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,

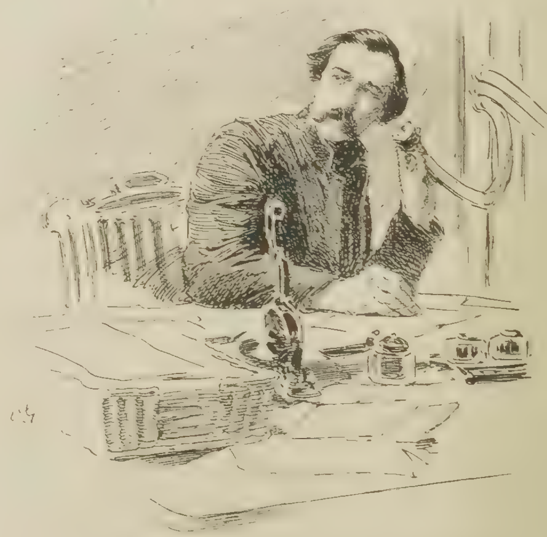
think the Army should take these words figuratively. But, apart from all the conversions which the Army statistics report, unreportable numbers of conversions have taken place in the churches themselves, as the seal of the Spirit to the work of the Army. They have seen the Army take up the work they did not, or could not, do, and do it. They have seen the slum-sisters carrying the incarnate Christ into kennels

Where the smoldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

There they have seen them washing the filthy, nursing the sick, rescuing the victims of the brothel, and singing grace into souls that were "damned into the world," as Bishop South said, rather than born into it. They have seen the Salvationist loving his way into the hearts of "Hell-fire Jack" and hundreds of his comrade toughs, and converting them into God-fearing, orderly, and industrious citizens. By the logic of such facts antagonism has been converted into alliance, and the experience of Jesus at Samaria has been repeated—coldly received, then besought to abide.

Imitation is the best commendation. Not only have a Church of England Army, a Methodist Army, and others sprung up, not only have the Salvationist hymns been borrowed, and even stolen under fraudulent copyright, but their "self-denial week," a thing much closer to the life of their work, has been widely imitated; and large numbers in various churches have identified themselves with the work of the Army by becoming members of its "Auxiliary League."

What the Congregationalists did in England three hundred years ago, and the Methodists more than a hundred years ago, in preaching the Gospel to the poorest and lifting up the lowliest, the Salvation Army is now doing—only that poverty and degradation to-day are deeper than ever in degree as wealth is greater. The Army, however, has taken for its field the world. It may ask, with Æneas, "What region on earth is not full of our toils?" It may say: Finns and Hottentots have knelt with us. The Kaffir and the North American Indian are enrolled with us. Our uniforms are worn by Frenchmen and by Argentines. Our ranks are recruited from Canada and Australia, from China and India. After the immense hindrances overcome, and with the momentum and sympathy gained, what may we not hope to do?



COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH AT HIS DESK

The missionary revival at the close of the last century,

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH

noble as its fruits have been, has nevertheless taken heart-hold of but a small minority of the Church. In view of the appalling wastes of heathenism, and the even more terrible brutishness inveterate in Christendom, thoughtful men have felt that only a new breed of Christians could succeed in converting the world—that is, in renovating the character of the masses of mankind. Such men, one might antecedently think, would have to stand clear of the existing divisions and controversies of Christendom in the original simplicity of Christ, on the Pauline line of becoming all things to all men, and winning all by the eloquence of love and self-sacrifice in purity of life and greatness of service. The Salvation Army seems to meet these conditions, besides having the immense practical advantage of thorough subordination to centralized control. Its Gospel is Christ's simple evangel to the lost. Its conviction of the Holy Spirit's presence and power is absolute. Its faith in Christ as the Captain of salvation is unqualified and unquestioning. Its self-forgetfulness is heroic. Its consecration is all-devoting. Its loyalty to its General is filial. Under such conditions its fitness for apostleship to the evangelized is indubitable.

The prejudices against its peculiarities, which still inspire some with coldness or aversion, are those which the members of the Army itself, even its General, once had, but have been disciplined out of by the exigencies of their work. But the Salvationist himself, however criticised by his fellow-Christians, is strictly forbidden, even were he inclined, to criticise in turn. Hearing what others say, he is content to let them see what he does. In view of what he does, the critic often comes to himself in the words of Professor J. S. Blackie:

> "Salvation Army!" Well, they mean to save,
> And in their own rough way they do, no doubt;
> And I would liefer fling wild words about
> With them than slip through life a smooth-lipped slave
> Of reputable forms. Far better with too much
> Of zeal to swell, and hot aggressive love,
> Than sit in cleanly state, and fear to touch
> The clouted sinner, lest you soil your glove.

The Salvation Army soldier is much the same sort of person the world over—a cosmopolitan Christian. His versatility of adaptation is remarkable. In a university town, as at Upsala in Sweden, he—or in that instance she—can call out the students by a poster in classical Latin, "*Cives Academici!*" In India he and she live and dress as the poorer natives do, except that the dress is of the yellow color held sacred there. Wherever they take hold of things, their line is the same, "from the least to the greatest," beginning at the bottom and working up. Their subsistence is frugal: $6 weekly for a Captain, and $5 for a Lieutenant, out of which they pay rent and buy food. The 3,700 officers in work as foreign missionaries do not draw from the general treasury more than an average of $25 yearly, so largely is their work self-supporting. Their General has always served without salary. Gifts for the work they receive and turn in; gifts for themselves they will not; it is forbidden. Silver and gold they have none, even for watch-chains; they abjure them. But in their self-denial week, by stinting their frugal rations, they save in the aggregate many thousand dollars to spend upon their work. They love to do it; they are a cheerful though serious folk; they allow no black mourning; the joy of the Lord is their strength. They live not by bread alone, but by the word of God. Constant Bible-reading, the same portions daily in whatever part of the world, imparts to their utterance a vigor and purity at which college-bred men sometimes wonder. In their prayers, as in their toils, they strive together, all over the world at half-past twelve o'clock joining in supplication, especially for all in persecution, poverty, or peril.

But mere love, however fervid, must be schooled. "God hath given us," said St. Paul, "a spirit of power and love and discipline." The early Methodists saw this; hence their name. To discipline Napoleon and Wellington owed victory—a discipline not neglectful of shoe-strings. The achievements of the Army are conspicuous; its not less wonderful organization and discipline must be studied in the manuals prepared by General Booth. The "Orders and Regulations for Soldiers" is a pamphlet of sixty-three pages; that for Field-Officers, a volume of seven hundred and eleven—the text-book next to the Bible in their forty Training Homes. Consummate genius is manifest in these Order books, dealing first and thoroughly with things of the spirit and character, then with all conceivable matters of outward life—not only

COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH

Army work, but conduct in all sorts of situations, with minute cautions and directions about personal appearance, diet, clothing, exercise, hours of sleep, etc. All this, of course, has been gradually elaborated through experience. So thoroughly organized is the Army that in twelve hours its General's order is heard by its million soldiers from Hindustan to Manitoba. In this organization the children are included, and have their little book of "Orders and Regulations for the Junior Soldiers' War," with 304,974 attending their meetings during the last year. To nourish this organization a copious literature serves, not only in periodical issues, but in a library of one hundred and twenty-six volumes, mostly written by General and Mrs. Booth. As one contemplates all this, one of the Army mottoes recurs: "You can only keep company with God by running at full speed."

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER IN INDIAN COSTUME

Space forbids to speak of equally noteworthy facts—the Labor Colonies for the outplanting of London slum-dwellers in the country; the Homes of Hope open here for girls rescued from the white-slave market; the Prison Gate Brigade to save discharged convicts; the industrial work for the relief of the unemployed and the manufacture of Army supplies; the honesty and exactness in money matters, in which the Army management has been demonstrated equal to that of any bank. Read Mrs. Ballington Booth's inspiring book of Army sketches, "Beneath Two Flags." For the Army we owe England much. But it is not, as some object, governed from England. Of its officers in this country five-eighths are our fellow-citizens. Here it is distinctively American, as well as Christian. As such it should be sustained by all who are concerned about our terrible social problems, which, in its root-and-branch method of changing characters as well as conditions, it is trying to solve. At the opening of Oklahoma the Army rode in on the train which carried eight thousand to plant the town of Enid. Thus is its chosen place ever in the forefront of the battle, and wherever the fighting is hardest. The main body must see to it that it is well followed up.

II.—Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth and their Work

By a Member of Commander Booth's Staff

Commander Booth was born in the town of Brighouse, Yorkshire, England, on the 28th of July, 1857, and is the second son of General William Booth and his late wife, Catherine. His childhood and boyhood did not point favorably to a robust, active future. For many years Ballington was looked upon as the delicate member of the family; tall, thin, intensely high-strung, it was evident that he had outgrown his strength. But he began the work which he has carried out so characteristically, consistently, and successfully throughout his life in his early boyhood. He began conducting little meetings on the playground, and was often struck and knocked down by schoolmates who took issue with him. His first serious work was undertaken in Manchester, England, when he had attained the rank of Captain in the Salvation Army. During his work there he was arrested and imprisoned, so violent was the opposition to the methods of the Army at that time. He was treated as a common felon, given prison clothes and prison diet. This, however, far from quelling his enthusiasm and stopping the work, only acted as a further incentive to Captain Booth and his brave assistants, and brought thousands to hear him who would otherwise have ignored his appeals.

Captain Booth became Major Booth, then Colonel Booth, father of the first Training Home in 1880. This was the Old Devonshire House Training Home so dear to the memory of men who are now Commissioners and Colonels and Brigadiers and Majors, and was the first step toward the Training Home system for the Army. His next work was in Australia, for which country he sailed in 1884. Nearly two years of faithful, untiring toil left their deep mark upon the Australian Colonies. On the 16th of September, 1886, General Booth, just previous to sailing to the United States, united the lives of America's future Commanders, Ballington and Maud Booth. In April of the following year the steamship Servia brought the Commander and his wife to this country. His enthusiasm, hope, and faith in the American field is unbounded. After the darkest trials and most discouraging obstacles the Army finally won recognition.

Commander Booth stands about six feet three inches, is of striking appearance, and has keen eyes. His reputation as a ready and powerful speaker has traveled throughout the country. He is also a musician, playing a number of instruments. He has a full baritone voice, and many of the most popular songs in the organization are of his composition, both words and music. To see him personally conducting a great meeting of the Salvation Army, directing the music, introducing the speakers, appealing to the audience, interjecting apt and epigrammatic comments or illustrations during the exercises, and making his own speech, is something worth seeing and hearing, as the great audiences who have crowded Carnegie Hall on two recent occasions will testify. He is a tireless worker, and possesses marvelous vitality. The work of the Salvation Army in the United States is focused in his office. But his work is not confined to his office, for he travels thousands of miles on Army business.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Charlesworth, a rector of the Church of England. This youngest of his three children was born at Lympsfield, near London. Three years after her birth, Mr. Charlesworth was given charge of a large and important parish in the East End of London. It is rather a singular coincidence that the "penny gaff" which the Rev. William Booth had captured for his mission was just opposite the church in which Mr. Charlesworth preached; and still more singular that when the police drove Mr. Booth from the streets, the Rectory gates were thrown open, and upon those grounds were held many successful open-air meetings.

Her mother, too, was one who made the people's interests her own, and in their parish no one was so reverenced and loved for kindly deeds and cheering words as the rector's wife. It was her indefatigable toil and self-sacrifice for others that shortened her life by many years, and brought to Maud Charlesworth a loss that was irreparable. Mrs. Charlesworth had frequently taken her little girls across to Mr. Booth's mission, and it was no surprise or disappointment to her when her youngest daughter consecrated herself to God in one of these meetings.

Shortly after her mother's death, at the age of seventeen, Maud Charlesworth, accompanied by her father, crossed to France to begin an active warfare by the side of Catherine Booth, the General's eldest daughter, amid the darkness and infidelity of Paris. Two years in a warfare which still counts as the most difficult and bitter in Salvation Army history made of the timid girl a tried veteran. Returning to England at the end of two years, Miss Charlesworth spent some time visiting all the large cities, on the Army's behalf, in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Later she also visited Norway, Sweden, and other parts of Europe where the Army was carrying on operations.

Mrs. Ballington Booth has always been a co-worker with her husband, and has been as active in service. Her constant travels and many important meetings are well known, and there is not a woman in America who is more widely listened to or whose opinions carry more weight from the public platform. Few people are able to interest both extremes of society and to deal wisely with both. But Mrs. Booth's influence has been felt alike in the drawing-room and in the slum, and she is thoroughly at home whether surrounded by an audience in a Bowery saloon or in the rich parlors of an up-town residence.

Mrs. Booth has also been known as a writer, one who has, notwithstanding her crowded and busy life, contributed largely, not only to Salvation Army publications, but to the public press and magazines of this country. Her book "Beneath Two Flags" has been widely read, as also two very popular booklets written a few years ago—"Wanted, Antiseptic Christians" and "The Cause of Septic Soul-Treatment."

Mrs. Booth has two children, a boy and a girl—both bright, intelligent, well-cared-for children.

Recently her father, the Rev. Samuel Charlesworth, visited this country and remained in the home of Commander and Mrs. Booth. He expressed his delight and appreciation of the good and noble work Mrs. Booth was doing.

One word more is due Mrs. Booth, and that regarding the warm feeling entertained by all classes for her. She is one of the best-loved women in the United States. It is certainly true that she and her husband have a future of large prospect and opportunity wherever their work may carry them.

COLONEL AND MRS. WRIGHT, OF THE ARMY IN JAPAN

When the Commander and Mrs. Booth arrived in New York, in April, 1886, they found the Salvation Army recovering from what was one of the severest blows it has ever received, in the form of a breach of trust on the part of persons in whom confidence had been misplaced. True, they were the second leaders after this event, but although much had been done and suffered by those who immediately preceded them, they found that there was plenty of both toil and trial for them.

The number of corps has been multiplied by three, and there has been a corresponding increase in the figures for officers. The Army had then no training garrisons, no slum work, no rescue work, and no shelter depots; nor had any such valuable adjuncts as Charioteers or Outriders been thought of. Indeed, the representatives of the Salvation Army on the Pacific coast in those days found their hands quite full in holding all the meetings required by regulation so as to get a quiet hearing, and without personal assaults becoming *too* violent; which remark applies more especially to the open-air exercises.

In those days, also, the municipal authorities knew little good of the Salvation Army, and in many instances they had heard much that was calculated to produce a bad impression upon the minds of those responsible for peace and good order. The prospect of the labors of the officers of the force being increased by clearing streets blocked by open-air meetings, and the arrest of drunken hoodlums irritated by "flat" drums and discordant cornets, was not enchanting, and the fact that most of the Army halls were supposed to be in "low" and poor neighborhoods did not suggest pleasant company or extensive "tips" for the officers who would spend their evenings in these places.

Nor were the modes of the Army specially attractive to the members of the churches, and others who wished to hasten the coming on earth of the kingdom of God. Just where the "religion" lay in marching up a slushy road jingling a tambourine and singing

Bright crowns! Bright crowns!
Bright crowns laid up on high!
For you-u-u! and me-e-e!
There's a crown of victory-y—
There's a crown of victory!

was not immediately apparent to persons whose ideas of church services ran chiefly in the direction of worship and adoration of God. And then, too, the idea of holding meetings in places that had been only a few weeks before used as stores, or saloons, or dance-halls, or even worse, could not but offend the tastes of those who had always associated religious meetings with "sacred edifices." Then, again, the idea of sending young men and young women out into the world as religious teachers who had never been to college, and who only a year or two before had been mechanics, school-teachers, or "helps"! What *could* these people really know about theology and the Bible, and the deep things of God? Surely, if there were no "money in it," and these folks were sincere, they must be presumptuous.

And the noise! Some of these people prayed as if they feared the Lord was deaf. And as for the singing—why, they never seemed satisfied unless the congregation was positively roaring out the choruses of the songs! And the tunes! The less said about them the better. The words were all right, of course. "The Suwanee River," "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," "Dixie's Land," and the tunes of the popular street songs of the hour were good enough in their places, but it seemed positively irreverent to sing "sacred" words to such airs. And so on.

No, there really was nothing much about the Salvation Army at that time to attract the average church-goer.

And then, too, other thing were against the Army. It was looked upon as English—it had a military government—it took collections at every meeting—it wore red shirts—it sent its women into saloons with "War-Crys"—it gave no entertainments—it condemned tobacco as well as whisky—it forbade theater-going, card-playing, and dancing; and insisted on the real denial of self and sacrifice of personal interests in a way that was as novel to the average American citizen as it was repugnant to him.

There are now six thousand members of the Auxiliary League—an association of persons outside the ranks of the Army, who subscribe five dollars a year to its funds. These friends comprise, not only members, but prominent ministers in all the leading evangelical denominations, while Roman Catholics, Jews, and skeptics are not unrepresented.

In all the largest cities of the Union now occupied by us the Army stands well with the churches and the religious people. And this not because the Army has changed—for it has not—but because its leaders have been able to obtain the ear of the ministers, and the poor people, and to explain to them the why and the wherefore for what seemed grotesque, bizarre, and unnecessary.

We would not for a moment have it thought that the Salvation Army had become too "respectable;" it has won its present standing and the approval of the American public not by deserting its mission to the outcast, not in any instance by toning down its measures or making easy its truths, but by the fact that it has demonstrated itself a *success*. The Commander and Mrs. Booth have insisted, in all their dealings with their soldiers and officers, that rather than become more "respectable" the Army shall become more disreputable, that it may more thoroughly reach the class for whom it lives—the lost, the outcast, the black sheep of society.

Perhaps in no country in the world is the Army more strong in its lively military and unique practices than in this land, and more than ever are its officers and soldiers determining that they will make no compromise, but go down into the deepest depths, in which their help and comfort are so needed. The Commander and Mrs. Booth, it is true, have spoken in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy and in the churches of the rich, but they have done so only to explain their work and pave the way for their dear people; they have themselves led the midnight meetings on the streets, they have themselves worked in connection with the slum officers, and their dealings with the respectable and wealthy have been only for the Army's sake. They have lived among their own people, they have lived upon the level of their own officers and soldiers, and have distinctly shown in dress and actions as well as word that they wished the world always to regard them as humble and devoted followers of Christ Jesus beneath the flag.

III.—General William Booth

By Commissioner George S. Railton, of the London Headquarters

GENERAL BOOTH IN 1862

After having known General Booth in the most intimate manner for twenty-three years, during nine of which I lived in his house, and during all of which I lived in the utmost imaginable fellowship with him, it is not only an easy but really a delightful task to describe him. His character and work I shall not pretend to estimate worthily, for both appear to me far beyond the possibility of a just estimate till, say, a century or two has rolled away.

Never can I forget our first interview. I had offered myself to him, and he had insisted upon my coming to London, so that he might see me, and that I might see the Christian Mission which he had founded. Somehow or other, I had imagined I should find a venerable, solemn personage. What was my astonishment to discover a middle-aged man, full of vigor, who scarcely ever kept still two minutes while he talked, who stood up, hand in pocket, just as frequently as he sat down during any conversation, and who was every inch a man of business!

Such was the reverend founder of a mission to the heathen of London, which had then only a dozen meeting-places, most of them small and by no means prepossessing in their appearance, their street doors and windows being generally well spattered with dirt and vegetable refuse. Yet when I heard him speak to the people I saw that he was, on the platform, every inch the true minister of religion. In those days, let it be remembered, the Christian Mission stood almost alone in England, at least in the use of the platform for religious speakers. Elsewhere the use of pulpit, to which I had myself been accustomed, was all but invariable. The Rev. William Booth, however, had already descended entirely from the pulpit, and there was nothing about his style of preaching that would have fitted those elevated boxes. Yet, all the more because he came so near to the people, and moved about as freely as in his own house while he talked to them, I felt that he was truly their minister. His care for and knowledge of them, his determination to make them not only hear and understand but agree with and follow him, was manifest in every word, look, and gesture. Everything about him, on or off the platform, indicates the simple purpose of a man who, having got a great object in view, is determined to attain it if he can.

And then I saw, at a glance, his close relationship to all his people. They all evidently stood as much in awe of him as if he were a huge locomotive; and yet the very grimiest, in his working clothes, could stand beside him without feeling any more stiffness or awkwardness than if he were just a fellow-workman. A great leader, to whom no one could dare to say a disrespectful or idle word, he was yet so intimately acquainted with the family and business affairs of all who marched regularly under his command that with a word as he passed them in a doorway he could say more to their hearts than a stranger could have put into a long interview.

Of course the growth of the Mission into the Salvation Army soon made it impossible for him to have anything like so precise an acquaintance even with officers as he had with all his people in those days of small things. But nothing gladdens us all more than the fact that no amount of renown or earthly greatness has in the slightest altered our "father and general" in that continual exhibition of brotherly love which makes him such a favorite with every poor man who comes into close contact with him. He really cares for everybody, and that is the chief reason why he has come to be so widely and fully obeyed.

There could not be a more absurd misconception than that which paints General Booth as a man who has imposed his will upon others. His energy and power of will are, of course, very extraordinary; but his modesty and hesitation with regard to the correctness of his own views, and his eagerness to learn from anybody, were to me always quite as striking. In the early days of the Mission's growth into the Army, when we lived together almost day and night, there was nothing about him that I so disliked as his everlasting unwillingness to insist upon the carrying out of his own view of what ought to be done by the little people, with their "buts" and head-shakings, whose duty it was to follow him. "Wait, and let us see," he would always say, and it was only when practical lessons had forced the dullest to see that his way was the best one that he would make that way the regulation path for the future. It was his patience, his willingness to hear all that everybody had to say, his constant consideration for the weaknesses and ignorances of others, even more than his desperate courage or zeal for the right, that gained for him the hearty obedience of many thousand.

In private as well as in public the General always dealt very largely in similitudes, and one that he used perhaps more frequently than any other in home consultations with Mrs. Booth, his eldest son, now the Chief of Staff, and myself, was deserving of universal attention. "Look," he would say, "at the peep-show man, who goes to captivate the thousands at the fair. If his show were provided with only one row of spy-holes, placed, say, five feet from the ground, he could exhibit only to the six-footer. But he has enough rows of glasses to suit the height of all possible comers, from the little child to the big man, and thus he manages to get all to see what he has to show them." How often he would extinguish all our pleas for insistence upon some course, or for the use of some phrase in print that he thought all would not at once properly understand, by the remark: "It's your one row of holes again!"

I never had the pleasure of seeing the General in really good health. It was, even in our smallest and easiest days, an extremely rare thing for him to get a good night's sleep, and his appetite was generally so poor and his digestive power so bad that it used to be a constant trouble to Mrs. Booth to so provide for him as to induce him to eat without incurring the after reproach of having made his work or his sleep more difficult. How often in after times have

I heard him complain of the "great spread" which the loving care of officers and friends would set before him on his travels—the "great spread" simply being an ordinary square meal! "Oh, if you *would* only let me have a cup of tea and a bit of dry toast, how grateful I should be to you!" he would remark. Since great ocean voyages have become part of his usual yearly programme he has set up the custom of a little private tea of this sort, instead of the huge, prolonged dinner included in his passage-money.

Not that there was ever any leaning towards asceticism on his part. Instead of wishing to get people to fast, he was always on the stretch for some means of getting the poor better fed. Tea-meetings were one of the most useful and honored institutions of the Mission from the first, and the General was always glad when he could give Mrs. Booth the cheering assurance that he had eaten a hearty meal anywhere. But he regards eating and drinking as bothersome necessities, to be submitted to for the sake of maintaining the body in health and vigor, rather than to be needlessly indulged in, lingered over, or talked about.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

For work is the great guiding star, one might almost say, of the General's life. He does nowadays at sixty-six a very great deal more than in the first years of our acquaintance, but it is not because he was then less entirely absorbed in his great task, but because the ever-multiplying appliances of civilization, and still more the growth and improved efficiency of the Army, enable him to get through more in a day than we could then hope to accomplish in a month. From the very first day I knew him he has just lived entirely to carry on his one business—the salvation of the world.

Of his character as husband and father I will say little. Surely the many of us who have felt how much he can love those who have no personal claim upon him, and even the multitude who have only seen all this as exhibited in his life, can form some sort of estimate of the intensity and depth of his affection for "his own." How much the General endured during the terrible years of Mrs. Booth's last illness, or how much to this day the great blank of her absence haunts his grandest as well as his loneliest hours, God only can ever know. But the triumph of a father who has eight grown-up sons and daughters spending their whole life in carrying out his plans in various parts of the world is too great for one to attempt in one article to describe it, and that triumph is perhaps the fullest description that could be given of the General's private life.

Of his religion, for the same reason, I have little need to write. Is it not written in living battalions across the world? But I will just say that I think we have in the General's private life a picture of the religion of Christ as it really should be lived nowadays. I have never known him to have time to spare for the prolonged prayers and meditations which we read of in the lives of saints of other days. Much less has he had leisure for those profound religious speculations which have, as we think, disgraced the present generation. Believing the Bible as simply as on the day of his conversion, half a century ago, and accustomed always to look upon God as a friend ever at hand to hear and help, the General has been, I think, a man of prayer in the best possible understanding of the word, a man to whom it is just as natural to speak to God in the street or the railway carriage as in a cathedral or a bedroom. And he has convinced others of the truths he proclaims, not by means of highly elaborated argument or much-studied discourse, but by forcing them to treat with God as naturally, personally, and fully as he has himself done.

To hear him denounce the sin and unbelief of his hearers, whether they be a crowd of workmen gathered round a railway truck, or an assemblage of the élite of a great city in one of its finest edifices, finishing with a call for instant decision in favor of Christ, is to understand at once why he has been so successful and why he is in many circles so much disliked.

If he has held aloof mostly from all sorts of reformatory and civilizing movements, it is not that he lacks interest in them, or appreciation of every honest effort to improve the condition of the people, but that he has little hope from anything that does not lead up, and that very quickly, to the transformation of the individual heart and life.

Naturally, the General has been misrepresented and abused as few men ever have been. This could not but be the case with any man who attacks unsparingly the forces of evil. To carry on a great work, large sums of money must needs be gathered, and the General has suceeeded in this as well as in any other branch of his efforts, notwithstanding all the attempts that have been made from time to time to arouse suspicion of his motives, his integrity, or his economy. Intensely sensitive as he naturally is, he felt abuse and slander, especially when they came from the religious press, very acutely for some years, and all the more as they tended always to lessen the Army's opportunities to do good.

His restlessness has perhaps done more in the past and promises more for the future than any other characteristic of his life. Far from any inclination to settle down or cling to long-cherished habits of thought or action, he is never to be found, after any triumph, however great, in a state of contentment, but always full of regret as to the little accomplished, the slowness of our progress, and the blunders of the past.

The Higher Life of Chicago[1]

By Melville E. Stone

REV. D. L. MOODY

It is doubtless the first impulse of the average reader to put in concrete form his opinion of the "higher life of Chicago" in Betsy Prig's words respecting Mrs. Harris. Certainly if he has been moved at all by the observations of Editor Stead or Dean Hole or any of the thousand and one other candid friends who have given a waiting world the benefit of their impressions of this wicked city, such will be his view. For it has become quite the proper thing to deride Chicago. Follow almost any current criticism and you will be told that it is the abode of the braggart and the parvenu, where every rich man is a *nouveau riche*, long on cash and short on good taste, where every temple is filled with money-changers, and where no altar is ever raised but for the worship of mammon. You will be warned that in every way it is a most unwholesome and unholy place.

Yet, if you make the city your home, it will surprise you to find among your neighbors a civic pride and loyalty the like of which does not exist elsewhere. As was once said of Venice, while other towns have admirers, this alone inspires affection. You must regret, as many others do, that the marvelous growth of the city, its singular natural advantages for commercial prosperity, and the consequent accumulation of vast fortunes with astonishing rapidity, have led to an undue quickening of the business instinct and an excess of zeal for money-getting. You may feel that the average citizen's perspective of life would be more accurate if he would somewhat foreshorten the shop and the factory. You will doubtless wish that something else than the Commercial Club were the goal of a man's social ambition. You are likely to long for more devotion to art and music and letters and godliness.

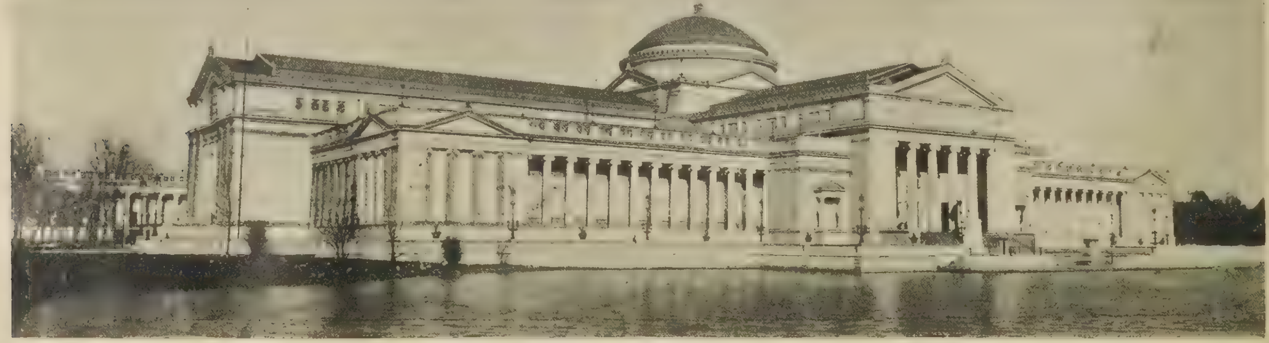
THE ART INSTITUTE

All of these facts will impress you. But they will not lead you to say that this is the veriest Sodom of all the earth, nor even to think it. If you have traveled far, you will agree that Chicago differs very little in point of culture or morals from the other great cities—differing rather in modes of vice than in degree. More guilty of tax-dodging, and bribery, and franchise-grabbing, and public jobbery, and all of those forms of misdoing that spring from lusting after wealth, if you please, but certainly far less chargeable with those offenses which attach to idle and luxurious living. Such, it seems to me, is likely to be the analysis of a thoughtful and dispassionate student.

The columns of The Outlook do not afford space for a fair survey of the good works in which Chicago has been zealous. Beneath all the surging waves of profligate energy, beneath all of the apparent indifference to any form of vice which does not interfere with business, there is now and has ever been a deep and wide undercurrent of artistic sense and religious feeling. This has found expression in many ways. The most notable among the earlier apostles of righteousness was Mr. D. L. Moody. His influence upon the life of the city was great and lasting. For a dozen years preceding the great fire he devoted himself unceasingly to mission work in Chicago. He was closely identified with the Young Men's Christian Association, and to his efforts are due, in large measure, the efficiency of that institution. It now numbers among its members a large body of conspicuous merchants, and occupies as a home and workshop one of the finest of the great office buildings of the city. The structure is thirteen stories high, faced with white marble, cost over a million dollars, and is admirably provided with the requisites for practical Christian effort. There are large halls for evening classes in language, stenography, telegraphy, bookkeeping, and kindred studies, gymnasiums, laboratories, reading-rooms, baths, and chapels. The Young Women's Christian Association, with a new eight-story palace overlooking Lake Michigan, and the Athenæum, a people's college, paying less heed to ethical culture, represent much the same idea. These and similar societies are gathering in the young men and women who come as strangers to the metropolis, saving them from the saloon, the gambling-hell, and the brothel, finding honorable employment for them, furnishing them with temporary homes, and giving them free or inexpensive tuition. At each of the railway stations, continuously on duty, are volunteer agents, badged and uniformed, to direct the unwary to these places of refuge.

PRESIDENT W. R. HARPER

Towering up among the "sky-scrapers" which have attracted so much attention in Chicago is another stately pile, the Temple of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It has few if any equals among the commercial buildings of the world. In architecture it is a striking departure


THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

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[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895), and "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896). Other articles will be on "The Higher Life of Boston," by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.; on New Orleans, by Miss Grace King; on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder; and on Buffalo, by the Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D.

THE LAKE SHORE MALL

from the conventional type. It is a good example of English Gothic, with shapely gables and broad expanse of red tile roof. The thirteen vast floors furnish accommodation for a great army of professional men, besides ample provision for the local and national headquarters of the society. Here are the offices from which Miss Frances E. Willard gives direction to the great reform of which she is the acknowledged high priestess. Here are the publication rooms from which issue vast quantities of tracts and other printed matter on behalf of the propaganda.

JOHN V. CHENEY
Librarian Newberry Library

These four institutions are always in evidence. They have world-wide fame. It may well be doubted, however, whether the fruits of their local service count for more than those of some less pretentious establishments. Scattered over the city are unnumbered oases in the desert of ignorance, poverty, and vice. The polyglot population is divided into colonies. Every nation of the earth is represented. And each nationality has its own charities, its own hospitals, its own libraries, its own culture clubs, all working in the same direction. The agencies are thus multiplied indefinitely. They would doubtless prove more efficient if there were more co-operation among them, if one could know better the methods of the other, if each could profit by the other's experiences. But the conditions are such as to inspire great individual effort, and this, of course, has special value. The Armour charity comprises a fine group of buildings located in the heart of a depraved district of the South Side. It includes a large apartment-house, a manual-training school, kindergarten, dispensary, and Sunday-school. It is handsomely endowed by a wealthy packer, who has wisely turned the control over to the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus, the energetic young pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church. The attendance is large and steadily increasing. Fees and rentals are adjusted to meet the necessities of the case. There are two hundred apartments which yield a fair income, and the proceeds are applied to the maintenance of the mission. It is Mr. Armour's wise purpose to make the Institute self-supporting. In doing so he has adopted a policy which, happily, characterizes very generally the Chicago charities. As a rule, the founders aim to put them beyond the need of appealing to the general public. The Chicago Manual-Training School, the Newsboys' Home, and the Home for Incurables are all so endowed.

The social settlement idea has taken a strong hold on the city. Hull House, the oldest and best-known of these agencies, was opened six years ago. A fine old residence stood alone in the heart of a congested ward. All the better world had moved away, and Italians, Bohemians, and Russian Jews had come in to supply the place. Two young women saw the opportunity. They rented this abandoned mansion and opened in a modest way a second Toynbee Hall. They sought to adapt themselves to the work at hand. At first the untamed youngsters of the neighborhood broke their windows and despoiled their grounds. The priests and rabbis looked askance and prepared to guard against proselytes. The young women were patient and tactful, however, and slowly but surely they won their way. It was neither a University Settlement nor a religious mission. The object, as stated in the charter, was "to provide a center for a higher civic and social life, to initiate and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts." Miss Jane Addams, the leader in the movement, has very clear ideas upon the subject. "It is an effort," she says, "to add the social function to democracy." Not that there is any objection to the use of the settlement idea in either the purely scholastic or strictly religious work. Far from it. Rather, the local conditions must finally govern the nature and direction of the effort. The good and the bad, the ignorant and the cultured, are brought together. When this is done, the leadership of the Hull House management is very gentle, beautifully subtle, and never offensive. There is boundless play of the sympathies. There is a careful avoidance of the didactic. Self-governing clubs are formed, admission to which can be gained only by ballot. One of them includes forty factory-girls, who rent an outlying tenement from Hull House, board themselves at a nominal rate, take their meals at the coffee-house, and attend nightly classes in the lecture-room. There

REV. F. W. GUNSAULUS, D.D.

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY

is a men's club of a similar character. Then there is the men's social club, which has a billiard-room; members may do about as they please, although drinking and gambling are forbidden. The Jolly Boys' Club for reading, the Gymnasium Club, the Woman's Club for the study of household economics, the German Woman's Social Club, the Italian Fencing Club, the Debating Club, the Mandolin Club, and twenty others, all have their places in the institution. The Kindergarten and Day Nursery occupy an independent building. Other departments are the free dispensary, the visiting nurses, factory inspection, street and alley inspection, food inspection, art studio, penny savings-bank, circulating library, labor bureau, music school, and relief bureau. It is a busy place. There are eighteen or twenty "residents," a large corps of working visitors, and an average attendance of persons from the vicinage of about 2,500 per week.

Miss Addams is the official street inspector for the ward, and Mrs. Kelley, one of the residents, is a State inspector of factories. It follows that Hull House must take a deep interest in civic affairs. At this moment it is arranging for the spring campaign, with large hope that it may compass the defeat of certain corrupt aldermen who now hold seats in the City Council as representatives of its neighborhood.

While the work of Hull House thus divides itself, as Miss Addams says, "according to the receptivity of the neighbors, into social, educational, humanitarian, and civic" effort, The Commons, a settlement of the Chicago Theological Seminary, located in the Scandinavian colony, naturally takes on a more distinctly Christian character. The residents consist of two ministers, five women, and five theological students, two of whom are physicians. There are daily prayer-meetings, Bible classes, and song services. Certain of the residents regularly visit the county hospital, the jail, and the poorhouse for inspection and ministration. There are sixty classes for educational work, besides free lectures on hygiene and household sanitation, neighborhood clubs, and friendly visitations. The University of Chicago has a similar settlement in the stock-yards district, with five residents and nine neighborhood helpers, and the Northwestern University, the Methodist institution, maintains one in the Polish and Bohemian district. The Seventh-Day Adventists have a prosperous establishment devoted chiefly to medical mission effort, and recently two young Jews have opened a house in the Chicago Ghetto and seem to be doing excellent service. This work is rapidly extending. One by one the plague-spots are brought under the influence of these Christian gentlefolk, the heavy loads which so weigh upon the lives of the toiling multitude are lightened, and reciprocal benefits which spring from correct living and intelligent voting by the multitude are felt by the whole city. It is a hand-to-hand struggle with the ills which fret us who have in mind Mr. Herbert Spencer's axiom that "the type of society is determined by the natures of its units."

ARMOUR INSTITUTE

Going into the field of pure scholasticism, one cannot fail to be impressed with the astonishing advancement of this young city. Of course every one knows of the great Chicago University, which at a single bound has taken the very forefront among institutions of its kind. The story of its liberal endowment by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and of the generous gifts which have poured in from every direction, is too well known to justify repetition. Million has followed million with bewildering rapidity. The President, Dr. Harper, has seemed a veritable magician. He accepted office in July, 1891, began the buildings in the succeeding November, and opened the doors a year later with nine hundred students. The enrollment for 1896 will reach eighteen hundred, while the income now exceeds $600,000 per annum. There are one hundred and sixty-four teachers (including a number of specialists of very high rank), besides another hundred in the University Extension department and a large corps connected with the administrative branches. There is a library of 300,000 volumes; an observatory with the largest telescope ever constructed; and a list of halls, museums, and laboratories which might well stand for the labor of a century. But besides this great enterprise, Chicago boasts another University of no mean proportions, the Northwest-

CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

ern. Indeed, in enrollment of students it stands third in the country. Its equipment includes an excellent astronomical observatory and a full complement of professional schools of a very high order. Its endowment, largely in Chicago business property, yields an annual income, even in hard times, of over a quarter of a million dollars.

These great institutions, not to mention a dozen or more independent but well-sustained medical, divinity, and technical schools, combine to give Chicago a high place among educational centers.

The Public Library, supported by a city tax, contains over two hundred thousand volumes. It owes its origin to a handsome donation of books by the people of England after the great fire. This gift included offerings by Queen Victoria, the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and the British Government. The library, thus founded, has been in a special sense an object of local pride. No other in America has enjoyed as large patronage from the general public. Last year 55,000 readers held drawing cards, and borrowed 2,500,000 books and periodicals. The reference-rooms are visited by over a million persons annually. For the convenience of those living at a distance, six branch reading-rooms and thirty-two free-delivery stations are maintained. A new building for the library will be completed next autumn. It will cover an area of 62,000 square feet, and will cost something over two million dollars.

THE W. C. T. U. BUILDING

The Newberry Library, a fine collection of books adapted to the uses of specialists, has an endowment of three million dollars, and contains 160,000 volumes. Two other large library funds, the Crerar and Lewis legacies, are awaiting investment.

The Art Institute, the Academy of Sciences, and the Field Columbian Museum are also noteworthy enterprises.

These are some of the things which make answer for a higher life in Chicago. And it is not so bad a showing, after all. So qualified a critic as Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote a few days since:

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

> The Fair showed the country what Chicago really was and is Certainly there is no other American city where the richest classes appear so enthusiastic with respect to art and literature. "The practice of virtue makes men virtuous," and even if there was some pretense and affectation in the culture of ten years ago, it has resulted in as high standards of taste as can elsewhere be found. Moreover, if our own "four hundred" had even affected or made it the fashion to be interested in whatever makes real culture, the intellectual life of this metropolis would not now be so far apart from the "social swim."

LYMAN J. GAGE

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD

HENRY WADE ROGERS
President Northwestern University

It is in its indifference to its civic duties that Chicago betrays the greatest weakness. There is nothing like an organized Tammany Hall, nor is the tenure of the dominant rascals by any means assured. But there is the unfortunate neglect of municipal affairs by good men, and the baneful tendency to divide on national party lines. Meanwhile the public enemies are united and always alert. It is only now and then, in some great emergency and under pressure of intense excitement, that all the right-minded people are aroused. Then comes an upheaval, and a short era of proper administration.

Concerning Sunday observation the situation is far from satisfactory. The enactments of the Illinois

HULL HOUSE—CHILDREN'S BUILDING

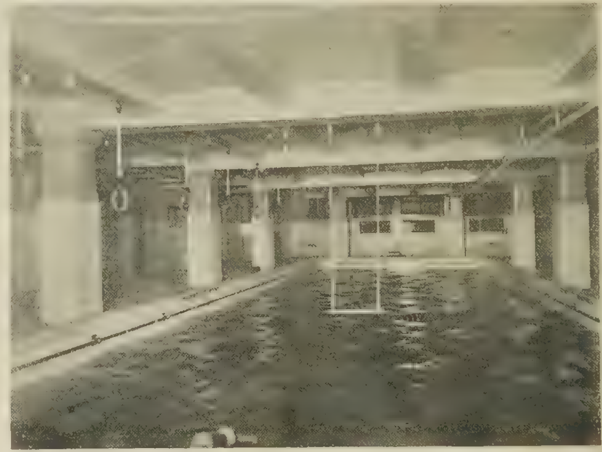
MISS JANE ADDAMS

Legislature are plain and subject to no dispute. They require the closing of every tippling-house on Sunday. This has been the law of the State for many years, and every Mayor of Chicago has taken an oath to enforce it. Yet it is a far day since any real or sincere effort was made in this direction. Republicans and Democrats alike have said that local public sentiment was against all sumptuary legislation, and by common consent of the active politicians Chicago has enjoyed all the delights of a "wide-open Sunday." To quiet the clamor of those who demanded better things, the Aldermen have passed ordinances providing for screens upon the saloon doors, and this was taken to be a compliance with the State law. But even this practice has fallen into desuetude.

Not the least among the deplorable features of this business has been the attitude of many Christian people. It is by no means an uncommon thing to hear persons of high repute say, "This Sunday law cannot be enforced. Don't try. Let us seek good government on other lines, and be content with half a loaf rather than no bread." It is needless to suggest that infinitely worse than a "wide-open Sunday," with all that it may imply, is the corrupting influence of this theory that a public officer, whose duties are purely ministerial, is to be permitted to enforce one law and ignore another. A people who tamely submit to government of this kind should not be surprised to find that it leads to all forms of abuse. Yet, unfortunately, this is the condition in Chicago to-day. The Mayor, who is, or was until recently, a Methodist Sunday-school teacher, makes no effort whatever to enforce this law for Sunday observance, and the city betrays no indignation at his neglect.

But there are signs of progress. At the instance of the journeymen barbers and the shop clerks, the Legislature at its last session passed stringent Sunday-closing laws, and an earnest effort for their enforcement is now making, and with fairly successful result. What those who have been striving for good government failed to accomplish bids fair of realization from the purely selfish labors of the overworked employees.

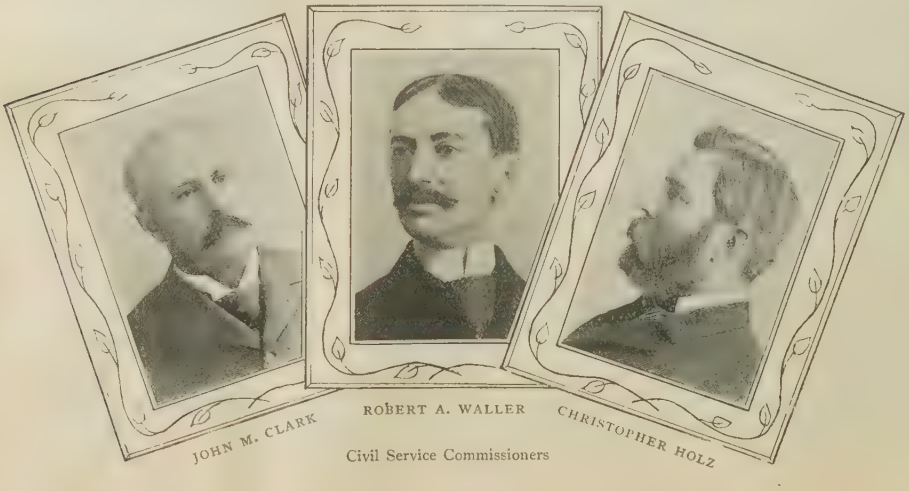
Chicago has gathered its full share of the ripe fruit of misgovernment. Swindling contractors, corrupt and corrupting franchise-grabbers, and "boodling" public officials have all found here a rich field for their operations. There has, however, always been a little upper room with a devoted band struggling against great odds. The Civil Service Reform League, with barely enough members to fill an attorney's office, labored diligently for a dozen years, and finally secured the passage of an ideal law, the enforcement of which has been placed in the hands of an honest, intelligent, and resolute commission. Under the operation of this act, which is far and away the best in the country, the rule of the spoilsman is fast disappearing, and, since this is believed to be the fundamental reform, an era of better things is hoped for.



THE NATATORIUM IN THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

The Citizens' Association has been, periodically, an important agency for good. Some years ago it took up the work of prosecuting corrupt officials, and succeeded in sending a dozen or more to the State prison.

The Civic Federation, which represents in a degree a temporary outburst of public spirit in anticipation of the World's Fair, has done much good work in the way of cleaning the streets and alleys, finding work and food for the unemployed, and punishing offenders against the election laws.



JOHN M. CLARK ROBERT A. WALLER CHRISTOPHER HOLZ

Civil Service Commissioners

The Christian Citizens' League has taken high ground, has endeavored to arouse godly men to a sense of their duty in public affairs, has accomplished much.

It has been possible to do no more than enumerate the phases of the higher life of Chicago. The influences for good are becoming more numerous every day, although, as suggested above, the effort so far has been too spasmodic, too inconstant, for speedy regeneration. It is, nevertheless, gratifying to know that now and again this busy, rushing, money-making, free-and-easy city does astonishing things. So it did when the Anarchists threatened to make it their sport. So it did when it adopted the present admirable election law. So it did also when it put the merit system into force. And so it may again.

HULL HOUSE—DINING-ROOM OF CRECHE

Melville E. Stone: A Sketch

Mr. Melville E. Stone, the author of "The Higher Life of Chicago," is an Illinoisan by birth and a lifelong resident of Chicago. His establishment, shortly after the great fire of 1871 (by which he suffered seriously), of the first one-cent daily newspaper of Chicago, the "Daily News," was an event full of importance to the city, compelling, as it did, after many years of struggle, the reduction of the price of every English daily in the city to that figure. In 1881 Mr. Stone added to his evening paper a morning edition, known now as the "Chicago Record." This paper, too, he brought to the point of success before selling the whole property to his partner, Victor F. Lawson. Retiring for a time from journalism, Mr. Stone gave his energies to banking, but the proverbial tendency of the journalist to return again to his calling overcame him, and he became manager of the Associated Press. As citizen and as journalist, Mr. Stone has been a considerable force for good government in Chicago. His newspapers were independent in politics, and their influence was always wisely and courageously directed. More than one threatening municipal abuse was corrected through their efforts, more than one rascal in public place brought by them to justice. It is probably fair, and in effect accurate, to say that scarcely one of the institutions which he notes as illustrative of Chicago's progress toward a broader intellectual and philanthropic life has been without substantial aid, in one way or another, from him. Political office he has never sought; such as he may have held, like the treasurership of the Sanitary District, for example, having been appointive wholly and dependent only remotely upon political influence. Since his retirement from journalism, nearly nine years ago, his voice has been only occasionally heard in public matters. As newspaper owner and publisher, however, he manifested what is perhaps a wholly unparalleled interest in purely local matters, burrowing with indomitable persistence into every department of municipal government, detecting corruption however shrewdly hid, and exposing culprits whatever their political or social standing. It may be of interest to note that he is eminently the architect of his own fortunes.

HULL HOUSE—OUTDOOR SPORTS

MELVILLE E. STONE

JOHN BURROUGHS SITS IN HIS OLD SEAT IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AND TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN

Recollections of My Boyhood

By John Burroughs

As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson[1]

ONE autumn day I left the Hudson River at Rondout and made a three hours' journey by a little branch railroad far back into the Catskills. At the little town of Roxbury I left the train and climbed a steep, mile-and-a-half hill, and that brought me to the boyhood home of John Burroughs, where I found John Burroughs himself sitting at the kitchen window. The region is one of great, mounding, mountain-like hills, with now and then a small village lost among them, and farms scattered sparingly along their slopes. The fields and patches of woodland checker their sides, and the drifting cloud-shadows add to the intricacy of the pattern. The hills turn blue in the distance, and look like great waves rolling in from a distant ocean.

The Burroughs farm-house is in a wide hilltop hollow with a fine panoramic view across the low valleys and hills eastward. In our walks about the place we visited the sugar-bush, the scene of many of Mr. Burroughs's youthful exploits with the family musket, we gathered nuts in a neighboring beech-wood, and we explored the brook where once he swam and fished. Most interesting of all, we followed the winding road he had trodden so often on his way to and from school, and we did not stop till we came to the little rusty-red school-house that looks just as it did forty-five years ago. It was recess time, and we went inside. The same old box desks were in use that had been there when Mr. Burroughs was a district school-boy. He found the same seat that long ago was his, and there among the other jackknife hewings were the initials he had cut—J. B.

The reminiscences I report below were the results of two conversations, given as nearly as possible in the speaker's own words. The first was an evening talk in the kitchen, where the farm family had gathered after the day's work was done and the supper dishes had been cleared off the long table. The second was a morning talk in the neat, rag-carpeted sitting-room, where a wood fire burned in the sheet-iron stove to temper the chill of the windy autumn day. Mr. Burroughs said:

"About the first thing I have any remembrance of is of being scared. The folks went off to Pennsylvania on a visit, and left us children to take care of things while they were gone. We got along well enough in the daytime, but, come night, it was different. I know that first night the older children were out quite late—I believe they'd gone down to the village. It got dark, and still they didn't come home, and we three or four younger ones sat huddled up in the kitchen and didn't dare go to bed. I don't know what scared the others, but I remember looking into the dark cavity of the bedroom—that was father's and mother's room, and the door was open—and every time I looked into its gloom and vacancy I was filled with dread and foreboding.

"We used to hear a good many spook stories. Grandfather was a great hand for spook stories. He'd been one of Washington's soldiers and had had a good deal of experience, and he believed in 'em just as thoroughly as we don't believe in 'em. He'd seen a great many spooks, and he'd sit down in the evening and tell these ghost stories by the hour. It would make our youthful hair stand on end as we listened to the tale of things he'd seen—those dreadful apparitions. He used to tell bear stories, war stories, and Indian stories, besides. But the spooks made the most vivid impression, and I didn't outgrow my fear of them till I got old enough to go to see the girls. Then suddenly my fears all left me. I'd been thinking I couldn't go to see the girls at all and stay out late, I was so afraid as soon as night came.

"From the age of ten to fourteen I couldn't even go down to the barn, just across the road, after dark, for fear some hobgoblin would get me.

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[1] The illustrations (with the exception of those on pages 335 and 337) are from photographs taken by Mr. Johnson.

"The other barn, down in the next field, I was afraid to go to in the daytime. We kept cows there, and it was my task to go daily and turn them out and clean the stables. I would go in fear and trembling. I was particularly afraid in the stable, for there was a hole there that opened down into the vacant space under the barn. This cavity was always dark and mysterious, and I used to call the dog and send him under the barn to drive the spooks away, and then I'd work like a beaver to clean out the stables while the dog was under there. These fears all came from grandfather's stories of witches and things. He was very good at telling such stories. He was very superstitious, and he would give them a true air of mystery.

"This little burying-ground up the hill here at the turn of the road used to trouble me a good deal. I knew spooks liked to haunt just such places, and you couldn't have drawn me there with ox-chains after dark. I didn't think of spooks in broad daylight, but when dusk came and I had to pass the burying-ground I would walk lively and step lightly. I was too scared to run. I thought if I did run I'd have a whole pack of ghosts right on my heels. I suppose many have the same feeling. But, as I said, when I began to go to see the girls my fears left me and I could come home past the burying-ground in the little hours of the morning without a tremor.

THE LITTLE BURYING-GROUND

"I don't think I was naturally timid—it was only because my imagination had been stimulated and distorted by what I heard. People believed in apparitions thoroughly in that time. I wasn't scared by sounds in nature—not by anything I knew about. I was never afraid of thunder-storms. I rather liked the racket and was agreeably impressed by the elemental display. I heard owls hoot, but I didn't mind that, for I knew what they were. I did not mind the barking of the foxes, either. They would bark on the hills up back of the house. It was a wild, weird sort of sound, and I liked to hear it. But if I had to go through the woods in the dusk, then I was scared. I remember driving the oxen home in the evening along the edge of the woods down here, and how fearful I was. I didn't know what I feared—only the mysteriousness of the woods and the liability to see things made a deep impress on me then. The woods themselves were quiet enough. They always are. You know Thoreau says, 'A howling wilderness never howls. The howling is done chiefly by the imagination of the traveler.'

"No doubt most children have their fears, about the same as I did. I don't think my boy ever did, though. He was never told any ghost stories—only he believed in Santa Claus. I think I never had that belief myself—my folks didn't cultivate the Santa Claus myth. We would hang up our stockings in the chimney-corner, but we always knew where the things in 'em came from. Sometimes we'd find cakes mother had put in; other times it would be some ridiculous things the older children had put in—shavings, perhaps, or a raw potato.

"My boy believed in Santa Claus through and through. One day, a little before Christmas, he found a new sled out in the barn. He came to the house in the greatest state of excitement about that sled, and we explained to him that perhaps Santa Claus intended to give it to him, and, if he kept quiet, like enough he would get it on Christmas morning. Sure enough, on Christmas morning there he found the sled hitched to his bed. That made a great impression, and it was a cruel shock to the boy when he was told there was no Santa Claus. He felt a personal loss. I remember how he sighed and said, 'Well, if there ain't any Santa Claus there's an awful lot of lying in this world.'

"Speaking about being afraid, there was an old man, half crazy, used to wander about the country here that we children made a good deal of a bugbear of. He was perfectly harmless and innocent, but we were in mortal terror of him. Whenever we saw any one coming slow along the road the way he did, we'd say, 'Guess that's old John Corbin.' Then we scurried over the fence and hid. He was simply a little off, you know, and would go mumbling to himself along the road. He had an orchard down near the school-house, and he buried his apples there in the ground. Some of the bigger boys broke into his apple-hole and stole apples, and I can remember just how he caught them at it and chased them away and shook his stick.

"We used to have an apple-hole up back of the house—most people did. We would stow fifteen or twenty bushels of our best apples there. Toward spring we'd dig them out, and they had a delightful flavor that apples kept in the house didn't have. They seemed to be seasoned and concentrated. We'd reach down through the hole we'd cut through the frozen ground, and part away the straw that lay over them, and pick out such apples as we wanted. We'd get so expert we could tell the different kinds by the sense of touch. There was a difference in the shape and in the surface, and there was the winesap that I could tell by some peculiarity of the stem. There were all kinds in the apple-hole mixed together, and a good part of them went to school to eat with our dinners.

"When I was a little fellow I used to help mother a good deal. Mother used to spin wool. She had the wheel up in one of the chambers, and you'd hear the wheel go wz-z-z-z, and her footsteps going backward and forward. It was a pleasant enough sound, but it grew rather monotonous when you heard it all day. In the hog-pen chamber, back of the house, we had a loom where mother wove cloth and carded wool into rolls. Sometimes there'd be a great pile of those delicate rolls in the hog-pen chamber. I used to run the quill-wheel and fill the hollow elder-stalks with thread. I can't say I liked the work much—boys are not apt to be fond of work.

"I pulled flax some, and mother spun and wove it and made garments out of it for us to wear. That linen was stout, too. If you fell out of a tree and you caught on trousers or shirts made of that stuff, it would hold you—you'd hang there—it wouldn't tear. The things were pretty harsh wear when we first put them on at the beginning of warm weather. They were full of shives, and

WHERE JOHN BURROUGHS WAS A SCHOLAR FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

scratched like blazes. They were like the hair shirts the pious old fellows used to wear, and if you were doing penance for anything they were good things to have. But by August, with the wear and the rubbing the things got on the washboard, the shives would get broken up and we'd begin to have some comfort. At first the cloth was grayish in color, but in time the washing and the soap and the laying out on the grass to dry would fade it out whitish. We didn't have underclothing in summer, but in winter we had red flannel undershirts that would shrink in the wash and get thick as boards.

"I used to help make cheese. I was very fond of eating the curd, till one day I ate so much of it I was sick—made a hog of myself, you know. I got thoroughly cloyed that time, and never could eat any curd since. But I like the pot-cheese they make out of lobbered milk.

"We would get up at five o'clock in the morning, about the same as they do here now. In winter it wouldn't be quite so early, but it would be early enough so we'd have breakfast by candlelight. Bedtime came pretty early. Eight o'clock was the time for the youngsters, but I know I used to get sleepy before that. Mother was apt to sit up latest. I suppose she'd often be up till ten or eleven sewing for us.

"We had a wide, open fireplace. The most I remember about it is lying on the broad hearthstone before the fire watching the crickets come up out of the cracks to sing. I would catch them and kill them. Mother said they ate holes in the stockings. They were never caught in the act that I know of, and I imagine that was just a household superstition without foundation. It's all vivid, too—mother frying meat with the long-handled frying-pan, and her sharpening the knife by rubbing it on the jambs. Up at one side of the fireplace was the great brick oven where she baked bread. Mother would say in the morning, 'Well, we're going to bake to-day, and I want some oven-wood.' Then we'd have to hunt the place over for dry wood—wood that would flash up quick and make a hot fire.

"Cider apple-sass was a great institution in those days. We used to cook a great lot of apples for 'sass' every fall, and we boiled down cider for flavoring them in a big kettle out in the yard.

"Tallow candles were our light. We used dipped candles. I remember seeing mother make them—dip, dip, dip, forty times or so, and after each dip she put the rods the candles were hung on across the backs of two chairs to let the tallow harden. Our candlesticks had hooks on 'em. The hook was made to fit over the back of a chair. Mother would hook her candle, or perhaps two of them, on the back of a chair to do her work by, and I'd sit in the chair and study arithmetic, or read 'Robinson Crusoe or 'The Life of Murphy the Indian-Killer,' and other books of the sort.

"I was about seven years old when we had an anti-rent war here. A great many of the farms in this and adjacent counties were of leased land. King George had granted immense sections of the country here to certain of his court favorites, and these favorites divided it up among favorites of their own, and all this land had to pay a tax to them of a shilling an acre. Of course these owners never had anything to do with the land, and settlers took it and improved it and made their homes on it.

"The people who lived on the land thought the tax was unjust, and they took the law into their own hands and said they weren't going to pay this tax. They got the idea of disguising themselves as Indians. They wore leather caps pulled over their faces, and were all paint, fur, and feathers—dreadful-looking creatures. Father sympathized with their side, and they used to call at our house and we would give them apples and things. They were usually just out on a lark. It was all boys' foolishness, and didn't amount to anything; but the feeling was very bitter, and it divided the neighborhood.

"The up-renters we called 'tories.' The down-renters, fixed up as Indians, would roam around nights, mostly, but they would come together any time of day at the signal of the blowing of a horn. They made a law that nobody should blow a horn but to call them together. Jay Gould's father was an up-renter; he was a stiff-necked old fellow, and he was going to blow his horn to call his men to dinner, whether or no. So the first thing he knew he had his house full of Indians threatening to tar and feather the old gentleman. Another time it was known around that the sheriff was going to sell a man out who wouldn't pay his rent, and the Indians gathered and shot the sheriff.

"They got so lawless the Legislature had to take the matter in hand, and it undertook to suppress the Indians and imprison their leaders. I'd see the sheriff and his posse riding past—twenty or

HIS BOYHOOD TROUT-BROOK

thirty or even fifty men going pell-mell. It scared me. They'd go rushing along on their horses, flourishing swords and muskets; it was a terrible sight for a youngster. Then, besides, the posse represented the law, and my sympathy, of course, was with my people. I wasn't so afraid of the Indians.

"Father thought the posse was after him one day, and he ran over to grandfather's and got under the bed. We had great fun over that, for they always said his feet stuck out, and that his hiding wouldn't have done him any good if they'd really been after him, which they weren't. But they did hunt a neighbor who was a leader among the down-renters. He got away to Michigan and stayed there several years before he dared to come back.

"I went to a great Indian meeting one time. The horns blew long and loud over the hills, and you'd see the Indians come from the farms and places where they'd been to put on their things. Their caps were of leather, something like a bag with holes cut for eyes, nose, and mouth. They had horns on the caps and a fringe round the neck, and a cow's tail tied on behind, and I don't know what all. They were hideous-looking things—perfectly infernal—and there were no two alike. Then the Indians wore blouses of striped calico, belted at the waist, and some of them had pants of the same or of red flannel. Take a hundred men dressed up in that style together and it made a sight to behold. They had their meeting in a big empty hay-barn. I went and peeked through the cracks, and the Indians inside stuck out straw at me. They had their orators, and it seemed to me the affair was something tremendous—such a lot of them, too—I thought they'd carry everything before them after that.

"But they didn't go at it in the right way. Their lawlessness and outlandishness hurt their cause, and the farmers still have to pay rent. This farm, like the rest, has to pay its shilling an acre just as it did when I was a boy.

"This house isn't the one I was born in. That we moved off out in the orchard, and built this one in its place, when I was thirteen years old. That house was rather a small, unpainted, squarish building, one story high, with a big chimney in the middle. To move it, we pried it up, put runners under it, and asked all the neighbors and their oxen to the moving. We hitched eight or ten yoke of oxen to each runner—all we could get in the neighborhood—and such a bellowing, hawing and geeing, and whip-cracking as there was I never heard in my life. It took some time to get all those oxen to pull together, and when they did get started how they would hump up! We broke three or four chains that day, but we would double them up—fix 'em some way and go on.

"I remember the first day I went to school I wore a suit my mother made. It was a little striped suit, and it had flaps on the shoulders that went up and down like a dog's ears as I ran. I couldn't have been more than four or five years old. It was my first great journey. All I remember is that I asked of my older sister, who led me, 'Who lives there?' every house we passed on the way.

"The seats in the school-house seemed very high. The seat that I and some of the other smaller ones sat on was just a slab from the sawmill, flat side up, with some widely slanting legs put underneath. I couldn't touch my feet to the floor from it. One day the teacher didn't let me go out, and I got asleep and fell over backwards and knocked a great hole in my head. The next thing I knew I was lying in a house that was near the school, and there was a smell of camphor in the air. I don't know how I got home, but I must have got home somehow.

"I learned my alphabet in Cobb's spelling-book. It had the alphabet arranged with first the vowels and then the consonants. They had the most mechanical way of drilling that alphabet into you. It took months to learn it. The teacher called us up three or four times a day and, with a penknife, pointed out the letters one by one, skipping around, and saying, 'What letter's that?' 'What letter's that?' Hen Meeker sat next me. He was older and larger than I was, and I remember once the teacher had him up saying his letters, and he came to small c and couldn't tell what it was. The teacher kept at him, but there Hen stuck at the c. 'Why,' the teacher said, 'I'll bet little Johnnie Burroughs can tell that letter.' So he called me up and I said 'c,' and was very proud of my knowledge.

"I was the only one of our family that 'took to larnin',' as my father would say, and I don't think I hankered after the studying very much. The days in school were very long, but we had royal fun in playtime. We played tag and den and, in the late autumn, ball—yes, and we could have fun out of nothing in those days.

"Children have nimble brains—how easily their imaginations are kindled! I remember one noon in particular, when all the girls at school were crying because they thought the end of the world was coming. They wept and

JOHN BURROUGHS AND THE CHILDREN

AN OCTOBER ROADSIDE

wailed, and I was scared with the rest. A storm was rising over the hills. The black clouds looked very portentous—I could see that. I expected things were going, though just what the end of the world meant I didn't know. Of course the storm passed away, the trumpets were not sounded, and we went back into the school thinking the thing was postponed—that it wasn't to come off till the next day, or the day after, or some other day—it had missed fire, anyway. I don't know how the girls got their idea; there were no grown people in the neighborhood who were looking for the passing away of the earth. They might have heard some one read an item of the sort from the newspapers, for it wasn't far from the time that the Millerite excitement swept over the country. Anyway, there those big girls stood, and the rest of us looking on to see the thing go.

"It was a two-mile road to the school I attended. The road was roundabout, and there was a short cut through the woods. But I was afraid of the woods, and usually went the long way. I had plenty of time then. A cousin went with me, and in winter some of the older children. We used to start by half-past seven o'clock, so as to have ample opportunity to loiter and play along the road.

"Once in a while we ventured through the woods on a summer morning and stopped by a spring there to get crinkle-root, which we liked to carry to eat with our dinners. It is a kind of cress—an appetizing thing, almost as strong as horseradish. We were timid about taking that route, but as we grew older we would occasionally summon up courage and go that way for the sake of variety. In the deepest, dampest spot in the woods near that spring run we used to see those ghostly insects—I hardly know what you call them—that collect in masses on the branches of trees. They are white as snow, very fuzzy, with a long down on them. They'd collect in a ropy mass bigger'n your fist strung along a branch, and they would stir and throb with a rhythmic pulsation that filled us with a sort of dread. You see we didn't know what they were; had never heard of them. Sometimes we'd hit the branch a rap which would make them come stringing down, and then we'd run.

"We carried bread and butter, pie, cake, and our pockets full of apples for dinner. In the long noontime, after we'd emptied our dinner-baskets, we'd go over to the brook and have a swim in the swimming-hole, or fish for trout. We'd roll up our pants the whole length of our legs, and our sleeves 'way up to our shoulders, and then we'd wade in and feel for the trout with our hands under the bank. Once in a while we'd get hold of one and get him out, but oftener we'd feel their slippery forms glide through our fingers. The trout got under the bank to hide. Sometimes they'd run in a hole like a sack and you'd see their tail sticking out. Then we'd run our fingers under the trout and slide 'em very carefully along towards its head, tickling it underneath at the same time. If you were gentle, the trout would hold perfectly still, as if it actually enjoyed being tickled. They fish that way in England, I believe. We discovered, as boys, that trout liked tickling. When we'd slid our fingers along far enough we'd nip the fish right behind the gills and toss him out.

"One used to get well spattered in this paddling in the water, but we didn't mind that—that was nothing in summer. But I had an adventure one winter with the brook that wasn't so pleasant. We were having a freshet and the stream was very full, and the board we usually walked across on was washed away. The older ones jumped across all right, but when I tried it, in I went, kersouse—right under water. I scrambled out quickly enough and went on to school. Then I pulled off my boots and poured the water out, and the teacher let me stand around the stove most of the day, and, strange to say, I didn't take cold, either.

"Another winter experience was the hooking up of suckers through the ice. One day I was out at recess, and there came along a sleigh with three or four men in it. They were neighbors I knew, and they asked me if I wanted to go along. So I jumped on behind and we drove down to the river. We selected a pool and cut some holes in the ice; at the holes a man would lie down with his face close to the water and a straight staff in his hand with a hook of wire loops on the end, and with that he'd pull up the fish. Some of the men went up above with their axes and hammered on the ice to drive the fish down, and I stood at the other end of the pool working a long pole through a hole in the ice to keep the fish from going out. They would hook the fish up just as fast! and the ice was soon all alive with them. They'd hook up a basket or two in that way, and in a little while the fish all froze stiff as pokers.

"When the sport was over they divided the fish in piles, a part for each man that took part in the expedition. They dropped one fish at a time in each pile till all had been allotted, and then they drew cuts for choice of piles. Of course there wasn't much difference in the piles, but one pile might have an extra large one in it, or perhaps there might be a trout among the suckers. They didn't count me in when they made the division, but at the end they said, 'There's Johnny, we ought to give him some,' and they each gave me a fish or two from their piles.

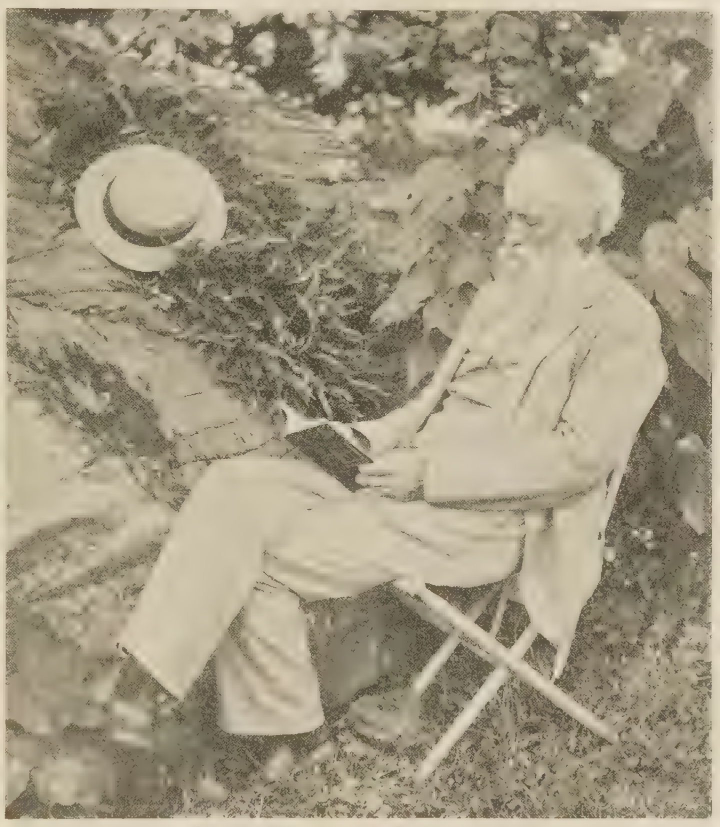
"If you took home the frozen fish and put them in water, they'd thaw out and come to life and be none the worse for their freezing. The trout, though, had a more delicate organization, and they wouldn't revive. I suppose I ran away from school to go fishing, but I don't think I was reproved much for it. Probably I didn't do it often. I'd have been hauled up for it next day if I had.

"Once in a while we children at school would play hooky and make a trip down to Stratton Falls, a mile and a half distant, after slate-pencils. There were high ledges there, and a horseshoe fall of water that you could get in behind, and we used to like to hang around there and play. We would run away at noon and not get back until long after school had begun. Our excuse was that we had to go to get slate-pencils. It was a great adventure. Streaks of slate cropped out in the ledges, and we used to get little slabs of it and carry them home. Some of it was red and some blue. The way to tell if the slate would do for pencils was to rub it across the ends of your under teeth. You could tell instantly by the grit if it was too hard or too soft.

"We took the little slabs of slate home, and in our spare time would work them up into slate-pencils. I'd cut two straight, deep gashes with my knife about the width of a pencil apart on one side, drawing the knife back and forth and back and forth by the hour. Then I'd turn the slab over and start other cuts to meet the first ones. By and by you broke off the slab along the gashes, and then you could whittle your splinter of slate into shape. We got all our slate-pencils that way. You couldn't buy them at the store—never heard of such a thing.

"We children never paid much attention to flowers. It isn't a country that abounds with wild flowers, but there were plenty of violets. We gathered those—chiefly, though, to 'fight roosters' with them. The way we did that was for two of us to each take a violet and hook them together and see which fellow's would pull the other's head off—see which violet would stand the most strain.

"I used to know every inch of the road between here and school, and had many little adventures all along it with one thing and another. My first sweetheart lived in a little red house on that road. She was my playmate. I remember going over there once with father when I was a little fellow. He took his oxen and was going to spend the day working there. He said I might go along and play with Eleanor. Mother thought she'd be in school, and when we got there, sure enough, Eleanor had gone to school. But her father lifted up his voice and called to her. He had a tremendous voice. The schoolhouse was half a mile away—I don't know how she heard, but she did, and pretty soon came running up the road to the house, and we played together all day.



JOHN BURROUGHS

"She continued to be the girl I was fondest of up to the time I was thirteen or fourteen, though there was one other girl I had a fancy for in the same period. But this second girl quickly alienated my affections by exposing one of my misdemeanors to the teacher one day. She said, 'Johnny Burroughs put his feet on the desk.' It hurt my feelings dreadfully—how could that girl, of all others, be so hard-hearted! After that there was a coolness between us.

"When I was just on the edge of the awkward age that lasts from fourteen to eighteen, I went to an apple-cut one evening. We worked away until nine or ten o'clock, and then it was in order for the boys to go home with the girls—those they took a shine to. The boys had been at me all the evening about Eleanor, asking if I was going home with her. I wanted to, but when the time came there were the boys and girls all standing around to see who was going with who, and I hadn't the courage.

"The proper thing would have been to sidle up to Eleanor and say, 'May I have the pleasure of your company home this evening?' That was a good deal of a choker for a fellow of fourteen. If you were the one the girl fancied, she'd take your arm and off you'd go. If she liked some other fellow better, she'd say, 'I beg to be excused'—at least that was the right way, but I suppose very often the girl said 'No,' bluntly. Then you got the 'mitten,' as they called it. Eleanor's brother Jim went with my sister. They'd been plaguing him about her, same as they'd been at me, but he was sixteen or over and not so easily frightened as I was, and he saw her home just the same. Eleanor had to go off without me, and to excuse myself I told the boys 'I wasn't going 'way off down there in the cold and darkness.' We sort of grew apart then, and not long after that another fellow turned his attention to her.

"When a family was going to have an apple-cut, they sent one of the boys round the neighborhood to say they'd like to have the young people come on such and such a night. We would arrive about seven o'clock, and the young fellows hung up their hats and the girls would put their things in the other room on the bed, and we'd get to work.

"The parers sat in the center of the room. They had brought their paring-machines with them, and each machine was on a board which the parer put on a chair-seat and then sat on. The apple was put on a prong, and the parer turned the crank of the machine and made the apple revolve against a knife he held in his hand. The apples were brought into the kitchen in big bushel baskets, and sometimes there was a great strife as to which machine could do a basketful first. The apples, when pared, were put in pans and passed to the rest of the company sitting around the borders of the room. Some quartered and cored them, and others would string them ready for drying.

"The crowd would be talking and laughing meanwhile, and jokes would be flying from one side of the room to the other. Sometimes there were other things flying too. Suppose a bashful fellow liked a girl on the other side of the room—he very likely was not too bashful to throw an apple-core at her. If she was friendly toward him, she would smile and look sweetly at him out of the corners of her eyes. If she didn't like him, she would frown.

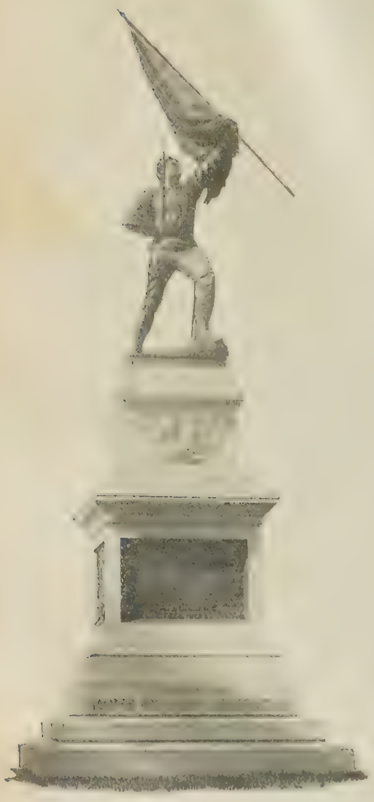
"We cut two hours, till nine o'clock. Then the apples were taken away, the room was swept up, and the boys stepped outdoors and gathered in knots to stretch and air themselves. But after a little we all got together in the kitchen again for refreshments. We always had apple pie, pumpkin pie, and two kinds of cake. We'd sit down around the room and they'd keep bringing in the plates with the food on a waiter till all were served. After we'd eaten, the amusements would begin. Sometimes we had dancing, but not much. It was considered extreme, and the old people rather frowned on it. We generally had those sentimental plays, you know, that used to be so common. There was 'Button, button,' for instance—the silliest thing! You had to guess who had the button, and if you didn't guess right they said to the one you thought had it, 'What must this one do for accusing you so wrongfully?' Then you had to pay some forfeit, and the forfeit always had kissing in it.

"So we went on with 'Button, button' and 'Blind man's buff' and one game and another for about an hour. Then the girls would begin to get their things, and the boys would stand around the door, each one waiting for his victim—the right one—to emerge. They accompanied the girls to their home gates, said 'Good-night,' and separated. They don't have those apple-cuts any more."

From Atlanta to the Sea

II.—Central Georgia and Savannah[1]

By Willis J. Abbot

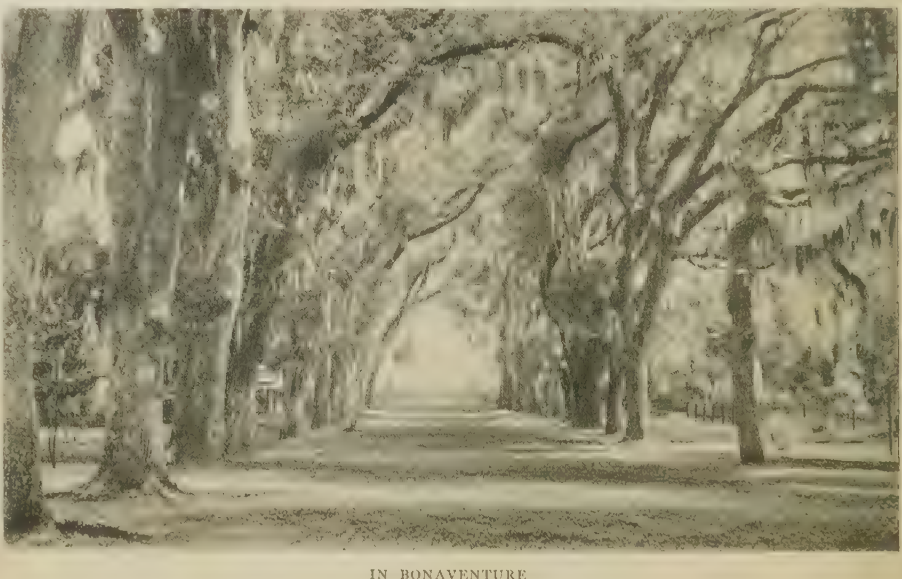


JASPER MONUMENT
(Savannah)

The new invasion of Georgia, and indeed of the entire Southeast, is still a Northern invasion, and, to a very great degree, is a repetition in peaceful guise of the invasion, with all the enginery of war, which Sherman led. That Northern capital is flowing into the South is only natural, but there is a certain picturesqueness, wholly distinct from any business or commercial importance, attaching to the fact that members of the Grand Army of the Republic by the thousands are flocking into Georgia and Alabama to make their homes. In Georgia has lately been established a colony, membership in which is limited to members of the G. A. R. Its age is reckoned by months; its population is reckoned by thousands. Where there was a broad expanse of untilled fields or uncleared forests, now stands a town like one of those which in late years sprang up so quickly within the borders of Indian reservations opened suddenly to settlement. Fitzgerald is scarcely three months old; its population to-day is almost 5,000. The method of its organization savors at once of communism and individualism. Only Grand Army men have place in the organization, and the amount of land that any who purpose earning their living by cultivation of the soil may hold is limited. Excepting these limitations, however, the settler is free to do as he will. A curious feature about this colony, and about divers other colonies established by Northern people in the South, is that they absolutely bar the negro from participation in the rights of colonists, and, more than this, deny him the right of residence or of employment within the limit of the colony. Southerners comment upon this curious fact with not unnatural satire.

It may be doubted whether there is to-day in the United States any other movement of such great importance as this flocking of Northern people into the South. Evidences of its vigor are not to be found alone in the Southern States, and, indeed, to discover them there requires somewhat extensive touring, for the colonies are established, naturally, in little-frequented and out-of-the-way spots. But one has only to take up to-day a newspaper published in the Northwest, or a folder of a railroad connecting the Northwest with the Southeast, in order to discover that the movement of settlers from the far Northwestern States, which but a few years ago were considered the agriculturist's El Dorado, toward the Southeastern States, with their less fertile soil but more equable climate, has developed to a degree which commands the attention and the fostering care of the great railway systems.

Naturally enough, the settlers who come to Georgia come seeking agricultural land. The Northern capital which flows into Georgia is directed toward the many small manufacturing centers which are springing up in that State. Probably the greatest of these is Augusta, a city which, by its exceptionally fortunate location, and even more because of the unusual public spirit of its citizens, bids fair to become the chief manufacturing city of the State, although possibly not the most populous. It might be too much to say that the prosperity of Augusta was founded upon what might be called an essay in municipal socialism, yet, after all, the canal that the people of the city dug to the Savannah River, at a cost of one and a half million dollars, has been the chief factor in building up the large and growing cotton-manufacturing industry, which is now the chief mainstay of the town. Along this canal are ranged imposing cotton-mills, one of which, the Sibley Mill, the citizens point to proudly as the handsomest, if not the largest, cotton-mill in the world. It has, indeed, what very few mills or factories enjoy, a certain architectural excellence, and it secures, furthermore, a little historical luster by occupying the site of the factory which furnished the gunpowder for the Confederate armies during the war. Sherman did not go into Augusta, but he came near enough to lead the Confederate officials in charge at that point to demolish their powder-mill, leaving nothing but its towering chimney. The chimney stands to-day unused on the grounds of the Sibley Company. It is left as a monument to the Confederate cause, and bears in its massive side a stone tablet explaining what it commemorates. Thirteen thousand horse-power is furnished by the canal on which this mill fronts, and it is utilized by other manufacturing concerns. In cotton alone 160,000 spindles are turned and nearly 4,000 operatives employed. About 70,000 bales of this staple are used annually. The population of Augusta, as estimated at this time, is 40,000. The city, aside from its characteristics as a manufacturing town, is beautiful as a point of residence, and its main street, broad beyond anything else I have seen outside of Washington, and paved throughout with asphalt, has in it



IN BONAVENTURE
(Savannah)

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[1] For the first article in this series see the last Magazine Number of The Outlook (issue January 25).

the possibilities of beauty beyond anything in the South.

THREE SAVANNAH CHURCHES

(Independent Presbyterian Church at top; Christ Church beneath; St. John's Church at right)

Columbus, among the other towns of interior Georgia, is distinctively a manufacturing town, and ranks well toward the top. Here are the largest cotton-mills in the South, notable among them the Eagle and Phenix Mills, those of the Swift Manufacturing Company, and the Hamberger Cotton-Mills. The almost unlimited water-power furnished by the Chattahoochee River at this particular point gives a tremendous impetus to manufacturing business, and is used also to run the electric railways of the city. There are large iron and steel foundries, ice-factories, woolen-mills, and hundreds of small factories. Like the other Georgia cities, outside of Atlanta, Columbus did not suffer at the hands of General Sherman on his march to the sea, but just before the close of the war Wilson's raiders leveled almost all of the houses to the ground. All the warehouses in which cotton was stored were burned. This was a needless sacrifice of property, as the war had practically ended, Lee had surrendered, and the fighting was done. A more serious setback to the city, however, was the "carpetbaggers'" control of the city government after the war. The colored people are well cared for at Columbus, are being educated, and are looked upon as good citizens. Three public schools are maintained for them, a dozen churches, a newspaper is owned and edited by negroes, and there are other evidences of the material as well as intellectual prosperity of that race. The negroes have embarked in almost every kind of business, some of them having drug-stores, dry-goods stores, and, in fact, following almost every pursuit. Inside the mills they are not in evidence as yet. It was found, when the experiment was made, that the negro was not sufficiently skilled to do the work in the mills, but some of the mill-owners are now teaching the negroes this branch. Columbus has nine railroads, and is at the head of navigation on the Chattahoochee River. There are four steamship companies conveying freight and passengers down the river to Apalachicola and the seaboard.

To enumerate and even briefly characterize the thriving towns of Georgia would transcend the proper limits of this article. Griffin, the seat of the Georgia experiment farm, and a town with no small pretensions to manufacturing preeminence, should not be ignored. Americus, Cuthbert, and Marshallville are all places worth more than passing mention. Each has felt the enlivening touch of foreign capital, each has its special qualities of fitness for agricultural or manufacturing pursuits.

A PRIVATE RESIDENCE

(Savannah)

When the visitor making, like Sherman, the trip from Atlanta to the sea, reaches the Atlantic coast at Savannah, he discovers that, after all, nature has its compensations, even in the rivalries of cities. Atlanta may have quadrupled its population since the war, while Savannah has grown barely 10,000 in the same period. Yet Savannah has retained and developed a certain Southern beauty, a spaciousness of street and park area, a stateliness of architecture, both ecclesiastical and domestic, which cannot but result in making of it a resort for people seeking a beautiful home city, or an attractive abiding-place in which to escape the asperities of a Northern winter. Not that the city is lagging at all in its commercial activities. As a distributing point for the Southeast and as a port of shipment for the products of that naturally rich region it ranks first. Its harbor, developed at very heavy cost within the last decade, is probably the best on the South Atlantic coast, and it has accordingly taken away from Brunswick the large shipping interests which formerly made of that point a notable and prosperous port. The Savannah "Morning News," a paper of marked ability and National reputation, in its commercial edition of September 11, 1895, fixes the tonnage of vessels engaged in foreign trade which enters the port of Savannah at 315,285 tons, distributed among 317 ships. In that harbor, during the busy season, when cotton is being shipped to foreign ports, the flags of all the world may be seen, the scarlet ensign of Great Britain with the cross of Saint George, of course, predominating. Besides this very heavy foreign trade, Savannah is the headquarters for two notable lines of coastwise steamers plying between that city, New York, and Boston. The coastwise clearances at the port for the year ending the first of September, 1895, were 420, with a gross tonnage of 649,303. As a matter of fact, Savannah is the water-gate to the same territory to which Atlanta holds the key. An enormous amount of freight traffic is carried on by means of the steamships plying from New York and Boston to this port, and the railroads proceeding thence to Atlanta. Just at present there is much ado made in the Northwest because Chicago, though nearer Atlanta than New York, cannot secure for its wholesale merchants freight rates as favorable as those enjoyed by New Yorkers. The explanation of this seeming injustice lies in the fact that, by utilizing the water carriage between New York and Savannah, the actual cost of transportation from the Eastern metropolis to the heart of Georgia is made less than that by Chicago's all-rail route. While this situation persists—and there is nothing conceivable which can change it—Savannah will always prosper as a point of transshipment from vessels to freight-car, and *vice versa.* It will always, too, remain a great center for jobbing houses dealing with merchants throughout Georgia, in Florida, and in certain sections of South Carolina and Alabama. In this branch of trade there has been heavy falling off in the last year, owing to the doubtless temporary hard times in Florida resulting from the failure of the orange crop of 1895. There was, too, in the value of the shipments of cotton last year an apparent heavy decrease; yet the actual shipment by bales in 1895 exceeded those of the year previous by 43,000, the unusually low price of cotton having caused the seeming decrease in the volume of business. In exporting naval stores, notably resin and turpentine, Savannah ranks first among the cities of the world.

THE HERMITAGE
(Savannah)

Its harbor and its geographical location will keep Savannah always a prosperous and a principal distributing point of the Southeast, yet to the visitor its advantages as a home place, its qualities as a city almost wholly free from squalid poverty, and equally without that even more threatening feature of modern city life, enormous concentration of wealth, are most engaging. The city, to begin with, is laid out as if it was made more to live in than to do business in. The streets are broad, many of them with central strips of verdure and lined with double rows of live-oaks. At almost every second block is a public square, and in almost every square a monument which impresses on the mind of the visitor the fact that here is a historic community, a city which has had its heroes, and which has forgotten no tradition in an ignoble race for mere commercial triumph. The very churches are full of historic associations, though none of the present edifices date from any time prior to the opening of this century. Christ Church as a building is comparatively new, having been completed in 1840. As an organization, however, it has had continuous existence since about 1740, has had three church structures—one destroyed by fire and one by a hurricane—and enjoys some ecclesiastical fame as being the church in which the first Sunday-school the world ever knew was established by John Wesley, nearly fifty years before Robert Raikes undertook a like enterprise in England. The Independent Presbyterian Church, of which a picture is given, also inhabits a new edifice, and a singularly handsome one, but has a history extending over a century or more. A curious incident connected with this church is the fact that by the will of one of its members a large sum of money was left as an endowment to the church in consideration that the towering and massive pulpit of pre-Revolutionary design should always be kept. Shortly thereafter the church burned to the ground, pulpit and all, but the trustees, at infinite pains, replaced the original pulpit by a perfect facsimile, a procedure which apparently has been held to comply sufficiently with the terms of the will. It may be doubted whether in a more litigious community such a device for observing the spirit while involuntarily violating the letter of the testator's purpose would have defeated the covetousness of possible legatees. A third notable church in the city, not for its age, nor for any historic features attached to it, is St. John's Episcopal Church. Not very large, it is still one of the most beautiful of American churches. The stained-glass windows, presented by different members of the congregation, were made in England, and are among the most perfect examples of that branch of art in this country.

It is not without significance that in a city of such comparatively small size there should be a foundation, through private beneficence, of a really creditable public art gallery and art school. The Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences is housed in a building which, both for architectural dignity and by its eminent adaptability to the purposes for which it is designed, should rank high among the art galleries of the United States. It had its origin in a bequest of Miss Mary Telfair, who bequeathed her noble ancestral mansion, together with a fund of $100,000, for the purpose of founding an art museum and academy. The architect who adapted the old residence to its present purpose achieved a real triumph, and the collection of casts, photographs, and other objects of art useful for academic purposes may fairly be regarded as complete.

After all, that sort of public spirit which manifests itself in bequests for purposes of public education, or in a lively interest in the higher life of a city, is a thing of slow growth. An old city, though small, almost always will be found to manifest it in a much higher degree than a young city of ten times the population. Savannah's history has impressed itself upon its people. That it has done so is made evident by the number of statues to heroes, not only local but national, erected in its parks by public subscription. It is made evident by the existence of a historical society, dating from 1839, housed in a spacious and handsome building of its own, and having a library which is one of the largest in the South. It is made evident, furthermore, by the interest with which the citizens have maintained all their old institutions. Their military companies—and, by the way, Savannah has more militiamen in proportion to its population than almost any other city in the United States—date from Revolutionary times. Everything which is hallowed by age is protected in Savannah. Whether it be a theater like the Savannah Theater, the oldest in the United States, an educational establishment like that of the Chatham Academy, dating from 1788, or even a cemetery in the center of the town, the origin of which was so far back that no man can now give you its date, it is protected with loving care by the Savannahians of to-day

Few cities in the Union have so beautiful an environment as Savannah. Some of its show places are celebrated from one end of the country to the other. Perhaps first of these is Bonaventure, once a stately plantation, now a cemetery where the dead lie under the spreading limbs of gigantic live-oaks, draped with the funereal Spanish moss. About the base of the bluff on which this God's Acre is laid out, the salt tides of the Savannah River rush back and forth. Looking across the stream, nothing is to be seen but the broad green expanse of the savannas which gave the city its name. The town itself is far away. Nothing is there to vulgarize the spot, or to rob death of its strange and sudden dignity. Perhaps somewhere in this broad land of ours, which comprehends within its bounds the sandy reaches of Long Island and the peaks of Colorado, there may be a spot more full of dignity, more stimulative to the contemplative mind, than this burying-ground at Bonaventure, where live-oaks serve for monuments and somber moss hangs in gloomy clusters over all, but we will have far to seek for it.

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—CONCERNING BESOMS

It is one of the miseries of modern life, for which telephones are less than compensation, that ninety out of a hundred city folk have never known the comfort and satisfaction of dwelling in a house. When the sashes are flying away from the windows, and the skirting-boards from the floor, and the planks below your feet are a finger-breadth apart, and the pipes are death-traps, it does not matter that the walls are covered by art papers and plastered over with china dishes. This erection, wherein human beings have to live, and work, and fight their sins, and prepare for eternity, is a fraud and a lie. No man compelled to exist in such an environment of unreality can respect himself or other people; and if it come to pass that he holds cheap views of life, and reads smart papers, and does sharp things in business, and that his talk be only a clever jingle, then a plea in extenuation will be lodged for him at the Great Assize. Small wonder that he comes to regard the world of men as an empty show, and is full of cynicism, who has shifted at brief intervals from one shanty to another, and never had a fit dwelling-place all his years. When a prophet cometh from the Eternal to speak unto modern times as Dante did unto the Middle Ages, and constructs the other world before our eyes, he will have one circle in his hell for the builders of rotten houses, and doubtless it will be a collection of their own works, so that their sin will be its own punishment, as is most fitting and the way of things.

Surely there will also be some corner of heaven kept for the men who, having received a charge to build the shell wherein two people were to make a home, laid its foundations deep, and raised strong walls that nothing but gunpowder could rend in pieces, and roofed it over with oaken timber, and lined it with the same, so that many generations might live therein in peace and honor. Such a house was the Lodge in those days, although at last beginning to show signs of decay, and it somehow stirred up the heroic spirit of the former time within a man to sit before the big fire in the hall, with grim Carnegies looking down from the walls, and daring you to do any meanness, while the light blazing out from a log was flung back from a sword that had been drawn in the '15. One was unconsciously reinforced in the secret place of his manhood, and inwardly convinced that what concerneth every man is not whether he fail or succeed, but that he do his duty according to the light which may have been given him until he die. It was also a regeneration of the soul to awake in a room of the eastern tower, where the Carnegies' guests slept, and fling up the window, with its small square panes, to fill one's lungs with the snell northern air, and look down on the woods glistening in every leaf, and the silver Tochty just touched by the full risen sun. Miracles have been wrought in that tower, for it happened once that an Edinburgh advocate came to stay at the Lodge, who spake after a quite marvelous fashion, known neither in England nor Scotland; and, being himself of pure bourgeois blood, the fifth son of a factor, felt it necessary to despise his land, from its kirk downwards, and had a collection of japes at Scottish ways, which in his provincial simplicity he offered to the Carnegies. It seemed to him certain that people of Jacobite blood and many travels would have relished his clever talk, for it is not given to a national decadent to understand either the people he has deserted or the ancient houses at whose door he stands. Carnegie was the dullest man living in the matter of sneering, and Kate took an instant dislike to the mincing little man, whom she ever afterwards called the Popinjay, and so handled him with her tongue that his superiority was mightily shaken. But there was good stuff in the advocate, besides some brains, and after a week's living in the Lodge he forgot to wear his eyeglass, and let his r's out of captivity, and attempted to make love to Kate, which foolishness that masterful damsel brought to speedy confusion. It was also said that when he went back to the Parliament House every one could understand what he said, and that he got two briefs in one week, which shows how good it is to live in an ancient house with honest people.

"Is there a ghost, dad?" They were sitting before the fire in the hall after dinner—Kate in her favorite posture, leaning forward and nursing her knee. The veterans and I thought that she always looked at her best so, with her fine eyes fixed on the fire, and the light bringing her face into relief against the shadow. We saw her feet then—one lifted a little from the ground—and V. C. declared they were the smallest you could find, for a woman of her size.

"She knows it, too," he used to say, "for when a woman has big feet she always keeps them tucked in below her gown. A woman with an eight size glove and feet to correspond is usually a paragon of modesty, and strong on women's rights."

"Kate's glove is number six, and I think it's a size too big," broke in the Colonel—we were all lying in the sun on a bank below the beeches at the time, and the Colonel was understood to be preparing a sermon for some meeting—"but it's a strong little hand, and a steady; she used to be able to strike a shilling in the air at revolver practice."

"Ghost, lassie? Oh, in the Lodge, a Carnegie ghost—not one I've ever heard of; so you may sleep in peace, and I'm below if you feel lonely the first night."

"You are most insulting; one would think I were a milksop. I was hoping for a ghost—a white lady by choice. Did no Carnegie murder his wife, for instance, through jealousy or quarreling?"

"The Carnegies have never quarreled," said the General, with much simplicity; "you see the men have generally been away fighting, and the women had never time to weary of them."

"No woman ever wearies of a man, unless he be a fool and gives in to her—then she grows sick of him. Life might be wholesome, but it would have no smack; it would be like meat without mustard. If a man cannot rule, he ought not to marry, for his wife will play the fool in some fashion or other, like a runaway horse, and he has half the blame. Why did he take the box seat?" and Kate nodded to the fire. "What are you laughing at?"

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"Perhaps I ought to be shocked, but the thought of any one trying to rule you, Kit, tickles me immensely. I have had the reins since you were a bairn, and you have been a handful. You were a 'smatchit' at six years old, and a 'trimmie' at twelve, and you are qualifying for the highest rank in your class."

"What may that be, pray? it seems to me that the Scottish tongue is a perfect treasure-house for impertinent people. How Scots must congratulate themselves that they need never be at a loss when they are angry, or even simply frank!"

"If it comes to downright swearing, you must go to Gaelic," said the General, branching off. "Donald used to be quite contemptuous of any slight efforts at profanity in the barrack yard, although they sickened me.

"'Toots, Colonel; ye do not need to be troubling yourself with such poor little words, for they are just nothing at all, and yet the bodies will be saying them over and over again like parrots.

"'Now a Lochaber man could hef been saying what he was wanting for fifteen minutes, and nefer hef used the same word twice, unless he had been forgetting his Gaelic. It's a peautiful language, the Gaelic, when you will not be fery well pleased with a man.'"

"That is very good, dad, but I think we were speaking in Scotch, and you have not told me that nice complimentary title I am living to deserve. Is 'cutty' the disreputable word? for I think I've passed that rank already; it sounds quite familiar."

"No, it's a far more fetching word than 'cutty,' or even than 'randy' (scold), which you may have heard."

"I have," replied Kate, instantly, "more than once, and especially after I had a difference in opinion with Lieutenant Strange. You called me one or two names then, dad—in fact, you were quite eloquent; but you know that he was a bad fellow, and that the regiment was well rid of him; but I'm older now, and I have not heard my promotion."

"It's the most vigorous word that Scots have for a particular kind of woman."

"Describe her," demanded Kate.

"One who has a mind of her own," began the General, carefully, "and a way, too; who is not easily cowed or managed; who is not . . . "

"A fool," suggested Kate.

"Who is not conspicuously soft in manner," pursued the General, with discretion; "who might even have a temper."

"Not a tame rabbit, in fact. I understand what you are driving at, and I know what a model must feel when she is being painted. And now kindly pluck up courage and name the picture." And Kate leant back, with her hand behind her head, challenging the General—if he dared. "Well?"

"Besom." And he was not at all ashamed, for a Scot never uses this word without a ring of fondness and admiration in his voice, as of one who gives the world to understand that he quite disapproves of this audacious woman, wife or daughter of his, but is proud of her all the time. It is indeed a necessity of his nature for a Scot to have husks of reproach containing kernels of compliment, so that he may let out his heart and yet preserve his character as an austere person, destitute of vanity and sentiment.

"Accept your servant's thanks, my General. I am highly honored." And Kate made a sweeping curtsey, whereupon they both laughed merrily; and a log blazing up suddenly made an old Carnegie smile who had taken the field for Queen Mary, and was the very man to have delighted in a besom.

"When I was here in June"—and the General stretched himself in a deep red-leather chair—"I stood a while one evening watching a fair-haired, blue-eyed little maid who was making a daisy-chain and singing to herself in a garden. Her mother came out from the cottage, and, since she did not see me, devoured the child with eyes of love. Then something came into her mind—perhaps that the good man would soon be home for supper; she rushed forward and seized the child, as if it had been caught in some act of mischief.

"'Come into the hoose, this meenut, ye little beesom, an' say yir carritches. What's the chief end o' man?'"

"Could she have been so accomplished at that age?" Kate inquired, with interest. "Are you sure about the term of endearment? Was the child visibly flattered?"

"She caught my eye as they passed in, and flung me a smile, like one excusing her mother's fondness. But Davidson hears better things, for as soon as he appears, the younger members of a family are taken from their porridge and set to their devotions.

"'What are ye glowerin' at there, ye little cutty? Toom (empty) yir mooth this meenut, and say the twenty-third Psalm to the minister.'"

"Life seems full of incident, and the women make the play. What about the men? Are they merely a chorus?"

"A stranger spending a week in one of our farm-houses would be ready to give evidence in a court of justice that he had never seen women so domineering or men so submissive as in Drumtochty.

"And why? Because the housewife, who sits in church as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, speaks with much fluency and vigor at home, and the man says nothing.

"His normal state is doing wrong and being scolded from morning till night—for going out without his breakfast, for not cleaning his boots when he comes in, for spoiling chairs by sitting on them with wet clothes, for spilling his tea on the tablecloth, for going away to market with a dusty coat, for visiting the stable with his Sunday coat, for not speaking at all to visitors, for saying things he oughtn't when he does speak—till the long-suffering man, raked fore and aft, rushes from the house in desperation, and outside remarks to himself, by way of consolation, 'Losh keep's! there's nae livin' wi' her the day; her tongue's little better than a threshing-mill.'

"His confusion, however, is neither deep nor lasting, and in a few minutes he has started for a round of the farm in good heart, once or twice saying 'Sall,' in a way that shows a lively recollection of his wife's gifts."

"Then the men love to be ruled," began Kate, with some contempt; "it does not give me a higher idea of the district."

"Wait a moment, young woman; for all that goes for nothing, except to show that the men allow the women to be supreme in one sphere."

"In the dairy, I suppose?"

"Perhaps; and a very pleasant kingdom, too, as I remember it, when a hot, thirsty, tired laddie, who had been fishing or ferreting, was taken into the cool, moist, darkened place, and saw a dish of milk creamed for his benefit by some sonsy housewife.

"Sandie and I used to think her omnipotent, and heard her put the gude man through his facings with awe, but by and by we noticed that her power had limits. When the matter had to do with anything serious, sowing or reaping or kirk or market, his word was law.

"He said little, but it was final, and she never contradicted. It was rare to hear a man call his wife by name; it was usually 'gude wife,' and she always referred to him as the 'maister.' And, without any exception, these silent, reserved men were 'maister;' they had a look of authority."

"They gave way in trifles, to rule in a crisis, which is just my idea of masculine government," expatiated Kate. "A woman likes to say what she pleases and have her will in little things; she has her way, and if a man corrects her because she is inaccurate, and nags at her when she does anything he does not approve, then he is very foolish and very trying, and if she is not quite a saint, she will make him suffer.

"Do you remember Dr. Pettigrew, that prim little effigy of a man, and his delightful Irish wife, and how conversation used to run when he was within hearing?"

"Glad to have a tasting, Kit," and the General lay back in expectation.

"'Oi remember him, as foine a young officer as ye would wish to see, six feet in his boots.'

"'About five feet ten, I believe, was his exact height, my dear.'

"'Maybe he wasn't full grown then, but he was a good upstanding man, and as pretty a rider as ever sat on a horse. Well, he was a Warwickshire man. . . .'

"'Bucks, he said himself.'

"'He was maybe born in both counties for all you know.'

"'Alethea!' with a cough and reproving look.

"'At any rate, Oi saw him riding in a steeplechase in the spring of '67, at Aldershot.'

"'It must, I think, have been '66. We were at Gibraltar in '67. Please be accurate.'

"'Bother your accuracy, for ye are driving the pigs through my story. Well, Oi was telling ye about the steeplechase Jimmy Brook rode. It was a mile, and he had led for half, and so he was just four hundred yards from the post.'

"'A half would be 880 yards.'

"'Oi wish from my heart that geography, arithmetic, memory, and accuracy, and every other work of Satan, were drowned with Moses in the Red Sea. Go, for any sake, and bring me a glass of irritated water.'"

"Capital!" cried the General. "I heard that myself, or something like it. Pettigrew was a tiresome wretch, but he was devoted to his wife in his own way."

"Which was enough to make a woman throw things at him, as very likely Alethea did when they were alone. What a fool he was to bother about facts; the charm of Lithy was that she had none—dates and such like would have made her quite uninteresting. The only dates I can quote myself are the Rebellion and the Mutiny, and I'll add '75, when we came home. I don't like datey women; but then it's rather cheap for one to say that who doesn't know anything," and Kate sighed very becomingly at the contemplation of her ignorance.

"Except French, which she speaks like a Parisian," murmured the General.

"That's a fluke, because I was educated at the Scotch convent, with those dear old absurd nuns, who were Gordons and Camerons and Macdonalds, and didn't know a word of English."

"Who can manage her horse like a rough rider," continued the General, counting on his finger, "and dance like a Frenchwoman, and play whist like a half-pay officer, and—"

"That's not education; those are simply the accomplishments of a besom. You know, dad, I've never read a word of Darwin, and I got tired of George Eliot and went back to Scott."

"I've no education myself," said the General, ruefully, "except the Latin the old dominie thrashed into me, and some French, which all our set in Scotland used to have, and . . . I can hold my own with the broadsword. When I think of all those young officers know, I wonder we old chaps were fit for anything."

"Well, you see, dad," and Kate began to count also, "you were made of steel wire, and were never ill; you could march for a day and rather enjoy a fight in the evening; you would go anywhere, and the men kept just eighteen inches behind; you always knew what the enemy was going to do before he did it, and you always did what he didn't expect you to do. That's not half the list of your accomplishments, but they make a good beginning for a fighting man."

"It will be all mathematics in the future, Kit, and there will be no fighting at close quarters. The officers will wear gloves and spectacles—but where are we now, grumbling as if we were sitting in a club window? Besides, these young fellows can fight as well as pass exams. You were saying that it was a shame of a man to complain of his wife flirting," and the General studied the ceiling.

"You know that I never said anything of the kind; but some women are flirty in a nice way, just as some are booky, and some are dressy, and some are witty, and some are horsey; and I think a woman should be herself. I should say the right kind of man would be proud of his wife's strong point, and give her her liberty."

"He is to have none, I suppose, but just be a foil to throw her into relief. Is he to be allowed any opinions of his own? . . . It looks hard, that cushion, Kit, and I'm an old, broken-down man."

"You deserve leather, for you know what I think about a man's position quite well. If he allow himself to be governed by his wife in serious matters, he is not worth calling a man."

"Like poor Major MacIntosh."

"Exactly. What an abject he was before that woman, who was simply—"

"Not a besom, Kate," interrupted the General, anxiously—afraid that a classical word was to be misused.

"Certainly not, for a besom must be nice, and at bottom a lady—in fact, a woman of decided character."

"Quite so. You've hit the bull's-eye, Kit, and paid a neat compliment to yourself. Have you a word for Mrs. MacIntosh?"

"A vulgar termagant"—the General indicated that would do—"who would call her husband an idiot aloud before a dinner-table, and quarrel like a fishwife with people in his presence.

"Why, he daren't call his soul his own; he belonged to the kirk, you know, and there was a Scotch padre, but she marched him off to our service, and if you had seen him trying to find the places in the Prayer-Book! If a man hasn't courage enough to stand by his faith, he might as well go and hang himself. Don't you think the first thing is to stick by your religion, and the next by your country, though it cost one his life?"

"That's it, lassie; every gentleman does."

"She was a disgusting woman," continued Kate, "and jingling with money; I never saw so many precious stones wasted on one woman; they always reminded me of a jewel in a swine's snout."

"Kate!" remonstrated her father, "that's . . ."

"Rather coarse, but it's her blame; and to hear Mrs. MacIntosh calculating what each officer had—I told her we would live in a Lodge at home and raise our own food. My opinion is that her father was a publican, and I'm sure she had once been a Methodist."

"Why?"

"Because she was so Churchy, always talking about celebrations and vigils, and explaining that it was a sin to listen to a Dissenting chaplain."

"Then, Kate, if your man—as they say here—tried to make you hold his views?"

"I wouldn't, and I'd hate him."

"And if he accepted yours?"

"I'd despise him," replied Kate, promptly.

"You are a perfect contradiction."

"You mean I'm a woman, and a besom, and therefore I don't pretend to be consistent or logical, or even fair, but I am right."

Then they went up the west tower to the General's room, and looked out on the woods and the river, and on a field of ripe corn upon the height across the river, flooded with the moonlight.

"Home at last, lassie, you and I, and another not far off, maybe."

Kate kissed her father, and said, "One in love, dad, . . . and faith."

CHAPTER VI.—LOVE IS ETERNAL

The General read Morning Prayers in brief, omitting the Psalms and lessons, and then, after breakfast, with much gossip and ancient stories from Donald, the father and daughter went out to survey their domain; and though there be many larger, yet there can be few more romantic in the north. That Carnegie had a fine eye and a sense of things who, out of all the Glen—for the Hays had little in Drumtochty in those days—fastened on the site of the Lodge and planted three miles of wood, birch and oak and beech and ash, with the rowan-tree, along the river that goes out and in seven times in that distance, so that his descendants might have a fastness for their habitation and their children might grow up in kindly woods on which the south sun beats from early spring till late autumn, and within the sight and sound of clean, running water. No wonder they loved their lonely home with tenacious hearts, and left it only because it was in their blood to be fighting. They had been out at Langside and Philiphaugh, in the '15 and the '45, and always on the losing side. The Lodge had never been long without a young widow and a fatherless lad, but family history had no warning for him—in fact, seemed rather to be an inspiration in the old way—for no sooner had he loved and married than he would hear of another rebellion, and ride off some morning to fight for that ill-fated dynasty whose love was ever another name for death. There was always a Carnegie ready as soon as the white cockade appeared anywhere in Scotland, and each of the house fought like the men before him, save that he brought fewer at his back and had less in his pocket. Little was left to the General and our Kate, and then came the great catastrophe that lost them the Lodge, and so the race has now neither name nor house in Scotland, save in the vault in Drumtochty Kirk. It is a question whether one is wise to revisit any place where he has often been in happier times and see it desolate. For me, at least, it was a mistake, and the melancholy is still upon me. The deserted house falling at last to pieces, the overgrown garden, the crumbling paths, the gaping bridges over the little burns, and the loneliness, chilled one's soul. There was no money to spare in the General's time, but it is wonderful what one gardener, who has no hours, and works for love's sake, can do, even in a place that needed half a dozen. Then he was assisted unofficially by Donald, who declared that working in the woods was "fery healthy and good for one or two small cuts I happened to get in India," and Kate gave herself to the garden. The path by the river was kept in repair, and one never knew when Kate might appear round the corner. Once I had come down from the cottage on a fine February day to see the snowdrops in the sheltered nooks—for there were little dells white as snow at that season in Tochty woods—and Kate, hearing that I had passed, came of her kindness to take me back to luncheon. She had on a jacket of sealskin that we greatly admired, and a felt hat with three grouse feathers on the side, and round her throat a red satin scarf. The sun was shining on the bend of the path, and she came into the light singing "Jock o' Hazeldean," walking, as Kate ever did in song, with a swinging step like soldiers on a march. It seemed to me that day that she was born to be the wife either of a noble or a soldier, and I still wish at times within my heart that she were Countess of Kilspindie, for then the Lodge had been a fair sight to-day, and her father had died in his own room. And other times I have imagined myself Kilspindie, who was then Lord Hay, and questioned whether I should have ordered Tochty to be dismantled and left a waste as it is this day, and would have gone away to the wars, or would not have loved to keep it in order for her sake, and visited it in the springtime when the primroses are out, and the autumn when the leaves are blood-red. Then I declare that Hay, being of a brave stock, and having acted as a man of honor—for that is known to all now—ought to have put a good face on his disappointment; but all the time I know one man who would have followed Lord Hay's suit, and who regrets that he ever again saw Tochty Lodge.

"First of all," said the General as they sallied forth, "we shall go to the Beeches, and see a view for which one might travel many days, and pay a ransom."

So they went out into the court with its draw-well, from which they must needs have a draught. Suddenly the General laid down the cup like a man in sudden pain, for he was thinking of Cawnpore, and they passed quickly through the gateway and turned into a path that wound among great trees that had been planted, it was said, by the Carnegie who rode with Montrose. They were walking on a plateau stretching out beyond the line of the Lodge, and therefore commanding the Glen, if one had eyes to see and the trees were not in the way. Kate laid her hand on the General's arm beneath an ancient beech, and they stood in silence to receive the blessing of the place, for surely never is the soul so open to the voice of nature as by the side of running water and in the heart of a wood. The fretted sunlight made shifting figures of brightness on the ground; above, the innumerable leaves rustled and whispered; a squirrel darted along a branch and watched the intruders with bright, curious eyes; the rooks cawed from the distance; the pigeons cooed in sweet, sad cadence close at hand. They sat down on the bare roots at their feet and yielded themselves to the genius of the forest—the god who will receive the heart torn and distracted by the fierce haste and unfinished labors and vain ambitions of life, and will lay its fever to rest and encompass it with the quietness of eternity.

"Father," whispered Kate, after a while, as one wishing to share confidences, for there must be something to tell, "where are you?"

"You wish to know? Well, all day I've been fishing down the stream, and am coming home, very tired, very dirty, very happy, and I meet my mother just outside those trees. I am boasting of the fish that I have caught, none of which, I'm sure, can be less than half a pound. She is rating me for my appearance and beseeching me to keep at a distance. Then I go home and down into the vaulted kitchen, where Janet's mother gives me joyous welcome, and produces dainties saved from dinner for my eating. The trouts are now at biggest only a quarter of a pound, for they have to be cooked as a final course, but those that were hooked and escaped are each a pound, except one in the hole below Lynedoch Bridge, which was two pounds to an ounce. Afterwards I make a brave attempt to rehearse the day in the gun-room to Sandie, who first taught me to cast a line, and fall fast asleep, and, being shaken up, sneak off to bed, creeping slowly up the stair, where the light is failing, to the little room above yours, where, as I am falling over, I seem to hear my mother's voice as in this sighing of the wind. Ah me, what a day it was!

"And you, Kit?"

"Oh, I was back in the convent with my nuns, and Sister Flora was trying to teach me English grammar in good French, and I was correcting her in bad French, and she begins to laugh because it is all so droll. 'I am Scotch, and I teach you English all wrong, and you tell me what I ought to say in French which is all wrong; let us go into the garden,' for she was a perfect love, and always covered my faults. I am sitting in the arbor, and the Sister brings a pear that has fallen. 'I do not think it is wicked,' she says, and I say it is simply a duty to eat up fallen pears, and we laugh again. As we sit, they are singing in the chapel, and I hear 'Sancta Maria ora pro nobis.' Then I think of you, and the tears will come to my eyes, and I try to hide my face, but the Sister understands and comforts me. 'Your father is a gallant gentleman, and the good God pities you, and will keep him in danger,' and I fondle the Sister, and wonder whether any more pears have fallen. How peaceful it is within that high wall, which is rough and forbidding outside, but inside it is hung with greenery, and among the leaves I see pears and peaches. But I missed you, dad,' and Kate touched her father, for they had a habit of just touching each other gently when together.

"Do you really think we have been in India, and that you have a dozen medals, and I am . . . an old maid?"

"Certainly not, Kit, a mere invention—we are boy and girl, and . . . we 'ill go on to the view."

Suddenly they came out from the shade into a narrow lane of light, where some one of the former time, with an eye and a soul, had cleared a passage among the trees, so that one standing at the inner end and looking outwards could see the whole Glen, while the outstretched branches of the beeches shaded his eyes. Morning in the summertime about five o'clock was a favorable hour, because one might see the last mists lift, and the sun light up the face of Ben Urtach, and eveningtide was better, because the Glen showed wonderfully tender in the soft light, and the Grampians were covered with glory. But it was best to take your first view towards noon, for then you could trace the Tochty as it appeared and reappeared, till it was lost in woods at the foot of Glen Urtach, with every spot of interest on either side. Below the Kirk it ran broad and shallow, with a bank of brushwood on one side and a meadow on the other, fringed with low bushes from behind which it was possible to drop a fly with some prospects of success, while in quite unprotected situations the Drumtochty fish laughed at the tempter, and departed with contemptuous whisks of the tail. Above the haughs was a little mill, where flax was once spun, and its lade still remained, running between the Tochty and the steep banks down which the Glen descended to the river. Opposite this mill the Tochty ran with strength, escaping from the narrows of the bridge, and there it was that Weelum MacLure drove Sir George across in safety, because the bridge was not for use that day. Whether that bridge was really built by Marshal Wade in his great work of pacifying the Highlands is very far from certain, but Drumtochty did not relish any trifling with its traditions, and had a wonderful pride in its solitary bridge, as well it might, since from the Beeches nothing could well be more picturesque. Its plan came nearly to an inverted V, and the apex was just long enough to allow the horses to rest after the ascent, before they precipitated themselves down the other side. During that time the driver leant on the ledge, and let his eye run down the river, taking in the Parish Kirk above and settling on the Lodge, just able to be seen among the trees where the Tochty below turned round the bend. What a Drumtochty man thought on such occasions he never told, but you might have seen even Whinnie nod his head with emphasis. The bridge stood up clear of banks and woods, gray, uncompromising, unconventional, yet not without some grace of its own in its high arch and abrupt descents. One with good eyes and a favoring sun could see the water running underneath, and any one caught its sheen higher up, before a wood came down to the water's edge and seemed to swallow up the stream. Above the wood it is seen again, with a meal-mill on the left nestling in among the trees, and one would call it the veriest burn, but it was there that Posty lost his life to save a little child. And then it dwindles into the thinnest thread of silver, and at last is seen no more from the Beeches. From the Tochty the eye makes its raids on north and south. The dark, massy pine-woods on the left side of the Glen are broken at intervals by fields as they threaten to come down upon the river, and their shelter lends an air of comfort and warmth to the Glen. On the right the sloping land is tilled from the bank above the river up to the edge of the moor that swells in green and purple to the foot of the northern rampart of mountains, but on this side also the Glen breaks into belts of fir, which fling their kindly arms round the scattered farm-houses, and break up the monotony of green and gold with squares of dark green foliage and the brown of the tall, bare trunks. Between the meandering stream and the cultivated land and the woods and the heather and the distant hills, it was such a variety as cannot be often gathered into the compass of one landscape.

"And all our own!" cried Kate, in exultation; "let us congratulate ourselves."

"I only wish it were, lassie. Why, didn't you understand we have only these woods and a few acres of plowed land now?"

"You stupid old dad! I begin to believe that you have had no education. Of course the Hays have got the land, but we have the view and the joy of it. This is the only place where one can say to a stranger, 'Behold Drumtochty,' and he will see it at a flash and at its best."

"You're brighter than your father, Kit, and a contented lassie to boot, and for that word I'll take you straight to the Pleasaunce."

"What a charming name! it suggests a fairy world, with all sorts of beautiful things and people."

"Quite right, Kit"—leading the way down to a hollow, surrounded by wood and facing the sun, the General opened a door in an ivy-covered wall—"for there is just one Pleasaunce on the earth, and that is a garden."

It had been a risk to raise certain people's expectations and then bring them into Tochty garden, for they can be satisfied with no place that has not a clean-shaven lawn and beds of unvarying circles, pyrethrum, calceolaria, geranium, and brakes of rare roses, and glass houses with orchids worth fifty pound each, which is a garden in high life, full of luxury, extravagance, weariness. As Kate entered, a moss-rose which wandered at its will caught her skirt, and the General cut a blossom which she fastened in her breast, and surely there is no flower so winsome and fragrant as this homely rose.

"Like yourself, Miss Carnegie," and the General rallied his simple wit for the occasion, "very sweet and true, with a thorn, too, if one gripped it the wrong way."

Whereat he made believe to run, and had the better speed because there were no gravel walks with boxwood borders here, but alleys of old turf that were pleasant both to the touch and the eye. In the center where all the ways met he capitulated with honors of war, and explained that he had intended to compare Kate to a violet, which was her natural emblem, but had succumbed to the temptation of her eyes, "which make men wicked, Kit, with the gleam that is in them."

"Isn't it a tangle?" Which it was, and no one could look upon it without keen delight, unless he were a horticultural pedant in whom the appreciation of nature had been killed by parterres. There was some principle of order, and even now, when the Pleasaunce is a wilderness, the traces can be found. A dwarf fruit-tree stood at every corner, and between the trees a three-foot border of flowers kept the peas and potatoes in their places. But the borders were one sustained, elaborate, glorified disorder. There were roses of all kinds that have ever gladdened poor gardens and simple hearts—yellow tea-roses, moss-roses with their firm, shapely buds, monthly roses that bore nearly all the year in a warm spot, the white brier that is dear to north-country people, besides standards in their glory, with full round purple blossom. Among the roses, compassing them about and jostling one another, some later, some earlier in bloom, most of them together in the glad summer days, one could find to his hand wall-flowers and primroses, sweet-william and dusty-miller, daisies red and white, forget-me-nots and pansies, pinks and carnations, marigolds and phloxes of many varieties. The confusion of colors was preposterous, and showed an utter want of æsthetic sense. In fact, one may confess that the Lodge-garden was only one degree removed from the vulgarity and prodigality of nature. There was no taste, no reserve, no harmony about that garden. Nature simply ran riot and played according to her will like a child of the former days, bursting into apple-blossom and laburnum gold and the bloom of peas and the white strawberry-flower in early summer, and then, later in the year, weaving garlands of blazing red, yellow-white, purple, round beds of stolid roots and brakes of currant-bushes. There was a copper beech, where the birds sang, and from which they raided the fruit with the skill of Highland caterans. The Lodge bees lived all day in this garden, save when they went to reinforce their sweetness from the heather bloom. The big trees stood round the place and covered it from every wind except the south, and the sun was ever blessing it. There was one summer-house, a mass of honeysuckle, and there they sat down as those that had come back to Eden from a wander year.

"Well, Kit?"

"Thank God for our Pleasaunce." And they would have stayed for hours, but there was one other spot that had a fascination for the General that neither years nor wars had dulled, and he, who was the most matter-of-fact and romantic of men, must see and show it to his daughter before they ceased.

"Two miles and more, Kit, but through the woods and by the water all the way."

Sometimes they went down a little ravine made by a small burn fighting and wearing its way for ages to the Tochty, and stood on a bridge of two planks and a hand-rail thrown over a tiny pool, where the water was resting on a bed of small pebbles. The oak copse covered the sides of the tiny glen and met across the streamlet, and one below could see nothing but greenery and the glint of the waterfall where the burn broke into the bosky den from the bare heights above. Other times the path, that allowed two to walk abreast if they wished very much and kept close together, would skirt the face of the high river-bank, and if you peeped down through the foliage of the clinging trees you could see the Tochty running swiftly, and the overhanging branches dipping in their leaves. Then the river would make a sweep and forsake its bank, leaving a peninsula of alluvial land between, where the geranium and the hyacinth and the iris grew in deep, moist soil. One of these was almost clear of wood and carpeted with thick, soft turf, and the river beside it was broad and shining.

"We shall go down here," said the General, "and I will show you something that I count the finest monument in Perthshire, or maybe in broad Scotland."

In the center of the sward, with trees just touching it with the tips of their branches, was a little square, with a simple, weather-beaten railing. And the General led Kate to the spot, and stood for a while in silence.

"Two young Scottish lassies, Kate, who died two hundred years ago, and were buried here."

Then the General and Kate sat down by the river edge, and he told her the deathless story of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray—how in the plague of 1666 they fled to this district to escape infection; how a lover came to visit one of them and brought death in his kiss; how they sickened and died; how they were laid to rest beside the Tochty water; and generations have made their pilgrimage to the place, so wonderful and beautiful is love. They loved, and their memory is immortal. Kate rested her chin on her hand and gazed at the running water, which continued while men and women live and love and die.

"He ought not to have come; it was a cowardly, selfish act; but I suppose," added the General, "he could not keep away."

"Be sure she thought none the less of him for his coming, and I think a woman will count life itself a small sacrifice for love," and Kate went over to the grave.

A thrush was singing as they turned to go, and nothing was said on the way home till they came near the Lodge.

"Who can that be going in, Kate? He seems a padre."

"I do not know, unless it be our fellow-traveler from Muirtown; but he has been redressing himself, and is not improved."

"Father," and Kate stayed the General as they crossed the threshold of their home, "we have seen many beautiful things to-day, for which I thank you; but the greatest was love."

Christ's Teaching on Social Topics

IV.—The Labor War[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.—Matt. xviii., 15–17.

The three methods which Christ proposes for the settlement of controversies are: first, conciliation; second, arbitration; third, law.

These methods have been tried for a great many years with increasing success in the settlement of all personal controversies. If two street arabs come into controversy about a piece of property, they invoke the remedies which were common in the Middle Ages—they appeal to what historians call the "wager of battle;" in short, they fight it out, and the stronger fellow gets the jackknife. If the piece of property is one of considerable value—if it is, for instance, the right to sell papers on a particular street corner—each boy will have his own comrades to support him, and then you will have something more than a quarrel between two boys—you will have a wager of battle between two sets of city arabs. That was the method of settling personal difficulties in the Middle Ages. All Germany, all Europe in a measure, was desolated in the Middle Ages by what is known as "private battle." The laws of private battle were settled; a method of challenge was adopted; each noble gathered his retainers about him and fought the noble on the other side; until at last the devastation and the desolation were so great that Christ's method was introduced, and what is known as "the Peace of God" came into human history in Europe.

Now, we have abandoned the barbaric way of settling personal controversies. If two merchants get into a controversy respecting a piece of property, they first endeavor to settle it between themselves; if they cannot do that, more and more they are coming to adopt the second method, that of arbitration. This was first introduced, with legal sanction, in the latter part of the last century, and it has made its way since slowly but steadily. I am told that a very large proportion of controversies "on 'Change" are settled by arbitration. Boards of arbitration are recognized among business men and provided for by the laws of many of our States. But when neither of these methods succeeds, then men go to law; that is the last resort. No man in our time thinks of resorting to personal violence to settle a personal controversy with his neighbor—no man, at least, in the more civilized portions of the United States.

And as this method has been adopted in the settlement of personal controversies, so it is coming largely to be adopted as the method of settling national controversies. They are perpetually arising, and are perpetually being settled by diplomacy—that is, conciliation. If diplomacy or conciliation fails, then resort is had to arbitration. As I have said before, within the last three-quarters of a century seventy-five important national controversies have been settled by arbitration—one a year; something like forty through the instrumentality of the United States. And now some famous jurists are proposing to add Christ's third specific; they are proposing that there shall be an International Court, and that all national questions shall be submitted to this International Court; and that the nations who constitute this Court shall stand behind it, and shall pledge their national honor to maintain its decisions, whatever those decisions may be. This is no longer a scheme of visionaries. It was propounded last August, by no less a distinguished man than one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and his suggestion was received with applause by the American Bar.[1]

Thus, in the settlement of personal controversies and in the settlement of national controversies we are gradually taking up with Christ's method—conciliation, arbitration, law. This method is equally effective for the purpose of settling labor controversies; in order to apply these principles to labor controversies, I must first try to trace their history and show how they have arisen.

Individualism, or the doctrine of *laissez faire*, as it is sometimes called, proposes as the remedy for our industrial ills freedom of competition. It was a great advance on feudalism. Under the feudal system a few men owned the land. Every landowner had attached to his land a certain number of *villeins*, or peasants, and these *villeins* were bound to do their lord's will, and he, on his part, was bound to protect them from aggression. When this feudal system broke up, there emerged from it the Manchester

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[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, January 5, 1896. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans and revised by the author. For the previous sermons in this series and two sermons introductory to the series see The Outlook for January 4, January 11, February 1, February 8, and February 15.

[1] Since this sermon was delivered this plan has been revived for practical discussion on both sides of the Atlantic, in favor of the settlement of all disputes between England and the United States.

School, or the doctrine of competition, or the doctrine of *laissez faire*, or the doctrine of freedom of contract. That doctrine, briefly stated, was this: Let the men who want labor pay what they are willing to pay; let the laborers who want work take what they are willing to take; as a result wages will adjust themselves. Let every man offer what he is willing to pay for the service to be rendered. Let every man who wants to work, work for the wages that are offered to him; if he does not like it, let him find work somewhere else. If labor is left free, and the employer buys his labor in the cheapest market, and the laborer sells his labor in the highest market, by free competition between laborer and employer wages will adjust themselves.

So long as individuals are dealing with individuals, this method works fairly well. There is no great prospect at the present time, for instance, that the housekeepers will combine together to fix the rate of wages which they will pay their cooks; or that the cooks will combine together and demand a certain rate of wages, adjusted for themselves as a class; and as long as there are a thousand housekeepers wanting cooks, and a thousand cooks wanting employment, on the whole there is no better way to adjust the rate of wages than to let the housekeeper offer Biddy so much wages a month, and let Biddy take it or leave it alone, as she pleases. But as feudalism disappeared, individualism disappeared also. Machinery was invented. Men began to do their work in great gangs. The spinning-jenny put an end to the family spinning-wheel; the steam-loom put an end to the hand-loom; machinery put an end to individual employment and individual industry. The work was carried on, under great roofs, by great bodies of men; and this necessitated an aggregation of capital and a combination of employers. It ought to be said—and it ought to be said with emphasis—that the employers did not, at first, combine to gain an advantage over the workingmen; they combined because it was not possible to do the work by modern methods in any other way than by combination. Instead of one man hired to run a loom, or one man employed to run a spinning-wheel, there were a thousand men, in one cotton-factory, all working under one great captain of industry, with his lieutenants and his sub-lieutenants. What was the result? There was no longer a free competition; no longer an opportunity for a workingman to take a job or leave it alone, as he liked. If this man did not like the wages that were paid to him, he was one man against a thousand, and he was absolutely powerless. Let me illustrate: An employer of labor, who is not over-scrupulous, has a thousand men in his factory. One day he says to himself, "I can take ten cents off the wages of this thousand men, and, if they stand it, that will give me one hundred dollars a day more profit, $30,000 a year in dividends. It is worth trying." This is not an imaginary case. It has been frequently done in America and in England. What next? John says, I cannot afford to work for ten cents less a day. But what is John going to do? He has a home; a mortgage on it; a wife and children dependent on his industry. If he abandons work, he must go tramping through the towns until he can find some other great corporate industry which is carrying on the work in the same way. On the other hand, the employer runs no risk. If he discharges John, he can find some one else, if not to work at lower wages, at least to work at the rate of wages he is paying now. He will have to pay no more when John departs, and he may make something.

Workingmen found this out. They found out that capital was necessarily a combination, and they said this: We also must combine. And thus the Trades-Union arose. Some men have endeavored to trace the Trades-Union back to the old guilds of the Middle Ages, but there is no vital connection between the two. The word Trades-Union came into existence about the year 1830, and the thing came into existence about 1830. What, then, is a Trades-Union? Primarily, it is an organization of workingmen to promote their own interests. It may have for its object, and it often has had for its object, education, insurance, social culture, social enjoyment— matters wholly apart from labor controversy. But it also very often becomes a military organization, with one man, or two or three men, in military command, so intrusted that they are able to direct the whole body of laborers who belong to the Trades-Union to lay down their tools or take them up at an hour's notice. The Trades-Unions of America are very largely such military organizations. They are organized on the plan of an army and for the purpose of battle. When these Trades-Unions were first organized in England, a vigorous attempt was made to destroy them. First, Parliament passed laws prohibiting them as conspiracy; and the laws broke down and were repealed. Then the capitalists banded together and said, We will employ no man who belongs to a Trades-Union. Twice in the history of England they succeeded in breaking up Trades-Unions for a few years, but the only result was new organizations stronger than the old ones. The attempt to destroy the organization of labor has been made in England, under circumstances much more favorable to the attempt than ever existed, or are likely to exist, in the United States, and the attempt has proved an utter failure. The organization of capital and the organization of labor has come, as the phrase is, to stay.

The Trades-Union, then, exists—sometimes a combination of Trades-Unions; and the aggregation of capital exists, and often a combination of aggregations of capital. For when this process of organization once began, it went on increasing, so that we had recently, for instance, all the great railroads centering in Chicago united in one great body for the purpose of conquering in a labor war, and the attempt made (not altogether successfully) to unite all the railroad employees in one great railway union for a like purpose. "The solidarity of labor" has come to be one of the common phrases of our newspaper literature, and the conception that exists in the minds of not a few men, especially of labor leaders, is an organization of all labor in one great army for its own protection. Thus we have two camps: capital gathered in corporations and in aggregations of corporations, or trusts; labor organizations in Trades-Unions, or in great conglomerate organizations, like the Railway Union and the Knights of Labor and the International; and every now and then a bitter war breaking out between them in what are called strikes.

What is a strike? A strike is simply an attempt on the part of the workingmen to carry out by organized action what, under the principle of the Manchester School, or individualism, it was recommended they should carry out in individual action. John says, I will not work for ten cents a day less; and John finds that it is useless for him to say this alone, so he proposes to the other nine hundred and ninety-nine employees in this factory to make common cause. He says: An injury to one is an injury to all: let us all agree that we will not work for ten cents less a day. And when all have made a common cause, and all have said, We will not work for ten cents less a day, then the superintendent of the factory has to stop and think whether he will cut down the wages ten cents a day—whether it will not cost too much. The strike is, in its initiative, simply this: a thousand men saying, We do not like the job and we will leave it, as before the one man said, I do not like the job and I will leave it. So long as one man so acted, it brought no great inconvenience either to the community or to himself; but when a thousand men combine, and not only one thousand men, but when thousands of men all over the country, in a great variety of localities, are continually combining to leave mills idle and cause work to stop, it does produce great inconvenience and great disadvantage.

I think it must be frankly said—although it is not popular to say it in such an audience as this—I think it must be frankly said that workingmen have gained much by their labor organizations, and something by strikes. It is sometimes said that strikes are always failures. It is not true. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, who can be trusted in the matter of statistics as well as any man either in America or Europe, has reported the results of strikes during a period of two years (1891–93) and in about fifty per cent. of those strikes (a little over fifty) the workingmen won, either in whole or in part. It must always be recognized, too, that labor organizations have had the effect to raise wages; the evidence of that lies in the fact that wages are better in organized trades and poorer in unorganized. They are nowhere so poor, and nowhere are working people so badly treated, as where there is no labor organization.

These two facts the candid student of history, I think, must recognize. But, having recognized these, if he is candid, he must also recognize that strikes are war; and war inflicts incalculable injury upon all who are engaged in it. During seven and one-half years, in the principal cities of the United States, there were six thousand controversies between employers and employed, of such considerable size that they were worth reporting in the official reports of the United States—almost a thousand a year; and by means of those strikes the employed have lost thirty-five millions of dollars, and the employers have lost twenty-eight millions of dollars. Sixty-three millions of dollars have been spent in industrial war in seven and one-half years in the principal cities of the United States.

But that is the least of the evil. The loss in wages and the loss in profits is the smallest element. Man has been set against his brother man; classes have been formed; a rift has been made in the community; the laborer has been taught by every new war to regard the employer as his enemy; the employer has been taught to look with suspicion, if not with aversion, upon the employed. No one, I think, can look out upon the present unsettled condition of industry in the United States and not feel that there is real and serious menace to the country in the antagonism between class and class which strikes, lockouts, and labor wars have begotten.

For my own part, I disbelieve in the Manchester School and all its works, whether it is applied to the individual or to great organized bodies. If history demonstrates anything, it demonstrates that it is not true that we can find any method whatever by which men can live in this world on the principle simply of self-interest. So long as the employer is taught, by pulpit, by press, or by school of political economy, that it is right to get his labor in the cheapest market, and the laboring man is taught that it is right to try to get the highest wages paid in the highest market—so long as each one is trying to get all he can and to give as little as possible—so long there will be industrial war. That is not brotherhood. That is not the spirit in which the family is carried on. The husband does not say, How much can I get out of my wife, and how little can I give her? the wife does not say, How much can I get out of my husband, and how little can I give him? the father does not say, How much can I grind out of my children, and how little can I give them? How long would any family cohere on that principle? No! the wife says, How can I get that burden off my husband? and the husband, How can I give my wife a little more? and the father and mother counsel, How can we make our children a little happier, and enlarge and enrich their home a little? and the children get together and consider, What can we do to ease the burdens of over-worked father and over-tired mother? When I write "Looking Backward," I am going to tell the story of a lockout and a strike in the millennium: in one the employer will be anxious to see how few hours of labor he can put on his employed and make the work profitable, and he is going to lock out the workingmen because they insist on working too many hours; in the other the labor union is going to study how it can do the most work for the employer, and it is going to strike because he pays too much wages.

The fundamental principle—if it can be called a principle—that underlies the industrial war is all wrong. The solidarity of labor in the one camp, and the solidarity of capital in the other camp, is against the solidarity of society. Jevons, one of the ablest political thinkers in Great Britain, has laid down the law which is Christian as well as scientific. All organizations, he says, should be perpendicular, not horizontal: that is, all organizations should be an organization of one employer with his employed, in competition with another organization of another employer with his employed; not an organization of all labor in competition with an organization of all capital. That is the politico-economic doctrine, and it is Christian doctrine, and it is common sense.

But, meanwhile, what shall we do when labor controversies arise? We cannot wait for the millennium. What are we to do meanwhile? Christ replies, Conciliation, arbitration, law. First, conciliation. If I were to *say* what I am going to *read*, some employers of labor would discount it because it comes from a preacher; but Joseph D. Weekes is known by name to most men who know anything about the industrial situation, as having for many years represented the ironmasters of Pennsylvania in the questions which have arisen between the ironmasters and their men, and in a little pamphlet of his, to which I desire to acknowledge great indebtedness for my own views on the labor question, I find this paragraph. I commend it to your consideration:

> The source of this error is chiefly in the idea, inherited from feudal days and justified by much of the legislation and political economy of modern times, that the employer is the superior, the employee an inferior; that it is the right of the former to determine, the duty of the latter to acquiesce. This view does not often express itself bluntly in words, but it does more or less unconsciously in acts. The employer assumes the sole right to determine, and refuses to discuss questions that arise in connection with wages or the details of employment, in the decision of which the employee has an interest equally with the employer, or, if such discussions take place, they are "permitted;" an interview is "granted." In case of a meeting, the employer assumes the right to dictate its method. "No committee will be recognized." The employer also claims the right, in many cases, to determine the relation an employee shall hold to his fellows, and prohibits his membership in a union. In all of these, and in many similar cases, there is an assumed superiority of condition which does not exist in reality, however much it may be asserted by word or act. *The true relation of employer and employed is that of independent equals, uniting their efforts to a given end, each with the power, within certain limits, to determine his own rights, but not to prescribe the duties of the other.* The employer has no more right to dictate or even decide how labor shall seek its interests than labor has to dictate to the employer. Whatever may be the views of the latter as to trades-unionism, it will be well, in most cases, especially in great centers of industry or in those employments uniting great bodies of men under one management, if, with the best grace possible, he accept the fact of combination, and deal with its representatives. Such combinations, with all their faults and follies, are not entirely bad.

That is the essential principle that must underlie conciliation. Not a great while ago the railroad employees of the Southern Railway Company sent a committee to the Superintendent asking to have the old rate of wages restored. The official said to the committee, Come back in a week's time and I will show you the condition of our books, and let you judge for yourselves whether we can restore the old rate of wages. In the week's time the committee did come back, and he opened the books to them, and showed them the earnings and the expenditures, and where the company would stand if it paid the increased rate of wages; and the men went back to their work, and the threatened strike was averted. The first thing for the settlement of industrial troubles is the spirit of conciliation in both master and men, the recognition of the fact that both employer and employed are partners in a common enterprise—as Mr. Weekes expresses it, "independent equals."

Conciliation will not always succeed. What next? Arbitration. That is to say, the selection of a body of men who shall represent the interests of both parties, and the submission of the question at issue to that body for its solution. It may be temporary; it may be permanent; what is essential is that it should have the confidence of both classes. England in this respect is certainly in advance of the United States. Daniel J. Ryan, in his monograph on Arbitration, thus describes its results in the iron district in the North of England, where formerly the condition was one of chronic war between laborer and capitalist:

> For sixteen years the disputes of labor and capital in the rolling-mills of England have been settled by arbitration, and it has been an era remarkably free from strikes. The Board of Arbitration for the North of England iron business was, as all efforts of this kind usually are, the outgrowth of a strike. It was

formed on March 22, 1869. It is a permanent institution, and has the usual equal representation of employers and employed, as well as the conciliation committee taken from the members of the Board; in truth, arbitration in its just and full application must necessarily be about alike in all systems and trades. Speaking of this Board, Mr. Weekes, in his report, says: "At the close of 1875 it represented thirty-five works and 13,000 subscribed operatives. These works had 1,913 puddling furnaces—more than all Pennsylvania, and half as many as the entire United States. During the year 1875 the standing committee investigated forty disputes. Since its organization there have been eight or nine arbitrations on the general questions of wages, and scores of references in regard to special adjustment of wages at particular works." The awards of the Board from 1869 to 1874 in fixing wages have been freely and honorably accepted without a single repudiation; and this has been uniform, both in the decrease and the increase of wages.

History proves Christ's method practicable. I know men sometimes say, There is nothing to arbitrate. I frankly confess there are some things I would not arbitrate. I would never arbitrate a question of moral principle. I think, if I were a workingman, and my employer said, You must leave the Union, I would not arbitrate that question; I would not surrender my right as an individual citizen to belong to what organization I pleased. And, on the other hand, if the Trades-Union demanded of me, as an employer, as it often has, that I should discharge a man because he did not belong to the Union, I would not arbitrate that. I do not know what bravery I would have as an employer, but I think I would sooner go into bankruptcy. I would not deny the right of my workingmen to belong, or not to belong, to the Trades-Union. I would stand for liberty, cost what it might. But all questions of mere self-interest are properly subjects of arbitration; and the question whether they are subject to arbitration is itself a proper subject of arbitration.

And how about law? There are certain industrial questions which I hope and believe in the near future we shall bring under the dominion and control of law. To illustrate: The streets of a great city belong to the city; the highways of a great nation belong to the nation. A labor war breaks out that blocks the highways of the city, or closes the highways of the nation. We walk to and from our places of business; we allow our passenger trains to be stalled on the prairies; we wait while the great commercial arteries are paralyzed, until the war is fought out. This is folly. It is not within the legitimate limits of authority of any organization, either capitalistic or labor, to compel us to walk from Flatbush to the ferry—no! not for one single hour. As citizens of Brooklyn we have a right to an untroubled, unvexed, unhindered highway. And the time will come when, by all the power and force of law, we shall assert that right. We have a right to have our great railroad highways run untroubled from ocean to ocean, and the time will come when we shall assert that right. How? It is not necessary for me to-night to say how; it is enough for me, in general terms, to affirm the principle that the highways of the Nation belong to the Nation, and whether it is capitalist on one side or laborer on the other, if the highway is blockaded, law should interfere. If two roughs get into a quarrel on Fulton Street, they are not allowed to fight it out; the policeman puts his hand on both of them and says, "Here is the court: you must settle your dispute in another fashion." But when the owners of the trolley-cars and the workmen on the trolley-cars get into a controversy, all that we do by our police is to prevent violence and let the battle go on—while we walk. We shall not do it always. It is not necessary for me to say how, but it is easy to indicate one method by which it is possible to protect ourselves. If a railroad corporation does not pay interest on its bonds, the Government takes the railroad, runs the railroad itself, and pays the interest on the bonds. It takes the railroad, puts it into the hands of a receiver, and so cares for the interests of the creditors. The right of the Nation in the highway is greater than the right of either stockholder or bondholder. It would be a perfectly simple thing for the law to provide that when the corporation cannot run its trains, through a labor war, a receiver shall take the road and run it for the public. That would settle the matter, so far as the corporation is concerned. So far as the employee is concerned, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided, in the Debs case, that a combination for the purpose of blocking the highways of the Nation is a criminal conspiracy.

Conciliation—the recognition by employer and employed that they are partners in a common enterprise; arbitration—the adjustment of all questions of self-interest that cannot be adjusted through conciliation, by reference to a mutually chosen tribunal; and the intervention of law where public rights are infringed upon by controversy between laborer and capitalist—this seems to me to be the application of Christ's method for the solution of the labor war, until we come to the full recognition of the fact that workingman and capitalist are brothers and partners in a common enterprise, and the very motive of war comes to an end.

One word more. When a minister or an editor undertakes to apply the principles of Jesus Christ to the industrial war, practical men shrug their shoulders and say it is not practicable. I think the quotations I have given you here show that it is not wholly impracticable. Meanwhile I ask you to consider a question: Is it practicable to go on as we have been going on? Would the evils that would grow out of a system of conciliation, arbitration, and law be greater than the evils of the present system?—with passion on the one side and prejudice on the other, with the great and growing rift, with employers set over against employed, with labor leaders that are often demagogues and capitalistic leaders that are sometimes inhuman, with the Nation in danger of being rent in twain by a war between the upper and the lower classes—the worst of all conceivable wars, save only a war of religion. Have the results of the system of free, unfettered competition, without conciliation, without arbitration, without law, with disregard of the principles which Jesus Christ inculcates, been so beneficent, so fruitful in good, that we can say that the method of free competition in a selfish struggle is practicable? No! the only method of life that is practicable is the method of justice and of love.

The Baptist Temple, Philadelphia

It is said that the largest Protestant congregation in the United States worships in the Baptist Temple (Grace Church), Philadelphia, of which the Rev. Russell H. Conwell is the pastor. The Temple is a remarkable example of church growth. It has 3,135 numbered chairs and 1,200 extra chairs. Not only are all these seats occupied at the regular Sunday services, but the assistant pastor preaches at the same time in another part of the building to a congregation which numbers from 1,500 to 2,000. Thirteen years ago the number of church members was ninety. The Temple grew out of a mission started by a committee of young men. The worshipers originally met in a hired hall, and, after two years' aggressive work, erected a wooden tabernacle, the sloping roof and the gables of which were of canvas. The mission was a working church, and a great success, and before long became Grace Church. When the council to recognize the church sat in the mother church (the Tenth Baptist), there was considerable discussion among the delegates as to the propriety of using the name "Grace." There was not such freedom allowed among the Baptists then in regard to these matters as there is at the present time. Dr. Cathcart, a clergyman noted for his ringing and vigorous style of oratory, led the opposition, and wound up his speech by saying: "Grace Church! why, bless you, suppose this church should get some graceless rascal for a pastor, what a pitiful plight it would be in!" Ground for the present Temple was broken in 1889; the corner-stone was laid in 1890. Mr. Conwell's theory is that every member should do work of some kind to help the enterprise along. The Temple has a hospital, twenty-seven associations for different kinds of church and humanitarian work, a gymnasium, reading-rooms, etc. Connected with the church is the "Temple College," where pupils, male or female, for a reasonable fee can take a course of study for either college, theology, law, science, art, music, nursing, telegraphy, business, kindergarten training, shorthand and typewriting, or dressmaking. The Temple and ground represent an investment of $250,000, the college $103,000, the hospital $21,000. The money to start and carry on these undertakings came, and comes now, in small sums from "the common people."

The Religious World

Grace Chapel

We have referred before in these columns to the beautiful group of buildings which have been erected by Grace Parish in East Fourteenth Street. They were dedicated with fitting services on Wednesday, February 12. The audience in attendance was very large, and the address by Bishop Potter worthy of the occasion; indeed, it was one of the strongest utterances in regard to the spiritual need of the destitute portions of our cities which we have read from him or from any one. The rector of Grace Parish is the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., a man who has many times refused bishoprics, and who bids fair to make of Grace Parish a large and important diocese in itself. The buildings in East Fourteenth Street constitute a great institutional or people's church, and are thoroughly equipped for every department of religious activity. They prove that the Episcopal Church in New York is alive to the needs of the city. Probably no parish in the country, with the single exception of Trinity, is now so well equipped for a large and aggressive ministry.

What Bishop Potter Said

We make a single extract from the strong and impassioned sermon of Bishop Potter at the dedication of Grace Chapel. It deserves careful reading, and every word of it is true. He spoke as follows:

> The growth of wealth and of luxury, wicked, wasteful, and wanton, as before God I declare that luxury to be, has been matched step by step by a deepening and deadening poverty which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration. At such a time, for the Church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duty outlawed by time and long ago demonstrated to be grotesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God! Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents or means, of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish dilettanteism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance—young girls for their chastity, young men for their better ideal of righteousness, old and young alike for one clear ray of the immortal courage and the immortal hope—then verily the Church in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence!

A New Church Paper

The announcement that a new religious paper is to be published in Boston under the title of "The Church," and to be edited, not in the interest of any party or faction in the Episcopal Church, but of the Church as a whole, will excite very wide attention. The character of the new paper is more significantly suggested by the list of contributors than by its statement of aims. That list will include Professor A. V. G. Allen, the Rev. Percy Browne, the Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, Dr. E. Winchester Donald, the Rev. Drs. Greer, Huntington, and Grant, of this city, Drs. McConnell, Gould, and Batten, of Philadelphia, Dr. McKim, of Washington, and Dr. Holland, of St. Louis. These names commit the new journal to what may be called the liberal movement in the Episcopal Church. "The Church" will follow the general form of "The Nation," and for the present will be published monthly, with the design of ultimately issuing it weekly. The price for yearly subscription is $1, and subscriptions and communications should be sent to the publishers, E. P. Guild & Co., 308 John Hancock Building, Boston, Mass.

The Time-Limit in the Methodist Church

The "Christian Advocate," of New York, has published a very interesting series of articles on the Time-Limit in the Methodist Church. Dr. Joseph Pullman proposes a new plan—namely, that the pastoral term shall be four years, and that exceptions shall be allowed to the rule of the pastorate under unusual conditions. Whenever these indications point to a longer pastorate, a preacher may be returned for a second term of four years, provided the Quarterly Conference request the same by a vote that is practically unanimous, and the Presiding Bishop approves. Mr. Hiram L. Sibley argues in favor of removing pastors "for cause, and not by counting changes of the moon." He closes his article by saying: "What I advocate is a return to the principles of Wesley, the early years of the Church, and of Asbury, whereby removals were made for cause alone. Give to the episcopacy its proper authority according to the structure of our system, and hold it to strict account for its exercise." Dr. J. F. Chaffee answers objections to the time-limit, while the Rev. Joseph Irons, by a study of statistics, comes to the conclusion that no advantage would be gained by such change. The Rev. H. H. Beattys gives four reasons in favor of removing the limit: (1) The time-limit prevents the stability of work by engendering a spirit of restlessness, both among the ministry and the churches. (2) The time-limit cripples the minister's power and weakens his influence. (3) The time-limit is a playing fast and loose with Divine Providence. When God seems to approve a long pastorate, the Bishop says, "Move on." (4) The time-limit makes the institutional church impossible. The Rev. Edwin Genge argues in favor of the present limited time of service as proved by the growth of Methodism in the large cities. There is evidently a wide difference of opinion in the Church itself. The battle seems imminent both in this country and in Great Britain. What the result will be cannot be definitely predicted, but, so far as we can judge from the experience of the past, we should say that there are likely to be other changes in the near future, as there have been since the time was limited to two years. There are doubtless advantages and disadvantages in the present system. We have long felt that the true ideal, if it were possible to arrange it, would be some combination of the itineracy and the settled pastorate. There are, however, difficulties in the administration of such a plan which might be almost insuperable. The Methodist Church would doubtless gain in large centers by a change in the time-limit of its pastors, but we doubt very much if it would not lose by such change when the whole country was considered.

The Immersion of Dr. Pierson

A dispatch from London announces that on February 4 the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., who has long been known as an eminent Presbyterian pastor, had been immersed by the Rev. James A. Spurgeon. When Dr. Pierson was supplying the Temple in London after the death of the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, there were repeated suggestions that he was to become a Baptist in order that he might succeed Mr. Spurgeon. That rumor, however, was denied, and nothing more has been heard of it until the cable dispatch which announced that in the church of which his friend, the Rev. James A. Spurgeon, is pastor, at Croydon, London, he had received immersion at the hands of his friend. No one who knows Dr. Pierson will doubt that he has taken this step conscientiously, and no one can now intimate that it is because of any ulterior or selfish motive. His greatest friends in recent years have been men like Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. A. J. Gordon, and they have doubtless had much to do with influencing him to take this step.

The Difficulties of Missionaries in Japan

We have several times in these columns referred to the condition of missionary work in Japan, and some of our references have aroused criticism from those who are working in that Empire. The latest we have seen is a statement in a recent number of the "Examiner" protesting against our declaration that the Kumi-ai Churches are not alone in the troubles which they are having to meet on account of the religious unrest among the people. A Baptist missionary affirms emphatically that "the theological unrest does not exist outside of the Kumi-ai Churches of the American Board to any perceptible degree. . . . The Methodists and Presbyterians are also numerous, and they do not have it. . . . A deal of the theological disquiet is due to the fact that there is not as much of solid, old-fashioned, vigorous theology in the American Board's missionaries' preaching as in that of missionaries of other denominations. The Presbyterians seem to have not the least trouble, nor have we Baptists." We have no desire to enter into any controversy, and shall not refer to this matter again, but it is due to the Kumi-ai Churches and to the missionaries of the American Board to say that the statements which have here appeared have not been without the best evidence. On the testimony of an eminent Methodist missionary, who knew from personal experience of many years of what he spoke, we made our statements concerning difficulties among Methodists of the same kind as those in the Kumi-ai Churches. On the testimony of one of the most eminent Baptist ministers in Japan, who knows Christian work in Japan perhaps as well as any other man in it, we have stated, and fully believe, that, in proportion to the numbers, the difficulties are as great in that denomination as in any other. Our informant is not a witness to be impeached. The Rev. Henry Loomis, of Yokohama, has assured us very positively that there are no difficulties among Presbyterians, but, on the other hand, we have been told by other Presbyterian missionaries, and still more positively by some of the most eminent of Japanese themselves, and by a missionary official in New York, that the same unrest prevails, though perhaps not to so large a degree, among the members of the Presbyterian churches. We do not mention names in any of these cases, because the testimony was given in private conversation. As to lack of fidelity to Biblical truth on the part of the missionaries of the American Board we need only say that we know positively that the statement is entirely without foundation. A more faithful, consecrated, and absolutely true body of Christian ministers is not to be found in any mission field or among pastorates in any country. If any reply is made to this paragraph, all that we should be able to say in return would be that evidently workers and eye-witnesses on the ground interpret the same facts differently. All our evidence comes directly from the field, from Japanese Christians and from missionaries of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Reformed, Methodist, and American Boards. The most that can be said on the other side is that opinions differ—and there we must leave the whole question.

Lenten Readings

A growing custom among non-Episcopal churches is that of having a course of Readings through Lent, which are open to all, but which, in the nature of the case, are chiefly attended by women. The first course of the kind of which we have known was that in the Congregational church at Montclair, where the custom has been observed for about ten years. The plan adopted is for the pastor to take some book of current interest, reading from and commenting on it for about an hour and a half one day each week. The reading is followed by a conference, and in this way great interest has been excited and the attendance has been large. Among the books which have been already read are Bushnell's "Christian Nurture," Maurice's "Social Morality," the Life of Christ with "The Light of the World" as an outline; "The Epic of the Inner Life," by Genung; "Education," by Herbert Spencer; "Culture and Religion," by Shairp; "Immortality," by Gordon; and this year the audience will be taken through a course of instruction on the Bible as Literature, with the usual conferences. Other churches in which this plan has been followed are the Congregational church at Glen Ridge; that at Upper Montclair; that at Westfield, under the ministry of the Rev. G. H. Patton, who has now gone to Duluth and who writes that the book which he will read to his people this year is Dr. Bradford's "Heredity and Christian Problems." The interest which has attended these meetings shows that large numbers in our congregations are hungry for careful and systematic study of the profoundest questions of the religious life. These readings are usually prized in proportion as really great subjects with bearing on practical life are selected. Each pastor must adjust the plan to his own conditions, but there are few churches in which such a course of reading would not be a blessing both to the minister and to his people.

A Great Paper

One of the greatest religious newspapers is "The Guardian" (London), representing the Church of England. Its first number was published January 21, 1846, and it has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by the publication of a special historical number. All the matter is valuable and interesting reading. Among the various subjects treated is one on the progress which has been made in the direction of spiritual freedom. We quote as follows:

> In the border-land between the citizen and the Churchman, in which ecclesiastical and civil questions cross and intermingle with one another, the last fifty years have seen many changes. Acts have been passed whereby Jews, and non-Christians generally, have been admitted to the Legislature; compulsory Church rates have been abolished; marriage has been made, for those who choose, a mere civil contract; and burial has been disjoined from any necessary connection with the Church. In the long discussions which have preceded all these measures our influence has been uniformly thrown on the side of freedom, but with the condition that the same freedom should be extended to the Church which was granted to her opponents. We have not desired to coerce unwilling recusants, but we have always claimed for ourselves the same freedom from coercion in the exercise of our spiritual functions. And, on the whole, this object has been fairly, if not as yet completely, gained. The re-establishment of Convocation, the multiplication of bishoprics at home, the renewal of the useful office of Suffragans, the great expansion on freer principles of the Colonial Church and the Colonial and Missionary Episcopate, all bear witness to the extent to which the hands of the Church have been untied from the legal fetters which were supposed—often erroneously—to have bound them.

The Anglican Church and Other Churches

Perhaps the most interesting article in the historical number of the "Guardian" to which we have referred is the one by Canon Charles Gore on "The Relation of the Church of England to Other Christian Bodies." It will be remembered that Canon Gore was for a long time Master of Pusey House in Oxford, and that he is a High Churchman ecclesiastically, and a Liberal theologically. He is now a Canon at Westminster, and perhaps the most prominent figure in the ecclesiastical life of the Established Church in London. In speaking on the subject he takes the following positions: "The Church of England has come to stand more on its ecclesiastical principles, both before the world and in the minds of its supporters, and less on the basis of its established position." He makes substantially the same claim for Nonconformists, for he says: "On the whole, the Church of England and the Nonconformists, both Roman and Protestant, are found to have passed from a position determined by their relation to the State and to society into a position determined by ecclesiastical or anti-ecclesiastical principles." He calls attention to the fact that the attitude of Church people fifty years ago toward Nonconformists was largely determined by the fact that they were Dissenters; they were a sort of rebels to be classed with other disturbers of society. But now the expressed objections of Churchmen to Nonconformity rest almost entirely on ecclesiastical principles. He finds great changes both in the Church and among Dissenters. He says: "The chapel is no longer what the chapel was—as in Silas Marner's youth, or in Robert Browning's 'Christmas Eve.'" In Protestant Nonconformity the dogmatic, evangelical elements are tending to retire into the background, while the political and social have become prominent. When he speaks more positively of his own Church, Canon Gore says that it may be called "Liberal Catholic," for four reasons: (1) It declines Scripture without tradition; (2) it declines tradition unchecked by Scripture; (3) it appeals in the maintenance of its position to the facts of human nature; and (4) it makes its appeal to historic evidence. Canon Gore makes two statements worthy of special notice. He says: "If we are to do our work in promoting a general unity, we must first promote more vigorously than we are doing at present unity among ourselves on the basis of our own principles." The Church of England must be truer than it has been to its essential principles, and by exalting them it will make its best contribution toward the unity of the Church. Later he says: "We must be conscious that any work she (the Church of England) will eventually do toward the reunion of Christendom will be done in a large measure unintentionally." His position is, briefly, that by being true to herself the Church of England will rid herself of everything except those essential truths which have in them the principle of universality. He believes that the time is not far distant when Nonconformists in larger numbers will return to the hospitality of the Anglican Church. We are not interested at this time in controverting any of Canon Gore's positions. One of them, however, is especially worthy of emphasis. The Anglican Church and all other churches will do most toward promoting that unity for which we all pray, by emphasizing the principles which they have been chosen in the providence of God to champion. Not by stifling our inmost convictions, but by being true to them, and finding some common ground on which we can meet and harmonize with the convictions of others, is ultimate unity to be realized.

Anniversary at Duluth

The Pilgrim Church of Duluth, Minn., of which the Rev. C. H. Patton is pastor, has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with exercises which are reported to have been peculiarly helpful and inspiring. The church was organized under the ministry of Dr. C. C. Salter, and it has already colonized two or three times. The sermon at the anniversary was preached by the Rev. E. M. Noyes, of Newton Center, Mass., who preceded Mr. Patton in the pastorate. Greetings from the churches of the State were presented by Dr. Ingersoll, of St. Paul, while a historical paper was read by Mr. W. S. Woodbridge, who has been with the church from its organization. Pilgrim Church is one of the strongest in the Northwest, and it has for its pastor in Cornelius H. Patton a man who has proved himself, by a peculiarly useful ministry in New Jersey, to possess many eminent qualifications for ministerial leadership. Duluth is one of the most enterprising of American cities, and Pilgrim Church and its pastor cannot fail to exert a wide and beneficent influence in the development of the city and of the State.

Brief Mention

A letter from Tokyo, under date of January 17, states that Brigadier Powell (second in command to Colonel E. Wright) was about to start a corps in Yokohama—the first city "opened" outside Tokyo, the capital.

Another conspicuous illustration of the fact that ministers are often indifferent to mere pecuniary considerations is the fact that the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, of Brooklyn, recently declined a call to succeed Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, at an advance of $4,000 over his present salary. Similar cases are not difficult to find.

Work is soon to be started on the Phillips Brooks Memorial Library, to be erected in Hyde Park, Mass. It is the gift of Mrs. E. F. Stetson, of Boston, whose country home is near the site of the proposed building, and who is deeply interested in the Blue Hill Chapel, where Bishop Brooks preached his last sermon. The building will cost about $1,000, and will be given to the Directors of the Blue Hill Chapel.

One of the most prominent men in the Methodist Episcopal Church was the Rev. Dr. Sanford Hunt, of the Methodist Book Concern, who died in Cincinnati on Monday, the 10th. He was the senior agent of the Methodist Book Concern, and had long occupied a distinguished position in the Church. He was an author as well as a preacher, but his most distinguished service was as manager of the great business interests connected with the publication departments of the Church of which he was a member.

The Liberation Society of Great Britain, which is composed of representatives of all branches of Nonconformity in the Kingdom, and which is the recognized leader in the movement for Disestablishment, holds its anniversary in the City Temple, London, May 6. It has invited the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., and of the staff of this paper, to be the speaker at that anniversary. The letter conveying the invitation contains these words: "It is desirable that citizens of the United States should appear on English platforms just now, if only as a protest against policies and sentiments calculated to make bad blood between two Anglo-Saxon countries."

The Newspaper Sermon Association, in behalf of the Boston "Herald," recently offered prizes aggregating $500 for the best sermon for newspaper publication. Nearly three hundred sermons were received by the committee. Of the number four were so nearly equal in merit that the prizes were equally divided. The committee making the awards were the Rev. E. A. Horton, the Rev. J. B. Werner, the Rev. George Hodges, D.D., and Mr. W. E. Harmon; and the four among whom the prizes were distributed were the Rev. George R. Vandewater, D.D., New York; the Rev. Robert E. Campbell, Bellevue, Pa.; the Rev. Henry K. Hannah Lexington, Mass. and the Rev. Charles James Wood, York, Pa.

Books and Authors

Bismarck and Gladstone[1]

I.

Prince Bismarck

Two biographies, published in identical size and binding by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, are books of peculiar interest, since they narrate the lives of the two most eminent living statesmen. The "Life of Prince Bismarck" is told by Mr. Charles Lowe, and is condensed from his large two-volume work published ten years ago, with the addition of such fresh material as has come to light in the decade. Mr. Lowe's style is clear and concise, but not over-picturesque. It is well suited, however, to his subject, who, as is well known, is also clear, concise, and not always over-picturesque. It may be that we are so near to Bismarck's policy and history of recent years that the first pages have for us an even greater significance than those which follow; at all events, the story of the life of the young Otto, of the student and the squire, of the parliamentarian, of the ambassador, deserves to be told, as Mr. Lowe has told it, for it was the deep-laid foundation on which his successes as a world-genius and as a nation-maker rest. Then comes the period when the statesman, through the difficult days first of the German Diet, then of army reforms, of conflict between Crown and Chamber, and, above all, of the growing preponderance of Prussia, kept an admirably courageous and consistent course. This is followed by the second period—the war with Denmark, the war with Austria, the North German Confederation, and the war with France. These four events stand, we think, as a four-square foundation of German unity. They were each such epoch-making crises in the development of a nation that we must admit as far more satisfactory than Mr. Lowe's chapters the lengthier and more detailed descriptions of other writers. Nevertheless, our author gives an intelligent condensation, explanation, and interpretation of the events which characterize the stirring years between 1864 and 1871. The personality of the Bismarck of those years was the same as that which we know now; indeed, Motley's description of the Chancellor at the time of the latter's silver wedding would exactly answer to-day:

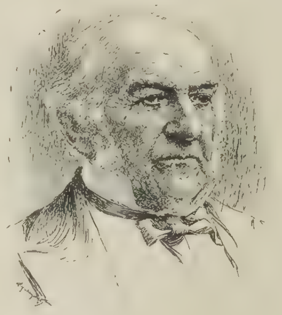
> I found him very little changed in appearance since 1864, which surprises me. He is somewhat stouter and his face weatherbeaten, but as expressive and powerful as ever. . . . After dinner Bismarck and I had a long walk in the woods, he talking all the time in the simplest and funniest and most interesting manner about all sorts of things that had happened in these tremendous years, but talking of them exactly as every-day people talk of every-day matters—without any affectation. The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time, This is the great Bismarck—the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived. When one lives familiarly with Brobdingnags, it seems for the moment that everybody is a Brobdingnag too, that it is the regular thing to be; one forgets one's own comparatively diminutive stature.

The third period of Bismarck's life, if we may arbitrarily divide it into divisions unindicated by others, has been mainly occupied with what might be termed "bulldogism." The Iron Chancellor needed to be an iron chancellor. First of all he had to be Europe's peace-keeper, as we learn from perhaps the best-written chapter in this interesting book. To him was due, first, the Drei-Kaiser-Bund, and then that more important compact, the Triple Alliance. The Eastern Question was a greater factor than it is to-day, and the utterance of no statesman had anything like so much influence in settling it as Bismarck's "I shall not advise our participation in the war as long as no German interest shall be called in question that may be considered worth the healthy bones of a Pomeranian musketeer." The African colonial schemes were the work of Bismarck, though he was far from being as much of a *Kolonialmensch* as were many of his countrymen; he knew well that there has never been but one truly colonizing power, and that the sun never sets on the British flag. Above all, the influence of the Chancellor was directed towards the maintenance of friendship with Russia. So heartily in sympathy with this was the old Emperor William that his last words were an injunction to his grandson to keep on good terms with Russia. Mr. Lowe calls our attention to the fact that, while Alexander III. has been called by his eulogists the peace-keeper of Europe, he has no claim to such a designation in comparison with Bismarck, who had achieved for himself this proud title before the Czar's accession. The great Chancellor was not only a peace-keeper, he had also been a peace-maker; which, as our author reminds us, is a totally different and a much higher thing.

Though Bismarck kept the peace of Europe, it cannot be equally said of him that he did the same for Germany. He had secured the Empire from external foes; his task was as much to secure it from internal enemies. Foremost among the latter, in his opinion, were the Jesuits. We have, therefore, witnessed a *Kulturkampf*, in which the German Emperor, unlike Henry IV., did not go to Canossa. With the advent of Leo XIII., however, a better order of things prevailed, and conciliation was substituted for combat. The foreign relations of the Empire were certainly complicated enough to engage the undivided attention of a great statesman, but the gigantic brain of a Bismarck could direct domestic affairs at the same time. In his own person he formed a ministry of all the talents. His were the laws, and his care the execution of those laws. Right or wrong, his vicarious, often despotic, government held the Empire together as with hooks of steel. He had not only created that Empire; he consolidated it as well. He organized Alsace-Lorraine as a Reichsland, as a quasi-autonomous province duly represented in Parliament. He saw to it that the five milliards from France were devoted to generous provision for the victims of the war, to the construction of new fortresses and of strategic lines of railway, to the building of a new navy, to the establishment of a War Emergency Fund. His, too, was the idea of the Military Septennate which was repeatedly renewed, each time with a great increase of men. This last burden on the vitality and progress of the Empire could be effected only by dissolutions of the Reichstag, and appeals from party spirit to patriotism. As Mr. Lowe truly says, these further additions to the Empire's fighting forces gave the Chancellor substantial reason to boast about the irresistible power of the *furor Teutonicus* when once aroused, and to exclaim: "We Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world!" The repressive powers by which he proposed to gag the Social Democrats were not granted by the Reichstag, though he was successful in passing a far too stringent anti-Socialist law, which was dropped four years ago. The ill success of that law is shown by the fact that in 1871 about 100,000 Socialist votes had been recorded; in 1893 this number had swelled to 1,780,000 out of a total ballot of 7,670,000. Perhaps Bismarck's dearest aim was in the nationalizing of the sixty-three railway administrations of Germany, but the opposition of Parliament proved too much for him, and all that he could do was to induce his own Prussia to perform "an act of abdication in favor of the Empire."

In 1889, on the occasion of the visit of Alexander III. to Berlin, the latter had said to Bismarck, replying to some pacific assurances, "Prince, I believe you; but are you yourself confident of the security and durability of your position?" The Chancellor replied: "Sire, I am absolutely sure of the unlimited confidence of my master, and persuaded that I shall remain at my post to the end of my days, at least as long as I can be of any use, and the weight of years does not destroy my health and strength." No wonder, then, that Mr. Lowe, like many another, exclaims that Bismarck's fall five years ago was like Lucifer's. For a continuous period of twenty years he had served as Chancellor of the Empire with splendid and unrivaled distinction. To-day he is a lonely old man at Friedrichsruhe, scorning to accept the pension that has been offered him for his services, or to become entombed in a new ducal title.

II.



W. E. Gladstone

The second of these biographies is of the "Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone: A Study from Life," and is by Mr. Henry W. Lucy, the well-known Parliamentarian journalist. Mr. Lucy has had unusual opportunities of information. His personal notes of the great Englishman's speeches were made over a period of twenty years. We find interesting accounts of Mr. Gladstone's boyhood and his kinsfolk, but it is only when he becomes Member for Newark in 1831 that the real interest of the book begins. Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech in the House of Commons was, strange to say, in defense of the domestic institution of slavery. His views were naturally tinged with the fact that his father owned many slaves in Demerara, and therefore to denounce the institution of slavery was to impugn the humanity of his father. Sir Robert Peel had already taken note of the young Member from Newark, and when, in 1834, a Ministry was formed in succession to that of Lord Melbourne, Mr. Gladstone was offered the post of Junior Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Gladstone was then only in his twenty-fifth year. In 1835 he became Under-Secretary for the Colonies. In the next five or six years his chief was out of office, and so was he. During these years were published some of Mr. Gladstone's most famous pamphlets. The mere enumeration of all of his literary efforts, from 1827, when he wrote under the pseudonym of "Bartholomew Bouverie," to the present, fills twenty-two pages in the catalogue of the British Museum. In 1841 Sir Robert was back in power, bringing with him the "young man of unblemished character" whom Lord Macaulay had already spoken of as a possible future rival. Mr. Gladstone was now Master of the Mint and also Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in the following year becoming President. In 1845 he resigned, as the Government had determined to bring in a bill dealing with Maynooth College in a way that did not satisfy his Church principles. In the year after he returned to the Ministry as Secretary of State for the Colonies. He transferred his membership to Oxford. In 1850 Sir Robert Peel died. In 1853 Mr. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer, having made an end of Disraeli, of the latter's Budget, and of the Ministry of which he was the prop. His acceptance of this office under Lord Aberdeen marked his passage across the gulf which separates Tories and Liberals. According to Mr. Lucy, whose descriptive comment at this point is of special value and interest, Mr. Gladstone's conversion had been going on for some time. During the Crimean War Mr. Gladstone's financing was so remarkable that when Lord Palmerston undertook to construct a Government, the Chancellor of the Exchequer continued to hold his office. However, he resigned it soon after, and remained "out" some years. It was during this period that he completed and published his studies on "Homer and the Homeric Age." In 1859 he again joined the Ministry formed by Lord Palmerston. We regret to find so little account of Mr. Gladstone's attitude on the question of our Civil War. The several Premierships, on the contrary, are well described, and the history of the past twenty years, with which Mr. Lucy is so familiar by reason of his close connection with "the place where history is made," is of course specially well done. It is interesting to note that Mr. Gladstone's position before the world is to-day more what it probably will be considered in time to come than it was in 1885; indeed, in that year it was necessary for Mr. Chamberlain (perhaps little dreaming how his own position towards Mr. Gladstone might change) should defend the Liberal chief in these fine words:

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[1] *The Life of Prince Bismarck.* By Charles Lowe. Roberts Brothers, Boston. $1.25.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. By H. W. Lucy. Roberts Brothers, Boston. $1.25.

> I sometimes think that great men are like great mountains, and that we do not appreciate their magnitude while we are still close to them. You have to go to a distance to see which peak it is that towers above its fellows; and it may be that we shall have to put between us and Mr. Gladstone a space of time before we shall know how much greater he has been than any of his competitors for fame and power. I am certain that justice will be done to him in the future, and I am not less certain that there will be a signal condemnation of the men who, moved by motives of party spite, in their eagerness for office, have not hesitated to load with insult and indignity the greatest statesman of our time; who have not allowed even his age which should have commanded their reverence, or his experience which entitled him to their respect, or his high personal character, or his long services to his Queen and to his country, to shield him from the vulgar affronts and the lying accusations of which he has nightly been made the subject in the House of Commons. He, with his great magnanimity, can afford to forget and forgive these things. Those whom he has served so long it behooves to remember them, to resent them, and to punish them.

The following year occurred the Irish controversy and the great disruption of the Liberal party into Unionists and Gladstonians, the latter following the changed attitude of their leader. Even in those troublous and labyrinthine times the magic personality of that leader often fascinated the whole House of Commons. It seemed as if he would sometimes talk with the House as with a man, so completely did he occasionally bewitch it out of all consciousness of itself. This power, of course, also fascinated electors everywhere, even very poor people of small intelligence, in the remotest districts. A Haddingtonshire woman told Mr. Lucy the following as an instance:

> An auld man, Geordie Paul, lived all alane in a wee cot up there. He used to sit at his door reading the paper spread on his knee, and mony's the time, when he thoucht naebody was looking, I've seen him greetin', and the tears drapt doon on the paper, and he aften muttered to himsel', "To think they'd use Gledstane sae ill, and he sic a man!" The nicht afore Geordie deed I gaed in to see what I could dae for him. There he was, sitting in the corner o' his bed, sae weak he could na get on more than ane arm o' his jacket; but he had the paper propped up against the ither (upside doon), and the last words he said to me were: "There's ae [one] thing, Liz; if I could only see that Irish question settled!"

We are glad to note that the chronicler is not so overpowered with Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary achievements as to omit these more personal touches, which indeed had so much to do with the success of those achievements. Furthermore, it is a pleasure to read in these pages, as one did in the London papers of 1886–92, of that increasingly respectful and often deferential attitude which the Ministerial majority in general, and Mr. Balfour in particular, bore towards the leader of the Opposition. This is perhaps the most interesting part of the book. Though it deals with events fresh in the mind, it reads already like a crystallized history of the past, and the familiar names of Lords Salisbury, Iddesleigh, and Rosebery, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Morley, Mr. Parnell, and others come before us somewhat as do those of more genuinely historical characters. Taking it all in all, we like Mr. Lucy's work extremely, for it is written by one who knows well what he is talking about. Whatever one's views may be as to Mr. Gladstone's politics and policies, no one can deny the noble and Herculean proportions of the venerable statesman who happily still dwells among us, astonishing the world by continual feats of tireless memory, oratory, argument, and versatility. Mr. Lucy explains this last characteristic by declaring that Mr. Gladstone, like all great workers, finds recreation in change of employment. Asked once what was the secret of his impregnable vitality, the Premier replied: "There was a road leading out of London on which more horses died than on any other. Inquiry revealed the fact that it was perfectly level. Consequently the animals in traveling over it used only one set of muscles."

* * *

The influence of Dr. Hermann Lotze upon contemporary thought and philosophy has been extensive. His correction of the somewhat mechanical idealism of Hegel has been a positive benefit. While we acknowledge fully and frankly the debt that modern thought owes to Hegel, yet his influence has been to reduce God, the soul of man, and the external world into logical processes. Against this tendency Lotze has raised a protest, and he and those who think with him have pointed out the certainty of a knowledge from other sources than pure ratiocination. Professor Henry Jones, of Glasgow, has entered into a study and criticism of Lotze's system and embodied the results in a volume entitled *A Critical Account of the Philosophy of Lotze: The Doctrine of Thought.* (Macmillan & Co., New York.) Mr. Jones points out that Lotze's contributions to philosophic thought have consisted chiefly in deepening the idealism which he has essayed to overthrow, and that, however unwilling, he still remains a witness to that idealistic conception of the world which he denies. The author remarks that the first part of "the task of Lotze consists in proving that the real and ideal are not identical; the second, in proving that, while they are not identical, they are still not separate." In his criticism of Lotze we do not think that the author is very clear; but he is undoubtedly correct in maintaining that Lotze, in attempting to refute skepticism, grants all that skeptics could desire; nevertheless he does not get rid of Lotze's logicalness. In point of fact, Mr. Jones does not seem to us to understand what Lotze means by intuition. The chief value of this study and criticism may be found in the author's attempt to define more accurately the limits of thought. In this task he would have been more successful, we believe, had he gone back to Kant's "Kritik." Had he done so he would have understood the sense in which Lotze maintains that knowledge begins with an inner world of subjective states and then strives to find a way outward. While such an assertion is subject to misunderstanding, it is capable of scientific demonstration.

General Biology. By William T. Sedgwick and Edmund B. Wilson. Second edition, revised and enlarged. (American Science Series. Henry Holt & Co., New York.) During the nine years between the first and second (present) edition of this book a curious change has taken place in the minds of the authors. Certain things emphasized in the first edition are now considered of less importance; certain plans then in mind have been abandoned. The change has not been confined to our authors; it is general. Biology may still be spelled with a capital B, but it no longer threatens to drive Botany and Zoölogy to the wall. It is unquestionably important as an introductory study to these; it will never supplant them. Biology must be taught, and taught practically. The laboratory with its scalpel and microscope is essential. The ideal introduction to the study of plants and animals is to gain general ideas of life and vital processes, by careful study of a few type-forms considered as living structures. The types selected by our authors are, first, the earthworm and fern, then certain unicellular forms—protococcus, yeast, bacteria, amœba. Terse, accurate, and sufficient description of each of these forms is given; form, structure, function, are carefully presented. The English is excellent—a rare thing in American science—and attractive. The illustrations are good. The laboratory directions are relegated to an appendix, and consist of suggestions to teachers rather than set directions, in detail, for scholars. The book is a good one, but we suspect it will still undergo considerable change in form. On the whole, the mechanical work is fine, but there is occasionally a misprint, or a false reference in a figure, and the index is not complete.

Fundamentally, the doctrine of Christ is social righteousness. The trend of Christian teaching in the last four centuries, by reason of the influence of philosophy, has been too much in the direction of individual righteousness. While social righteousness is not possible without individual righteousness, yet individual righteousness has been so taught as not to include social righteousness. The religious teachers of our day are one after another awakening to the necessity of delivering the social message of Christ. A cheering sign of this general awakening of the social consciousness is the continual appearance of volumes of sermons upon applied Christianity. *Civic Christianity*, by William Prall, S.T.D., Ph.D., Rector of St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich., is an instance to the point. Dr. Prall has evidently studied not only books but "human documents" as well. His sermons are, as a whole, eminently practical, and stand upon the solid ground of facts.

Here and there some of his inferences from statistics and legislation may be amenable to objection or criticism, but the main lines of his arguments cannot easily be controverted. The purpose of his volume is the furtherance of social righteousness, especially in cities. In every case he bases his teachings upon the principles of the religion of Christ. (T. Whittaker, New York.)

A book called *Spiritual Law in the Natural World: A Metaphysical and Psychical Exposition of the Operations of the Holy Spirit and Other Agencies*, by J. W. Thomas (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), was a distinct disappointment to us. We had long ago, after the appearance of Professor Drummond's famous book, hoped that some one would write a work on precisely this subject. We took up the volume with interest and began reading with avidity; but, alas! the book was hopelessly dry. Its method is a combination of purely superficial reasoning and conventional religionism. It is stuffed with theological assumptions from beginning to end, and is lacking in scientific spirit. The chapter on "Conscience," however, has a new thought, as well as that on "No Total Depravity." On the whole, in the realm of philosophy and theology, which are one and the same thing, the writer has taken a stride backward. He is probably correct in his belief that not one of his suggestions involves the relinquishment of any of the old fundamental, evangelical dogmas that he dearly loves and cherishes.

It has been said that the Middle Ages had religious doubts, but that our time is afflicted with religious doubt. This is probably so true that one of the problems of the religious teachers of our day is to solve the question, not only of "pangs of nature," "sins of will," and "taints of blood," but also "defects of doubt." The Rev. John W. Diggle has undertaken to discuss *Religious Doubt: Its Nature, Treatment, Causes, Difficulties, Consequences, and Dissolution*. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) His object is twofold: first, to persuade doubters not to be content with doubting, but to examine critically the causes of their doubt; and, secondly, to persuade believers to treat doubters and doubt with broad charity. Through many closely printed pages the author forges on, saying many good things in a world of words. We believe that religious teachers who have to deal with doubt will have the patience to undertake the labor of reading this book, but we despair of persuading a doubter to attempt the task.

While Miss Helen Jastrow was translating from the French *Selected Essays of James Darmesteter* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) that distinguished Jewish Orientalist of France died, and at the early age of forty-five. After Renan's death, Darmesteter was easily the first of the French Orientalists. He was a son of a poor Jewish bookbinder, and his parents desired him to enter one of the learned professions. He early made his mark as a scholar, and his French translations of the Zend-Avesta, with a Commentary, may almost be called the final version of the Bible of Zoroastrianism. The essays in this volume were selected with a view of illustrating the several sides of Darmesteter erudition. They are brilliant and suggestive as well as learned; the translation is smooth and easily managed. A preface in the way of a sketch of the life and work of James Darmesteter has been added to the volume by Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. It is judicious and complete.

Professor Alfred Wiedemann, of Bonn, has put forth, through the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, an unusually interesting and learned little work on *The Ancient Egyptian Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul*. Professor Wiedemann has correctly traced in short compass the main lines of the development through centuries of the doctrine of immortality among the ancient Egyptians. He gives a clear analysis of their psychology in the earlier and later times, and a description of their views or speculations on the state of the soul after death. The book contains many and appropriate pictures which illustrate or prove the points he makes. To these things he confines himself, without attempting to determine to what extent the Egyptian doctrine of immortality originated in Egypt, or was influenced by the neighboring religions. For a small book it contains an amazing quantity of well-digested and well-arranged matter.

Tourists in Egypt and students in Egyptology will be glad to know that Maspero's *Manual of Egyptian Archæology* has appeared in a new and revised edition. The translation which was originally made by the late Amelia B. Edwards, with the assistance of Mr. Flinders-Petrie, has been retained, but with additions and revision made by M. Maspero himself. The work itself is very thorough in its scope, though condensed into one portable volume. It covers a description of the civil and military architecture, of the temples, of tombs, of painting, sculpture, and of the industrial arts. It is illustrated with over three hundred apt pictures, many of which are fresh. This volume also contains adequate accounts of the main archæological results of recent Egyptian excavations. The orderly arrangement of the book, coupled with its full index, renders it a most useful handbook. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Literary Notes

—Mr. Ruskin has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. His health is reported as fairly good.

—Mrs. Flora Ann Steel, whose novels on India have attained such a deserved reputation, thinks "The Potter's Thumb" the best of her books.

—It is announced that a volume of romantic incidents in the history of Kentucky is being prepared by Mr. James Lane Allen, the author of "A Kentucky Cardinal."

—We learn that the "Quatre Portraits"—the title of M. Jules Simon's forthcoming volume—are to be those of Renan, Cardinal Lavigerie, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Lamartine.

—In the poem "Mutation," by Priscilla Leonard, published in The Outlook for February 15, the ninth line should read "And the *new* yearnings of each day," the word *new* having been inadvertently omitted.

—We learn that the biography of Phillips Brooks, which had been begun by his brother Arthur, will be completed by Professor Alexander V. G. Allen, of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. There could be no better biographer of Bishop Brooks than Dr. Allen.

—The volume of autobiography which M. Jules Breton has written will bear the title "Un Peintre Paysan." The book will contain an account of the artist's early struggles, also much information upon the many famous members of his craft with whom he has come into close contact.

—Mr. E. T. Cook, who has been appointed editor-in-chief of the London "Daily News," is a young man to fill a position which such men as Forster, Dicey, Hill, Lucy, and Robinson have had, but his brilliant career on the "Pall Mall Gazette" and subsequently as editor of the "Westminster Gazette" will undoubtedly be continued in his new field.

—The most gratifying announcement in the literary world is that of the biography of Dr. Holmes. It will appear in two volumes, with many letters, and the editor will be Mr. John T. Morse, Jr. The work fitly follows the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence, the letters of Lowell edited by Professor Norton, and the publication only last week of Mr. Marcou's "Life of Agassiz."

—The late Eugene Field, despite much hasty work, had a vein of conscientiousness which is well illustrated in a novel now about to be published. Mr. Field wrote the story twelve years ago, but was dissatisfied with its condition when he had finished it. He rewrote it after the space of a year and laid it aside again. The following year he rewrote it again, and up to his death had returned to it several times. There were eleven versions in all. It is fortunate that the last one pleased him. The story is called "The Werewolf."

—The New York "Critic" announces that Mr. Julian Hawthorne has arrived in this city from his Jamaica home. His $10,000 prize story, "A Fool of Nature," will be published by the Messrs. Scribner, who will restore to it the 20,000 words cut out for purposes of serial publication in the "Herald." Mr. Hawthorne wrote the story in nineteen days, which means that he earned $500 *per diem* on eighteen successive days, and $1,000 on the nineteenth. The Messrs. Harper will publish Miss Mollie Elliot Seawell's $3,000 "Herald" prize story.

—In a recent review, M. Gaston Deschamps mourns about the decadence of popular reading in France, and mourns the more because he is chagrined to find that Germany has shot far ahead in this respect. He declares that the "Gartenlaube" has 250,000 subscribers, "Ueber Land und Meer" more than 100,000, "Zur guten Stunde" more than 100,000, "Daheim" more than 100,000—that is to say, about 600,000 subscribers for what he calls the "Revues Protestantes." To these must be added the more than 60,000 subscribers to the Catholic reviews, "Deutscher Hausschatz" and "Die Alte und Neue Welt."

—The book on which M. Clemenceau, the French Radical leader, has for some time been engaged will probably bear some such title as "The Two Sieges of Paris." At any rate, the subject matter of the work deals with events in the capital during its investment by the Germans, and subsequently, when the army of Versailles was fighting its way into the capital. Another history of the Commune, written from quite a different standpoint, is that which M. Alfred Duquet has under way. M. Duquet has just concluded what has been called the best history in French of the Franco-German War. It is expected that his new work will be complete in two volumes.

—The "Pall Mall Gazette" describes Mr. Hall Caine's style as a combination of the "Bible and Daily Telegraph." The "Gazette" is delighted to find that its surmise is confirmed by Mr. Caine himself. He says in "McClure's Magazine," "Whatever strong situations I have in my tales are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the Prodigal Son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah.'" The "Gazette" adds: "Samuel as a little girl suggests infinite possibilities in the way of the Bible turned into fiction."

—The "Publisher's Weekly," reviewing the books of 1895, says that the year just passed has been the most productive of any in the history of the American book trade. 5,469 books were registered, of which 368 were new editions; in 1894 only 4,484 books were registered, but this showed an increase of nearly one-quarter. Turning to Great Britain, we find a publication of 6,516 books for 1895, an increase of 31 over 1894. On the contrary, in France there was a decrease from 13,007 books in 1894 to 12,927 in 1895. The statistics of Great Britain are obtained from the London "Publishers' Weekly;" those of France, from the "Bibliographie de la France."

—According to the New York "Tribune," Mr. S. R. Crockett, the novelist, has been telling how hard up he was when he was a student in Edinburgh. He lodged with a friend over a great coal station, and he used to go out in the evening and pick up the coals which the carts had dropped in the streets. "Sometimes," he says, "I grew so bold as to chuck a lump of coal at a driver, who invariably looked for the biggest lump on his load to hit back with, which was what I wanted. Thus the exercise warmed me at the time, and the coal warmed me afterward. And occasionally we got a large enough stock to sell to our companions, and buy a book or two. But I wish, here and now, solemnly to state that I never, never condescended to lift a lump off a cart, at least hardly—well, unless it was manifestly inconveniencing the safety of the load or overburdening the safety of the horse, you know!"

[For list of Books Received see Table of Contents]

The Home Club

How to Keep the Baby Warm

By L. M. Boynton

I have a little son about a year old. He is a very active boy, and I have taxed my brain to devise ways of keeping him covered in his bed and in his carriage.

First I sewed up his long flannel nightgown at the bottom. But as he grew older, and winter came on, this was not enough. He is a good sleeper, but a dozen times in a night he would either kick off the coverings, or, if they were fastened, manage to crawl out from beneath them. He often made no sound as he uncovered himself, and if I slept soundly, and did not examine his state at least once in an hour, he was apt the next day to have a little cold. I do not believe in a warm sleeping-room, although usually the thermometer does not go below fifty degrees. I tried using very light coverings—a soft down quilt and a puff—but his active little feet soon removed them.

But a few weeks ago I read in a book of Arctic travel of "sleeping-bags," and the next day I arranged one. I took an old, soft, easily washed blanket, which I doubled and sewed up into the form of a bag. Then outside I put a little larger one, also of soft, warm material. They are so arranged that they are easily separated for airing and washing. That night I put on the baby's little flannel nightgown over a light knit shirt. Over these went one of his washable sacques. His diapers were of soft Canton flannel, like those he wears in the daytime. Then I dropped him into his "sleeping-bag," which was large enough for a great deal of activity on the part of the sturdy little legs, and fastened the bag with flat safety-pins to the sacque just under the arms. That night I slept without "feeling" of him even once, and he did not make a sound all night long. He has not had a cold since I adopted this plan, although we have had some severe nights.

Encouraged by my success in this, I sewed up his new eider-down coat at the bottom, leaving it long enough to rip and hem when he begins to walk. Now I don't have to look every few minutes to see if the blankets are loose in the carriage, nor feel anxious when he is out with the maid for fear she'll forget to tuck him up.

I try to keep the floors warm, but, even with the furnace, on these cold days there are draughts which must be uncomfortable for little folks who can't be kept always perfectly dry. I found in one of the stores some little cheap flannel drawers—not enough wool in them to make them shrink badly—and I bought a number of pairs of the size for a three-year-old child, and put them on over his diapers and down under his woolen stockings. I have enough pairs to be able to change them often if they get damp, and dry them up quickly or have them washed.

I found very simple, serviceable "creepers" could be made with almost no trouble. The regulation "creeper" is not pretty, is some trouble to make, and is not close enough to the little legs for warmth. But petticoats were being ruined, and the long skirts hindered progress in creeping, and something must be done. So I purchased plain cotton drawers for a child of three. I got them for nineteen cents, which was less than the cost of the material for a real "creeper." I took a tuck in the binding, which I have let out from time to time, and, shortening the legs by making a wide tuck, I gathered them and ran in an elastic, and the result was a pretty ruffle below the knee.

I put the dress and petticoats smoothly around the baby, and over all placed the drawers, fastening the binding in the back through several thicknesses with one of his gold safety-pins.

The effect is a really pretty little bloomer costume, which is very comfortable and easy to creep in. With a half-dozen of these, which are washed almost as easily as a handkerchief, the baby can always look perfectly fresh and clean, and yet spend his days on the carpet.

Milk Supply

The Board of Health of New York City has taken the final step, so far as its authority extends, to protect the city from the sale of impure milk. All dealers within the limits of the city must have a permit or license from the Board of Health. This permit must be held by all dealers, grocers, dairymen, and delivery-wagon men. The step taken is a logical one. It is useless to investigate the conditions at the dairy farms if care is not taken to follow the milk to the consumer. This last decision of the Board of Health does this.

A Step that Measures a League

There are a great many women who silently doubt the business ability of women. The reason they doubt it is because the two businesses in which women have been employees and employers are the two fields of labor in which there is the greatest demoralization, the least adjustment between demand and supply—dressmaking and domestic service. The problems are the same everywhere, and the solutions are as difficult in one community as in another. The dressmaking problem is another story. This one is the nearer and more difficult one of domestic service. The solution of this problem is to come from the mistress, not the servant. The mistress must bring her best intelligence and a high degree of altruism to bear on this problem, with infinite patience controlled by sound business sense. In short, woman must turn the executive ability which she is using so freely for the benefit of the outside world to bear on this problem which so closely affects her home life.

The Civic League of Philadelphia, which has so positively affected the conduct of municipal affairs in that city, has now turned its attention to the domestic servant problem. The housekeepers have formed an organization, with its own employment bureau. They have a regular fixed price for each department of domestic service, and one for the several grades of general housekeeper. A servant whose name is enrolled in the association's books is there because her employer is ready to vouch for her. Her record is kept, and she knows that only a violation of certain fixed laws will remove her name from what becomes in time an honor roll. The unreasonable mistress, who is constantly changing servants received through this honor list, finds it more difficult than ever to get servants. Not only are uniform wages paid, but uniform privileges are extended. Servants' rooms become important to the careless housewife, for she finds that her ranking as an employer is based somewhat on her care and consideration for those she employs. The association has taken one step that looks to the realization of the dream of many women.

A Housekeepers' Association formed on a community basis for the purpose of securing and training servants is sure to raise the status of domestic service in any community. Cooking-classes will be the natural outcome of such an association, with short practical talks on the several departments of housework to the servants by the women of the association best able to give them. Practice work in table-setting and waiting will follow the cooking lessons. The mistress will be a better mistress because of the new combination of the brains of mistress and maid. The step from practical talks to more scientific work in domestic science is sure to follow. The social opportunities of the maids will be increased through the educational opportunities. Sewing will be the first step toward better all-round training for the cook and waitress. The servants will have their recognized place in the plans made for the winter's campaign of lectures and classes. Changes will not mean disorganization of the whole household, for the new servant will be from the ranks of those whose brains have been recognized and valued as part of the community's stock of intelligence.

So long as the servant can secure the best wages for indifferent service, so long as the mistress will write and sign a recommendation that she knows is not true, so long as she will tolerate dirt, impudence, and disorderliness and pay wages for them, she will suffer. When she joins with others to devise a fair, honest, progressive, businesslike policy toward her neighbors in kitchen and parlor, being willing to share her knowledge with either when they need it, the solution of the servant problem has been reached. It is not a dream. We live in a wonderful age of self-sacrifice. We need only to limit the field of this spirit and center it on the home of homes—our own—and then to share all that we give it with our neighbors' homes, and the dream is a fact.

Authoritative Questions

The State Superintendent of Education of New Jersey has sent out a circular to the citizens and teachers of the State with a view to obtain the home as well as the school opinion of the public schools. Among the questions were the following:

"Has the character of school boards improved under the township act?" "Has the quality of teachers improved?" "Has the attendance and interest of pupils increased?" "Has the supervision by board or supervising principal improved?" "Has the township act in general been an improvement upon the old district system?"

The Superintendent is to be congratulated. It is stated that answers have been received to about nine-tenths of the circulars sent. This result would indicate that the general average of intelligence in New Jersey is high. In this case the answers approve of the township over the district system.

Any individual or organization that sends out circulars asking for answers and receives thirty per cent. of replies may congratulate itself. Ninety per cent. indicates very active public sentiment in the State of New Jersey on the subject of public education.

Care of the Hair

Perhaps some of our readers can answer the following question:

Will some reader kindly give a remedy for harsh, dry hair and a slightly scabby scalp? Is vaseline good for the hair? A Subscriber.

Another Sign: "Hips Back!"

I am tempted to make a suggestion for the benefit of "C. C." and a host of other unfortunates who find the care of their shoulders a weary burden.

That thoughtful parent should simply say to his child, "Never mind your shoulders; forget them; *put your hips back and your head up*, and your shoulders will drop of their own accord into proper position." Try it, either sitting or standing, and see how instantly the spine assumes its proper curves, and how easily the shoulders relax into grace and comfort.

The secret of poise in standing and grace in walking lies in bringing the hips back, and I have seen a child's face brighten with satisfaction at the first trial of this very simple method of rectifying a stoop.

E. H. M.

An Opportunity

The "Springfield Republican" demands the appointment of women as overseers of the poor, because of their peculiar fitness for such work. Women as volunteers have accomplished positive good in the direction of improving the conditions surrounding the dependent poor who are under the care of the State and of municipalities. It can hardly be doubted that official power would increase their influence, and it is worth the experiment. Women are now employed in the care of the dependent poor, and they could talk more freely on many matters in connection with their work with women than could men officials.

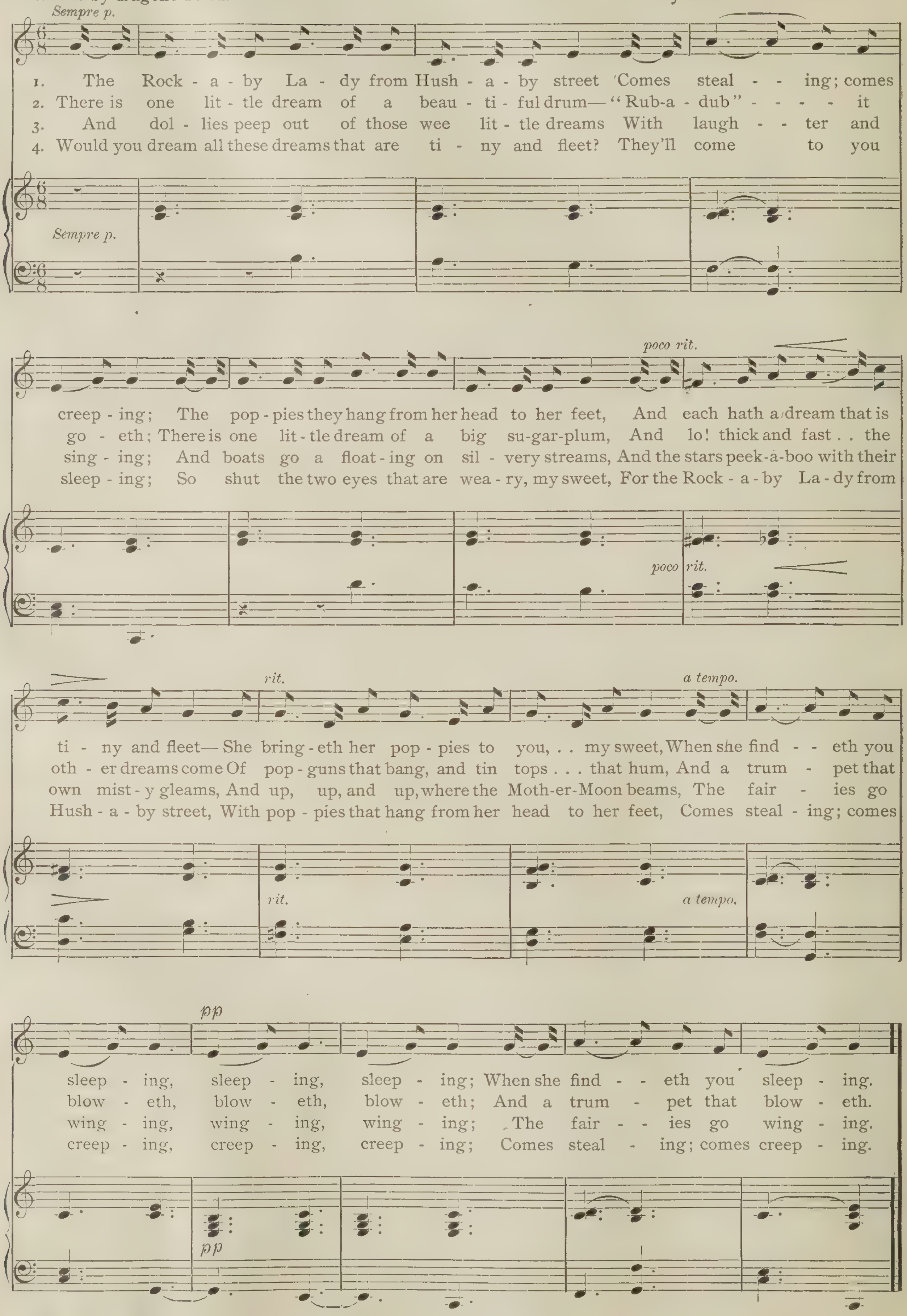
A Protest Against Fraud

The sale of filled cheeses has so interfered with the legitimate trade in cheese that the New York Mercantile Exchange has sent a protest to Washington against a bill regulating their sale. The consumers must learn to protect themselves through legislation against food adulterations.

Domestic Economy.—"What's this!" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him: "One dozen eggs, a pound of raisins, bottle of lemon extract, can of condensed milk, dime's worth of ground cinnamon, and half a dollar's worth of sugar. What do you want of all these things, Belinda?" "I've got a dry loaf of baker's bread," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Rock-a-by Lady.

Words by Eugene Field.[1] Music by Ernest Hamlin Abbott.


Sempre p.
1. The Rock - a - by La - dy from Hush - a - by street Comes steal - - ing; comes
2. There is one lit - tle dream of a beau - ti - ful drum—"Rub-a - dub" - - - - it
3. And dol - lies peep out of those wee lit - tle dreams With laugh - - ter and
4. Would you dream all these dreams that are ti - ny and fleet? They'll come to you
Sempre p.
poco rit.
creep - ing; The pop - pies they hang from her head to her feet, And each hath a dream that is
go - eth; There is one lit - tle dream of a big su-gar-plum, And lo! thick and fast . . the
sing - ing; And boats go a float - ing on sil - very streams, And the stars peek-a-boo with their
sleep - ing; So shut the two eyes that are wea - ry, my sweet, For the Rock - a - by La - dy from
poco rit.
rit.
a tempo.
ti - ny and fleet— She bring - eth her pop - pies to you, . . my sweet, When she find - - eth you
oth - er dreams come Of pop - guns that bang, and tin tops . . . that hum, And a trum - pet that
own mist - y gleams, And up, up, and up, where the Moth-er-Moon beams, The fair - ies go
Hush - a - by street, With pop - pies that hang from her head to her feet, Comes steal - ing; comes
rit.
a tempo.
pp
sleep - ing, sleep - ing, sleep - ing; When she find - - eth you sleep - ing.
blow - eth, blow - eth, blow - eth; And a trum - pet that blow - eth.
wing - ing, wing - ing, wing - ing; The fair - - ies go wing - ing.
creep - ing, creep - ing, creep - ing; Comes steal - ing; comes creep - ing.
pp

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[1] From "Love Songs of Childhood," published and copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons.

For the Little People

A Tragedy

By Mary F. Butts

One song lost to the summer day,
Ah me! ah me!
One pair of flashing wings the less
In the apple-tree.

Four moaning babies motherless
In the home nest,
A dying bird upon the ground
With wounded breast.

Who can in such a peaceful place
The wrong have done?
A little thoughtless-hearted boy,
And just for fun!

A Quaint Home

By Katharine Farrand Reighard

The three little American children living in Freiburg, Germany, opened their eyes in astonishment one morning as they looked out of the window. This is what they saw: Far in the distance, high above the city, appeared a tiny dark object, and then another; nearer they came, growing larger and whiter, until finally, by the time they had reached the dark-red spire of the beautiful cathedral, they could be seen to be large birds with twigs in their long beaks and with their red feet streaming out behind. They alighted upon a large chimney, on the broad upper side of which was either the remnant of an old nest or the foundation of a new one. They went to work in a curious way to build up this uncomfortable-looking nest.

For three or four days the birds made repeated visits to the Black Forest, where they found the crooked twigs that they preferred for their little home. When these distorted sticks were set in order to their evident satisfaction, they then brought bits of something in their long bills that the children concluded must be the pine needles to make the nest the least bit softer than the hard branches.

Then came periods through the early spring days when one of the storks that the children picked out to be the mother stork stayed at home and sat upon the nest. And beautiful views she had from her lofty home. Overhead, the blue sky, which towards evening became a wondrous canopy of silver and gold and brilliant colors as the sun went down and the mist came up the Rhine Valley. To the west was the dim outline of the beautiful blue Alsatian Mountains, and in the east the dark mountains of the famous Black Forest, covered with the redolent pine-trees. Near by the dark-red tiles of the irregular roofs and the delicately traced spire of the cathedral made an exquisite setting for this curious little home.

Nor was this mother stork lonely, for the omnipresent English sparrows twittered and flew about with the greatest agitation and curiosity. Now and then a daintily dressed thrush and other unknown birds with sweet and curious notes would pause in their flight, startled by the strange sight.

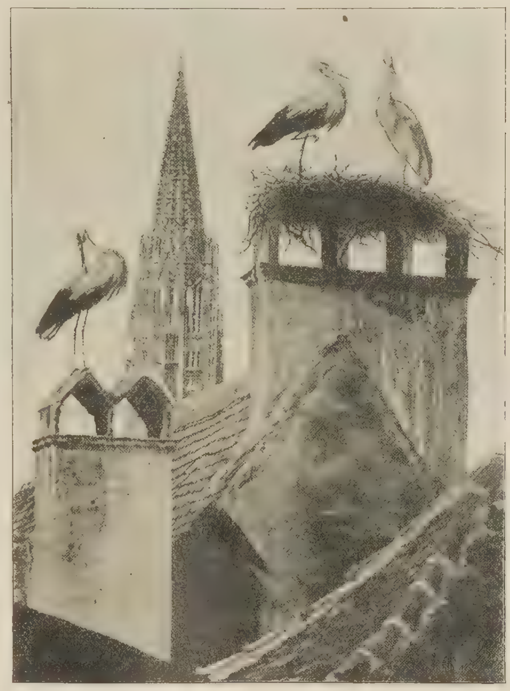
Through the period of keeping the eggs warm Papa Stork was most kind in bringing food to his patient wife, and even taking his share of the duty while Mrs. Stork took an outing in a trip to the Rhine, twelve miles away. Never were birds watched more closely by little bright American eyes.

And now one morning there was a great bustle in the neighborhood of this wonderful nest. A clattering of children's tongues and pointing of fingers to the little home on the chimney, and all eyes were turned up to the pretty sight that the photographer caught a little later with the camera. Three little heads that seemed all beaks and great bright eyes appeared above the twigs of the nest and opened their hungry mouths until their heads seemed quite lost.

From this time on both Papa and Mamma Stork were continually on the wing after food for these hungry babies. At almost any time of day when the children ran to the window to look at the nest, one of the storks could be seen flying homeward with a wriggling frog or a fish in its mouth. Once they brought a friend home with them to show him, with great pride, these baby storks, and it was at this time their picture was taken.

The little storks grew so rapidly that it was not long before they got up on their long, thin, wabbly legs and looked down at the children below.

When at last they reached that stage of growth that their parents thought they ought to try their wings, they began to fly and flop about the neighboring roofs, until their wings and legs grew strong enough to take longer trial trips. Finally, one day, Papa Stork leading, followed by the family, they took their farewell flight, and the American children shouted a last good-by to them as they winged their way up the Rhine Valley.



A QUAINT HOME

The German people are always happy when the storks build their nests on their chimneys, as they think the storks bring good luck to the people in the house, and nothing is done to disturb them during the short time that they stay. Many years ago, when the houses had roofs of thatched straw, it was a very common sight to see these nests on the roofs among the straw; but the thatched roofs are no longer allowed in the cities. In the city of Freiburg, where there are fifty thousand people, there were this spring only two of these families of storks that cared to return to their old homes.

The Man and the Wheelbarrow

By L. W. B.

I watched him with interest. He did not look stupid, but he was. He had an old wheelbarrow; every joint and piece of wood in it looked old; the wooden hub was cracked, and the iron tire about it was very rusty. On this old wheelbarrow the man had tied an enormous trunk by a rope thrown over the center of the top of the trunk and under the wheelbarrow. The trunk projected on either side, and even on the smooth sidewalk it wabbled as if it would tumble one way or the other at every revolution of the wheel. The man had to take the trunk down a steep hill. He turned the corner and started down the hill, pushing the barrow with the heavy trunk in front of him. The trunk was very heavy, and the man could not hold it back. The weight pulled him down the hill. He would stop, look at the trunk, walk around the wheelbarrow, and then pick up the handles and away would go trunk and wheelbarrow and man! Then he would drop the handles and look inquiringly at the trunk. Not once did the idea occur to him of getting between the handles like a horse between the shafts of a wagon, and holding the wheelbarrow back by putting it behind him. Some horses would have known more than that man. About half an hour later the man and the wheelbarrow came back. One support of the wheelbarrow was tied up under the front, one handle was broken, the old wheel was wabbling from side to side, and a big hole was in the bottom. The man looked perfectly discouraged.

The trouble with that man was, he had never learned to think. The best time to begin to learn to think is when we are young. The man knew how to push a wheelbarrow, but he did not know how to make it do work.

The Little Girl and the Lady

She is a dainty, lovable little girl, with hosts of friends. One of the things you discover is that, while the little girl is very young, her friends are of all ages. I think it began with her Christmas-trees. To her first Christmas-tree this little girl invited her friends, and when they came together around the tree they had to smile, for there were gray heads and beards, and people who knew what rheumatism was, and people who were just engaged, and little girls and boys who thought bicycles the greatest invention of man, and boys and girls who thought tops and dolls were the only kind of Christmas present worth having; and there was the little girl in her father's arms so busy giving the Christmas gifts to her friends that she surely thought that Christmas was a day to give presents. Doubtless the little girl continued to think that Christmas was a time to give presents, for she is five years old now, and she still sends out her Christmas invitations, and celebrates Christmas in the way she began. I need not tell you that this is a kindergarten little girl. Not long ago a friend of hers, whose heart is as young as the little girl's, went to see her. This friend asked her if she would not be delighted when the spring came and the flowers were on the trees. The little girl smiled happily, and in her soft sweet tones she said:

Flowers in the garden,
Blossoms on the trees,

and the lady with the gray hair and the very young heart wished that she had been a kindergarten little girl, and had been trained to give things their right names.

When a King was Poor

A writer to an English paper tells the following story of a royal grandmother and her little grandson:

> A little anecdote of the Queen of Denmark comes to me as illustrating the kindness and good sense for which she is so well known. It reached her Majesty's ears that one of her little grandsons had spoken slightingly of a poor officer who was much about the Court. The next day the Queen took the child for a walk in that part of Copenhagen where rank and fashion are unknown, and, pointing up to a humble-looking house, "The King lodged there once," she said, "when he hadn't as many kroners in a year as my grandchildren have now for pocket-money. He was a poor officer in the late King's service, much poorer than Colonel ——, and he always thinks of that when the people cry 'Long live the King!' It's not a bad thing for a young prince to be poor."

Notes and Queries

Last November an evangelical minister refused to join in a union Thanksgiving service made up of Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Unitarian churches. He claims that 2 John, 9–11, forbids him to unite in any thanksgiving or religious service where a Unitarian minister sits on the platform or takes part in the exercises. Will you inform your readers (1) how nineteenth-century Christians are to interpret this passage of Scripture, and (2) whether we sanction the religious beliefs of every minister who joins with us in a religious meeting, and whether by so joining we partake "of his evil deeds." N. T.

1. In their own houses they universally disregard it, and show all courtesy to those whom they ostracize in houses dedicated to God. The social principles which control private conduct should control public conduct. 2. We must distinguish religion, which is of the spirit, from theology, which is of the form. We can unite religiously where we cannot unite theologically. "Our theologies must be uncompromising," said Dr. Hedge, the Unitarian; "yet the sanctities of life are not in our separations, but in our communications." This is universally recognized in the house of mourning, where Unitarian and Trinitarian freely serve together, and the interests of pure and undefiled religion are much more harmed than helped by refusal to recognize it anywhere. Any man who is willing to pray with me in private or in public is a man whom I ought to be willing to pray with, then and there.

1. It would gratify me very much to receive a simple statement of what should be understood by the word "sub-consciousness," now frequently met with in print and heard from the pulpit. 2. I read of "The Tripartite Nature of Man," and Heard's discussion of it is, I believe, considered to be a standard work. I also find the expression, "the trinity of man," which may be thought to be derived from the Apostle Paul's "body, soul, and spirit." It is also common to refer to the four characteristics of man—physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. Which of these two statements is correct? W. C. C.

1. Those elements and processes of our psychical nature which do not emerge into the field of observation, knowledge, or reflection, are termed "subconscious." Genius has been defined as the power of drawing at will upon these sub-conscious elements. 2. Each is suitable for a purpose, and so far as the purpose is suited is correct enough. But notice that "soul" in the New Testament is a translation of the Greek *psyche*, and that in Matthew xvi., 26, the R.V. substitutes "life" for "soul" in the A. V. Psychology now inclines to unify the diverse phenomena of our being under the supreme category of "life," of which the "physical, mental, moral, spiritual" are simply diverse activities.

On Christmas Sunday I heard a prominent city pastor advance this theory to account for the visit of the Wise Men: Zoroaster was contemporary with Terah. When Terah and Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, it was well known by the school of the Magi (to which they probably both belonged) for what reason they did so. At that time there was a peculiar conjunction of the planets, which they understood would occur again at the birth of the promised Saviour. Through all the years the heavens were watched nightly for the sign, and when it was seen a delegation started at once. Has this theory any foundation except in imagination? C. H.

The only fact in the above story is that a conjunction of planets occurred about or shortly before the date of the birth of Christ.

At close of sermon in The Outlook, January 18, Lyman Abbott says: "I cannot think that Dr. Herron is right, that Christianity has one message for men of wealth and another message for men of poverty." We who have read Dr. Herron's works cannot decide what this statement means nor to what it may refer. Will you please give authority for it, naming book or article, page and line? A.

The statement is based on the two small books published by Dr. Herron, one entitled "The Message of Jesus to Men of Wealth," the other entitled "The Message of Jesus to the Poor."

Some time ago there appeared an article or a review of a book, the theme of which was that the early Church, so often cited as authority for the modern Church, was no more unified in its form of government than the Churches of this century are; that in every city it had a form of administration peculiar to that place; but that all these Churches were united in that they mutually welcomed visitors and members coming from one to the other. Can you refer me to the publication I have so loosely in mind? W. H. W

The article you refer to appeared in the "Contemporary Review" for October, 1895. It is entitled "The Unity of the Church in Apostolic Times."

Please give me the names of some books suitable for Sunday reading for a boy of eleven years who greatly enjoys "Ben-Hur." W. R.

Ingraham's "Prince of the House of David," "The Pillar of Fire," "The Throne of David;" also "Emmanuel," by the Rev. W. F. Cooley. In the current volume of "St. Nicholas" there is a good serial story of this sort, "The Sword-maker's Son."

"I prefer Cleveland's Baking Powder," said the lecturer, "because it is pure and wholesome, it takes less for the same baking, it never fails, and bread and cake keep their freshness and flavor."

Please inform me where or how I can obtain a book or information regarding the conversion of Japan to Christianity by the Jesuits in the sixteenth century. A. F. G.

"The Mikado's Empire," by Dr. W. E. Griffis, obtainable of all large booksellers.

Where can I find a short poem which is an old French peasant's lament, "I've never been to Carcassonne"? I do not know the author. M. I. G.

The poem "Carcassonne" has been translated by Mr. John R. Thompson from the French of Gustave Nadaud. It was reprinted from the "Evening Post" in this journal of the issue of February 16, 1888.

What book on evolution gives the best theory of the origin and purpose of sin? C. A. M.

"Evolution and Religion," by Henry Ward Beecher (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York).

Our reference in this column, February 8, to Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., has been misunderstood. We wish to say positively that Allegheny College offers no courses of study of any kind for non-resident students, either graduate or undergraduate.

"Jesus the Carpenter" is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, not by Longmans as stated last week.

If "E. F. W.," who asked for literature on the subject of Woman Suffrage, will send his or her address to Miss Prince, 17 Joy Street, Boston, Mass., a number of pamphlets will be sent giving a much fairer and more able presentation of the arguments of the opponents of woman suffrage than the books suggested in The Outlook's reply. The pamphlets will be supplied to those desiring any or all, on receipt of application, with postage inclosed, and addressed as above directed. They are chiefly publications of the "Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women." E. J.

"Pent in his cage
The imperial eagle sits and beats his bars,
His eye is raised to heaven,
Though many a moon has seen him pine in sad captivity—
Still he thinks to dip his daring pinions in the fount of light."

Will some one state where the above lines may be found? S.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales, and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion, and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones, and tissues come under the influence of

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

The Spectator

The Spectator received a letter the other day from a young friend who wrote, "I *hav livd* here very contentedly," etc., etc. The Spectator felt that the trail of the serpent was over that letter. Not satisfied with using this barbarous spelling in letters to his schoolmates, the Spectator's correspondent had placed these offensive symbols before the eyes of one whose age should have entitled him to respect, if not to veneration. As a rule, it is only the young who enjoy such orthographic capers. They have so much trouble with their spelling that they naturally seize with avidity on any clue that promises a way out of the spelling-book. They do not think of the misery they cause to him who has finished his lesson and put the "speller" on the shelf. He loves the familiar redundancies, the silent letters, the convolutions and contortions that make up conventional English orthography. He may admit that the reformed spelling is "scientific;" but that only confirms him in his distaste for "science." He wants flavors in his words, and "hav, liv, and giv" leave only a bad taste in his mouth. And when it comes to "filippic" and "fotograf," the bad taste becomes almost nauseating. Let English orthography be reformed, says the Spectator, but let the reform be confined to the stenographers who write by sound, or to the people who write "reched" and "marij," or to the others who write "B 4" and "Xtian," and do not let us disfigure the fair printed page with these uncouth innovations. They are bad enough in dialect stories and in that professedly humorous writing, now happily fallen into utter disrepute, of which Josh Billings was the most distinguished exemplar.

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But, says the Spectator's young friend, where do you leave the heroic figure of Noah Webster securing pledges from the apprentices in the newspaper offices never to spell "center" t-r-e? Are you prepared to praise the innovators of your youth who have given the language its present form in many particulars, while you have only blame for the reformers of our day? The Spectator replies that he has just respect for Dr. Webster, especially as in many of his "reforms" he was avowedly seeking to return to an earlier and simpler usage; but in this matter of spelling the Spectator carefully distinguishes between his "scientific" self and his every-day, ordinary, prejudiced, just-like-other-people self. In his court of reason the spelling reformers make out a good case for themselves; but when the judicial ermine is taken off and the every-day clothes are put on, the Spectator wants to see only the old, familiar words that he learned so painfully in his boyhood.

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Those were the days of the spelling-school, before the Philological Society with its list of three thousand reformed words had been thought of, and when it was the teacher's delight to find hard words to "stump" the boys with, instead of seeking to make everything so easy that the stupidest boy could get to the head of the class as easily as the smartest. How delightful was the excitement which followed the old-time teacher's announcement that we could have a spelling-school on Friday afternoon, as a reward for good conduct during the week! There were the "choosing sides," the passing back and forth of redoubtable champions when a word was missed, the "spelling down," the gradual thinning of the ranks, and finally the tragic end, when the last mighty survivor, the hero of a hundred spirited encounters, had to acknowledge himself defeated, unhorsed at last in some Homeric struggle with one of the polysyllables in the back pages of the old spelling-book that always triumphed in the end over the most valiant cavalier orthographical. Where would have been the fun of those Friday afternoons if "phthisic" had been shorn of its terrors and appeared as lamblike "tizik"? if its redoubtable mate "phthisis" had lost its useless letters? if "puisne" had been honored as "puny"? if "secrecy" and "ecstasy" had presented no difficulties? if "apophthegm" and "bdellium" had been turned into "apothem" and "delyum," and the distinctions between "indelible" and "infallible," "millenarian" and "millennial," had been easy to preserve? if even "conjurer" and "battalion" and "jailer" had been as milk for babes? The reformed spelling-school, with its scientific alphabet and its orthography reduced to system and science, can never call forth the delightful memories of its prototype where so much depended on luck and inspiration and a "last look at the book," and so little on rule and reason.

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There was always a deal of uncertainty about the outcome of those spelling-matches. If a fellow was unfortunate enough to have a "jaw-breaker" come to him first, he might easily go down; but if he got "reconnaissance" or "hemorrhage" or "psittaci" after they had been experimented with disastrously by others, his guess might well be right. The Spectator remembers that one of his rivals was very uneven in his ability to cope with words. The so-called "hard words" were easy to him, but if an "easy" one came to him he was more than likely to "go down." After making light of "desiccate" and "scirrhous" and "metempsychosis" and "caoutchouc" and "pterodactyl" and "synecdoche" and "houyhnhnms," he would fall before an attack of "despondency" or "ethereal" or "liniment," which, true to his instinct for difficult combinations, he would turn into outlandish shapes, giving point to the schoolma'am's sarcasm, "Why don't you spell it '*t-i-o-n*-shun-*b*,' John?" and to her story of the boy who spelled "salt" p-s-a-l-t. Which reminds the Spectator of the other boy who, after "spelling down" several comrades on "Psalter," was asked to define the word, and declared it meant "more salt." The Spectator remembers another schoolmate who, with good-natured recognition of his inability to recall the arbitrary juxtapositions of letters which were dealt out in the spelling-matches, would purposely misspell the first word that came to him; it might be "cancel," and he would spell it k-a-n-s-l-e, and start for his seat, where he would get out his slate and proceed to avenge himself by caricaturing his companions who were left on the line. The Spectator has noticed in later life, also, that those who can't spell usually have compensations of some sort.

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As to those flavors in words, how one does enjoy them when once he has become habituated to them! The taste may be disagreeable at first, but, like the Scotchman's haggis or the West Indian's pepper-pot, custom soon makes it loved for its defects. Take that old word "bashaw," for an instance at random. "As proud as a three-tailed bashaw." How empty of pomp and panoply would the comparison be if we said "pasha"! "A grisly phantom;" if, as advised by one of our principal dictionaries, we wrote "a grizzly phantom," would not the image suggested bear, so to speak, an entirely different aspect? And if we wrote of the "salam" of an Eastern servant, as according to the same authority we ought to, where would be the gracious deference, the earth-touching humility, of the genuine "salaam"? The Spectator once knew a very humble but scholarly eating-house keeper who advertised his simple menu under the sign "Billy's Œconomical Restaurant." The flavor of "Billy's" bowl of soup was given to it by that word "œconomical" rather than by the material ingredients thereof. Again, would "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" really have soothed if it had been spelled "sirup"? Not if the Spectator had required soothing. And does a cat ever seem really to purr when her contented susurration is described as a "pur"? Then the Feejee Islanders—can you not see the filed saw-teeth and the cannibal feasts, and hear the "Fee, fo, fi, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman," much more distinctly in that collocation of letters than in the modern Fiji?—though now that cannibalism is abolished perhaps "Fiji" is more charitable. How much more tropical, fairyland-like, spicy, and altogether sweetly mysterious was the old Kingdom of Candy than the modern stiff, strait-laced, commonplace, and basely alliterative "Kingdom of Kandy"! And, to round out the Spectator's list, what a glamour—not "glamer"—there is about the name "Gaiety Theatre of London," and how empty of fascination it becomes when it is changed into "Gayety Theater"! The Spectator repeats, there are flavors—he is tempted to write flavours—in orthography, and he entreats the reformers to spare his favorites yet a little while!

An amusing story is told of the late Principal Pirie, of Aberdeen, Scotland. Just after "at home" cards became fashionable, one of the driest specimens of the old professional régime was surprised to receive a missive which read as follows: "Principal and Mrs. Pirie present their compliments to Professor T., and hope he is well. Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be 'at home' on Thursday evening at eight o'clock." This was something which evidently required an answer, but the recipient of it was quite equal to the occasion. He wrote: "Professor T. returns the compliments of Principal and Mrs. Pirie, and informs them that he is very well. Professor T. is glad to hear that Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be at home on Thursday evening at eight o'clock. Professor T. will also be at home."—*New York Tribune.*

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THE CRITIC CO., NEW YORK
The Critic. July–December, 1895.
GINN & CO., BOSTON
Anderegg, Frederick, and Edward D. Roe, Jr. Trigonometry for Schools and Colleges.
HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Harper's Monthly Magazine. Vols. XC. and XCI. January, 1895, to January, 1896.
Harper's Weekly for 1895. Vol. XXXIX.
Harper's Bazar for 1895. Vol. XXVIII.
Moncreiff, Hon. Frederick. The X Jewel.
Davis, Rebecca Harding. Doctor Warrick's Daughters.
Hardy, Thomas. The Trumpet-Major.
Ridge, W. Pett. A Clever Wife.
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The next meeting under the direction of the teachers of the private schools and the mothers of the pupils will be held at Columbia College, on February 28, at 8:30 P.M. The speaker will be Mrs. C. A. Runkle; the subject, "The Ethics of the Relation between Parent and Teacher." The public are invited.

The New England Conservatory of Music in Boston has decided to replace the organ in its concert-hall with one of larger size. The present instrument is an excellent one for church purposes, having three manuals and thirty stops. It will be sold at a very reasonable price, and is in good repair.

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Aid for Armenia

Miss Clara Barton and her associates have arrived in Constantinople, and will at once look into the possibilities of applying relief funds for the aid of the Armenian sufferers in the most practical and efficient way. That the work done by the Red Cross representatives will be of the utmost value the past history of the Society makes certain. Reports from the devastated villages continue to show that the wretched condition of the pillaged villagers has not been exaggerated. There is need of instant aid, and there are more opportunities for the use of funds than can possibly be supplied. We urge our readers to continue and increase the relief they have already so generously extended.

In reply to inquiries concerning the possibilities of sending clothing to the sufferers, we quote the circular of the National Armenian Relief Fund, which is working in co-operation with the Red Cross Society: "The only supplies which can be wisely used are grain and coarse cotton and woolen goods in the piece; but no such contributions should be forwarded without previous communication with the Committee. The refugees themselves can be utilized in making up their own clothing if the material is furnished, and so modest are their wants that they can subsist on a pound and a half of bread, at a cost of two cents a day, for each person." The headquarters of this Committee are at 45 William Street, New York City.

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It is announced that Chicago is to have a new Home for the Friendless, Mrs. Hiram Kelly giving the site, and Messrs. S. B. Cobb, Thomas Murdoch, and A. C. Bartlett sharing equally the cost of the building.

Dr. Snow, to whom Great Britain owes its immunity from cholera for the last twenty-five years, is almost forgotten in that country, according to the New York "Medical Record." In commenting on this fact, Sir Richard Quain recently said: "Dr. Snow made us masters of the deadly plague of cholera. He thereby saved millions of lives. The sole reward which England has conferred upon him is midnight obscurity. If he had been a soldier instead of a doctor, if he had slain his thousands instead of saving his millions, every town would have hailed him as a hero, and the nation would have honored his memory with monuments more enduring than brass."

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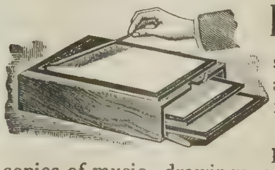

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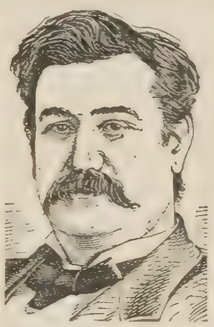

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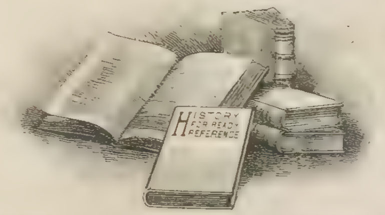

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Hon. JOHN SHERMAN, United States Senator from Ohio, and ex-Secretary of the Treasury: Your first illustrated number of The Outlook is certainly very handsome and interesting.

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Hon. GEO. F. HOAR, United States Senator from Massachusetts: I have examined with great pleasure the copy of The Outlook for December 21, 1895. If it is kept up to that standard it will be one of the best family papers in the world.

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The Business World

Exports and Imports of Gold Last week no gold was exported to Europe from this country, but nearly $1,500,000 was received. About $750,000 more than this, arriving on Saturday, was not included in the Custom-House report for the week. Since January 1 we have exported $12,436,000 in gold, and imported $12,502,000.

Call and Time Money Last week's market for call money was not materially different from that of the previous week. The rate was generally 3 per cent. Time money has become easier, but in Boston there was a period of "tight money." For 30 to 60 days quotations are 5 to 5½ per cent., and for longer dates 6 per cent.

Finances Abroad The Bank of England minimum rate of discount remains unchanged at 2 per cent., but the Bank of Germany has reduced its discount rate from 4 to 3 per cent. The Bank of England last week attempted to check the gold movement to this country by advancing its selling price of gold bars to 78 shillings an ounce.

Gross Railway Earnings Advancing Last month's report of gross railway earnings is the most gratifying of any issued in a long time. The percentage of gain is greater than in any previous month but one for three years. Over January, 1895, the gain is about 11 per cent. The most striking gains have been in the West and Southwest.

Iron Production Declining On the first of the present month there were only 215 iron furnaces in blast, as compared with 242 on December 1, and 239 on November 1. The capacity of the furnaces at work has now sunk to 198,600 tons a week, as against 217,300 tons on November 1—when the total was at its maximum. The decline would be more significant if it were not made from the largest output ever reached in this country.

Manufacturers vs. Agriculturists On Monday of last week, at the dinner of the National Association of Manufacturers, a notable speech was made by Mr. Warner Miller, who said that probably nine people out of ten are under the impression that the extent and value of the agricultural products of the United States far exceed the manufactured products. Instead of this being true, the total value of manufactured products in 1890 was $9,370,107,624, whereas the total value of all agricultural products for that year was $3,800,000,000.

Exports for Seven Months Last week, through the report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, it was announced that the total value of the exports of merchandise from the United States during the month of January, and during the seven months ending with January 31, 1896, as compared with similar exports during the corresponding period a year ago, were as follows: January, 1895, $81,000,000; January, 1896, $87,000,000; seven months ending January 31, 1895, $510,000,000; seven months ending January 31, 1896, $523,000,000.

Proposed Ship Canal On Thursday of last week the Committee on Railways and Canals of the National House of Representatives made a favorable report on the bill of Mr. Chickering, of New York, ordering the Secretary of War to cause accurate surveys of examinations and final estimates of cost of construction to be made of a ship canal by the most practical route, wholly within the territory of the United States, from the Great Lakes to the navigable waters of the Hudson River. The canal is to be of sufficient capacity to transport the tonnage of the lakes to the sea. The report authorizes an appropriation of $50,000, sufficient to enable the survey to be made.

Surplus Reserve of the New York City Banks Last Saturday the New York City banks' surplus reserve fell to $36,818,875. This table will be interesting to those who remember the circumstances which induced the following results. The figures are given in millions only, showing the reserve at this time for a series of years:

1896	$36,000,000	1891	$18,000,000
1895	33,000,000	1890	7,000,000
1894	74,000,000	1889	17,000,000
1893	13,000,000	1888	17,000,000
1892	33,000,000	1887	15,000,000

Stocks and Bonds Last week's stock market was a decidedly professional one, but the transactions were large; the volume of business, with only five working days, exceeded that of the previous week. The circumstances above the surface which have had influence in advancing or lowering prices were the result of the new Government loan on the gold reserve in the United States Treasury, and the improvement in the international situation, largely due to the pacific character of the Queen's Speech. Stocks with an international character have been very active, but the general list is about the same as a week ago. On the contrary, the bond list—where professionalism has no such sway—shows many noteworthy advances with but few declines. An improvement in bonds coincidently with no particular advance in stocks is significant of a genuine investment movement.

Some Competitors for Government Bonds One difficulty with last week's trading in the new Government bonds was due to a few successful competitors who had not the means to take up their subscriptions, and who were therefore compelled to sell their rights. All this might have been avoided if the Government had declared that a certified check must be received by it as a guarantee of good faith. What a municipality asks may surely be demanded by our National Government. The bonds are now lower than a week ago. The following table gives quotations:

	February 8.	February 15.
U. S. 4s, reg., 1907	109 @110	108½@109
4s, coupon, 1907	109 @111	109 @111
4s, reg., 1925	116 @117½	115¾@115⅞
4s, coupon, 1925	116½@117⅞	115⅞@116⅜
5s, reg., 1904	113 @114	112 @112¾
5s, coupon, 1904	113 @114	112 @112¾

In consequence of the new issue the gold reserve in the United States Treasury has advanced from $44,500,000 on February 7 to $102,500,000 on February 17.

Stock Variations Below we print a list of representative dividend-paying railway stocks, showing their quotations on Saturday of last week and those of a year ago. As stated elsewhere, the present stock-list averages about the same as that of a week ago.

	Feb. 15, 1895.	Feb. 15, 1896.
Boston and Albany	208	213½
Boston and Lowell	199	205
Boston and Maine	165½	168
Canada Southern	48	50½
Central of New Jersey	85	106
Chicago and Alton	145	157
Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy	70	80
Chicago and East Illinois (Preferred)	90	98
Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul	54½	76½
" " " (Preferred)	116	129
Chicago and Northwestern	90	104
" " " (Preferred)	136	145½
Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific	61½	72
Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha (Preferred)	109	123
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis (Preferred)	89	90
Delaware and Hudson	127½	127½
Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western	159	163
Denver and Rio Grande (Preferred)	34½	47
Great Northern (Preferred)	101½	111½
Illinois Central	86	96
Lake Erie and Western (Preferred)	69½	74
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern	136½	145
Long Island	85	83½
Maine Central	125	136
Manhattan Elevated	107	105
Michigan Central	95	97
Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis	65	75
New York Central	99	97½
New York, New Haven, and Hartford	196½	185
Pennsylvania	50½	53½
St. Paul and Duluth (Preferred)	90	91½
St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba	106½	111

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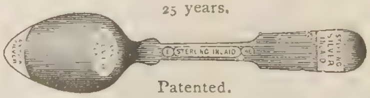

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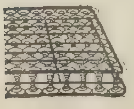

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Bits of Fun

There are some men who act according to their lights, but there are more who act according to their livers.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Hostess—Oh, yes! Her people were as poor as church mice; but since her marriage to wealthy John Gotmore she has it easy. The Visitor—Easy? I should say so! Why, she hasn't a single thing to do all day but sit and worry.—*Puck.*

The verger of St. Mary's, Oxford, on being congratulated by his rector for his constant attendance to duty, said, "I have heard every sermon that has been preached from this pulpit for fifty years; and, thank God, I am a Christian still."—*Exchange.*

Bridget—The new neighbors next door wants to cut their grass, and they say as would ye be so kind as to lend them your sickle. Puritanical Mistress—Lend my sickle to cut grass on the Sabbath? Tell them, Bridget, that we haven't any.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader. The editor of the country weekly seized his pen. "Tell me all about it," he said. "What we want is the news. What stirred it up?" "Plowing," said the farmer.—*London Tit-Bits.*

There was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question, "Here, at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?" Her eyes brightened as she answered, "My victuals."—*Household News.*

The Need of the Age.—"The need of the age," said the Rev. Mr. Wilgus, as he leaned back in his chair and placed the tips of his fingers together, "is a more practical Christianity." "Which reminds me," said the captious man, "that your church hasn't cleaned the snow off its sidewalk yet."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

One day while Millais was engaged in painting his famous picture, "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, near Perth, a voice came from over the hedge: "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a hantle quicker," said the voice. "Ye-es, I suppose so." Another pause. The final thrust was: "An' it's mair liker the place."—*London Tit-Bits.*

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It stimulates the stomach, nourishes the nerves, builds the brain tissue. A wonderful tonic. Makes a delightful beverage.

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Druggists sell it, to cost not over 25 and 50 cents (two sizes).

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THOSE answering advertisements appearing in The Outlook will confer a favor upon the advertiser as well as the publisher by mentioning this publication.

A Cloud of Witnesses.

Most people are skeptical about the cure of Asthma, Catarrh, **Bronchitis** and similar diseases, and this advertisement is intended for any "doubting Thomas" who is a reasonable person. Are *you* open to conviction? We *know* from thousands of letters (hundreds from readers of this paper, in which we have advertised for months) that **Hyomei,** the new and wonderful Australian **"Dry=Air"** treatment, comprised in

Booth's Pocket Inhaler Outfit, by mail, $1.00

relieves 99 out of every 100 people who try it, and **cures** 99 out of every 100 who use it conscientiously and according to directions. Here are the endorsements of living men and women *whom you* **must** *believe*—you can't help yourself.

Bronchitis.

Hon. FRANCIS H. WILSON, Member of Congress from Brooklyn, writes:

Temple Court, New York City,
November 26, 1894.

My Dear Mr. Wyckoff: On your suggestion, I procured from your friend, Mr. Booth, one of his Pocket Inhalers. It has worked like a charm. The Bronchitis has *entirely disappeared*, and, thanks to you, is the first thing I have found in ten years that has given permanent relief. There is certainly a great field for a remedy having such merit.

Cordially yours, F. H. Wilson.

[The above is to the late W. O. Wyckoff, Esq., President Remington Typewriter Co.]

Colds.

Boston, Mass., July 30, 1895.

In my family of three we have used the Hyomei, and have been perfectly satisfied with the result. None of us have had a cold since we have had it. I believe it is a great preventitive as well as a cure.

Rev. Stanley Searing,
10 Carter Street.

Loss of Voice.

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 1, 1895.

Booth's Pocket Inhaler works like a charm. The first inhalation gave relief. It *is a blessing to humanity, and I am sorry it is not better known.* I add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

Sincerely yours,
Rev. J. M. Farrar, D.D.

Asthma.

Deer Park Parsonage,
Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, 1895.

The Pocket Inhaler came Friday morning. Mrs. Honey had been suffering severely for three weeks daily with Asthma. As soon as the Inhaler came, she began using it, and after a few inhalations, the Asthma ceased, and now, Tuesday, it has not returned. She has had this trouble since she was seven years old, and is now forty. We have spent hundreds of dollars in search of relief, purchasing everything we saw advertised.

Rev. George H. Honey.

Catarrhal Deafness.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 6, 1895.

Having been personally relieved from Catarrh through the use of an Inhaler charged with Hyomei, I take pleasure in recommending it most highly. Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, of Warner's Safe Cure fame, according to his own statement, made in the presence of a friend of mine, Dr. Frank E. Howe, Barrett House, Broadway, New York, has been cured of Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness of several years' standing through the use of Hyomei.

E. G. Wyckoff, No. 209 Genesee Street.

Chronic Cough.

Manchester, Mass., March 26, 1895.

Inclosed find $1.00 for Pocket Inhaler outfit. The one I bought of you for my mother did her a world of good. She writes me that her cough is completely cured. Success to you.

Abbie J. Gannet.

Catarrh.

Boston, Mass., April 20, 1894.
(Care Jordan, Marsh & Co.)

I had Catarrh for twenty years, and the last ten years (passed in this great establishment) I suffered fearfully. It extended to my throat; the base of my tongue was badly affected. I could not sleep with my mouth closed. I began using Hyomei in December, and in two weeks I was entirely—and now, after four months and no return of the disease, I can say, *permanently*—cured. I am going to ask the head of this firm, Mr. Eben D. Jordan, to indorse this statement. Elvira E. B. Gibson.

Indorsed, EBEN D. JORDAN.

Consumption.

Buffalo, N. Y., August 21, 1895.

In thirty years' experience in the practice of medicine, I have never given my name in support of a proprietary remedy; for I have never seen one that performed all and more than was claimed for it, until I met with Hyomei, which I indorse with all my heart (professional ethics to the contrary notwithstanding), for I believe it a duty I owe to humanity. Since testing Hyomei in Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, and last, but far from being least, Galloping Consumption, in an advanced stage, which by the use of the Exhaler one hour a day, and the Pocket Inhaler ten minutes every hour, with no other medicine, in four weeks, was transformed into an assured recovery: I believe in it for itself for what it has done, and I gladly add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

S. H. Morris, . .D., 159 Franklin St.

P. S.—You are at liberty to use this as you may deem best.

Hyomei is a purely vegetable antiseptic, and destroys the germs and microbes which cause diseases of the respiratory organs.

The air, thoroughly charged **with Hyomei,** is inhaled through the Pocket Inhaler at the mouth, and, after permeating the minutest air cells, is slowly exhaled through the nose. It is aromatic, delightful to inhale, and gives immediate relief. It stops all spasmodic coughing instantly, clears the voice, expands the lungs, and increases the breathing capacity.

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THE OUTLOOK CO. - NEW YORK

Great Britain, the United States, and Venezuela

Translation of a letter from M. J. BERNAY, *Professor of International Law at the University of Lausanne, and Secretary of the Institute of International Law.*

After a preliminary consideration of the questions upon which you desire to receive a juridical opinion, and which have reference to the legitimacy of the intervention of the United States in the dispute between England and Venezuela, I have the honor to communicate to you my mode of looking at this problem of international law; reserving to myself the right of modifying my opinion after obtaining fuller information.

1. It appears evident to me that the United States cannot justify their intervention in a dispute as to the frontier of two adjoining States by the so-called "Monroe Doctrine," inasmuch as the declaration of President Monroe had reference to questions of quite a different nature—that is to say, to the intervention of European States made for the purpose of reducing under dependence upon them certain colonies which had emancipated themselves and had become independent States recognized by the United States. Now, England does not in any way claim to interfere with the independence of Venezuela, or to exercise any control over its administration.

2. Moreover, the Monroe Doctrine and its development, with the object of excluding European States from the exercise of any influence on the American continent, forms no part of international law. The Monroe Doctrine and the extension which it has received have never been recognized by States generally as a principle of public international law. It is a rule of political conduct of the United States Government which is legitimate only in so far as it is not in contradiction with the rules of international law.

3. It is not admissible to regard (as Mr. Olney's note does) the refusal of England to agree to submit to arbitration the whole of the territory claimed by Venezuela as tantamount to an invasion or conquest of Venezuela territory by England. No one can be compelled to consent to an arbitration, and England's refusal does not prove that the claims of Venezuela have a legal foundation.

4. Generally speaking, the claims contained in Mr. Olney's note appear from every point of view to be ill founded; and they are not presented in a correct form—that is to say, are not in accordance with the rules of international courtesy such as should mark the relations of two States which are at peace with each other.

5. On the other hand, the purport of this note, *i. e.*, the request that England should state whether she will consent to submit to arbitration her whole dispute with Venezuela, and the notice that, in the opinion of the President of the United States, a refusal on the part of England would tend to disturb the future relations of the two countries, cannot be regarded as an act which constitutes an intervention or an ultimatum in violation of law.

This proceeding, which is so ill-conceived from some points of view, and reprehensible from the point of view of international courtesy, does not tend to compel England to resort to arbitration. It is simply a notification to England that the United States would regard her refusal as an injury done to her interests, and would take measures to protect them. It does not constitute precisely a menace of war, but, at the most, is a menace of breaking off diplomatic relations—an action which any State may resort to, without violation of international law, whenever it considers, rightly or wrongly, that another State has injured its interests.

6. Moreover, the message of President Cleveland does not conform in its terms to the usages of international courtesy. Yet it does not constitute a manifest infraction of international law.

7. To nominate a Commission charged with the study of the grounds upon which Venezuela and England base their respective claims, and with the duty of making a report to the United States Government, is certainly an unusual proceeding. Nevertheless, this does not appear to constitute an infraction of international law. Any Government may, without going beyond its rights, seek for information respecting the respective rights and claims of other States, whenever it considers that the dispute is one in which its own interests are involved. It is certain, however, that this American Commission cannot exercise any authority, and that its opinion can have no decisive value.

8. Any effective intervention hereafter on the part of the United States, with the view of supporting the rights of Venezuela—if they consider that these latter are injured by England—as a consequence of the Report, cannot be legitimately based on the Monroe Doctrine. In principle, a State has no right to intervene effectively in a dispute between two other States. Nevertheless, there are some exceptions to this rule. Notably, when the conflict is the result of a violation of the essential precepts of international law (respect of territory) committed by a State (which is powerful) to the injury of another State (which is weaker), a third State is, I consider, justified in intervening when it thinks its interests are injured by this violation of public law.

In order that this intervention, however, may be legitimate, the violation of international law by one State to the detriment of another must be manifest.

When does such a case arise? It is impossible to decide this by general rules. It is a question for decision in any given case—one which cannot be pronounced until after the dispute has been investigated.

In the particular case before us it appears to me to be very difficult to admit that in this dispute about frontiers on which the United States ground their intervention, there is a manifest violation of Venezuela territory by England. The greater part of the country to which Venezuela lays claim has been occupied for many years by British subjects.

The rights upon which Venezuela mainly grounds her claim had their origin at a period anterior to the conquest of Guiana by Holland, a conquest recognized later on by Spain—from which England appears to derive her rights.

Lastly, England consents to cede by arrangement some part of the territories which are unoccupied, and which she claims as hers.

Under such circumstances it appears impossible to affirm, or even to discover, any manifest violation, open and direct, of Venezuela territory—the only hypothesis which would justify, in some degree, if it actually occurred, an effective intervention on the part of the United States.

Such are the main points which I think should form the subject of investigation for the purpose of a juridical report on the difference between England and the United States.

I am afraid that this mode of considering the subject may not meet the objects which the International Arbitration and Peace Association has in view; or may not contain a precise reply to the questions respecting which they desire a juridical opinion. Should such be the case, I should be greatly obliged by your frankly telling me so. If, on the other hand, you consider that a report drawn up from the point of view which I have had the honor to indicate ould be useful, I am at your service.

J. BERNAY, Professor.

To Hodgson Pratt, Chairman of the International Arbitration and Peace Association.

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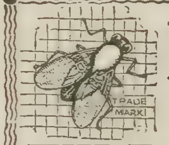

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JANUARY 1, 1896

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Loans on Collateral,		5,600.00
Cost Value of Real Estate owned by the Company,		858,950.29
City and Municipal and Railroad Bonds and Stocks,		2,185,435.63
Bank Stocks,		178,981.00
Cash in Office,		269.58
Cash Deposited in Banks,		202,997.30
Add :		**$10,116,436.81**
Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over cost,	$41,205.31	
Interest accrued and due,	146,502.32	
Net Deferred and Outstanding Premiums,	151,393.68	$339,101.31
Gross Assets January 1, 1896,		**$10,455,538.12**

LIABILITIES :

Reserve on Policies in force at 4 per cent. interest (Conn. and N. Y. Standard),	$9,487,291.00	
Claims by death outstanding,	54,430.00	
Premiums paid in advance,	7,710.00	
Special Policy and Investment Reserves,	327,550.00	$9,876,981.00
Surplus at 4 per cent.,		**$578,557.12**

	1893	1894	1895
Policies issued,	4,769	5,428	6,203
Insurance written,	$8,835,062	$9,960,858	$11,237,658
New Premiums received,	225,960	290,939	307,719
Total Premiums received,	1,027,092	1,198,561	1,330,804
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Insurance in force,	33,681,523	36,381,049	40,460,331

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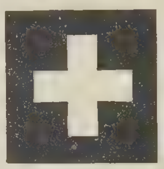

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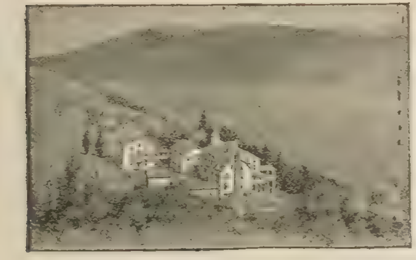

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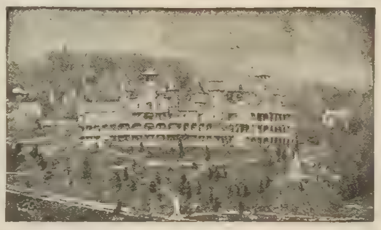

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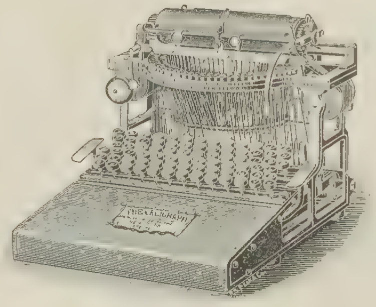

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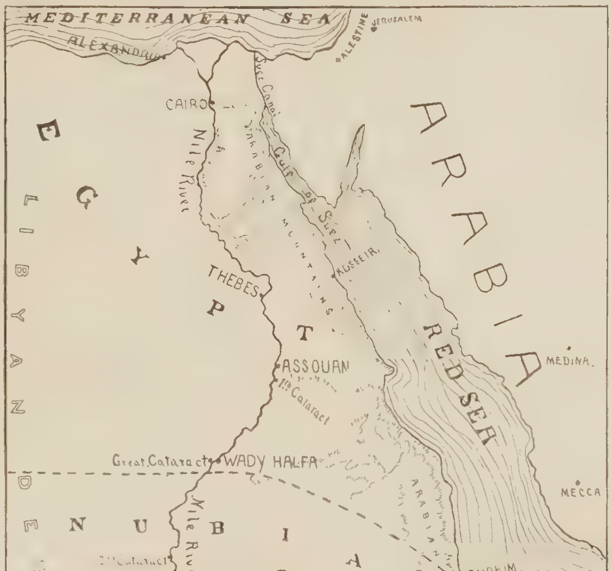
The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 28 March, 1896 Number 13

THE determination of the English Government to send an army to Upper Egypt was the occasion of a flurry in diplomatic circles. The Egyptian fund has a surplus of £2,500,000. The English Ministry proposed to draw upon this surplus for £500,000, on the ground that the expedition against the dervishes will protect, as it unquestionably will, Egypt from invasion, and, therefore, the holders of Egyptian bonds from depression and loss. To this all the Governments interested have acceded except Russia, which remains passive, and France, which has refused its consent. It is not easy to gather from the conflicting dispatches precisely what action France took, but a remonstrance in some form appears to have been forwarded to the English Government. The French, who are desirous that England shall evacuate Egypt, are naturally unwilling that she should take any step which should either prolong her stay or give it the appearance of greater permanency. As unanimous consent of all the Powers interested would have been necessary for a direct gift of £500,000, the English Government will not receive that aid from the reserve fund, but a majority is sufficient to authorize the temporary use of this amount, and the English will probably borrow from the fund to this extent. The bankers in all the capitals are naturally with the English Ministry in this matter. They are looking rather to the money market than to the political side of the question. The suspicion prevails in some quarters that the Ministry has not revealed its entire purpose, and that it has ulterior designs which will be developed only by events in the Soudan itself. Meanwhile, there is no doubt that the proposed expedition, by creating a diversion by supporting Italy and thus indirectly the Triple Alliance, has much relieved the tension between Germany and England, has awakened Italian enthusiasm, and has given a new direction to diplomatic interest in Europe.



Egypt and the Soudan

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Whether the object of the Anglo-Egyptian advance be to create a diversion in favor of the Italians at Kassala, to meet a threatened incursion northwest of the Mahdists, or to begin a new attempt to occupy the Soudan, is not quite certain. Probably the two first-mentioned objects are both in mind. The report of this week that Kassala had been abandoned by the Italian forces has been promptly contradicted and was improbable on its face. Kassala is well situated for defense, and will not be given up without a struggle. It is near the borders of Abyssinia, and before the rise of the Mahdists was an important commercial center. Within the last ten years it has dwindled in population from 15,000 to 3,000. England has strong reasons for aiding Italy to maintain this post, which threatens the flank of the Soudanese should they move toward Egypt. There is good reason to suppose that such a movement has been apprehended for at least a year, and that preparations have long been under way to meet it. Large bodies of Mahdists are known to be concentrated about Dongola, and last week a report was published that a holy war against Egypt had been proclaimed, and that the dervishes were using every device of fanaticism to urge their followers to enter into an aggressive campaign. The English officials speak of the proposed advance as being directed only to a town in the direction of Dongola, but there is little doubt that Dongola itself is the ultimate object, and if that place is occupied operations may be begun against Berber. The advance will be up the Nile. Of the army of 15,000 men only one-eighth will be British soldiers, and although much is expected of the improved *morale* of the Egyptian troops under their long British drill, pessimists point to the failure of General Wolseley's attempt to relieve Gordon with a larger force as evidence that the present army is not adequate to defeat the fierce Soudanese. It is probable that a force from India will be landed at Suakim to co-operate with General Kitchener's command. The expedition will move from Wady Halfa in midsummer. New Dongola is some 250 miles up the Nile from Wady Halfa, now the Egyptian outpost, and Old Dongola is some seventy miles further upstream on the opposite or eastern bank. General Wolseley's advance in 1884 was by this same route—Wady Halfa, Old Dongola, New Dongola, and thence to Korti, from which place he sent out his forces toward Khartoum with only the most disastrous and futile results. The denials of the British authorities that a new attempt to gain Khartoum is now planned are supported by the fact that the expedition is in strength quite inadequate for that purpose. To gain and hold Dongola and to there make a stand against the Mahdist forces would in itself be a sufficient object. Dongola is the center of a fertile district, and has long been a center of supplies for the followers of the dervishes.

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Austria, which for four years has been borrowing gold in order to resume specie payments in that metal, last week betrayed the first sign of hesitancy in pushing forward its costly experiment. The Reichsrath on Monday adopted a resolution to the effect that the Government lend active support to efforts which may be initiated by other governments with the object of fixing the value of gold and silver by international agreement. The day following, the English House of Commons discussed the same question, but here the outcome was distinctly disappointing to bimetallists. The resolution adopted by the House merely expressed the opinion that the instability of the relative value of gold and silver since 1873 had proven injurious to the best interests of the country, and urged the Government to do everything possible to secure by international agreement a stable monetary power of exchange between gold and silver. The point touched upon in this "bimetallist" resolution was the most trivial one in the entire discussion. Fixity of value for silver affects only a few dealers in exports and imports. The great economic and moral evil coming from the demonetization of silver—the gradual doubling in the value of money—was not referred to. This fault of omission, however, was not the real disappointment contained in the action of the House. This was found in the declaration of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the Government was "willing to enter into negotiations with the Powers for a conference, but on the understanding that it was not prepared to abandon the gold standard in the United Kingdom." "Some of his colleagues," the cablegram reports him as saying, "were pronounced bimetallists, but all agreed in thinking that they would not be justified in departing from a gold standard in the United Kingdom. There was no doubt, if the Powers could agree regarding the use of silver, that the Indian Government would reconsider the question of reopening its mints." The administration would, however, go no further. "All the leading English monetary experts held that the wealth of the country had been built up on a gold standard, and that its permanence and prosperity were dependent on the existing system. In view of that opinion, no responsible government would propose to change the present conditions."

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If the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been accurately reported, his speech must have been a profound disappointment to the manufacturers in the North of England who left the Liberal party because its financial policy was controlled by the classes which have been enriched by the fall in prices, instead of by the business men and farmers who have been injured and sometimes bankrupted by these changes. The declaration that "all the monetary experts" hold that the wealth of the country has been built on a gold standard seems equivalent to a declaration that the most disinterested students of the question are not to be classed as "experts." Nearly every professor of political economy in the United Kingdom, as we have before shown, favors bimetallism. The only respect in which these men would admit that the gold standard is at all essential to the prosperity of England consists in the fact that a small class of Englishmen have immense sums invested in foreign bonds and mortgages. The total amount of these investments is approximately six billion dollars. Through the fall in prices during the last five or six years these six billions will now purchase as much property as would seven billions before the recent change in the value of gold. In this way foreign property worth as much as all the real estate in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida has been added to the wealth of Englishmen. It is perhaps too much to expect that the English nation will join in changing a system which transfers the property of foreign borrowers to some of her own citizens, even though the great mass of her citizens—manufacturers, merchants, and workmen—have suffered as much as foreign nations from the increased weight of public and private indebtedness. Nevertheless it has been so confidently predicted by trustworthy men that the administration to which Mr. Balfour belongs would support an international agreement restoring silver to the currency of the world that disappointment among bimetallists is naturally the result of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's declaration last week.

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The movement for a permanent tribunal for the settlement of all questions between England and America is evidently gaining strength on both sides of the Atlantic. At the recent demonstration in Queen's Hall, London, in favor of this principle, a memorial was adopted from which we quote the following paragraph:

> "Without expressing any opinion upon pending controversies, we would earnestly press the advisability of promptly concluding some treaty arrangement by which all disputes between Great Britain and the United States could be referred for adjudication to some permanent tribunal representing both nations and uniting them in the common interest of justice and peace."

In acknowledging the receipt of this memorial, Lord Salisbury declares that "proposals in the direction indicated by the memorial are now before the Government of the United States." It would, therefore, appear that the responsibility for accelerating or delaying this movement now rests primarily upon the people of the United States. It is fortunate, therefore, that a call has been issued for a National conference to be attended by delegates appointed from different parts of the country, to be held in the city of Washington on Wednesday and Thursday, April 22 and 23, to consider this subject, and to urge the establishment between these two countries of a permanent system of arbitration. Since there is a good deal of ignorance and some deliberate misrepresentation, it is proper to reaffirm that the question raised is not at all what either England or this country ought to do representing the Venezuelan problem; nor whether the two countries should from time to time arbitrate difficulties which may arise between them. The proposition is the establishment of a permanent tribunal to which, as a matter of course, all issues arising between the two countries, or possibly all issues with certain well-defined exceptions, should be referred for settlement, exactly as questions arising between the States in this Union are referred to the Supreme Court. It is proposed at first to make this tribunal simply an Anglo-American one, but the promoters of this movement hope that the time will come when other nations will enter into such fraternal relations with England and America that the tribunal will grow to be one of Christendom. The present time is seized to press this movement upon the people and upon the Government because recent events have forced upon the attention of both the perils which come from even rumors of war. Correspondence may be addressed to the Hon. C. P. Daly, care American Geographical Society, 11 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York City.

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The Cuban insurrection is illustrating theoretically and practically not a few important principles of international law. When, for instance, one read last week that the vessel Bermuda sailed from New York with a cargo of arms intended for the insurgents, and that the United States authorities offered no opposition, and when it was also remembered that a week ago or more this same ship was seized by the United States for attempting to carry arms and men to the aid of the Cubans, there was an evident necessity of finding a principle to account for the two apparently inconsistent acts. The principle is really simple. It is perfectly lawful in times of peace to send or carry arms or ammunition anywhere, and it is likewise lawful for unarmed men to embark for any country. What is unlawful is to fit out or convey a military expedition aimed against a country with which the United States is at peace. This principle was settled some years ago in the case of the Itata, when an opinion of the United States Attorney-General was given that "no law or regulation forbids any person or government from purchasing arms from the citizens of the United States and shipping them at the risk of the purchaser." In the case of the Horsa, whose officers have just been convicted in Philadelphia, the charge was that a military expedition was being conveyed to Spain. The debate on the Cuban question has continued in the Senate in a desultory way; on Monday of this week Senator Sherman moved to send the whole subject back again to a conference committee of the two Houses, and that action was taken. The supposed object is to eliminate the third of the original House resolutions which were agreed upon by the former conference—namely, the resolution threatening intervention.

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The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections—Senators Chandler and Gray alone dissenting—has reported favorably on the proposed Constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people. The Committee naturally defends the present representative character of the Senate, but recognizes and urges that the growing disposition to deny the body this character would be greatly lessened if the Senators were elected by the voters instead of the legislators. The Committee realizes that it is an anomaly for Senators still to be chosen by the legislators when all the Governors and the President are now chosen by the people; and it believes that conformity with the democratic principle will not only be far more satisfactory to the voters, but add to the authority of the Senate. It does not review the legislative scandals that have been the outcome of the purchase of Senatorships, nor does it intimate that the prestige of legislatures has suffered since the adoption of the Constitution, but it shows clearly how much the business of electing Senators interferes with the regular work of legislative assemblies. In this connection it refers to the recent protracted contests in Delaware, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Kentucky. It also calls attention to the difficulties occasioned in the selection of State legislators through the frequent necessity of dismissing every consideration except that of how the candidate will vote on the question of the Senatorship. "The candidate's qualifications for the business of general legislation, or the views he entertains with reference to the great material interests of the State, are lost sight of." To our minds, this last reason for the proposed change is perhaps the most important of all.

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We have already expressed the opinion that Mr. Bayard committed a serious mistake in attacking before an English audience the policy of protection, believed in and defended by a large portion of the American people. The Ambassador of a country is the representative of the country, not of the party which happens to be in power, and it is a diplomatic blunder for him to criticise before a foreign audience the policy of the party to which he does not belong. But, for a similar reason, it was inexpedient and undiplomatic for the House of Representatives to pass a resolution censuring him for his utterance. In its dealings with other nationalities America should be one. Within its own boundaries criticism may be freely indulged in, so long as it is just and not venomous. It is, for example, perfectly legitimate for the press to criticise the President's Venezuelan message and the action of Congress thereon: but it would be quite a different matter for any American, and still more for one acting in a representative capacity, to criticise that action in a speech to an English audience; and it is for the same reason malapropos for the country to issue a public criticism upon the action of its Ambassador abroad—a criticism which, though not in form, is in effect addressed to, or at least uttered in the hearing of, that country. If we may be allowed a familiar illustration borrowed from the household, no lady will criticise her servants before her guests. If Congressmen thought, as we think, that the utterance of Mr. Bayard was malapropos, their proper course would have been to urge their views privately upon the Secretary of State, and urge him quietly to counsel the Ambassador to refrain from such utterances in the future. Our domestic differences ought not to be projected into the horizon of other nationalities.

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On April 21 Louisiana will hold its quadrennial State election, and the campaign now going on is a most exciting one. In its strange confusion of issues it is typical of the political situation throughout the country. Three-fourths or perhaps five-sixths of the Democrats of Louisiana are reported to be in favor of the free coinage of silver. In the Fourth Congressional District, where a direct vote on this question was taken at the Democratic primaries, the majority in favor of free silver stood ten to one. Only the city of New Orleans and the French parishes are indifferent or hostile to silver. Nevertheless Governor Foster, who, as an opponent of the Lottery, was elected to his office by the votes of the free-coinage parishes, is himself a resident of one of the French parishes and opposes free coinage. His administration has been so satisfactory that a renomination could not be refused him. Thus it has come about that the free-coinage Democratic party has an anti-silver candidate. The Republican party, on the other hand, has been hostile to free coinage, but this year the white Republicans, including the great sugar-planters who left the Democratic party on the tariff issue, have formed an alliance with the Populists. They have nominated for Governor a prominent Prohibitionist who is an ardent advocate of the free coinage of silver. Some of the Populists, however, have refused to support the fusion ticket and have nominated a straight ticket of their own. The negro Republicans may support the fusion ticket, and may not. The white Republicans, especially the aristocratic element composed of the sugar-planters, are as disdainful of the negroes as are the Democrats. Captain Pharr, the fusion candidate for Governor, has recently denounced in public a most influential manager of the old negro Republican machine, and it is believed that the machine will retaliate. The Democrats, feeling that the election is in danger, have in one parish after another thrown overboard the constitutional amendment proposed by their Legislature disfranchising illiterates who do not pay taxes on three hundred dollars' worth of property. In the last Congressional election in North Louisiana, it was chiefly through negro votes that the Populist candidate was defeated. This year it is believed that negro votes throughout the State will be relied upon to secure the same result.

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The friends of school reform in the State of New York were greatly encouraged by the message of Governor Morton to the Senate, on March 20, urging the passage of the compromise bill for the reform of the school administration in the city of New York. This bill is the culmination of years of effort to eliminate politics from the public schools of the city, and the reconstruction of the school system along the lines of educational progress. The need of reform in the school system is conceded even by the opponents of the bill. The radical feature of the bill, as already reported in these columns, is the abolition of the trustee system, and the appointment of a superintendent and assistant superintendents, who are to have entire charge of the teachers and of the system of studies. That is, the measure provides that the system of education in the city of New York shall be in charge of a board of paid experts. The construction and care of the buildings are also to be under the care of a recognized expert and assistants. The bill provides for the division of the city into fifteen districts, "as nearly as may be of equal population." In each of these districts five inspectors are to be appointed by the Mayor. These inspectors, who serve without pay, are to examine into the record of attendance of teachers and pupils, the cleanliness and safety of the buildings, the studies and progress and discipline of the pupils, the fidelity and competence of the teachers. The bill protects the teachers fully. No teacher can be discharged without a majority vote of the board of superintendents and of the school inspectors of the district in which the teacher is serving. The Board of Education is appointed, as at present, by the Mayor. It is in this bill given absolute control over the school property, and the right of selection of site and decision on construction and alteration of buildings, and is authorized to employ an expert and such assistants as are necessary. The bill gives authority to the Board to redistrict the city when the change in population demands it; and authorizes the appointment by the Mayor of the inspectors in such new districts. The superintendents of schools serve for six years; inspectors for five years. Politics has such a hold on the public-school system of New York City that this measure aroused the petty politicians to a state of rage that manifested itself at the hearings of the bill. The independence of Governor Morton in sending a message to the Senate urging the passage of the bill has aroused the admiration and gratitude of the friends of reform.

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For some time there has been a systematic attempt on the part of some of the less reputable New York newspapers to induce the belief that crime has been on the increase in this city under the present police administration. This has been done by sensational treatment of the crimes which have actually taken place, by innuendo, and by direct assertion. In point of fact, the records show that while under the old administration (from December 1, 1894, to January 20, 1895) there were 1,083 felonies committed and 732 arrests made, under the present administration (December 1, 1895, to January 20, 1896) there were only 911 felonies reported and 847 arrests were made. These facts—which amount to a decrease of 16 per cent. in serious crimes and an increase of 15 per cent. in arrests—are pointed out by President Theodore Roosevelt, of the Police Commissioners, in an open letter. So long as only general assertions were made, the false and slanderous imputation could be met only by appealing to the recorded facts; but Mr. Roosevelt has found in the columns of the New York "World" attempts to sustain the slander with proof, and he has thought it worth while to call the attention of the public to the way in which these "catalogues of crime" have been manufactured. Taking up one by one forty-five cases which had been put forward as proving the prevalence of unpunished crime, Mr. Roosevelt shows that exactly four were genuine—"a little less than nine per cent. of truth." Even this percentage of truth, however, is large compared with that of another sensational article in the same paper which gave an account of "twenty-six great criminals now at large in this city." Of these Mr. Roosevelt tells us eight were dead, one was dying, seven were in jail in Europe, three had reformed and were leading reputable lives, and of the remaining seven not a single one, so far as could be found out, was in New York. It is not surprising that the Police Commissioners say, "We shall not hereafter take the trouble to deny any unsupported statement whatever that may appear in the 'World.'" In thus calling attention to these disgraceful and mendacious newspaper methods Mr. Roosevelt has performed a public service of importance.

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In "Tom Brown at Rugby" there is a beautiful description of the feeling of Tom when the news of the death of Dr. Arnold reached him in Scotland. Some such feeling came to thousands of men when they read the announcement on Monday of this week that Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown," had gone to his rest. The vitality and manliness of that book made its author seem perpetually young in the thought of those who loved it, but he had reached, after a very busy and useful life, the ripe age of seventy-three. Entering Rugby in 1833, under Dr. Arnold, he took his degree of B.A. at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1845. Three years later he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1865 he entered Parliament. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1869, and in 1882 Judge of one of the County Courts, a position which he held at the time of his death. His interest in the welfare of the working classes, his strong advocacy of co-operation, his attempt to realize a better order of things in the Rugby Colony, are all well known. To the English working people he was a consistent and life-long friend; for this country also his friendship had been persistent and hearty. During the days of the Civil War he did much to enlighten England as to the real significance of that great struggle and to change English opinion. He had a thorough knowledge of American literature, and was especially a lover of Lowell, whose "Bigelow Papers" he knew by heart. It is, however, as the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" that Mr. Hughes will be long remembered. These books belong to the classics of young manhood; they combine in the most healthful way the manliness of youth with its idealism and its aspiration, and they will preserve to future generations the charm of one of the most famous schools of the world under its most famous teacher, and of student life in one of the most delightful and beautiful of university towns.

Hints to Some Contributors

To those who are just setting out on the difficult career of writing as a profession, a few suggestions, born of some knowledge of existing conditions and some experience with literary aspirants, may be of practical value. There are, for new contributors to magazines and newspapers especially, a few basal inferences or assumptions which are stepping-stones to immediate success and to future eminence. In the first place, every such person ought to firmly lay hold of the elementary truth that good writing comes by nature and not by practice. In order to make shoes that have shape and will hold together, or chairs that will stand alone, one must go through an apprenticeship; but in order to write "Hamlet," "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," "Vanity Fair," "The Scarlet Letter," or "In Memoriam," one has only to feel the impulse and to purchase the necessary ink and paper; nature will do the rest. When Flaubert put four hundred hours of work on a short story, he showed how ignorant he was of the principles of art. Nothing is easier than writing; it is only putting words together, and "the Sweet Singer of Michigan," speaking in familiar language about familiar things, can do that quite as well as Tennyson, who is believed to have spent much time in reflecting on the selection and arrangement of words, not only with reference to clear expression of meaning, but with reference to such silly matters as the sequence of vowel sounds, the nice adjustment of quantities, the mysteries of assonance, and other like foolishness. Dante thought so long and profoundly about his famous poem that it made him lean for many a year; George Eliot declared that the writing of "Romola" made her old; several well-known writers are reported to have recast and rewritten several times works which have become famous. This fastidiousness is greatly to be regretted; it stands in the way of that continuous and exuberant productiveness which keeps the presses going and makes reading cheap in every sense of the word. It is well at the start, therefore, to rid one's self of the idea that one must work, observe, think, practice, live, before one can write with ease, clearness, and power. Trust to nature; do not waste time on construction, grammar, or style; say what you have to say in the first words that occur to you; believe implicitly in yourself; and if your manuscript comes back to you, assume at once that your failure is due to lack of personal influence, to the jealousy of the literary coterie, and to the ignorance and indifference of editors.

The latter suggestion brings into view with great clearness another article in the creed which a newcomer in the field of letters ought to hold: Believe firmly that editors care only for names and not at all for the intrinsic interest of the articles submitted to them, that they never read manuscripts which come from new writers, that they detest unknown names, and are entirely under the control of an organized, powerful, and unscrupulous ring of persons who have, by various devices, gotten access to the periodical literature of the country. Editors dislike nothing so much as a fresh note, a new talent, a novel force; they love to read and print the same things again and again. They are eager to avoid the attention which a touch of genius always attracts; they shrink from the discovery of new talent. Freshness, variety, and force they study to exclude from their columns. Ignorant readers of The Outlook may imagine that Mr. Burroughs, Dr. Hale, and Ian Maclaren, to take the first names that come to hand, are frequent contributors to its columns because the editors think they have something to say and know how to say it; but better-informed readers know that these gentlemen are invited to write simply because they are widely known. It is a great sorrow to a publisher to discover a Kipling, a Crawford, or a Wilkins; it is a great sorrow to an editor to come upon a new and thrilling note in the mass of manuscript through which he wades, not "knee-deep in June," alas! but knee-deep in crudity and commonplace.

Do not take the trouble, therefore, to lay little snares for the editor, such as pasting pages together and scattering marks through your manuscript; quietly assume that if your name is unknown your article will not be read. Do not permit yourself to think for a moment, if these various detective devices tell a sad story of neglect, that the reading of a few pages of your manuscript may have supplied the editor with all the information he needed in order to form a judgment. When the introductory sentence of an unpublished story reads after this fashion, it is evidently impossible for the editor to form an impression of the writer's quality until he has finished the last page:

> The rolling orbs of heaven, awesomely aflame or sullenly smoldering in the passionate fires of fading desire, blazed over the sultry night. The hot earth panted and sobbed, and its tears dropped on sodden leaf and insensate stone. Darkness hung thick, black, multitudinous in streets that moaned in the low, long-drawn wails of the wind of the night, the awful symbol of the nowhere from which we come and the nothing to which we go. A bank of noisome fog sprang at the moon and swallowed it, and the sweat of fear came out on the faces of the planets. Despair seemed to issue from the invisible fissures of the universe. At this moment, a door opened on a porch hung with vines that were somber and smitten in the dim obscurity, and a beautiful woman, her head bent, her hands clasped, her eyes closed, her figure tense, sprang wildly into the universal blackness.

One other article of faith ought to be held by the new aspirant for literary success: All the successful writers are secretly banded together to keep the field to themselves. There is a clandestine agreement among them to bar the way against all newcomers. This will surprise those who are not well informed. It is known, for instance, that Mr. Warner, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Howells, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Page, Mr. Hutton, and other well-known writers are constantly appealed to by unknown men and women for criticism, suggestion, introduction, and general help. It is also well known that, although these gentlemen and gentlewomen are often at their wits' ends for time and strength in which to do their own work, they cheerfully write hundreds of letters, examine countless manuscripts, interview publishers, and perform many similar services on behalf of these unknown and untried fellow-workers. Indeed, some of these distinguished men of letters have practically become literary agents for and advisers of young and unknown writers, always without salary and sometimes without thanks. This has given some people the idea that Mr. Howells, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Warner, and their compeers are an exceptionally generous and helpful group of persons, anxious to open to talent, industry, and character the field in which they have succeeded. But the public must not be misled by acts of kindness and deeds of brotherliness; this is the fine hypocrisy of a powerful secret organization, an unscrupulous literary trust which exists for the sole purpose of keeping the doors of access to popular favor closed and barred.

To sum up these practical suggestions: Assume that you have genius and do not need practice of any sort; that the return of any manuscript always means editorial ignorance and depravity; that your failure to secure a hearing in magazines and newspapers is due solely to the jealousy of those who are already in the field. Under such circumstances your obvious duty is to comment widely on the fact that genius is always neglected, and that literary cliques are in possession of the field; never, under any circumstances, ask whether anything is amiss with your own work.

The Truth in Agnosticism

The intellectual religious issue of our day is between agnosticism and Christian faith. Agnosticism declares that the spiritual truths on which Christian faith rests cannot be demonstrated. We can hope, but we cannot know. Christian philosophy has attempted to meet this declaration by offering scientific demonstration of the reality and trustworthiness of its convictions. It is a question whether there is not a fundamental truth underlying agnosticism—whether Christian philosophy has not erred whenever it has attempted to afford a scientific demonstration of spiritual faith.

Science has to do with that which *is.* Religion has to do with that which *is to be.* The function of science is to analyze and test that which is, and which therefore can be examined. The function of religion is to lead us on from that which has been to that which cannot be scientifically examined, because it lies in the future. It is not the chief, certainly not the sole, function of religion to teach us how we are to live with one another. That is the function of ethics. Nor does religion merely present ideals. The presentation of ideals is poetry or prophecy. It is the function of religion to realize ideals, to take that which imagination or faith presents to us and convert it into actuality. Religion always, therefore, marches with its face towards the future. Whatever calls itself religion and is facing the other way is not religion. It is not the function of religion to keep things as they are, but always to make the world or the individual better, to lead us from what has been to what is to be. By its very nature, therefore, religion deals with the unknown, or, to be more accurate, with the undemonstrated.

When a great structure like the Brooklyn Bridge is built, there must be architects to devise it. But it cannot be tested while it is only a plan in the architect's brain. Only when the structure becomes a reality can it be put to the test to see if it will fulfill the purpose for which it was conceived. Imagination—or faith, which is spiritual imagination—presents the ideals of life; will converts the ideals into realities; not till the realities are presented can science test them. When the scientist proposes to test our religious ideals, we legitimately reply, You cannot test what does not exist. Our ideals lie in the future; when they are accomplished they can be tested; but what is not now, but only is to be, cannot be tested. It must be accepted as an ideal or not accepted at all.

To illustrate:

Religion may be regarded as a matter of personal salvation. What does that mean? The man is emerging from the animal condition. He is the bird pecking his way out of the egg. He is the butterfly disentangling himself from the chrysalis. Salvation is emancipation. It is deliverance from the bonds of the animal condition. Now, while that process is going on, we can measure scientifically only so much as has been achieved in the process. The plant cannot comprehend the animal; nor the lower animal the higher animal; nor the higher animal the man; nor the lower man the higher man. The little child cannot comprehend father or mother. He is not satisfied always to be a boy—he desires to be a man. He is not content to drive a goat—he wishes to drive a horse; nor she to play with paper dolls—she wishes a child of her own to mother one of these days. Nevertheless, the child does not know what life has in store for him, and cannot know. He is always misled by his own aspirations. To-day he means to be a preacher; to-morrow to be a stage-driver; and he will be neither preacher nor stage-driver. He does not know, he cannot know, the experiences of the man. He must press forward to the unknown or remain a child.

But man is not only emerging from a lower condition. He has fallen. He has gone back—back into the egg from which he had partially emerged; back into the chrysalis from which he was partially emancipated. And the higher experiences which lie before him when he is emancipated from the self-imposed bonds, he cannot know except as he enters into those experiences. They summon him, he hears their call, he follows on to know them, but he cannot know them until they are his own experiences. Religion is penitence and faith. What are they? Penitence is dissatisfaction with the present and the past; faith is reaching out towards something higher and better, as yet unknown. They are summed up in Tennyson's prayer, "O for a man to arise in me, that the man that I am may cease to be!" We know the man that we are, but the man that is to arise in us we do not know, and cannot know, until he has arisen. John B. Gough, the drunken actor, cannot know what will be the experience of John B. Gough, the orator, fêted, caressed, honored on two continents. He can know that he is ashamed of this degradation in which he is living, he can know that there is something that calls him higher, but that is all he can know. He is saved by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope. He presses forward to an unknown life, and he presses forward because it is unknown.

Or, again, let us say that religion is knowing God. The agnostic assures us that we cannot know God. And what the agnostic means is true. God is always in the present tense, but he is, also, always in the future tense, and the future tense of God we cannot conjugate. God always lies beyond our knowing. We do not know one another. The child is always surprising the mother. He is a succession of surprises. God unknowable! Every man is unknowable. Christ is unknowable. There are as many lives of Christ as there are writers, because each man sees one glimpse of Christ and tells what he has seen. Strauss tells us a little, Renan a little more, Edersheim and Geikie and Farrar more, Brooks and Beecher and Bushnell still more. And yet the life of Christ is not written. However numerous are the lives, there is always something beyond. If this be true of God come down to the earth for the very purpose of making himself known to us, how much more of the Infinite and Eternal! We know just so much of God as we have experience of him. So much we can demonstrate to ourselves; what lies beyond our experience we cannot demonstrate, because to us it is not, it only is to be. To Professor Clifford and Haeckel and Frederic Harrison, Great Pan is dead. They may take counsel of their aspirations and seek to enter the life of other men, but till they do enter that life, to them God cannot be demonstrated. Herbert Spencer makes reverent study of the universe, and discovers in it a perpetual Presence, "an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." Matthew Arnold makes reverent study of history and literature, and discovers in them the evidence of "a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Tennyson looks into his own soul, and finds there

One—"closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet." But Tennyson cannot demonstrate his vision to Matthew Arnold, nor Arnold his to Herbert Spencer, nor Spencer his to Frederic Harrison. Neither can test what he has not. In each successive stage of life the soul has advanced into what is still an unknown land to those he has left behind him.

Immortality cannot be demonstrated—cannot be, because it is future, and science can test only the present. If immortality means only that there are unseen existences surrounding us, that as a present fact might be demonstrated by rappings, and table-tippings, and materialized ghosts, and slate messages. But if immortality means that there is on the other side of the grave a larger, nobler, diviner life than any we have experienced here—that cannot be demonstrated. It lies beyond our experience, and science can test only what lies within our experience. He who asks that immortality shall be demonstrated asks the impossible. He asks that a future experience shall be made a present experience. Then it would no longer be future, it would be present. Hope that is seen is not hope.

So with the processes of social development. Practical men, so called, ask the prophet to demonstrate the practicability of his ideals. But this the prophet cannot do. Ideals cannot be demonstrated. When they are realized, then they can be tested—but not till then. The disciples of Christ had no conception of what the Christianity of the nineteenth century would be. They were saved by hope, pressed forward toward a world they did not know, followed a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night toward a promised land, the boundaries of which they could not comprehend. Luther did not know what the Reformation meant. Cromwell did not know what Puritanism meant. Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton did not know what free America meant. They were saved by hope, by believing in an undemonstrated ideal, and pressing forward to convert their vision into a reality. This is still true. The prophets believe what they cannot demonstrate. So long as there is unrest in human lives because injustice in human society, so long the prophets will trust the hopes of a better order which do not permit them to be at peace till the highest ideals of human society are realized in a Brotherhood of man without a social schism, a Republic of God without a disloyal subject.

Is no faith to be put in the witness of prophets who have seen what we have not seen, and have reached experiences not yet reached by us? Shall the child not trust the testimony of his father? Must he wait until he has a man's experience before he can know what manhood is? Or may he have faith in his own aspirations, verified by the witness of a soul more fully grown, more richly endowed? Shall he whose heart does not respond to music think that there is no beauty in it, and he whose soul does not answer to art believe that art is not? We accept the testimony of a Spencer, a Huxley, a Tyndall—men who have studied the visible world and told us what it is; shall we not also accept the testimony of a Tennyson, a Browning, a Whittier, of a Maurice, a Bushnell, a Beecher, a Brooks?—men who have seen resplendent ideals and lived in the invisible, and have then turned back and beckoned to us, saying, "Come, see what we have discovered." "What?" "That we cannot tell, for eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what the Father hath prepared for those who love him; but it is here." We are saved by hope. But hope that is seen is not hope. For what we see, why do we yet hope for? But if we hope for it, then with patience—patience with our doubts, our fears, our infirmities, our narrow vision, and patience with the doubts, the infirmities, the fears, the narrow vision of others—we wait to receive it.

Call Out the Reserves

One of our Senators at Albany, in a recent conversation with Dr. Parkhurst, said that whenever a Senator is considering a bill, the first question that he asks himself is, How will my attitude toward this bill affect my political prospects? He said that this was his habit, and he believed it was the habit of his senatorial colleagues. The new thing about this is the audacious challenge which so open and shameless an avowal of a disgraceful fact, hitherto decorously concealed, gives to whatever moral sense is yet alive in the community. A public servant is neither ashamed nor afraid to tell the people that his first concern in public business is not the public interest, but his own. The unblushing, hard effrontery of it brings to mind robber Tweed's impudent question, "What are you going to do about it?"

Both press and pulpit, so far as our observation goes, remain silent. One might well be struck dumb for a while by this portentous revelation of rottenness in the highest functions of the State. Can it be that the dumbness is that of moral insensibility, the result of a century of dishonor under the spoils system in politics? The seriousness of the case is not that the Senator defies public sentiment, but that he assumes that there is no public sentiment to be defied by his naïve confession of immorality. In 1780 a man of the Senator's way of thinking went up the North River to a post of great honor and trust at West Point—Albany then offering nothing so good. Being a patriot of the kind who considers, first, what he can make out of his country, he bargained away his fortress to the enemy for a sum of money and a generalship, though he was prevented from delivering the goods. The Senator may not yet be a traitor, but he is ruled by the very spirit that made Benedict Arnold a name of infamy—the subordination of a public trust to a private interest.

Bad as this is, a much worse thing is the moral apathy in the community which ignores or condones it. This is the real danger-signal, as heart disease is more alarming than a boil. If religious men are disposed to tolerate such Senators, they need the revival preaching which Isaiah addressed to the religionists of Jerusalem:

"*How is the faithful city become an harlot! Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards.*"

Among the signs of the overthrow of republicanism by Cæsarism—of which bossism is the incipient form—the Roman poet mentioned as most ominous, *Venalis curia patrum*—"venal is the venerable Senate." We have gone far that way when a Senator thinks it safe for himself and his confederates in the abuse of trust to avow the fact of venality, disdaining even by decorous hypocrisy to pay the formal homage of vice to virtue. Between the venal fellow who sells his vote at the polls and the venal Senator whose attitude to a bill is determined by a view to his political prospects the only real difference is in their profits.

It now urgently concerns the churches, and whatever successors of the prophets or the Apostles are with us still, to call out all the slumbering moral reserves, to be instant for a revival of social righteousness, to rouse the public conscience to insist on that political morality without which no patriotism worth professing, and no religion worthy of the name, can long survive.

"Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;
But to rebuke the age's popular crime
We need the hearts of fire, the souls of that old time."

The Spectator in New Orleans

There are born Spectators and Spectators who are made; those who have a genius for seeing things and those who train themselves to see things. Now, a born Spectator feels things quite as definitely as he sees them; and to feel a thing one must put himself in sympathy with it. One must forsake the traditional attitude of the looker-on, and enter into the life which he observes; for no one ever sees anything who simply observes it. These reflections came to the Spectator with fresh meaning one bright morning, not many weeks ago, when he found himself standing in front of the Cathedral of St. Louis at New Orleans. The sky had the softness of May, the air had the mellowness of October. The myrtle, the oleander, the magnolia, the palm, were in full leaf; the sward was green; the rosebuds were showing delicate tinges of color. There was enchantment in the atmosphere, if one chose to feel it. If the Spectator had simply looked at things with the cool, frigid glance of the indifferent mind, he would have seen dirty streets, dilapidated buildings, open sewers, and a general air of careless neglect of sanitation and order. But the Spectator, while not oblivious of these details, which make up the whole picture for so many travelers, felt the charm of one of the most picturesque cities on the continent by putting himself into its atmosphere; and atmosphere is the subtle quality which a place exhales, and which is, in a deep sense, an expression of its soul. It is true the Spectator had been in a measure educated to feel this atmosphere by reading Miss Grace King's charming book—a book in which one finds the soul of the city—but he hopes that he has also a little of that grace of nature which is an open sesame to all that is richest and best in the lives of one's neighbors; that brotherliness which makes one at home at the ends of the earth.

* * *

The two cities which preserve the charm of France in this country are curiously alike, and as curiously different: alike in early tradition and race-feeling, different in historic and climatic conditions. Quebec lies gray and walled in the far north; a fortress, not only against the attacks of possible enemies, but against the assaults of a rigorous climate. It is France in the far north, subdued in tone by cold skies, and hushed by the repression of stone houses and the constant struggle with the elements. New Orleans is France in the far south; the gayety of the French nature evoked by genial conditions and by out-of-doors living. In the old quarter of New Orleans one feels this kindly, friendly, neighborly French *cameraderie;* the fellowship of a people whose social quality has been highly developed. The balconies which overhang the narrow streets suggest leisure, talk, gayety, relaxation. Looking down these streets one feels a warmth of tone which seems to be an exhalation of this genial community temper. The old buildings are not isolated in a kind of prim, cold detachment, as in most American towns; they run together, so to speak; they harmonize with each other; they are parts of a whole, and it is the whole, not the parts, which one always sees. The dull reds and greens of old walls; the faded tracery of balconies, often of delicate design and molding; the glimpses of interior courts set round with palm and cactus; the universal mellowness of time and use—these give the Spectator in New Orleans constant delight. Here is a place that has been lived in, and life has left its touch on the homes that have protected it and the streets which have been its thoroughfares.

OLD SPANISH HOUSE, BATTLE-FIELD

* * *

It was Sunday morning, and the Spectator went into the Cathedral, the tumultuous music of whose bells seemed to set the whole air in vibration. The creole face, seen in a crowd, is singularly delicate and sensitive; a face full of mobility, and yet with a suggestion of substantial character beneath the play of expression. The faces of the women are naturally more attractive than those of the men; but they are also expressive of superiority of type and quality. Their delicacy and charm are moral as well as physical. They are full of vitality; a vitality which preserves their grace of manner long after youth, and which gives them variety and freshness in the closest companionship. The great altar is blazing with candles, the church is full of worshipers, and the chancel is filled with priests and acolytes. But here, as elsewhere, that which impresses the Spectator most pleasantly is the air of sociability. There is no irreverence; everybody is quiet, attentive, devout; but there is no stiffness or formality. It is more like family worship than the worship of a great congregation; and the Spectator is glad to find himself as worshipful in mood and spirit as his fellow-worshipers of another race, language, and religion. There is constant movement in the chancel and in the aisles of the church. In the space between the pews and the steps of the chancel there is a throng of children, with candles in their hands which the Archbishop will presently bless. They are standing in easy, unconscious attitudes, without any thought, apparently, of the congregation behind them; intent on the service. Their faces are full of interest; they are evidently as much at home as if they were in their own houses; their worship is as natural as that of their seniors. In the aisles, along the nave, at the chancel steps, men and women are kneeling, as if all places were equally homelike and familiar. This sense of home assails the Spectator through all his Protestant traditions, and gives him a glimpse of that beautiful, reverential fellowship which will come when we are as much at home in the house of God as in those lesser houses which we call our homes.

GATE, SPANISH FORT

A PLANTATION RESIDENCE

This atmosphere of friendliness, the pervasive influence of which the visitor feels the moment he arrives, was doubtless French in its origin, but it has invaded the American quarter of New Orleans, and makes the city the most charming place, socially, in the country. Comparisons of this sort are likely to be odious, but no one who knows New Orleans will deny her this pre-eminence. There are far handsomer, cleaner, richer, and more intellectual cities, but there is none which has so thoroughly developed the resources of social life and so intelligently fostered the social atmosphere. There is no trace of the sepulchral stiffness and formality which makes most cities of the English-speaking races seem so cold and hard. There is none of that elaboration of the mere mechanism of living which fatally chills the social instinct in so many of our rich modern communities. In New Orleans the social traditions are so well established that they are taken for granted and dismissed from attention. Strangers are not kept in social quarantine until their good standing is credibly established. On the contrary, they are received with a hearty cordiality which implies that the host is so well established socially that he trusts his own judgment in such matters, and treats himself as an authority on questions of gentle breeding. The result is that New Orleans is the best-mannered town in the country. It has its faults, and the world has heard much of them; but its courtesy, hospitality, and friendliness would be a revelation to many Northern communities. It cares chiefly, apparently, for gentle breeding, for conversational interest, for courage and simplicity; it is delightfully indifferent to wealth, furniture, and all the other trappings with which the newly rich community so often smothers itself.

* * *

The test of good manners is not the bearing and breeding of the few, but the habit of the many. There are hosts of well-bred individuals in countries which are, as a whole, ill-mannered. A well-bred community is one in which good manners are a common possession. In New Orleans one is as courteously treated in street-cars as in private houses. The conductors do not shout to ladies, "Come now, hurry up;" they do not thrust them violently into cars already overcrowded; they do not take them by the shoulders, seize them by the waist, or do any of those other rough and underbred things which make Spectators with the instincts of gentlemen dread the necessity of using the street-cars. In New Orleans, if you ask the location of a street, you are not only courteously answered, but the offer is often made to show you the way. One is conscious of the absence of haste, and haste is a deadly foe of good manners. An excellent definition of the charm of the old régime is to be found in the statement that the gentleman of the old order was "never afraid and never in haste." He had the independence and spirit born of courage, and he had the finish and delicacy of manner which come from repose. Both these qualities are characteristic of the best type of Southern men and women. The charm of hospitality in those ample, rambling plantation homes, with their spacious piazzas and easy habits of living, lies in the sense of leisure which one feels in the air. There is time for talk, for lounging, for those sweets of human intercourse which are of slow growth and need delicate fostering. The social instinct gets recognition and training; the family, rather than the individual, becomes the unit; the guest is a member of the family. Whatever faults the Southern character has—and, like all other types, it is irregular in its development—it is free from the coldness and indifference which are often accepted in this country and in England as evidences of superior breeding, but which are, in fact, evidences of insular feeling and of a defective sense of courtesy. The essence of good manners is constant and delicate recognition of the men and women with whom one is brought into contact. Our attitude towards them does not involve the question of *their* standing; it involves the question of *our* good breeding; for manners are an expression of our own spirit and training.

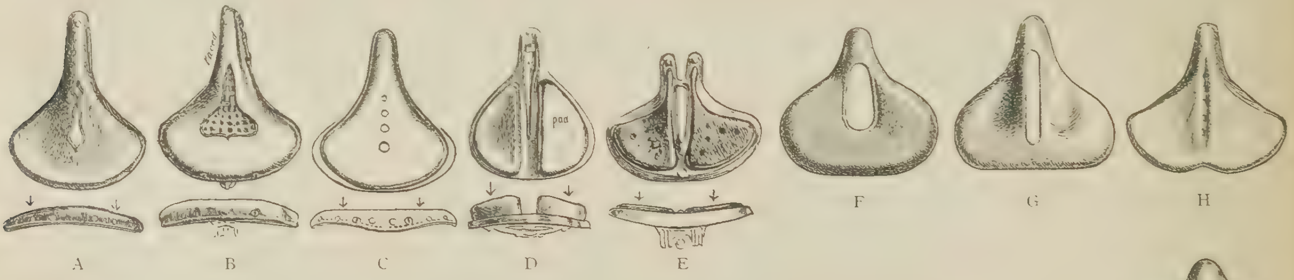
SIDE VAULTS, GIROD CEMETERY

Bicycling for Women

Some Hygienic Aspects of Wheeling

By Robert L. Dickinson, M.D.

A LARGE part of the injury to women with which the bicycle is charged arises directly from defective teaching and imperfect knowledge, because balance on the wheel, with mounting and dismounting, comprises the sum of the usual training. One needs but to stand at the Park entrance on a fair day to appreciate this. Of ten women who pass, one rides rightly—rarely two. Of the ten objections to wheeling for women eight are based on abuse and not on right use of the wheel. Its advocates acknowledge that bicycling is not a complete means of attaining all-round development, and do not deny that to those who believe that the Creator never intended the hampered sex to enjoy this freedom, this freedom is objectionable. But that it is more alluring, more beneficial, and more general in its action than any single outdoor exercise for women the specialists in her diseases testify, with few dissenting voices. That there are certain abuses against which a warning is necessary they also agree; and the chief of these abuses are ill-adapted saddles, bad postures, and faulty dress, as well as excess with exhaustion from heart-strain or nerve-tension.



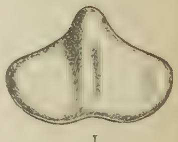


FIG. I. SERIES OF SADDLES ON SAME SCALE FOR COMPARISON

A, Common form of man's saddle of good make, 1-10 life size: beneath, the back view of it, showing vicious downward bend of outer edges of cantle. B, Well-formed saddle of wickerwork, felt, and leather; good opening. This shape suits some women better than the woman's form, which is 1½ inches wider. Mesinger. Beneath it is seen the back view. C, Shorter saddles; women's form, well shaped; Garford inside, Hunt outside. Beneath it the well-formed level back. D, Saddle with two pads, and deep groove between, seen from above and from behind; the Christy. E, Broad saddle with good concave top, but rather broad pommel; Hollenbeck. F, Saddle cast from mold; composite from 12 persons. G, Individual saddle from mold to compare with F; Ray. H, Reform Wheeler. I, Saddle with very short pommel.

Tension and excess are common to all sports, and to this indictment bicycling pleads guilty, because the motion is so easy and the effort required so slight that there is a strong temptation to overdo. Women, lacking athletic experience, have had fewer lessons in muscular strain than men. We all need to remember that panting and palpitation mean that one of the two chambers making up the main pumping power of the heart—namely, that one which has to do with driving the blood through the lungs, and which is robust only in laborers and athletes—is fighting hard under a load which may cause all degrees of overstretching or acute dilatation, from the most momentary embarrassment to a permanently crippled condition. It may be said that the pulse should not range above 100 after a rest, but rules are hard to make. Tire is the test, and reaction. Again and again we see a rider go away from home to the point where tire begins to suggest that he face about, forgetting that he must retrace his steps, and retrace them against increasing fatigue. The dash of it leads us to dare narrow paths, or difficult riding, or some feat for which we are not ready, and the unnoticed tension tells later on the nerves. The woman unused to active exercise must take care not to travel on her excitement. She is to rest often. She will be wise to lie down after a ride of any length. The taking of simple nourishment, such as milk, chocolate, or beef-tea, during a ride is important as a means of recuperation, whether there be hunger or not, while food preceding an early ride is most important. Moreover, before and after a hearty meal a half-hour's rest is desirable. It is highly important, too, that the length of the trip and the difficulties of the effort should be gradually increased. Moderate muscular aching, after the first few attempts, need not prevent one from resuming wheeling at once, but after-pallor and sense of exhaustion are to be carefully heeded, and, if they are produced by moderate effort, call for a medical opinion as to the advisability of further trials.

A common fault of the beginner is irregularity of effort. In the same class as spurting belongs the fitful pace of the early days, which is replaced later by the steady, unremitting swing that keeps up nearly the same amount of effort on levels and on grades. Another kind of spasmodic action is the application of pressure on the down-sweep of the pedal only, in lieu of sustained use of power throughout the revolution. Too high a gear may call for excessive exertion also.

All these points have been insisted on again and again. But the saddle, the position on the wheel, and the question of dress will bear threshing over.

Saddles. Except for the saddle the bicycle may be said to be a perfect machine. Happily, many attempts are being made to answer this burning question. A good saddle embodies anatomical modeling; selection to fit the individual form; stanch construction, that it may not alter in shape with use; and adaptability, that it may be set at any angle, moved forward and back, and made more or less tense. The anatomy of woman is such that her saddle must differ distinctly from the man's. She is also more susceptible to injury than is the man, and it is more difficult to fit her saddle. Although the conformation differs as much in different individuals as the shape of the hand, it still is an absurdly common belief that a single perfect saddle can be constructed to suit all needs. Manifestly, each woman must seek out what is adapted to herself, and, starting with a few general principles, work out her own problem.

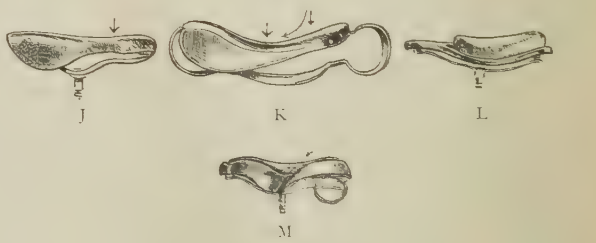


FIG. 2. SADDLES IN PROFILE

J, Good form of short, strong-springed, level saddle; Hunt. K, Older form, with large spring, seen from the side. The weight should be chiefly carried where the smaller arrow points, but often follows the curved arrow's course down to the larger arrow; Kirkpatrick. L, Side of Christy saddle. M, Saddle cut away for thigh.

Some of the characters in saddles that are to be noted and avoided are these: First, a center ridge. This may occur from mistaken construction or from stretching of the leather. Occasionally it may be due to the bending downward of the outer ends of the cantle or transverse rear iron of the saddle (Fig. 1, A). Secondly, high

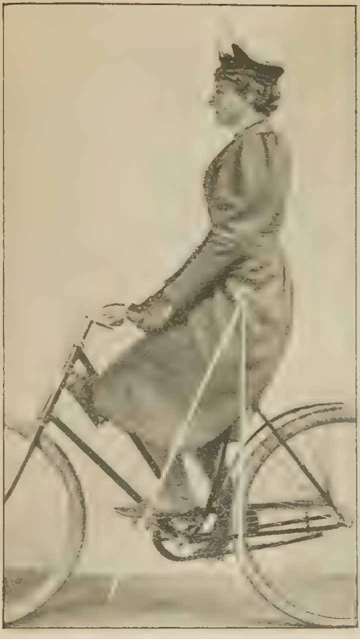


FIG. 3

The rider well over her work, the foot forward at the point where most of the power is applied, showing how short a distance from the perpendicular the pedal sweeps forward. Illustrating a low position of the handle-bars, with an arm that is too straight.

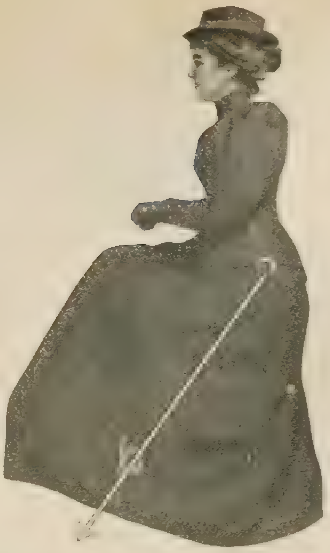


FIG. 4

On the side-saddle the habit masks the striking contortion of the figure. The stirrup is far forward of the hip-joint. Compare with Fig. 3.

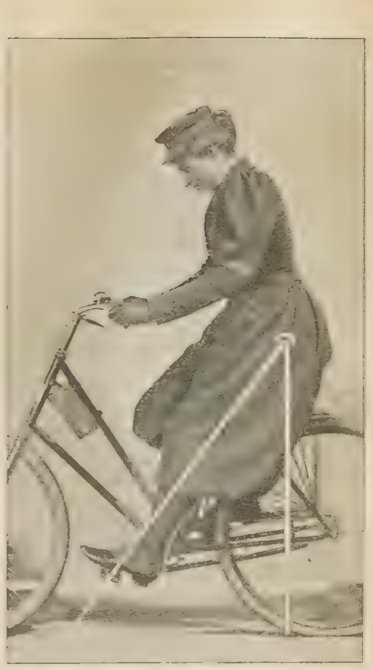


FIG. 5

The commonest fault of position among women. The saddle is too low and too far back. Compare the distance between the pedal and the perpendicular in this and Fig. 3. Allowable only for beginners, to give them ease in mounting, and the sense that the ground is within easy reach.

pommels are objectionable. Saddles are occasionally constructed with a distinct downward sweep in the center. A weak spring will cause this sagging (Fig. 2, K), and many saddles, though level at first, will be found to have a hammock shape after much use, from stretching of the leather. Complex springs were once much used under saddles, but the tendency is away from coil springs toward a stiff flat spring which will prevent the formation of the deep concavity. A set screw, to be found in every good saddle, will allow the slack in the leather to be taken out. Any repairer will correct worse degrees of stretching after fixing the spring in a vise.

Again, narrowness is objectionable, because the greater width of the pelvic bones in woman permits the wide arch to slip down astride a ridge-pole saddle, as it may not happen in the case of man. Lastly, a vicious tilt, such as an elevated front peak or a lowered front pommel, is to be condemned, and merely calls for mention here because some women do not appreciate that a very slight alteration in angle will make a large difference in comfort and in safety.

Of the various available types of saddle we may make a rough classification. There is the most commonly used and most useful of all—the modified man's saddle of the short, broad, flat form, supplied with most wheels on request; it should not be less than eight inches across at the back. As examples are the Mesinger (Fig. 1, B), Garford (Fig. 1, C), Hunt (Fig. 1, C), and the Reform Wheeler (Fig. 1, H). There is the saddle built with a pad on each side to carry the weight, a groove in the center, and without front pommel. Of these the Christy and the Hollenbeck are those most used. They give comfort to many, but the beak and the edge hurt a few people.

Lastly, the very broad saddle with a short, blunt pom-

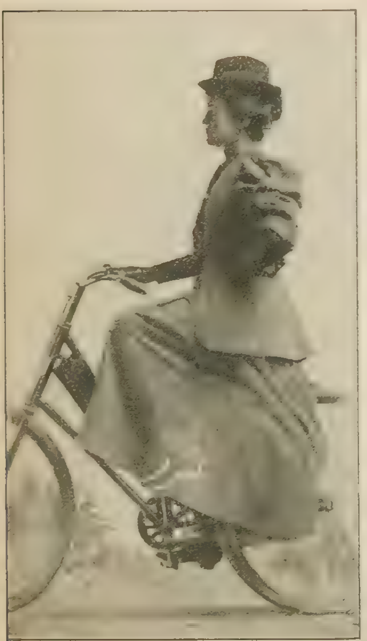


FIG. 6

The "walking-beam action" of the knee, due to faulty ankle-action, or to a saddle too low. The near heel is not held down as it should be, and the far heel is not high enough. The drag on the skirt is also demonstrated.

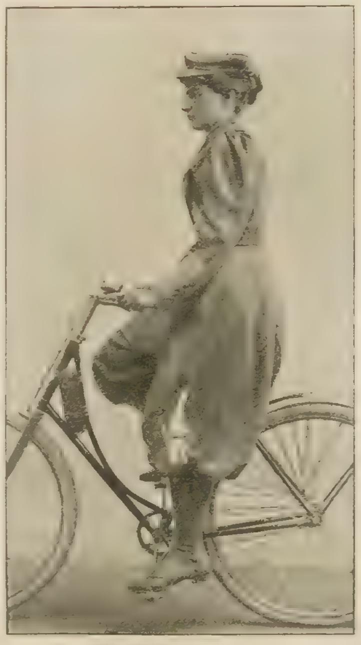


FIG. 7

Correct posture. With the foot at the lowest point, the knee is slightly bent, as shown by the bones of the joint, while the ankle is somewhat straightened, and the elbow and the wrist are both bent. The thigh-bone of the further leg is at a strong slant, whereas in Fig. 6 the raised thigh is nearly level.

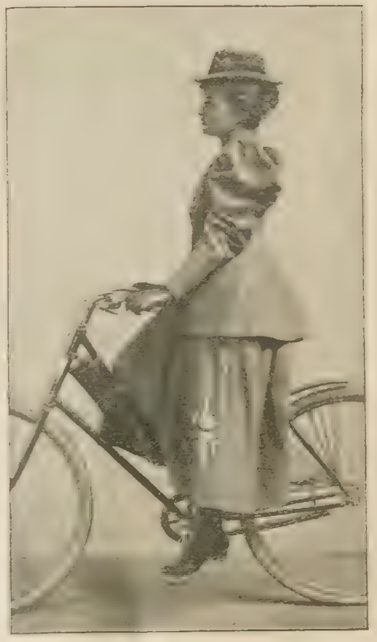


FIG. 8

Over-stretched leg, both at the knee and ankle, with the saddle too high. The outline of the knee-joint may be compared with that in Fig. 7.

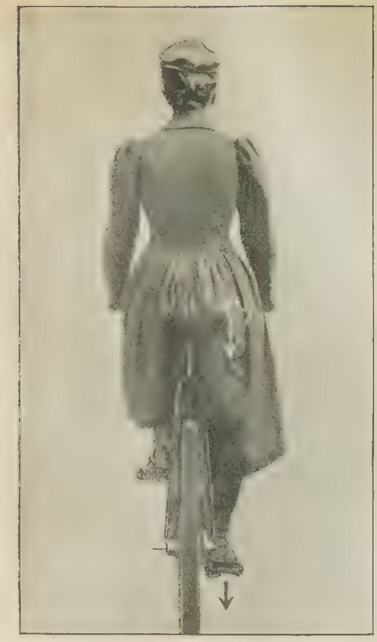


Fig. 9

Rear view, showing that a plumb-line dropped from the hip-socket will strike the center of the pedal.

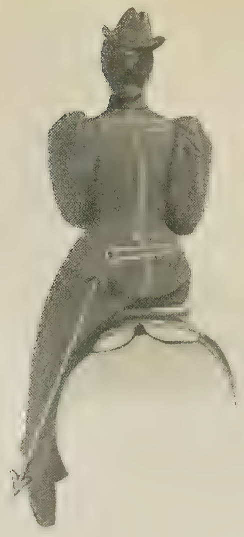


Fig. 10

Horseback posture from the rear. To demonstrate the distance out from beneath the body the foot-support is placed, as compared with the bicyclist's position, in Fig. 9. The outline of the spine, and bars at the level of the shoulders and the hips, give an idea of the twisted spinal column.

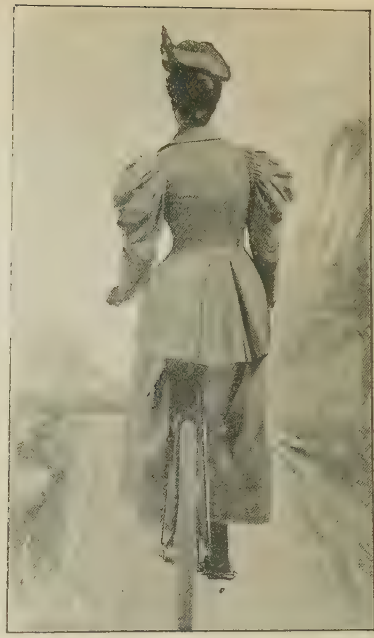


Fig. 11

Rocking or tilting of the hips in straining up hill, or with a saddle too high.

mel in front is coming into use, and is suited to many women. Among these may be mentioned the Empress, 11 inches wide (which has a flat wooden cantle that prevents any bending downward of the sides), the Duplex, and the Common Sense. The last, however, has a well-rounded metal strip running from front pommel out to outer end of the cantle, which is not comfortable to all people. We cannot dispense altogether with the anterior projection of the saddle, for it gives lateral steadiness.

The fault of most pneumatic saddles is that pressure on the rear part forces the air forward, thus raising an objectionable ridge in front. The Sager Pneumatic avoids this difficulty by two separate inflatable cushions, and its lacings permit one to make certain changes in its conformation. The Cutting, with the short peak, works well in many instances. Mr. Ray, of the Rambler Agency in New York City, is doing what we had all hoped to see done, in fitting the saddle to the individual. He allows the customer to sit in a tray of modeling clay fastened on a bicycle like a seat, in such fashion that the wheelman propels the wheel as if he were actually on the road. Following the lines of this result, an aluminum saddle is made, which is covered with felt and leather. A very considerable variation in individuals is noted by him (Fig. 1, F and G).

The directions that physicians should give to intending riders are these: That each woman must be carefully trained by competent instructors as to right posture, right methods of pedaling, correct height of saddle, correct position of saddle over pedals, and, finally, should be told to insist that the man who sells her a wheel must let her make trial until she is suited with a saddle. By testing the machine of one's friends, not for a half-hour but for a considerable ride, and by experimenting with saddles at different heights, positions, angles, and tension, one can arrive at a comfortable result.

Correct Posture. The whole attitude is erect; the weight is so placed that if a perpendicular be dropped from the middle of the hip-socket, it would clear the rear limit of the sweep described by the pedal; the peak of the long saddle is nearly over the crank-hanger. The right height is tested by finding that the heel placed on the pedal can follow it around. At the lowest point in the sweep the knee should be a little bent and the ankle slightly straightened. The elbow, also, should be a little flexed, while the wrist is bent somewhat backward. In this position it will be seen that the rider is almost over her work (Fig. 7). Look at the rider on the wheel, seen from the rear (Fig. 9). A plumb-line dropped from the hip-socket strikes the center of the pedal, and even, easy balance of action on the part of the inner and outer leg muscles is the result—a result strikingly in contrast to the exaggerated work of the inner thigh muscles on horseback (Fig. 10). As seen from the side (Fig. 3), it is noteworthy that the furthest sweep of the center of the pedal away from this plumb-line goes only about 12½ inches. In the horseback posture the distance is 17 inches, and again we see that the foot support is far removed from beneath the weight of the body, and that the position is a strained one during effort or in any emergency or accident.

Faulty Postures. Most of the awkwardness and most of the strain of wasteful effort encountered among women awheel are due to faulty posture. Taken singly, the commonest faults may be given as follows, premising that they are frequently combined:

A very common ungainliness, and an example of waste of effort, is seen when the saddle is placed too far back and too low (Fig. 6). In hill-climbing all the bad points of this attitude show clearest—the exaggerated excursion of the knee, the awkward drag on the handles, the strained expression. The mechanical disadvantage under which the rider labors is graphically shown by comparing the distance between the perpendicular dropped from the hip-socket and the pedal at its forward position in this posture and the same line in the normal attitude. The increase is over five inches, and in some cases is more than this. The cyclist is doing hard muscle work instead of the seven-pound push that is the effort said to be required on the level, and which represents only part of the weight of the leg.

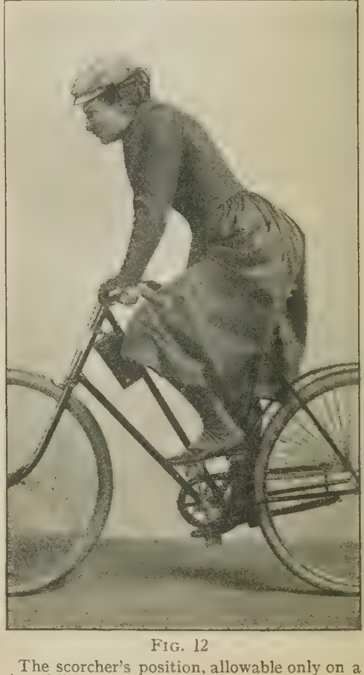


Fig. 12

The scorcher's position, allowable only on a short hill or in a gust of wind.

The opposite fault, the saddle at too great a height, is less easily recognized, because less awkward (Fig. 8). It is fatiguing to the rider, and is harmful in two other ways. The knee is overextended, with strain on its posterior ligaments, as the skeleton knee demonstrates. Then, in the attempt to reach the pedal the hips are likely to be rocked, tilting downward on the side on which the pedal is low, as shown in Fig. 11.

The rocking pelvis is also seen with the right position of the saddle, in riders spurting or urging a wheel up-hill. The reason of the ugliness of the motion is not always apparent, but if a skeleton is photographed in this attitude (as was done with each posture), the extent of the twist of the hip and spine becomes evident.

Concerning stooping postures we need say little. Few women bend forward far, in this country. Any woman may do it momentarily with advantage in order to breast a gust of wind or on a longish hill, but the position is more injurious to women than to men.

Not only should the handles be the width of the shoulders apart, but one must see that a handle-bar be not too high, as it often is placed, from the laudable desire to oblige one's self to sit upright. At the right height the elbow should have a slight bend, to save rigidity and the transmission of vibration to the head, but at a higher level one loses steadiness and balance, and that traction on the handle which helps in mounting a grade or in the dash past an obstruction. Then, too, it is a relief to occasionally rest the weight on all fours.

Howells bases an æsthetic objection to wheeling, for the graceful sex, on what he aptly dubs the walking-beam action of the knee (Fig. 6). Much of this, the most lumbering and conspicuous of the errors of the novice, may be done away with, because it is due either to defective ankle action or to a gearing and length of crank out of all proportion to the height or length of leg. One who has not learned to depress the heel at the top of the stroke, and to bring the toe lower than the heel at the lowest part of the sweep, imparts to her knee an excursion in an up and down direction that amounts to three or four inches more than is necessary, a motion fully emphasized by the drawn folds of the skirt (Fig. 6). A thin woman of five feet eight inches swings a 6½-inch crank with grace, while a short girl on the same machine is a guy. Put the little woman on a 26-inch wheel, with lower gear and shorter crank, which is entirely suited to level roads, and the objectionable pumping motion is gone. What women need is the appearance of less motion on the wheel. Beauty must approach to repose. As in dancing, restraint and apparent ease belong to grace, while excess suggests gymnastic straining.

In a future number the dress question will be taken up.

❧

Loaning Pictures

By Mary S. Cutler

Friends enjoy loaning each other books. Neither the cheapness of the modern book, nor the advent of the public library, nor the occasional untrustworthiness of friends has spoiled this immemorial privilege. We obey the instinct of sharing pleasure with those that are dear to us, and at the same time enrich our lives by variety and fullness not otherwise possible. We like variety in our books, and gain most by suiting the volume not only to the need, but even to the caprice of a passing mood.

Only the friends who really belong to us stand the test of constant association. One would not think of reading over every day for years the same chapters from his favorite authors, expecting to find continual inspiration and suggestion. And yet this is what is demanded of pictures. We pay the penalty of this lack of discrimination, for even our choicest pictures pall upon us. Our gaze rests upon them, but the spiritual meaning ceases to appeal to us.

The Japanese, with their innate sense of simplicity and harmony, recognize this principle and carry it out to its logical conclusion. Mr. E. S. Morse in "Japanese Homes" says: "A Japanese may have a famous collection of pictures, yet these are stowed away, with the exception of the one exposed in the *tokonoma*." The *tokonoma* is a recess planned to show the single picture in its proper light from any point in the room. "If he is a man of taste, he changes the picture from time to time according to the season, the character of his guests, or for special occasions." Instead of stowing our pictures away like the Japanese, why should we not form the habit of loaning them to our friends?

What would be easier, after an evening visit from a friend, than to lend him a picture that pleases him, scarce heavier than the volumes which he is wont to carry home, its place to be filled by a simple readjustment or an exchange? When we go to call on a sick friend, why not carry with us, not only flowers and a cheerful face, but one of the pictures from our wall which we are sure the friend likes? We will hang it for him within easy sight of the bed or the couch, and see if it does not bring fresh thoughts, joy, and relief.

The new thought of philanthropy is the extension of one's circle of friends to include those who have had fewer opportunities for development than ourselves. Suppose we try the experiment of sharing our pictures with these friends, not by giving them the mean and unworthy ones of which we may have become the unwilling owners, but by loaning those which are choice and dear to us, and which for some reason appeal especially to them. To illustrate by an actual case, I number among such friends an Englishwoman, poor and old, and too feeble to leave the house. For years a Sunday afternoon call has been a delight to both of us. A colored photograph of Salisbury Cathedral in a tasteful frame, loaned for a few weeks, proved a real joy and refreshment to the old lady.

This work may be taken up in the same spirit by institutions.

Hull House, one of the most successful social settlements in this country, loans small framed pictures to the people in the neighborhood, and counts the plan one of its most fruitful efforts. The Friendly Aid House, lately opened at 248 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York, began this work January 10, 1896.

A loan exhibition of pictures has long been a feature of settlement, club, and church work. Would not the same exhibit be of more positive service if scattered over the entire year by showing a few pictures at a time?

The Children's Neighborhood Library, a part of the philanthropic work of the Troy (N. Y.) Unitarian church, displays a selection of about twenty pictures from the Century Portfolio (secured through The Outlook offer), one at a time, on the walls of its cheerful little reading-room, the pictures being changed in the same frame once in two weeks. (Any picture-dealer can make a frame which will allow of the change in a few seconds) Another choice picture is borrowed for a month from some friend of the library. The children are interested in the pictures and watch eagerly for the new ones.

This little library, containing only 676 books, circulated them 7,366 times in 1895 among 1,196 children. One can imagine the homes from which most of these children come, and the need in their lives of the beauty which the pictures suggest.

This idea of loaning pictures, if it approve itself to the judgment of the thoughtful, will admit of an almost infinite variety of application.

❧

We are not to carry others' burdens that they can carry as well as ourselves. True helpfulness consists in giving comfort; and comfort means giving strength to those who are weary by inspiring them when they hesitate or fail.—*David O. Mears, D.D.*

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass on, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Froude.*

The poor are our friends, and, according to the Spanish proverb, "When a friend asketh, there is no to-morrow."—*Lady Lindsay.*

The Higher Life of Boston[1]

By Edward E. Hale

IT may be merely a fancy of mine that the destinies of Boston have been largely affected by the establishment here in 1635 of what they called a "Grammar School," and by the loyalty and pride by which that School has always been maintained. But I think this fancy will bear examination. There was then no grammar but Latin grammar, or Greek or Hebrew. So the establishment of a free Grammar School in the little village meant that from that time forward there was a school where every boy might study the Latin and Greek languages.

In another century other schools were added, in which, perhaps for an hour a day, a Boston boy might study some writing and some arithmetic. But practically from 1635 until after the Revolution every well-to-do boy in Boston, as long as he went to any school, was studying Latin and Greek. Not a tenth part of them ever went to the University, or entered what were called the learned professions. But all of them had so much initiation into the career of liberal study, as those two centuries understood it.

From this original arrangement, I suppose, there sprang a certain connection between the men of business, or the men of the mercantile class, and the college-bred men, as the men of law, of medicine, or of theology, such as I have never known in any other city of which I have read.

BOYLSTON ARCH

I have never known any city in which college-bred men went so much as a matter of course into practical business on a large scale; nor, on the other hand, have I ever known any other city where every man of affairs, who holds any position of importance, interests himself as a matter of course in what may be called the Higher Life of the town.

For a good instance, the town of Boston gave birth or education to five signers of the Declaration of Independence. Two of them were lawyers; one of them was a bookseller, one of them was a large importing merchant, and one of them, Ben Franklin, was a printer. All of them had been sent to the Latin Grammar School; four of them had graduated at Harvard College, but of these four, two, Sam Adams and John Hancock, went at once into business life in Boston; Hancock into his uncle's counting-room, and Sam Adams into his father's. I do not believe you will find anything like this, say, in the relations of London to the British Empire.

Or take this for a pretty instance. When the Commercial Club of Boston invited the Commercial Club of Chicago to a banquet where they wanted to provide everything conceivable for the satisfaction of their guests, the first thing they arranged was that the poet Longfellow should sit at their table as the most prominent of their guests. It was a matter of instinct with them that this would interest such guests as nothing else they could arrange could do.

He never spoke on such occasions. He did not speak then. But it was a matter of course that they should ask him, for they were his friends. It was a matter of course that he should accept, for he was theirs. It would not have happened in London, say, that Mr. Samuel Rogers or Mr. Wordsworth should be thought of as the guest who would give most attraction to a merchants' dinner in Guildhall.

I believe that this suggestion is not out of place in a study of the Higher Life of Boston. The enterprises or endeavors which I try to describe in this paper are kept alive by what I may call the loyalty or pride of the Boston man for Boston, quite like that which in Athens maintained the tragic theater, or the other great functions of religion and education.

What we call the Lowell Institute is a system of public lectures open to every one. What our English friends call the "foundation" was a sum of nearly three hundred thousand dollars set aside for this purpose by Mr. John Lowell, Jr. This gentleman was one of a distinguished family, to which Massachusetts, not to say the country, owes much. He had no children, and he left his fortune in trust for the maintenance of courses of lectures in Boston.

The custom, under the will, has been that one trustee should administer the income of this munificent gift, and this trustee has been always a near relative of this Mr. Lowell. His cousin, Mr. John A. Lowell, and this gentleman's son,

Robert Treat Paine
President Associated Charities

Gen. Charles G. Loring
Director Museum of Fine Arts

Prof. William T. Sedgwick
Professor of Biology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Edwin D. Mead
Editor of the "New England Magazine"

Hon. Francis A. Walker
resident Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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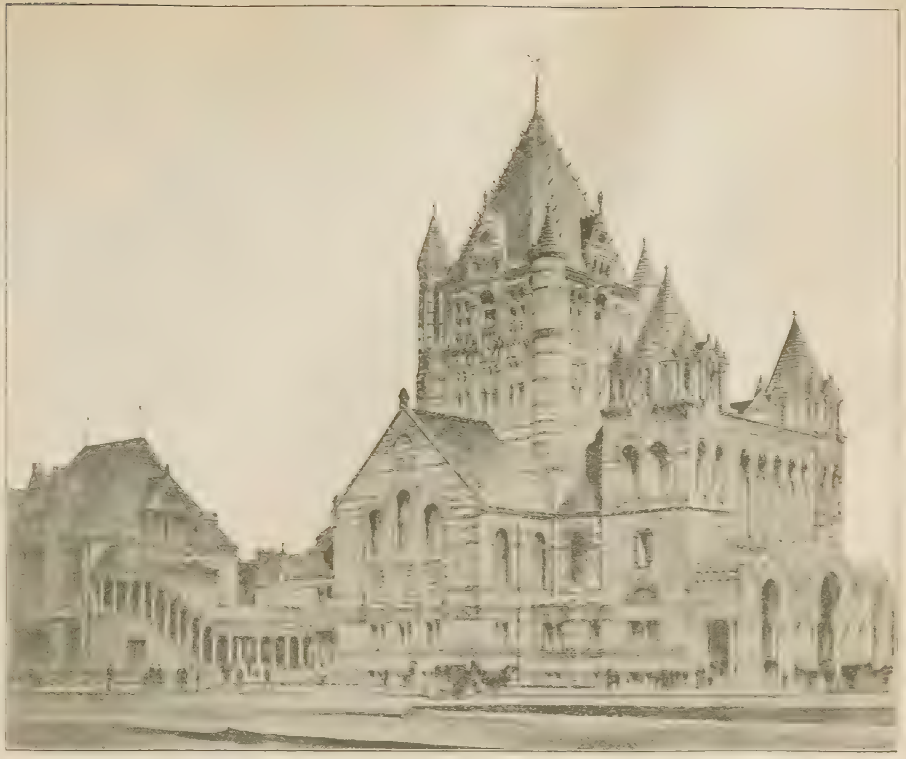
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895); "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896); and "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Melville E. Stone (The Outlook for February 22, 1896). Other articles will be on New Orleans, by Miss Grace King: on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder; and on Buffalo, by the Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D.



TRINITY CHURCH

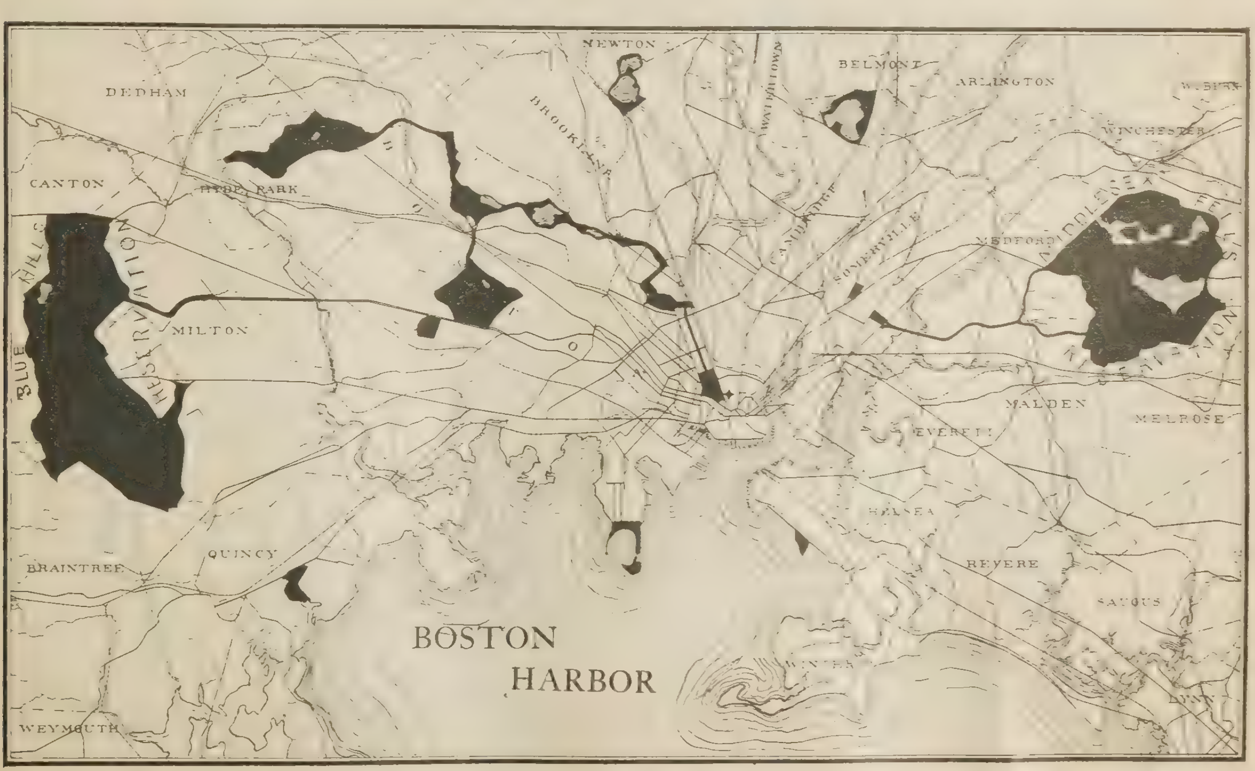
Mr. Augustus Lowell, have directed the annual lectures since 1840, when the first course was delivered. Each, in turn, has thus been president, trustee, and overseer of what is a university for the city of Boston—a university free to all comers. I am not aware that any estimate has recently been made of the annual attendance. But some estimate can be made when we remember that from October to May five lectures at least are delivered every week in a hall which seats eight hundred persons, which is almost always full.

Besides these lectures, open to all men and women, the Lowell Institute maintains special lectures to experts in various lines of study, and classes, which become schools, indeed, in some departments. Of these the most important, probably, is the School of Design.

The lectures have been so administered as to raise the standard of such instruction through the whole country. A "popular lecture" in England means a lecture in words of three letters delivered to people who have hardly heard of Noak's ark and never heard of Julius Cæsar. A "popular lecture" in America may be a lecture by Tyndall or Huxley on the most delicate detail of science.

Mr. John A. Lowell began the courses of lectures by engaging some of the college professors of most distinction in that time. Before many years he showed the world what he was about when he "imported Agassiz."[1] The importation of such a man as Agassiz showed to all America that nothing second-rate was to be entertained or tolerated here. The names of the lecturers since show how the reputation has been sustained which was then won. Among them have been Benjamin Silliman, Asa Gray, Louis and Alexander Agassiz, Lyell, Carpenter, Langley, James Walker, James Bryce, O. W. Holmes, and James Russell Lowell, to pick out a few names from many hundreds. And no one who loves the Institute forgets its two curators, Jeffries Wyman and Benjamin E. Cotting. In many notable instances the lecturers have, in these lectures, given the first public announcement of new observations or discoveries.

I do not know whether to call it an advantage, but practically the admirable administration of the "Lowell Lectures" has nearly put an end to almost all other courses



THE PARK SPACES NEAR BOSTON
(The black spots represent the Parks)

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[1] The phrase is Mr. James Russell Lowell's. When he said that Harvard College had trained no truly great educator, he added, "For we imported Agassiz."

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

of lectures in Boston. The average Bostonian does not like to pay for a lecture. He does not like it any more than a New Yorker would like to be stopped by a toll-gate on Broadway. "Why should I pay for a lecture ticket? The Lowell lectures are free, and they are the best of their kind."

The Symphony Concerts furnish through the winter two admirable performances every week of the best music. A first-rate orchestra is maintained for the rendering of the most of this music, but from time to time soloists take a part in these concerts, if they have obtained sufficient distinction in the musical world. The expense and oversight of these Symphony Concerts, as they are called, is not assumed by a society, as in most such cases in our larger towns. It is assumed by one public-spirited citizen. This is Colonel Henry L. Higginson, a distinguished cavalry officer in the war. He is the same who gave the great athletic field to Harvard College. People buy tickets to the concerts, but no one supposes that the cost of the tickets ever pays the expenses. That is assumed by Colonel Higginson, and he never troubles mankind with his balance-sheet.

ONE OF THE HOMES WHERE HOME LIBRARIES ARE PLACED

Side by side with lectures, if you really mean study and the Higher Life, come libraries. Boston has and uses the library of Harvard College, the city Public Library, of which the motto is, "Open to all," and the library of the Athenæum, besides many smaller libraries.

The Public Library is one of the large libraries of the world. At the first the library had exactly the fate of such institutions generally. Some contributions of public documents, however valuable in the long run, were not attractive to Tom, Dick, and Harry, who wanted to read. But so soon as Mr. Edward Everett, Mr. George Ticknor, Mr. John Bigelow, were put upon the board, the passion which each of these gentlemen had for public education displayed itself in the measures which they took, which have insured the success of the Public Library. They were fortunate in having the co-operation of Charles Coffin Jewett, to whom the science of library management in this country owes a great deal. Early in the business, a position on the board of trustees came to be considered as an honorable post, and this board has now the services of many competent scholars.

Of all which the result is that the library is thoroughly popular. City governments may cut down other expenses, but they waver a little before they cut down the appropriation here. A few years ago the trustees determined on building the magnificent palace in which the library is now housed, and last February it was opened to the public.

One of the prettiest sights in Boston is the children's reading-room. Here, in one of the finest halls in the building, are seats for one hundred and seventy-five children; and the children's books are arranged round the room in cases, where they themselves can take them from the shelves. They may sit and read them there, from early morning till nine in the evening. Every boy or girl in Boston who is over twelve may have a card by which to take out a book; any boy or girl in the world may go into this children's reading-room and read. A good popular arrangement for the distributing of books to each of the sixty grammar-schools in Boston is now working its way into practice.

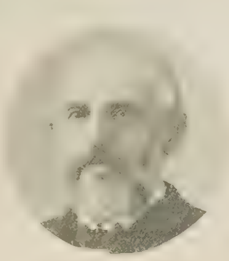
In the general reading-room there are seats and tables for four hundred readers. Here also a large miscellaneous library is literally at the hand of every one who wants, so arranged as to be almost its own catalogue. Nineteen out of twenty of the books which the reader of this article would want in the course of a year are on these shelves. He has simply to walk into the building, hang up his hat, and go to

A "HOME LIBRARY" GROUP

the bookcase and take down the book that he needs. If he needs the twentieth book, he writes his name upon a slip, and this is carried off by the mysterious little carts, which travel off fifty rods to the other end of the stack perhaps, and, after due conjurations there on the part of a boy or girl in attendance, the book comes back, it does not know why or how. Here also the service is absolutely free to any member of the human family.

When a lecturer comes to the Lowell Institute, the leading books, even to the number of several hundred, which will illustrate his subject are laid out together, in a special room, for the use of readers. For instance, at the moment when I write, Dr. Weir's lectures on fine art have suggested the arrangement of such books, some of them of great curiosity and value, in a room large enough for the accommodation of the people who wish to follow his references.

I once had a class of a dozen or more bright young women who were reading Shakespeare with me. I made arrangements for one of the private reading-rooms, and they met me twice a week there. Each girl had her own play to work up, and as the winter went by each girl presented her results. It was not till the winter was ended, and the class, that I found that most of those young women had the impression that any bright girl in America, wherever she lived, could handle a copy of the original quarto or could compare the readings of the first folios. These things had been displayed to them so simply and easily that they did not understand that they had enjoyed the privilege which "kings and prophets waited for and died without the sight."


William H. Baldwin
President Boston Young Men's Christian Union

Rev. R. Kidner
St. Andrew's Church

Rev. William T. Warren, D.D.
President Boston University

Rev. F. B. Allen
Episcopal City Mission

The Boston Athenæum maintains a good miscellaneous library and a convenient reading-room. It was established early in the century, by a vigorous effort among the literary men who worked on the "Monthly Anthology" and "North American Review." Mr. Lothrop Motley once said to me that he thought the curious opportunity given to young men in Boston by the Historical Society's library, the Athenæum, and the Ebeling Collection in Cambridge, did much to make what one may almost call the Boston school of historians. It directed the early reading of Sparks, Bancroft, Palfrey, Prescott, Parkman, Motley himself, and now Winsor and Channing and Adams and Fiske.

The Historical Society was founded more than a hundred years ago. Under its new President, Charles Francis Adams, it has a larger career before it than ever. Its elegant Dowse Library is one of the most interesting lions of Boston, and is open to any well-introduced person. The New England Historic-Genealogical Society, much larger in numbers than the older society, maintains an admirable working library of local and family history. This is open as a prairie is, to the millions of people who want to be Colonial Dames or Sons of the Revolution. The staff give the most careful attention to every comer. And any one of higher make-up than a chimpanzee, if, as Dr. Palfrey says, "he be of Anglo-Saxon lineage," can come away, after a morning's lounge there, certain that "the blood of King Egbert runs in his veins."

CHARLESBANK—CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN FOREGROUND

Now we will turn from these mammoth libraries, for people who love books already, to one of the Boston institutions which teaches children to love them. This is the "Home Library."

A Home Library is a set of fifteen good books for children, with a selection of children's magazines, all put up in a neat bookcase. This library is taken to the home of Max Schwartz or Celia Kelley, and Celia or Max becomes librarian, while the neighbor children, to the number of ten, are the patrons. All books are approved by a competent committee, and in each set there are stories of home life, stories of travel or adventure, something for the youngest and something to encourage the older ones toward the reading of grown-ups. Each group of children is placed under the care of some person of sense, who meets them once a week, and spends an hour or two in talk about the books, in playing games, or, in whatever way, in widening the range of life for these children of the tenements. Eighty such libraries are now in use; and when, after two or three months, a set of books has been thoroughly read, they are passed on to another home, and replaced by a set which has been doing duty elsewhere.

Now we must pass from lectures and libraries to schools or colleges where men and women are entered as students, and work daily and regularly. The "Tech," as we call the Institute of Technology, the Boston University, Boston College, the Normal School of Art, the Museum Art School and the private Cowles School, the New England Conservatory of Music and one or two smaller conservatories, are the principal schools which may be called the professional schools of Boston.

The public-school system embraces also six high schools, three Latin schools. There is also an evening high school, to which any person more than sixteen years old may go. It has pupils of all ages—many men and women. The number in all the classes is nearly three thousand. The school building of the High and Latin Schools—also occupied by the Evening High School—is one of the finest school buildings in the country. The library of the Latin School is one of the choicest, and least visited, of the city "lions."

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was opened in 1865. It owes its foundation largely to the earnest purpose of Dr. William Barton Rogers, its first President. It unites schools of chemistry, architecture, civil engineering, steam engineering, topographical engineering, and electrical engineering. It prides itself on its laboratory work.

H. E. Scudder
Editor "Atlantic Monthly."

Rev. Timothy Brosnahan
President Boston College

Rev. James De Normandie
Trustee Public Library

Samuel F. Hubbard
North End Union

Mr. Edwin Ginn
President People's Building Association

Its school of biology, at the head of which is Sedgwick, is easily granted to be the first in America. The "Tech." is the largest scientific and technical school in the United States, and one of the largest in the world. Last year's catalogue showed 137 teachers, and 1,183 pupils, from 37 States and 19 foreign countries. Its characteristics, as stated by its own staff, are: (1) The variety of its courses; (2) the unusually large amount of laboratory work; (3) its high standard of scholarship; (4) the requisition of a large amount of general, or what the world calls liberal, studies; (5) the high grade of its thesis work. It occupies six large buildings near Copley Square. In the very heart of the finest part of Boston, it bears daily testimony to the spirit which made Boston. As you meet the crowds of students, with note-books and portfolios, you remember the Latin Quarter of Paris.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT—KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND

Close at hand, fronting Copley Square, is the Art Museum. It occupies three sides of a hollow square, of which the fourth side, completing the Museum, is yet to be built. The collection of casts and statues is excellent, and one is glad always to see students at work there. The collection of pictures is large, and is frequently reinforced by the loan of pictures or collections offered by private owners.

The Museum Art School is maintained in the basement of the same building, and the pupils have all the advantages of study which such a collection can give. The regular course of study covers three years, and the work of the students, as it is occasionally exhibited, is enough to show how high is the standard of the school.

Not far away is the State Normal Art School, founded to prepare teachers who are to take charge of drawing classes in the public schools. More than a thousand pupils have taken the certificates or diplomas here in the last twenty years. Cowles's Art School, a private school, has maintained a high reputation in the eagerness for instruction in fine art which has revealed itself in late years.

By far the largest school of musical instruction is the New England Conservatory of Music. It was founded by the energy and devotion of the late Dr. Eben Tourgée, who died in 1891. It is now conducted by a Board of Trustees, of which Mr. Richard H. Dana is the head. The extent of its work appears from the treasurer's report, which shows an expense of a quarter of a million dollars annually. In its most prosperous year it received 2,271 pupils. Last year, in the extreme depression of business, it received only 1,500. But this falling off is not due to any lowering of the standard or weakening of the staff. It has the confidence and help of the leaders of the musical resources of Boston. Its full course covers four years.

Besides these great colleges of technology, fine arts, and music, there are the colleges or universities of liberal arts—

Herbert Putnam
Librarian Boston Public Library

Samuel B. Capen
President Municipal League

Richard H. Dana
President of Trustees, New England Conservatory of Music

Dr. B. E. Cotting
Curator Lowell Institute

Hon. Charles Francis Adams.
President Massachusetts Historical Society

BOSTON COMMON—THE FROG POND

Harvard University, the Boston University, and Boston College. But we must ask The Outlook to give us a separate article for them and their five thousand scholars.

Harvard University is technically spoken of as "at Cambridge." And we old purists, under the lead of Edward Everett when he was President of the University, made a fight to call it by the name "University at Cambridge," by which it is known in the State Constitution. But the young set, which is now growing old, were too much for us. Our name was thrown out of the window, and "Harvard University" is the name by which it wins its well-deserved laurels. This is no matter. For Cambridge proper is but half a mile from Boston proper, and is quite within the larger Boston. Indeed, four of the sixteen schools of the University are in the territorial limits of the municipality of Boston, if any one cares what they are. These four are the Boylston Medical School, the Bussey Institute of Agriculture, the School of Dentistry, and the Veterinary School. The University also maintains an observatory in the Andes. Every year shows some new building, or gateway, or other improvement, in the grounds—only too small—at Cambridge. Within a few years the noble Soldiers' Field for athletes has been added to the University domain, on the Brighton side of Charles River. The Arnold Arboretum of the University makes one of the finest points in the system of Boston parks.

The Boston University has no dormitories for students; its students, men and women, live where they will. Its principal buildings are near the State House, on the highest ground in Boston. It maintains a Department of Liberal Arts (with 353 students), of which the standard is as high as that of any American college. It has also departments of agriculture, of theology, of law, and of medicine. Its medical school was the first in America to require a four years' course of study for a degree. It receives both sexes to each of its schools. Its students last year came from thirty-six American States and twenty-one foreign countries; in all the branches there are 1,252.

Boston College has a fine building near the New England Conservatory. Its President now is the Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, of the Society of Jesus, and the College is under the system of that Society. The pupils are mostly of the Church of Rome. But no student is refused participation in the privileges, honors, or degrees of the College on account of his religious opinions.

With such scanty notice we must pass, for the present, the three colleges which have much to do with our Higher Life.

On a rough estimate, made from this year's catalogues, there are more than nine thousand young men and women, who have come from places outside of Boston for study, in higher grades of study than those of ordinary schools. Of these nine thousand persons, more than two-thirds are men. The Conservatory and art schools have a majority of women. But the three colleges and the Technology have many more men than women. Now probably there belong in Boston twenty-five thousand young men between sixteen and twenty-one years of age. The Young Men's Christian Union alone enrolls in its classes, clubs, and gymnasium five thousand members; the Christian Association more than half as many. To their number is added, every winter, this group of six thousand or more who are engaged in study of some or what we call the higher branches of human interest. When you meet in the street a man of about this age, the chances are one to three that he belongs to the class which once had the "benefit of clergy." They used to say that every eighth man in Rome was a priest. These figures seem to show that every fourth young man in Boston in winter is a student.

Such a condition affects social intercourse, in a certain way. It affects life, as I see it, in the details of the interests of a church. I found, one evening, a little group of three young people talking together in the parlor of our church. One of these was from Oregon, one from South Carolina, and one from New Jersey. Nor was this in the least exceptional. These young people rove from point to point in Boston for their amusement and for their improvement. They know just what is going on. They understand the machinery of the Public Library much better than we old residents do. And they can tell you, by some divine gift of prophecy, whether it is worth your while or not to attend on the proposals of some side-show. In a word, Boston is a university city. But old Boston hardly knows this itself.

JOHNSTON GATEWAY TO THE QUADRANGLE
(Harvard University)

Within twenty years past the necessity of providing air, sunshine, and the enjoyment of nature for all has compelled the establishment of public parks for the people of Boston.

There are now two well equipped and endowed commissions appointed to meet this necessity. The Boston Park Commission has opened to the public a belt of park-spaces which circle the city, centering in Franklin Park, an area of several hundred acres, fortunately situated. This has been rather over-improved, with its curbstones, asphalt, and macadam, and other insults to nature. But time and good sense will correct the work of such audacity; and We the People gain playgrounds, bicycle-grounds, a good chance for driving, and pretty walks, within reach of a five-cent fare.

Seaward, the Commission has succeeded in rescuing a beautiful island, the "Castle Island" of the fathers. This gives to the people a charming summer resort where winds are cool and the ocean beats the shores. The bathing-places make part of the equipment.

It is said that east of the Worcester County hills there is no land in Massachusetts worth a cent an acre for cultivation, except that which can be used for vegetable gardens. However this may be, we have all the better chance for public parks, and our admirable General Park Act has stimulated public action that way. A Metropolitan Park Commission was formed three years ago, which has already, at the public charge, bought the Blue Hills, the Middlesex Fells, and two small reservations of fine scenery, all within ten miles of Boston. These make in all nearly seven thousand acres open to every one. Revere Beach, a beautiful sea-reach on the Atlantic, has been brought under the same admirable dominion.

Please remember that, in Algonkin, Mattachusett means "Great Hill," and that the highest Blue Hill, which thus becomes the property of the State, gives the State its name. One of the smaller holdings, purchased by a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, gives the State the Waverley Oaks, the "finest clump of oaks in New England."

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

Of all the parks, that which gives the most pleasure and life to the square inch is Charlesbank—right on the edge of the most crowded streets or alleys of Boston. No five-cent fares here between you and God's handiwork! Just the two feet under you which "God and nature" put into the control of most of us. To see the mothers sitting on the benches, while the boys and girls are climbing in the gymnasium, or the babies playing in the sand-gardens—this is what the prophet calls "joy unalloyed."

For the benefit of other people, who have to control public breathing-places, I reveal a great discovery.

Call the place a *Forest* from the first, and not a *Park*. If it is a Park, it has to have curbstones and levels. The checkerberry-patches have to be raised eleven inches and a quarter, or lowered nine feet and a half. And the "improvement" of the park costs you a hundred thousand dollars an acre. On the other hand, if you call it a Forest, and talk glibly about the New Forest and Epping Forest, then you can improve it enough for only a thousand dollars an acre, and you will be confirmed in the opinion that the good God is the best of landscape gardeners.

All these enterprises, so far as they succeed, are tokens of good government, from the time when Winthrop and the rest founded the Free Grammar School in 1635. All of them rest on the public spirit of the community and the support it gives to law.

As to the detail of administration, our new Mayor, Josiah Quincy, says that in the improvements made in our city charter in the last quarter-century, it has been made to conform more closely to the standards of the most judicious students of municipal constitutions than that of any other American city.

But forms are nothing without public spirit. Let us say it reverently, this public spirit must be a Holy Spirit, or The Holy Spirit. And while no club, coterie, or society affects to have this Spirit shut up in a casket, as, in the Arabian Nights, Solomon's spirit was locked up, there are many organizations, large or small, public or private, which exist simply to give to It encouragement and to quicken Its growth. Every large church, I think—certainly all in the Protestant communions—regards the good government of the city as a special business of its church clubs. The subjects for discussion at the monthly public meetings of the Baptist and Congregational Unions, of the Episcopal Club and Unitarian Club, often look this way. At my own church the Christian Citizenship Class, of fifty or more members, meets every Sunday noon.

The city owes much in this direction to Samuel B. Capen, President of the Municipal League, and to Edwin D. Mead, President of the Twentieth Century Club, and to these clubs. Mr. Capen had done essential service in the presidency of the School Committee, and Mr. Mead in charge of the Old South Historical Work.

The Municipal League is made up of members chosen from all the societies—religious, mercantile, or literary—which claim as part of their work the good government of Boston. It may not engage in the National Government or its politics, but it does study, and acts upon, the legislation and the elections which bear on the city government or its details. The Twentieth Century Club embodies three hundred members, men and women, for conference, social or public, and interests itself in any themes of moral, spiritual, or social improvement. The membership brings together a large number of the leaders of opinion. It maintains a club-room, and has begun to form a library. The Good Citizenship Society provides lectures and circulates reports bearing on the duties of citizens in whatever relations. The Lyceum League is an alliance of Debating Societies of young men, and young women if they choose, who discuss and study similar questions. The Old South Work, with the Old South Meeting-House as its center, arranges courses of lectures, provides for historical study, and issues the Old South Leaflets, now generally known among political students. Another aid to good government is found in the "better dwellings" societies, which, under the lead of Mr. Paine, Mr. Ginn, and other gentlemen, are doing what can be done to break up the overcrowding of the tenement districts, and to place families in homes outside the city.

The North End Union, under the oversight of Samuel F. Hubbard, maintains a Children's House. The city has established one of the public kindergartens there which meets in the morning, and there is a general good time in the afternoon. The children absolutely flock to the house, and it is curious to note the sort of freemasonry developed among them as "Union" boys and girls. Here is a social home for young men, where care is used in selecting the best reading for them; lectures on the topics of the day are given by the brightest speakers of the city. The more active boys have gymnastics, a drum corps, and a drill club, while the girls have clubs, classes, and gymnasitcs. A public bath is now open for a small fee.

This is one of various enterprises, large and small, which attempt to keep boys and girls off the streets, away from vicious amusements, and to prepare them for life. St. Andrew's, Barnard Memorial, the Institute of Industry, are others.

In such endeavors the "Settlements," so called, furnish ready workmen. Harvard College and the Boston University enroll many students who take classes in these working schools. The South End House (formerly Andover House), Trinity House, Hale House, Lincoln House, the Every-Day House, Denison House, Dorothea House, the Epworth League House, the new Kindergarten House, St. Stephen's, St. Andrew's, are perhaps the best known of these settlements. But all of them have a proper reserve about publishing their plans or their successes.

A Visit to Penzance

By Arthur Reed Kimball

A CORNISH FISHWIFE

Comparatively few Americans when in England visit the Penzance district. The principal reason is not that its rare picturesqueness is disputed, but because, as the phrase goes, "there are so many other places better worth the seeing." A trip abroad is an event for the great majority of Americans. In deciding on their itinerary they are guided by a travel-conscience, a sense of responsibility for the disposition of their time. It is much the same feeling that one had in visiting the Chicago World's Fair—the feeling that one was in duty bound to see all that there was to see "of importance," because the chance to see it again would never come. In foreign travel this phrase "of importance" covers any historic spot, or famous view, or "preserved ruin" within reaching distance. To break off, then, from the accustomed route of travel for the sake of a remote corner of Cornwall—a district popularly known by name on this side the water through the pirates of Gilbert's opera—seems an almost wicked waste of precious opportunity.

In personal palliation for violating this excellent principle may be pleaded the need of rest after the actual physical weariness of conscientious travel, a desire to see a characteristic bit of England visited only by the occasional American, and a curiosity to discover the peculiar charm of the region for that now famous group of artists known as "the Newlyn School."

Taking up the last first, Newlyn is as much a part of the view, when facing the beautiful Penzance Bay, as St. Michael's Mount itself—a rocky, castle-crowned islet standing out a silent sentinel on the extreme left. On the extreme right is the fishing village of Newlyn, a cluster of small white houses clinging to the hillside, steep of path to reach, set closely together purposely, one imagines, to bolster each other up when the waves leap up from below or the winds sweep down from above. The narrowest of narrow lanes, as crooked as they are narrow, thread the spaces between these crowded houses, as completely walling the visitor in as at Tangiers itself. "Picturesque but stifling" is the visitor's first comment, marveling at the choice of Newlyn by artists, who seem most of all to need roominess. It is in striking contrast with any preconceived idea of an art settlement that an American may bring with him from Mr. Chase's art colony at Shinnecock, where the long stretches of the open reach far out over the dunes. Indeed, this first "shut-in" effect of Newlyn is much the same as that of Barbizon, the home of Millet and Rousseau, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau. It is only by entering a Newlyn house and seeing the view from a second-story window that its possibilities can be appreciated.

The contrast between Newlyn and Shinnecock does not stop with first impressions. There is no "Newlyn school," properly speaking. Only a very few pupils, of a single artist, go there at all, and those few receive their instruction in Penzance. Still further, of the score of artists who live in Newlyn, no two are working on exactly the same lines. The fact that most, if not all, of them received their early art-training in Paris is almost the sole ground for classing them, as is popularly done, as a group of "transplanted impressionists." A typical instance of the independence of their work is Frank Bramley, the distinguished Newlynite, who is to-day tending toward sympathy with the Glasgow school, and the stress it lays on a proper attention to values. Stanhope Forbes, the discoverer of Newlyn, put it patly when he said, in repudiating the "school" idea, "We are simply a lot of jolly good fellows, and we live at Newlyn."

Stranger yet to those who think of art settlements

LAND'S END, LOOKING [illegible]

as summer colonies, summer is the time when most of the Newlyn artists take their vacations. They go up to London to see where their pictures have been hung at the Academy (not from any special respect for Academy judgments, but from a despised commercial necessity), and they run over to Paris and the Continent. This is because, for the most part, the Newlyn artists are figure-painters. Their perch on the hillside affords excellent light for their studios (some of them made of glass) in the short days of fall, winter, and spring; the fisher-folk, especially the fishwives, are the best of models, close at hand and reasonable in price; and living is good and cheap. But for these reasons the Newlyn artists might as advantageously do their work in London.

A STREET IN PENZANCE

On the other hand, Newlyn, in addition to its beautiful outlook and its climate, sought by invalids even in winter, offers opportunity for a pleasant and stimulating social intimacy among people of congenial tastes and similar circumstances—an intimacy hardly possible in a large city or a metropolis. "Newlyn evenings" are highly prized by those privileged to be the guests of the artists. These evenings are marked by a truly Bohemian informality. For example, men can attend them in any clothes they care to wear, from conventional evening dress to tennis flannels. Whether the attraction of a given evening be a dance, or a play—Newlyn artists are greatly given to acting—or music, or cards, or simply conversation, matters little. There is always spirit and go and comradeship—the ozone of the atmosphere in which thrives a genuine social life.

Speaking of their fondness for acting recalls a humorous experience at the expense of these Newlyn artist-actors. Some years ago they offered to give a play for the benefit of the hospital in Penzance. Unluckily, no profits resulted for anybody, but instead there was a considerable deficit. Every winter since, the expecting but disappointed donors have felt obliged to give at least one play in an attempt to make that deficit good.

The visitor knows that he is in Newlyn as soon as he has crossed the bridge at the end of the Penzance esplanade. This is told to him by a little art building, not yet entirely finished. It is the gift of Mr. Passmore Edwards, a kind of English Andrew Carnegie, who has given some twenty buildings in all, mostly public libraries, to various places. There is a suggestion of conventionality, and therefore of incongruity, in an art building for Newlyn. It seems unsuited to the simplicity and individuality of its art life. But this is perhaps an ungracious comment better left unmade. No doubt in time the new art building will come to fill a valuable place.

One is tempted to linger unduly on the Newlyn side of Penzance, as if interest clustered in it chiefly because a group of artists have chosen it for a home, have sealed it with the distinction of their æsthetic approval. But Penzance needs no patronage even from an art colony of distinction. It is its own attraction. To the English visitor, indeed, Penzance, the town, is only one of the smaller, quieter summer resorts. This would hardly be a reason for an American to visit it, when Brighton gives so much better chance to see English watering-place life. Rather, to the American, the charm of Penzance is that it is small and quiet—"off the beat" of the American tourist. It affords an unusual opportunity to get close to what is quaint and primitive in a genuine way. There is an entire absence of any suggestion of possible preparation for sightseers—as of posing for tableaux—which is sometimes offensively conspicuous. There is no disillusion in a visit to Penzance. In its simplicity, smacking of the sea, it recalls Nantucket to the American, especially as it too has its town-crier, an active old man of eighty, spry of foot, vigorous of lungs, and equally vigorous in the way he rings his bell.

Indeed, so old-fashioned is Penzance in all its ways that it was almost a shock when attending service at St. Mary's on a Sunday morning to hear the vicar preach a sermon in favor of free pews and on the duty of "reaching the masses." One did not suppose that "the masses" existed in that out-of-the-way corner of Cornwall. Similarly, it was a surprise to find that Mr. George Gould was a much more popular person in Penzance than the Prince of Wales, because he had given £25 to the Penzance yachting regatta, while H. R. H. refused even the use of his name as patron, although he is Duke of Cornwall. It was only human nature, under the circumstances, for the people of Penzance to cheer the Vigilant rather than the Britannia. But it was a disappointment to find simple Cornish loyalty thus corrupted by a sordid worldliness.

Much more in keeping was it with what one naturally expected, and wanted to expect, on driving to Gurnard's Head—one of the wildest sea-views in Penwith—to have for a guide an old woman who had never seen an American before. To find one's self actually a curiosity, instead of a commonplace, was as novel as it was refreshing. When asked whether she had ever been in Devonshire (the next county), she replied slowly: "Once, when I was a little girl. But Devonshire is a long ways off, and [reflectively] America is ever so much farther off than Devonshire!" That old woman of Gurnard's Head is a type. Again and again in driving out from Penzance one sees villages and people such as Mrs. Humphry Ward might sketch in a companion-piece to "Bessie Costrell." Reading that little book at home here in America one can scarcely believe that such villages and people are possible in nineteenth-century England.

One great charm of the Penzance country is its possible variety of scenery in the course of a single drive. For example, in driving from Penzance to St. Ives by way of Gurnard's Head, and home by the direct route, one sees the rich garden greenness of rural England; the bleakness of treeless stretches, accentuated by the smokeless chimneys of abandoned tin-mines; the fierce ruggedness of bluffs rising sheer out of the sea, with here and there among the rocks the house of the coast guard to suggest the nearness of shipwreck and death; the beautiful fishing village of St. Ives, the home of not a few artists, its bay a Mediterranean blue under the summer sun; and, finally, another succession of tree-shaded lanes and verdure-clad fields. As everywhere else in England, there is always present that sense of a historic past so precious to the American—a rock-pile relic of the Cornish kings, an effigy of a Crusader in the churchyard, some reminder of the Spanish torch in the days of the Armada, or the spot where Wesley preached to the throngs of Cornish miners.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT IN PENZANCE BAY

Of many noteworthy spots near Penzance, Land's End comes first in interest. The very familiarity of its name piques curiosity. Yet a search of the visitors' register for more than a year back yielded but a beggarly few American names. It may be truthfully said of Land's End that it is satisfying, that it fills the full measure of anticipation as a picture of the final meeting and parting of land and sea. It is a scene eloquently expressive of constant war matched by constant defiance, of encroachment and resistance—great waves forever throwing themselves in vain against a headland of seamed granite. It is no wonder that Wesley, standing on the rock ledge bridging the cavernous chasm where meet the waters of St. George's and the English Channels, was moved to write his solemn hymn,

> Lo! on a narrow neck of land.
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.

Even the most frivolous, standing where Wesley stood, must feel a thrill of the solemnity he felt.

The Longships Lighthouse—its dangerous ledge of rocks barely to be seen above the waves, although apparently a stone's throw or so from shore—adds a typical touch of loneliness to a scene of which, as one looks seaward, the only sign of life is the gull or cormorant. The guide-book tells how "four of its keepers have been washed off the rocks and drowned, one committed suicide, one went mad, and one died in the lighthouse"—an accumulation of horrors easy of belief when the story is read on the spot. The last horror, however, is the only one of which there seemed to be any local knowledge. It had always been the custom, so the sea-folk said, for two keepers to be assigned together to the lighthouse. During a great storm one of these keepers was taken sick and died. It was days before the survivor could signal the shore, or a boat could be sent to him. Meanwhile he was imprisoned in that little sentry-box with the body of his companion, the waves, as they broke over the lighthouse, completely engulfing it. For minutes at a time it was as entirely shut out from view on shore as if it had been washed away. After this ghastly experience three men have been assigned together to Longships Lighthouse, a fourth on shore relieving one of them once a fortnight, and then staying a term of six weeks at the lighthouse.

To such men it is given to understand, perhaps even better than to sailors on a ship, what the fury and turmoil of the sea is after a long-continued storm, as Ruskin describes it, when "there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air—no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark or natural evidence of position is left—the heaven is all spray and the ocean all cloud, and you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract."

That must have been the awe-inspiring spectacle of the infuriated ocean as it looked to that lone watcher beside his companion's body in the Longships Lighthouse.

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Realism

By Priscilla Leonard

The poets reach a deeper life
Than microscope or surgeon's knife.
Groping for facts, we lose the real;
Truth, to be true, must be ideal,
Serenely showing sun and star
To be as real as maggots are.

Martin Luther, the Prophet of the Reformation

Prophets of the Christian Faith Series—VI.[1]

By Adolf Harnack

MARTINVS LVTHER DOCTOR ÆTATIS SVÆ LXIII

LUTHER AT SIXTY-THREE
An old Woodcut of the Cranach school

He came in the fullness of time—when the rule of the Roman Church, which had hitherto educated the peoples, had become a tyranny, when States and nations were beginning to throw off an ecclesiastical yoke and independently to organize themselves in accordance with their own laws.

He came in the fullness of time—when the economic conditions of Europe, both through inner developments and through the discovery of distant lands, had become completely changed, and the method of administration of their estates by the Roman priests and monks was no longer tenable.

He came in the fullness of time—when mediæval churchly science had outlived its usefulness and when the tree of knowledge was producing young, fresh shoots.

He came in the fullness of time—when the classes and castes of the Middle Ages were disintegrating, and when everywhere the individual, supported by the new culture of the Renaissance, was striving to struggle up to independence. He came when the monastic idea of life had run through all phases of its development, and when man was beginning to esteem an active not less than an ascetic life.

He came in the fullness of time—when laymen were no longer satisfied with priest and sacrament, but were seeking God himself, and were feeling the personal responsibility of their own souls. He came as man was recognizing the precepts of the Church to be but arbitrary laws, and her traditions as only innovations and forgeries.

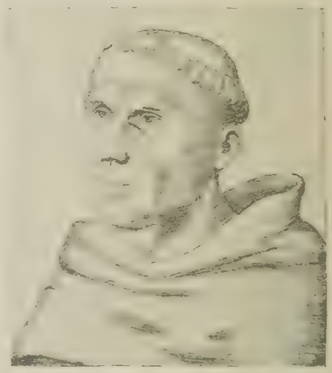
He was no universal genius, no Plato, no Leibnitz. He did not grasp all the conditions of his time; nay, he did not even know them all. His education was mediocre. He was no sharp and refined thinker, he was no humanist, he was no critic; his vocation was not to rectify theoretical errors just because they were errors. The sphere of science was not his sphere; indeed, he had an instinctive and never entirely conquered suspicion of "reason."

He was no saint, no Francis, who, through the glow of feeling, through the sweetness of his spirit or the power of his sacrifice, swept every one along with him. He was also no agitator, no orator, who, like Savonarola, could move and inflame the masses.

Luther was no cosmopolitan, but a German with the marked characteristics of his nation, a German as monk, as professor, and as reformer. His personality has never been understood by the Romanic races; it has never impressed them; his thoughts alone have been able to take root among them.

How was this man, then, able to become the reformer of the Western Church? How was it that this professor in a little German university, in the midst of an uncultivated environment, could unfetter the great movement by which the new epoch in the history of the world began? How did it happen that, through him, "the time was fulfilled"?

ARMS OF THE LUTHER FAMILY



LUTHER WHEN A MONK
(Cranach, 1520)

He was in only one thing great and mighty, overwhelmingly and irresistibly the master of his time, victoriously overcoming the history of a thousand years in order to force his age into new channels. *He was great only in the rediscovered knowledge of God in the Gospels.* What it means to have a God, what this God is, how he grasps us, and how we can apprehend and hold him—all that he experienced and that he proclaimed. In the midst of the night of his conventual life, as he strove to work out his salvation in fear and trembling, it dawned upon him like the sun: "The just shall live *by faith*." In the midst of the complex system of what was called "religion," in the midst of unsatisfying consolations and of incomplete penances, he lived *religion itself*, and he led it out into freedom. The living God—not a philosophical or mystic abstraction—the manifest and gracious God, was a God to be reached by every Christian. Unchangeable reliance of the heart upon God, personal confidence of belief in Him who said, "I am thy salvation," that was to Luther the whole sum of religion. Beyond all care and trouble, beyond all arts of the ascetic, beyond all theological precepts, he dared to grasp God himself, and in this deed of faith his whole life won its independent sturdiness. "Mit unser Macht ist Nichts gethan"

Wittenberg an der Elbe die Hauptstatt in ChurSachsen.1546.
Elb Fluss

WITTENBERG
(From an old Copperplate)

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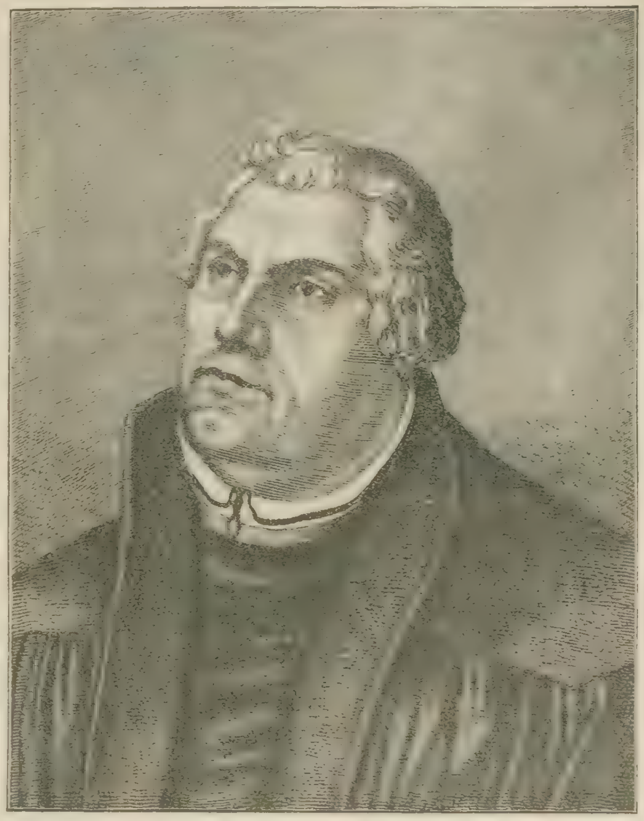
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "What is a Prophet?" by Lyman Abbott (The Outlook for December 14, 1895); "The Apostle Paul," by the Rev. George Matheson, D.D. (December 21, 1895); "Clement of Alexandria," by the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. (January 4, 1896); "St. Augustine," by the Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D.D. (February 8); and "Wycliffe," by Dean Fremantle (March 14). Following articles in the series will be by Dean Farrar, Principal Fairbairn, the Rev. A. V. G. Allen, D.D., and the Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D.

("With our might is nothing done"). He knew the might which gives to our lives both firmness and freedom; he knew that might, and he called it by its name, Belief. To him that meant no longer an obedient acceptance of ecclesiastical dogmas, it meant no knowledge, no deed, but simply the personal and continual giving of the heart to God, a daily regeneration of man. That was his confession of faith, a living, busy, active thing, a sure trust, making one joyful and eager in the sight of God and man, something which makes us always ready to serve or to suffer. Despite all evil, yes, despite our sin and guilt, our life is hid in God, when we trust him as children trust their father. That was the vital thought and the vital power of Luther's life.

With equal certainty he perceived and experienced the other idea, the idea of "the freedom of a Christian." This freedom was to him no empty emancipation or the license for every whim. Freedom meant to Luther the liberation from every external or human authority in matters of belief and conscience. Christian freedom was to him the feeling of surety that, united with God, he was raised above the world, sin, death, and the devil. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Every soul that has found God, and in him has recognized its refuge, is free—so proclaimed Luther.



MARTIN LUTHER

After Cranach's Portrait (1532) in the Dresden Gallery

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein' gute Wehr und waffen.

(A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing.)

Let it be here remarked that, in the same hymn, Luther asks:

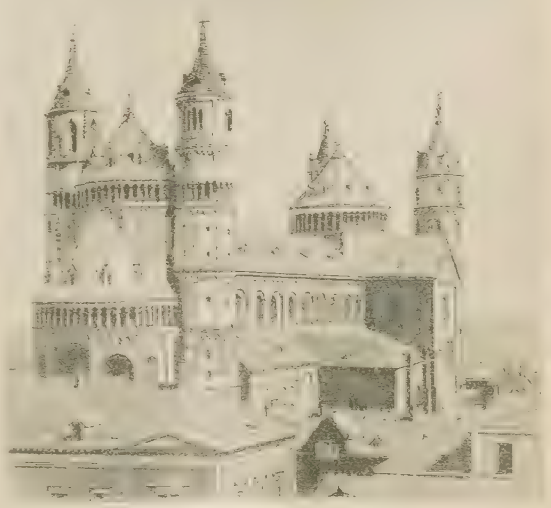
Fragst du, wer er ist?
Er heisset Jesus Christ.
Der Herr Zebaoth.
Und ist kein and'rer Gott.

(Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he.
His name. Lord Sabaoth:
Nor is there other God.)

In Jesus Christ alone Luther recognized God. Outside of Christ he saw only a dark, frightful, and enigmatical Force. In Christ alone he saw the gracious God. Luther was no philosopher who would recognize God in the construction of the world; he was no mystic, who could raise God out of his own soul's secret depths. He was a faithful son of the Christian Church, convinced that she was in the right with her commission from Jesus Christ. He was a faithful disciple of Paul, and had learned from him that all knowledge of God lies locked up in the sentence, "God is the father of our Lord Jesus Christ." He was a faithful disciple of Christ himself, who said, "No man knoweth the Father save only the Son, and him to whom the Son will reveal Him."

Not only did Luther win God-knowledge in Jesus Christ, "the mirror of God's paternal heart," but also the fact that Jesus is the Redeemer, who through death has freed us from sin and blame. Paul's Gospel is also Luther's. Before the latter, no one in the Church really understood the Epistles to the Romans and to the Galatians. Just because he was convinced that he was putting the old, dimmed Gospel again in the light, he was far from the thought of adding anything to it. Never had he another plan than that *of restoring the old belief;* never did he think to fight against the Church, but always *for the Church* against a false and soul-dangerous practice: never did he dream that the Gospel had been really lost—no, but it was to be freed from a captivity into which the Pope, the priests, and the theologians had led it.

Great, lasting reformations are made only by conservative men: not those who "destroy," but those who "fulfill," bring about a new era. Luther—at the bottom of his heart the most conservative of men—has broken the mediæval Catholic system in pieces for millions of souls, and thus freed the history of progressive humanity from the shackles of that system. In that he vindicated the new and yet old Gospel, in that he freed the conscience of the individual from priest and statute, he struck deadly blows against the Church of the Middle Ages. For, (1) he overturned her teaching as to salvation—salvation not being a thing brought about by donations and merits, but the free grace of God, which gives us the conviction that we are his children. (2) He overturned the teaching as to Christian perfection—true Christian life does not consist in monasticism, but in an active life of fidelity to a calling, in humility, patience, and the service of love to our neighbor. (3) He overturned the teachings as regards the sacrament—God does not give us individual and different fragments of grace, but he gives us the forgiveness of sins and with it all grace, yes, he gives us himself as the Bread of our lives. (4) He overturned the priestly Church-system—God wills that all his children shall be priests, and he has instituted but one office, the office of proclaiming the Gospel and of



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THE WARTBURG CASTLE

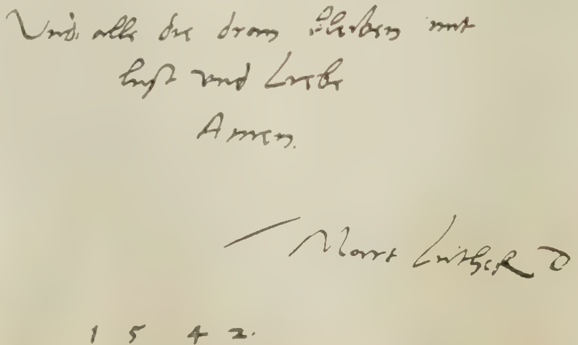
distributing forgiveness. (5) Luther overturned the mediæval church services—God will not be honored by means of ceremonies, masses, oblations, etc., but only through praise and thanksgiving, pleading and prayer. Every church service must be spiritual, and at the same time innately bound with service to one's neighbor. (6) He overturned the false authorities of Roman Catholicism. Not the Pope, nor the Councils, not even the letter of the Bible (yet here, in regard to the Bible, Luther was himself not completely clear), has unerring authority, but only the Gospel, the power and truth of which the soul inwardly knows.

All these points have to do with religion alone. Luther determined to purify religion and to free it from every strange thing which does not belong to it. Besides this he never had another independent interest; he did not care about bettering the world, or the State, or science, for themselves alone. Yet right here is revealed the truth of the saying: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." In that Luther thought out the Gospel in all its parts, proclaimed and applied it, all else fell into his lap; in that he liberated religion from mixture with that which is foreign to it, *he also liberated the natural life and the natural order of things.* He put everything in its right place, and gave everything freedom and room for development. Everywhere he broke apart unnatural ties, he loosed old chains, he gave air and light.

Theology through him is henceforth to be nothing else than the exposition of the Gospel, of how it has founded the Christian community and still keeps it together. The proof of theology is no longer derived from external authority or strange philosophical speculations, but by the simple fact of Christ's appearance, and by our inward experience.

Philosophy is no longer a feared servant or a seductive mistress of theology, but her independent sister. Languages and history are studied conscientiously and faithfully, in order to ascertain the right meaning of every word.

The State is no longer regarded as a half-sinful product of compulsion and need, and the creature of the Church, but as the God-willed, independent order of public social life.



Vnd alle die dran gleuben mit
lust vnd liebe
Amen.

Mart Luther D

1542.

FACSIMILE OF LUTHER'S WRITING (1542)

Law does not longer pass as a dangerous middle course, something between the might of the stronger and the virtue of the Christian, but as the independent, God-given rule of intercourse, always maintained by the "powers that be."

Marriage is no longer thought of as a divine concession towards the weak, but as a free bond between the sexes, a bond instituted by God, and free from tutelage on the part of the Church, and as the school of the highest morality.

General benefactions, such as the care of the poor, are not now so much pursued because of any desire to assure one's own salvation; they have become a free service to one's neighbor, the final scope and only reward of which is effective relief.

Above all things, however, in civil (as opposed to ecclesiastical) callings, activity in house and farm, in trade and official position, is no longer looked upon suspiciously as if it led away from our spiritual vocation. Men now know that the one who guides a household well, educates children patiently and faithfully, fulfills the duties of a calling—even though that one be but a poor boy or a lowly maid—stands in the rightful spiritual place and is higher than all monks and nuns.

Over the great period which we call the Middle Ages, over the chaos of non-independent and intricate forms, there soared the spirit of belief, which had recognized its own nature and therefore had also recognized its limits. Under its sway, all things that had a right to free existence now strove towards independent development. Before Luther, no one had ever separated so clearly and distinguishingly the great departments of life, and given to each its own right. Wonderful! this man would not teach the world other than what the being, the power, and the comfort of the Christian religion is; but in that he recognized this most important department in its own individuality, all other departments came to their own. Luther preached that the just man lives by faith, and that a child of God is a free master over all things. In that he so taught he indeed freed men and things, and thus showed that "the time was fulfilled," for he was called that the time should be fulfilled.

LUTHER AND KATHARINE BORA
(Cranach, 1525)

He became *the* reformer. Beside him Zwingli and Calvin can claim but second places; they are dependent on him. Yes, we can even say: *He was the Reformation.* He had experienced the Reformation in his own soul, when he struggled in the cloister with the creed of his Church. Everything which he afterwards said, wrote, and did, in Wittenberg, in Worms, and in Coburg, was only the natural consequence of that experience. Out of his breast, from the bottom of his heart, the Reformation streamed as a brook out of hidden springs in the rock. In one sense he did not give power and endurance to the Reformation: he did not set its bounds and aim, but the Reformation gushed from his spirit like a fruitful stream. "Here I stand; I can do no other," said he, before Emperor and Empire. When the lonely man thus spoke, it was decided that he, through his faith, like Abraham, should become the father of many thousands; it was decided that a great epoch in the history of mankind had finished its course, and a new was advancing.

But we must not forget that it was four hundred years ago that Luther taught. The convenient belief that he thought out everything for us, and that we can rest on his teaching, is a foolish one. The greatest hero is always only a *finisher* for the past; as regards the future he is but a *beginner.* He who does not understand Luther so that he learns from him the spirit with which to solve new problems and lessons, and so that he endeavors to continue the Reformer's work, understands him falsely. The prophets have been given to us, not that we should build their graves, but that we should inflame our hearts through their faith and their courage.

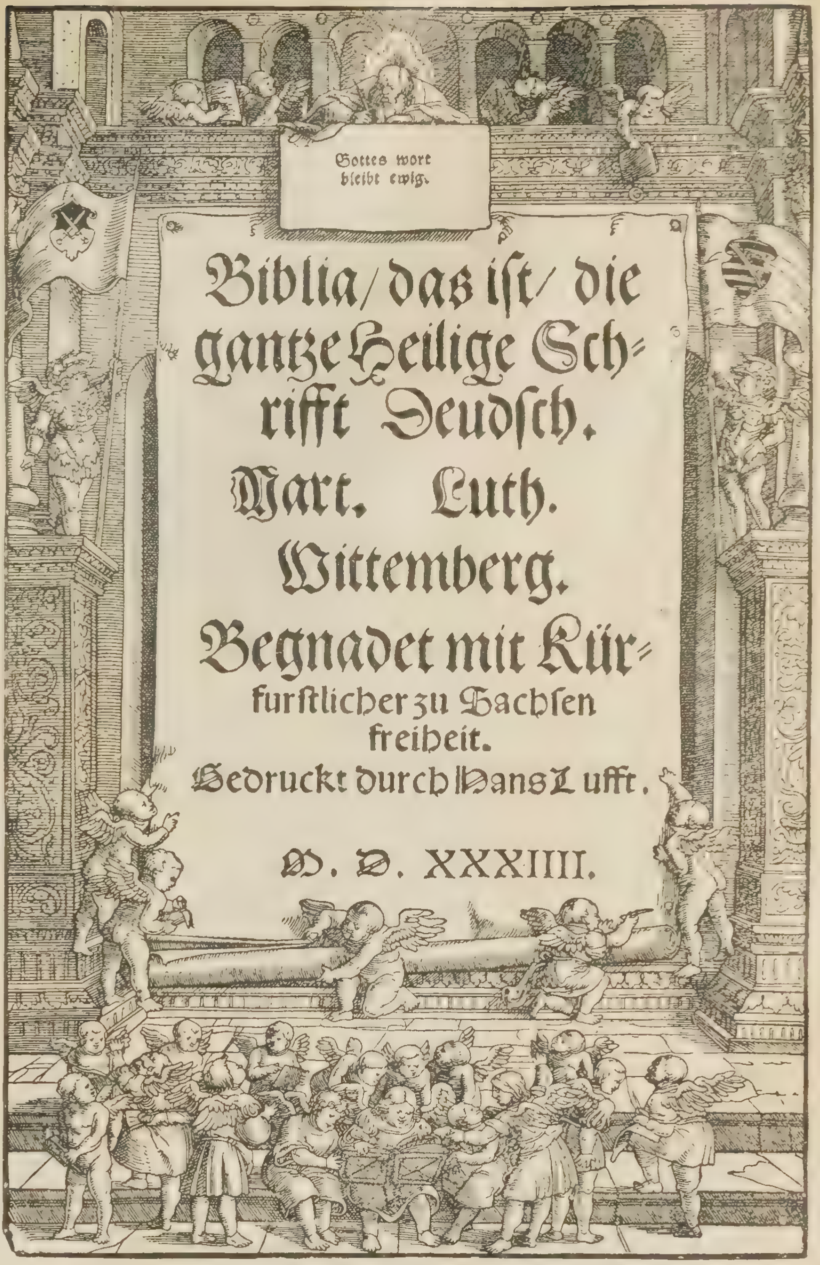
Martin Luther's Life

By the Rev. James M. Whiton, Ph.D.

Martin Luther, the Saxon miner's son, the charity scholar, Bible student, monk, preacher, reformer, church father, theologian, the Elijah of Germany, the Achilles of Protestantism, accomplished far less than he hoped, yet all that was then possible for any one man. His life of sixty-three years moved through three stadia. In the first we see the devout and conscientious son of the Church; in the second, the high-spirited leader and fearless reformer of the Church; in the third, the strenuous but saddened struggler toward a deferred and failing hope.

1. A century before Luther's birth, in 1483, Wyclif had died, "the morning star of the Reformation." In 1415, Hus, Wyclif's disciple, had been burned. Luther early became "a Hussite without knowing it," while supposing himself an obedient son of the Roman Church. Destined by his father for the law, an inward religious crisis determined him to become a monk in the year when he took his master's degree, at the age of twenty-two. In the Augustinian monastery at Erfurt he subjected himself to austere discipline, choosing in humility to take upon him the most menial services. His teachers were the Bible and St. Augustine, and his resort in perplexity was to Tauler and the theology of the fourteenth-century mystics, whose cardinal doctrine was the personal relation of the soul to Christ. Made a university professor in Wittenberg at the age of twenty-five, his lectures on the Bible drew his colleagues to be his hearers, and crowds attended his preaching. His favorite subjects were in the Psalms, Romans, and Galatians, the latter of which he humorously styled his "wife." Three years later, while as yet his conscience had not found unclouded peace in God, he visited Rome. Shocked by the contrast between the profligacy of the papal court and the purity of the evangelical ideal, he came to a clear intuition of the truth which thenceforward inspired his life and embodied itself in the Reformation: "The just shall live by faith." The next year he took his degree as Doctor of Divinity. Presently made district-vicar of his order, when the plague fell upon the city he flinched not from his work; he published editions of the "Theologia Germanica," the mystics' text-book; he was at one with their teaching, that repentance begins in the love of God and his righteousness.

LUTHER'S DOUBLE RING



Gottes wort
bleibt ewig.

Biblia/das iſt/ die
gantze Heilige Schrifft
Deudſch.
Mart. Luth.
Wittemberg.
Begnadet mit Kürfurſtlicher
zu Sachſen
freiheit.
Gedruckt durch Hans Lufft.

M. D. XXXIIII.

FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE OF LUTHER'S COMPLETE BIBLE
(Wittenberg, 1534)

2. Into this well-seeded field came the enemy sowing tares. The Dominican monk Tetzel, seller of papal indulgences, went flagrantly beyond the Catholic canonists in making the buying of indulgence equivalent to the remission of sin. Luther confronted him with the famous Ninety-five Theses, which he nailed on his church door October 31, 1517, and read from the pulpit next day. The gist of them was that God only can pardon sin, and his pardon depends on the sinner's change of heart. Thus the Reformation began in interest for an ethical theology.

The printing-press, then recently invented, became its serviceable and indispensable handmaid. The theses spread everywhere, awakening discussion and attracting support. There was a general meeting of the Augustinian Order next year at Heidelberg, with a public disputation. Germany was in a ferment. A loud call arose for a general council for the reformation of the Church. Pope Leo X., who at first had belittled the trouble as a quarrel of two monks, now bestirred himself. Luther was cited to Rome, but Augsburg was substituted for Rome at the solicitation of his protector, Frederic, Elector of Saxony. There the Papal representatives effected nothing, except that Luther was induced to write apologetically to the Pope, acknowledging the authority of the Church as supreme, but with the qualifying truth that Christ is Lord of all.

In 1519 Charles V. became Emperor of Germany. The Pope and he at once leagued against Luther, and in 1520 the bull of excommunication, which no man till then had ever successfully defied, was issued. Luther published his defiance in two pamphlets, an "Address to the Nobility of the German Nation" and "The Babylonish Captivity of the Church." Warlike documents were these. Luther told the German people that the civil power, not the spiritual, was supreme; the Pope was a usurper; they must curb him; stop tribute to Rome; there must be fewer pilgrimages, fewer convents; the priests should marry; if Hus was right, join him in resisting Rome. Luther never minced matters. His "words were battles."

LUTHER IN LATER LIFE
(After Cranach's Portrait in Berlin)

Meanwhile the bull arrived in Germany. The Elector Frederic was called on to surrender Luther. He consulted with Erasmus. Said Erasmus, "Luther has committed two crimes: he has hit the Pope on the crown and the monks on the belly." But he advised that Luther should have a fair hearing, and that he should be urged to greater moderation. This was December 5, 1520. Five days later Luther publicly burned the bull at Wittenberg. He had not then the burly look we are used to in his portraits, but was worn quite thin by his close studies.

It was now the Emperor's turn. The Pope called on him to crush the daring heretic. But for this the consent of the German Electors was necessary, and these had many grievances with Rome. The Emperor, therefore, was obliged to grant Luther a hearing, and a safe-conduct to and from. He obeyed the summons, though believing that the safe-conduct would not secure him from death, any more than Hus. So bent, however, was he to make no truce that he left for publication in his absence "a good book for the laity," pictorial illustrations of "the Contrast between Christ and the Pope," ending with the Ascension of the former and the descent of the latter to hell. On his journey he even contravened the conditions of his safe-conduct by preaching. Expecting martyrdom, he faced the Diet at Worms April 17 and 18, 1521, a solitary, steadfast Protestant for the sovereign right of a Bible-taught conscience to judge in matters of religion.

Condemned, of course, his safe-conduct was respected, the princes insisting on it. But to save his life his friend, the Elector Frederic, thought best to conceal him a while in Wartburg Castle. Here, in the dress of a knight, and under the name of "Junker George," he devoted himself for ten months to the translation of the New Testament into German. But he broke away from this safe "Patmos" to save the imperiled cause at Wittenberg. Iconoclastic puritanism would have swept out of the Church all that the Scripture did not enjoin. Luther would retain all that it did not forbid. The so-called Anabaptists, faulty but overmaligned predecessors of modern Congregationalists, were pushing Luther's logic to lengths from which he shrank. To settle things conservatively he redoubled his efforts. In 1522 he published 130 treatises, and 83 in the year after. In 1522 his German New Testament appeared; in 1524 his hymn-book; then his prayer-book, his catechisms for young and old, and his summary of doctrine for the common people. He was also strenuously urging the foundation of schools, primary and secondary. It required longer time to "make the Hebrew prophets speak German." His translated Bible was delayed till 1534.

3. In 1520 he had said, "Let priests marry." In 1525, not having fallen in love, but, as he said, "to please his father, tease the pope, and vex the devil," he wedded Katharine Bora, formerly a nun, and eighteen years his junior. Thus he secured in a genial home the only earthly happiness now possible to him, in a life which events saddened henceforth to the end. His insistence on religious freedom had kindled the passion of cruelly oppressed peasants for the social justice which Christ enjoined, and 100,000 of them perished in the vain struggle to extort it. Luther even felt obliged to urge the authorities to sanguinary measures, lest the Reformation should be fatally compromised as anarchical revolution. For all that, the social disorders caused an anti-Protestant reaction. The Reformation had reached its limit. The only question was, Could it sustain itself there?

At the second Diet of Spires, in 1529, the Emperor felt strong enough to demand that all further toleration should cease; and the Diet so decreed. The Lutheran princes received the name of "Protestants," from their signed protest against this. Luther struck up a pæan in his martial hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." But an invasion by the Turks averted the danger. Next year, at Augsburg, the first Protestant statement of doctrine, "the Augsburg Confession," Luther's own, but drafted by Melanchthon, was presented to the Diet, and the League of Schmalkald formed for its military defense, in disregard of Luther's wish; but hostilities were again prevented by a Turkish invasion. Melanchthon employed the respite with vain endeavors to reconcile the rival theologies. Nor was the effort of 1529 more successful to unite the Swiss and the German Reformers. Different interpretations of the Eucharist sundered Luther and Zwingli, and Luther refused to Zwingli's conscience what he demanded for his own.

Foreboding the civil war which broke out at his death, distressed by the troubles of the time and the wickedness of the world, in which even Wittenberg became to him a "Sodom," the brave but discouraged spirit of Luther found welcome release in the death which came to him in 1546, while on an errand to heal a quarrel. His grave was made in front of the pulpit in the Castle Church of Wittenberg. He says of himself that he was "rough, boisterous, and stormy, born to fight devils and monsters." He showed himself also fond of children, flowers, music, and mirth. His faults were superficial, his virtues central; he abode in God, and God in him.

Adolf Harnack: A Sketch

By Elbert F. Baldwin

It is seven o'clock in the morning in the city of Berlin. For a couple of hours there have been street-sweepers, hucksters, market-women, and early shopkeepers about, but now the early sightseer will observe a few unmistakable students; unmistakable because, even if their eyeglasses and rather intellectual air did not give one the impression that they were students, the little skull-caps and broad sashes of many would remove all doubt. The sightseer may be curious enough to walk behind some of these students toward the great University on the Unter den Linden. He will find, however, that some of the students are not entering the huge main structure, but are going around it to a smaller building in the rear, on Dorotheen Strasse. Into the courtyard of a rather ordinary-looking house the students are entering, and we enter with them. We pass into the corridor of the house, and into a long, low room filled with rows upon rows of benches placed on platforms which rise gradually, thus giving every man a good seat. Many of the men have already taken their seats, and others are coming. At exactly quarter past seven there is a shuffling and stamping of feet—the German greeting to the Professor. The youthful appearance of the Professor is emphasized by his extreme agility. He has taken his seat and has begun to talk—in fact, he began to talk before he took his seat, as soon as he entered the room, so as to lose no time—but after a moment or two of sitting down he jumps up, and, with his hands in his pockets or behind his back, walks up and down, talking earnestly the while, and evidently weighing every word, although for a German his utterance is wonderfully rapid. He warms to his subject and seemingly quite forgets himself, rubbing his hand through his hair, shaking his head vigorously, and now he climbs to his favorite position, which he keeps for the rest of the lecture. We behold him sitting on the top of his desk, dangling his legs, and, with hands clasped over one knee, swaying a bit back and forth as if to give a sort of rhythm to his utterances. The utterances become more and more vivid, epigrammatic, impressive, and we find ourselves listening to Adolf Harnack as we have never listened to any other German. The lecture is finished by eight o'clock, and then, at a quarter past eight, another lecture begins, characterized by the same proceeding as above. If there were a hundred students at the first lecture, there must be three or four hundred at this. At nine o'clock the professor finishes and goes home, his day's work done. His work is done, however, only so far as actual lecturing at the University is concerned; it is only begun so far as his real labors go.

Dr. Harnack is above everything a student. His is the true German professorial idea, as opposed to that so often evident in England and in this country, where a man is simply a teacher. In Germany he is also an investigator; indeed, of the two, the Germans deem the investigating more important than the teaching. Professor Harnack is an investigator in Church History and in the History of Dogma. The results of this investigation are seen in his lectures, which are not mere summaries of other men's views, but his own personal, distinct, original impressions of what he himself has deduced from his severe and far-reaching studies among first-hand documents, and, in a less degree, more modern books of theological science. He who would see these two sides of the German professorial character at their best should attend, not only a public lecture at the University, but also a private *seminar*. It is here, in the intimacy of a smaller number than those who have heard the public lectures, that one sees how a man like Adolf Harnack can be both an original thinker and investigator, and at the same time a splendid summarizer and teacher. There is apparently a double-quick action of thought in the *seminar* experiences, which is as opposed to the ordinary cut-and-dried method of teaching as can well be imagined.

PROFESSOR ADOLF HARNACK

As to Dr. Harnack's special work, it may be said that, more than any other living man, he has popularized Church History. His lectures are given in the early morning, at an hour inconvenient to many; yet his hearers are not only students of theology, but also students of law, medicine, philosophy, fine arts, and many other branches of learning; one may see not only Berliners themselves, but also those who live many miles out in the country. That Adolf Harnack, wishing to give his day's first attention to the duty of teaching, and insisting on beginning that day at a very early hour, should be able to command and keep such audiences as hear him, is indeed a tribute to the man's energizing vitality, originality, and power.

From Atlanta to the Sea

III.—Charleston

By Willis John Abbot

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH

Time has stood still in Charleston since the days when Sumter fell and the blockading ships of the United States navy tossing on the billows outside the harbor's mouth closed the port more effectually than could any line of submarine torpedoes. In some respects the city to-day is the most antiquated of American towns. Certainly it is the most characteristic. If a man having acquired wealth in Charleston determines to build himself a new house, he builds it in all architectual essentials exactly like the house which the oldest banker then in the city built some one hundred and fifty years ago. In New Orleans—to take a Southern city by way of comparison—the *nouveau riche* would try to build his house as like one in New York or Chicago as might be consistent with necessary concessions to the extremity of the Louisiana climate. But in Charleston the fortunate possessor of new-found wealth makes his house as like those stately structures, each of three stories and two feathery balconies, standing a century and more in Meeting or Legare Street, as may be compatible with luxurious modern notions concerning steam-heat and running water. This loyalty of the Charlestonian of to-day to the Charleston of yesterday gives to the city a certain homogeneousness, a kind of self-content, not to be found in any other historic American city. Boston has its "Back Bay" and its suburbs, New York and Philadelphia have concealed from the eye of the visitor their historic quality under an overwhelming veil of modernity, New Orleans even has let its modern and garish American quarter outgrow and overshadow "Frenchtown." Charleston alone models that which is new in it upon that which is oldest. Nor are the Charlestonians therefore to be accused of lack of progressiveness. So far as domestic architecture is concerned—and there is little architecture in Charleston except domestic and ecclesiastic—the type of domicile in favor a hundred years ago, three-storied and peaked-roofed, the gable end to the street, the rooms of ceremony on the second floor, with a balcony overhanging a garden walled in from the rough publicity of the street—such a type is the fittest for Charleston to-day, and is not without its merit for more northerly cities. It may be doubted, indeed, whether in any town of thrice its size the visitor driving through the residence quarters will be so much impressed with the dignity and the attractiveness of the homes lining the thoroughfares as in Charleston.

Some sixty-five thousand people inhabit the Charleston of to-day—a very slender gain over its ante-war-time population. But to the stranger within its gates the city seems larger. Its topography is not unlike that of New York, filling as it does a long narrow peninsula formed by the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. The check thus put on the lateral growth of the city has resulted in making it unusually compact for a Southern city. There are few, if any, spacious gardens about the residences, as in Atlanta, though every house has its narrow garden-plot; the streets are narrow; parks worthy of the name are few. From the point where stands the castellated structure of the Citadel, now occupied as a State military school with discipline rivaling that of West Point, to the water-front at East Battery, a mile and a half away, the houses stand in unbroken rows, each with its little garden and broad balconies on the side that catches the cooling breezes from the ocean. The Charlestonians have been more far-sighted than most American city-builders. They have not turned over the water-front of their city to railways and wharves, but at the lower end of their peninsula have laid out a broad drive, a narrow park, and a sea-wall and esplanade bordering upon the Bay. Here, on the East and South Battery, the most stately mansions of the city are reared, and from their windows one looks out across the placid waters of the Bay to where Fort Sumter, squat and ruinous, rears its head a little above the tide, or to where the clump of white buildings with a distinctively summer-resort air mark the site of Fort Moultrie. The spreading trees which line the East Battery have in their time seen much history made for these United States. British tea was steeped in the waters of Charleston Harbor within a few months after a similar infusion was brewed for an international tea-party in Boston. In Charleston Harbor, too, Sergeant Jasper rescued the colors of Fort Sullivan, carried away by a British shot, and won the undying admiration of American youth, to say nothing of a statue in Battery Park and another in Savannah. When war has come, Charleston has been in the thick of it. Few Southern cities suffered more during the War for the Union. Siege, bombardment, and fire all united to make the stately city feel the weight of calamity which war can bring. In view of the many disasters which it has had to recoup, remembering the expenditure of energy necessary to repair losses from battle, from fire, from flood, and from earthquake shock, the visitor to the city to-day will not deny to the Charlestonians possession of the highest qualities of pluck and perseverance. One has to search minutely to discover now any sign of that great earthquake of 1886, the most destructive ever known in America; yet by that convulsion of nature fully 2,000 buildings were seriously damaged, losses aggregating between five and six millions of dollars sustained, and over one hundred lives sacrificed. The pluck that could so quickly efface the traces of such a disaster is not a quality possessed by people destitute of enterprise.

THE GERMAN CONSULATE

THE BRITISH CONSULATE

Yet the Charlestonian shows on every side that the sort of enterprise which manifests itself in “sky-scrapers,” the trolley, and a feverish desire for change has little part in his constitution. Talking one night to a gentleman of wide influence in the city, I commented on the fact that Charleston, alone among the considerable towns of the United States, clings to the antiquated horse-car, bob-tailed and conductorless at that. Eager to confer a benefit on a city which had singularly attracted me, I assured him that it would be the easiest of tasks to enlist the interest of eminent Northern capitalists who would not neglect the opportunity to provide a city of 65,000 people with electric lines, besides possibly instructing the benighted citizens in the mysterious art of managing the Common Council and watering the stock of the company. The suggestion met with scant favor.

“You see, we regard these things from our own standpoint,” my host responded, in all seriousness. “We get a good deal of useful service from our cars which you Northerners miss with your cables and trolleys. For example, suppose, just before I start home in the evening, my wife telephones me to stop and fetch a parcel from a store on the way. When the car gets to the store, I speak to the driver, he pulls up, and the car waits until I can get my bundle and get aboard. That is a vast convenience to me, and only delays the other passengers a minute or two. Of course, with your slapdash trolleys and things, you can't enjoy such accommodation.”

I looked rather expectantly for a twinkle in his eye, but there was no sign that he discerned anything humorous in his picture of the advantage of the bobtailed horse-car. Indeed, later in the evening I enjoyed demonstration of the merits of the system, for, boarding a car which was standing in the middle of a block, I sat two or three minutes waiting for the vehicle to proceed. At last two young men came leisurely from a neighboring drug-store, climbed aboard, and, with a warning clang of the bell, the equipage started, at about the speed of Mark Twain's celebrated glacier. “Hope we didn't delay you, sir,” remarked one of the newcomers courteously to me. “There wasn't anybody aboard, and we asked the driver to wait while we bought some cigars.”

The number, the beauty, and the antiquity of Charleston's churches are features of the city which immediately engage the attention of the visitor. St. Michael's is the one most widely known, partly because of its place in picturesque history, partly because the youth of the land have long been regaled, in school readers of every grade, with the ballad of how a slave saved St. Michael's by climbing its tapering spire to pluck thence a burning brand. The story is true, though the poet erred in his stage setting, for the sanctuary saved by the slave was not St. Michael's, but the other English church, St. Philip's. Yet the former has no need to purloin the laurels of its neighbor. About its quiet churchyard and its dignified interior cling memories eloquent enough and sufficiently romantic to inspire the whole choir of poets. The ancient sexton shows the visitor the old-fashioned square pew which from the earliest days of the church has been the property of one family, and, with reverent air, informs you that there General Washington often sat, and in later years General Lee. He shows, too, dents in the marble pavement made by a British cannon-ball, and then draws from a neighboring hiding-place a ponderous piece of rusty iron, the fragment of a shell which fell in the church during the more destructive bombardment of Civil War times. Yet, if war has been harsh to St. Michael's, nature has dealt even more unkindly with the dignified old edifice. Hope for its preservation was abandoned after the earthquake of 1886. In the side-walls were great fissures, one of them big enough for a man to crawl through. The marble flooring was racked and broken by the earth-wave, which was estimated to have been at least two feet high. Though the towering steeple was not injured in its structural parts, it sunk eight inches in the heaving ground. To-day no sign of the damage remains, nor any memorial in the church of the dire calamity, beyond a tablet in the vestibule commemorative of the fact that, by the votive offerings of Episcopalians in all parts of the Union, historic St. Michael's was made sound and habitable again. Many are the curious incidents in the history of this place of worship. The year after its completion, in 1762, public-spirited citizens, in and out of the congregation, raised by subscription a fund to purchase a peal of bells for the spacious belfry. The bells came in due time, ordered, of course, from English makers, and were hung in the steeple; but when the British evacuated the city in 1782 they declared the bells lawful spoil and took them back to England—a curious bit of piracy, reminiscent of the Napoleonic device for decorating the French capital. In London they were found by a speculative Charlestonian, who bought and shipped them back to the Carolina city. Their arrival was hailed by the people with public rejoicing, and they were speedily restored to their original post, though two, having suffered in the long voyage, had to be returned to England for recasting. Reunited at last, the eight called the righteous to church and saluted the setting sun with strains of sacred music as long as peace abode with the Charlestonians. But in 1862, alarmed lest the enemy of that day, if successful in taking the city, should, like the British, seize the bells, the citizens shipped them away to Columbia, the State capital. No more unfortunate action could have been taken, for in the disastrous conflagration which attended General Sherman's occupation of the South Carolina capital the bells of old St. Michael's suffered sorely. Their misshapen fragments, rescued from the ruins, were sent again to England to be recast in molds made from the original patterns. This done, and the wanderers returned and lying at the wharf, the Charlestonians discovered that only the payment of $2,200 to a National Government charitably disposed to protect its own bell-makers would give them right of entrance. In that day $2,200 was no meager sum for the people of battle-scarred Charleston to raise for a public purpose, but in the end it was subscribed, and the bells hang again in old St. Michael's, after triumphing over foreign and domestic foes, the forces of nature, and even the custom-house.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

The temptation is strong upon any one who visits Charleston, particularly upon one who comes from the more modern, pushing, "hustling" cities of the North, to lay stress upon the town's historic quality, its picturesqueness, its placidity. Such a one finds St. Michael's the most interesting feature of the city, and prowls about its churchyard scanning the quaint gravestones with their quainter epitaphs, and finding his chief entertainment in the curious spectacle of

THREE CHARLESTON HOUSES OF TO-DAY

the headboard of an old mahogany bed set up as a headstone for a citizen who departed this life in 1770. The guide invites you to marvel that the board lasted so long exposed to the weather, and, indeed, it does speak well for the equability of the Charleston climate; but most visitors will wonder most at the mind which conceived the notion of thus utilizing a homely bit of household furniture as an enduring monument. Again, the visitor who wants to see the picturesque side only of Charleston will find gratification in the sight of an ancient brick building, of one story, with a peaked roof covered with red tiles, standing back from the street and surrounded by newer edifices, and known as the Powder Magazine. Even in Charleston, where the memory of man runneth back further than in most towns, its date is unknown. But in the local archives is treasured a map, dated 1739, which marks its location and describes it even at that early day as the "old powder magazine." Here is a genuine American antiquity, one worthy the attention of the National society lately organized to protect such from the vandal hand of the progressive person who admires a "sky-scraper" more than a real colonial mansion.

A RELIC OF THE OLDEN TIME

The searcher after the picturesque and the historic in Charleston will not miss the Huguenot Church, which has a triple claim to attention in the fact that it is beautiful, antique—being founded in 1681, though the present edifice is of comparatively recent origin—and unique in being the only Huguenot church in America. Its liturgy as followed to-day is that published in Neufchatel in 1737. Nor will the sightseeing visitor miss St. Philip's, a stately church whose spire, all but destroyed by the earthquake, now rises impressively over the picturesque city. Indeed, the churches of Charleston and the schools, notably the State Military Academy and the Porter Military Academy, are dominant features of the city.

THE SOUTH BATTERY

Yet in dwelling on the æsthetic qualities of Charleston we must not forget its commercial advantages. Its harbor is spacious and safe, and, since the United States Government completed the jetties at the harbor's mouth, there is thirty-three feet of water over the bar. In the country behind the town, whence must be drawn the support of the latter, are cotton, garden-truck, rice, lumber, and, above all, phosphates. The trade in the latter staple is the nucleus of Charleston's commercial greatness, and its development affords curious illustration of the compensation which nature brings for man's failure or man's injustice. Ruined by the war, with all the ante-bellum industries wrecked, Charleston found in the unsuspected deposits of bones of antediluvian animals a new source of wealth. The phosphate mines of South Carolina are now her chiefest source of wealth. With them, with rice-fields, and with cotton-fields in her back yard, Charleston will ever stand in the forefront of the exporting cities of the United States. Perhaps a little Western insistence or Northern push might not be amiss in this most picturesque of American cities. But in all essentials Charleston is a city in which the beauties of yesterday mingle with the possibilities of to-day.

A Prayer

By Mary F. Butts

Thou who see'st the tender shoot
  From the plant that seemeth dead,
Thou who nourishest the root
  Pining and uncomforted,
Brightening every dreary place
With the shining of Thy face,

O forbid that we should doubt
  Spirits that seem dead in sin,
Shutting the sweet sunshine out
  From the hearts that love might win.
False to love, we cannot be
Followers, dear Lord, of Thee.

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—A WOMAN OF THE NEW DISPENSATION

Carmichael's aunt, who equipped his house, was determined on one point, and would not hear of a clerical housekeeper for her laddie. Margaret Meiklewham—a woman of a severe countenance, and filled with the spirit of the Disruption—who had governed the minister of Pitscowrie till his decease, and had been the terror of callow young probationers, offered herself, and gave instances of her capability.

"Gin ye leave yir nephew in my hands, ye needna hae ony mair concern. A'll manage him fine, an' haud him on the richt road. Ye may lippen tae't, a' wesna five and thirty year wi' Maister MacWheep for naethin'.

"He wes a wee fractious and self-willed at the off-go, an' wud be wantin' this an' that for his denner, but he sune learned tae tak' what wes pit afore him; an' as for gaein' oot withoot tellin' me, he wud as sune hae thocht o' fleein'; when he cam' in he keepit naethin' back at his tea.

"Preachin' wes kittle wark in Pitscoorie, for the fouk were awfu' creetics, though they didna maybe think sae muckle o' themselves as Drumtochty. A' aye githered their jidgment through the week, an' gin he had made a slip meddling wi' warks or sic-like in his sermon, it wes pit richt next Sabbath, and sovereignty whuppit in at the feenish.

"Ye ken the Auld Kirk hes tae be watchit like a cat wi' a moose, an', though a' say it as sudna, Maister MacWheep wud hae made a puir job o' the business himsel'. The pairish meenister wes terrible plausible, an' askit oor man tae denner afore he wes settled in his poopit, an' he wes that simple, he wud hae gaen," and Margaret indicated by an uplifting of her eyebrows the pitiable innocence of MacWheep.

"Ye guidit him, nae doot?" inquired Carmichael's aunt, with interest.

"'Maister MacWheep,' says I," and Miss Meiklewham's lips were very firm, "'a'll no deny that the Auld Kirk is Christian, an' a've never said that a Moderate cudna be savit, but the less trokin' (trafficking) ye hae wi' them the better. There's maybe naethin' wrang wi' a denner, but the next thing 'ill be an exchange o' poopits, and the day ye dae that ye may close the Free Kirk.'

"And the weemen"—here the housekeeper paused as one still lost in amazement at the audacity with which they had waylaid the helpless MacWheep—"there wes ae madam in Muirtown that hed the face tae invite hersel' oot tae tea wi' three dochters, an' the way they wud flatter him on his sermons wes shamefu'.

"If they didna begin askin' him tae stay wi' them on Presbytery days, and Mrs. MacOmish hed the face tae peety him wi' naebody but a hoosekeeper. He lat oot that the potatoes were as hard as a stone at denner, an' that he hed juist ae blanket on his bed, which wesna great management for four weemen."

As Carmichael's aunt seemed to be more and more impressed, Margaret moistened her lips and rose higher.

"So the next time ma lady comes oot tae see the spring flowers," she said, "a' explained that the minister wes sae delicate that a' didna coont it richt for him tae change his bed, and a' thocht it wud be mair comfortable for him tae come hame on the Presbytery nichts, an' safer.

"What said she? No a word," and Miss Meiklewham recalled the ancient victory with relish. "She lookit at me, and a' lookit at her, an' naething passed; but that wes the laist time a' saw her at the manse. A've hed experience, and a'm no feared tae tak' chairge o' yir nephew."

Carmichael's aunt was very deferential, complimenting the eminent woman on her gifts and achievements, and indicating that it would be hard for a young Free Kirk minister to obtain a better guardian; but she had already made arrangements with a woman from the south, and could not change.

Drumtochty was amazed at her self-will, and declared by the mouth of Kirsty Stewart that Carmichael's aunt had flown in the face of Providence. Below her gentle simplicity she was indeed a shrewd woman, and was quite determined that her nephew should not be handed over to the tender mercies of a clerical housekeeper, which are said to be a heavier yoke than the Confession of Faith, for there be clever ways of escape from confessions, but none from Margaret Meiklewham; and while all the churches are busy every year in explaining that their Articles do not mean what they say, Miss Meiklewham had a snort which was beyond all she said, and that was not by any means restricted.

"John," said Carmichael's aunt, one day after they had been buying carpets, "I've got a housekeeper for you that will keep you comfortable and can hold her tongue," but neither then nor afterward, neither to her nephew nor to Drumtochty, did Carmichael's aunt tell where she secured Sarah.

"That's my secret, John," she used to say, with much roguishness, "an' ye maun confess that there's ae thing ye dinna ken. Ye 'ill hae the best-kept manse in the Presbytery, an' ye 'ill hae nae concern, sae be content."

Which he was, and asked no questions, so that he knew no more of Sarah the day she left than the night she arrived; and now he sometimes speculates about her history, but he has no clue.

She was an event in the life of the parish, and there are those who speak of her unto this day with exasperation. The new housekeeper was a subject of legitimate though ostentatiously veiled curiosity, and it was expected that a full biography by Elspeth Macfadyen would be at the disposal of the kirkyaird, as well as the Free Kirk gate, within ten days of her arrival; it might even be on the following Sabbath, although it was felt that this was asking too much of Elspeth.

It was on the Friday evening Mrs. Macfadyen called, with gifts of butter and cream for the minister, and was received with grave, silent courtesy. While they played with the weather, the visitor made a swift examination, and she gave the results on Sabbath for what they were worth.

"A tall, black wumman, spare an' erect, no ill-faured nor ill-made; na, na, a'll alloo that; a trig, handy cummer, wi' an eye like a hawk an' a voice like pussy; nane o' yir gossipin', haverin', stravaigin' kind. He 'ill be clever 'at gets onything out o' her or maks much o' a bargain wi' her.

"Sall, she's a madam an' nae mistak'. If that waefu', cunnin', tramping wratch Clockie didna come tae the door, where I was sittin', an' askit for the new minister. Ye ken he used tae come an' hear Maister Cunningham on the principles o' the Disruption for an 'oor, givin' oot that he wes comin' roond tae the Free Kirk view; then he got his denner an' a suit o' claithes."

"A' mind o' Clockie gettin' five shillin's ae day," remarked Jamie Soutar, who was at the Free Kirk that morning; "he hed started Dr. Chalmers wi' the minister; Dr. Guthrie he coontit to be worth aboot half a croon; but he aince hed three shillin's oot o' the Cardross case. He wes graund on the doctrine o' speeritual independence, and terrible drouthy; but a'm interruptin' ye, Elspeth."

"'The minister is at dinner,' says she, 'and can't be disturbed; he sees no one at the door.'

"'It's reeligion a'm come aboot,' says Clockie, stickin' in his foot tae keep the door open, 'an' a'll juist wait at the fire.'

"'It's more likely to be whisky from your breath, and you will find a public-house in the village; we give nothing to vagrants here.' Then she closed the door on his foot, and the language he used in the yard wesna connectit wi' reeligion."

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

Drumtochty admitted that this showed a woman of vigor—although our conventions did not allow us to treat Clockie or any known wastrel so masterfully—and there was an evident anxiety to hear more.

"Her dress wes black an' fittit like a glove, an' wes set aff wi' a collar an' cuffs, an' a' saw she hedna come frae the country, so that wes ae thing settled; yon's either a toon dress or maybe her ain makin' frae patterns.

"It micht be Edinburgh or Glesgie, but a' began tae jalouse England aifter hearin' her hannel Clockie, sae a' watchit for a word tae try her tongue."

"Wurk is a gude handy test," suggested Jamie; "the English hae barely ae r, and the Scotch hae aboot sax in't."

"She wudna say't, Jamie, though a' gied her a chance, speakin' aboot ae wumman daein' a'thing in the manse, sae a' fell back on church, an' that brocht oot the truth. She didna say 'chich,' so she's no English born, and she didna say 'churrrch,' so she's been oot o' Scotland. It wes half and between, and so a' said it wud be pleasant for her tae be in her ain country again, aifter livin' in the sooth."

Her hearers indicated that Elspeth had not fallen beneath herself, and began to wonder how a London woman would fit into Drumtochty.

"What div ye think she said tae me?" Then Drumtochty understood that there had been an incident, and that Elspeth as a conversationalist, if not as a raconteur, had found her equal.

"'You are very kind to think of my movements, but'" —and here Mrs. Macfadyen spoke very slowly—"'I'm afraid they don't teach home geography at your school. Paisley is not out of Scotland.'"

"Ye've met yir match, Elspeth," said Jamie, with a hoarse chuckle, and the situation was apparent to all. It was evident that the new housekeeper was minded to hide her past, and the choice of her last residence was a stroke of diabolical genius. Paisley is an ancient town inhabited by a virtuous and industrious people, who used to make shawls and now spin thread, and the atmosphere is so literary that it is believed every tenth man is a poet. Yet no one boasts of having been born there, and natives will pretend they came from Greenock. No one can mention Paisley without a smile, and yet no one can say what amused him. Certain names are the source of perennial laughter, in which their inhabitants join doubtfully, as persons not sure whether to be proud or angry. They generally end in an apology, while the public, grasping vaguely at the purpose of such a place, settle on it every good tale that is going about the world unprovided for and fatherless. So a name comes to be bathed in the ridiculous, and a mere reference to it passes for a stroke of supreme felicity.

"Paisley"—Jamie again tasted the idea—"she 'ill be an acqueesition tae the Glen."

It was Sarah's first stroke of character to arrive without notice—having utterly baffled Peter at the Junction—and to be in complete possession of the manse on the return of Carmichael and his aunt from pastoral visits.

"Sarah," cried the old lady in amazement at the sight of the housekeeper in full uniform, calm and self-possessed, as one having been years in this place, "when did ye come?"

"Two hours ago, ma'am, and I think I understand the house. Shall I bring tea into the dining-room, or would you rather have it in the study?" But she did not once glance past his aunt to Carmichael, who was gazing in silence at this composed young woman in the doorway.

"This is Sarah, John, who hes come to keep yir house," and his aunt stepped back. "Sarah, this is my dear laddie, the minister."

Perhaps because her eyes were of a flashing black that pierced one like a steel blade, Sarah usually looked down in speaking to you, but now she gave Carmichael one swift, comprehensive look that judged him soul and body, then her eyes fell, and her face, always too hard and keen, softened.

"I will try, sir, to make you comfortable, and you will tell me anything that is wrong."

"You took us by surprise, Sarah," and Carmichael, after his hearty fashion, seized his housekeeper's hand; "let me bid you welcome to the manse. I hope you will be happy here, and not feel lonely."

But the housekeeper only bowed, and turned to his aunt.

"Dinner at six? As you were not in, and it did not seem any use consulting the woman that was here, I am preparing for that hour."

"Well, ye see, Sarah, we have just been taking tea, with something to it, but if—"

"Gentlemen prefer evening dinner, ma'am."

"Quite right, Sarah," burst in Carmichael in great glee; "tea-dinner is the most loathsome meal ever invented, and we 'ill never have it in the Free manse."

"That is an admirable woman, auntie," as Sarah disappeared, "with sound views on important subjects. I'll never ask again where she came from; she is her own testimonial."

"You maunna be extravagant, John; Sarah hes never seen a manse before, and I must tell her not to—"

"Ruin me, do you mean, by ten courses every evening, like the dinners West-end philanthropists used to give our men to show them how to behave at table? We 'ill be very economical, only having meat twice a week—salt fish the other days—but it will always be dinner."

"What ails you at tea-dinner, John? it's very tasty and homely."

"It's wicked, auntie, and has done more injury to religion than drinking. No, I'm not joking—that is a childish habit—but giving utterance to profound truth, which ought to be proclaimed on the housetops, or perhaps in the kitchens.

"Let me explain, and I'll make it as plain as day: All heresy is just bad thinking, and that comes from bad health, and the foundation of health is food. A certain number of tea-dinners would make a man into a Plymouth Brother. It's a mere question of time.

"You see, if a man's digestion is good he takes a cheerful view of things; but if he is full of bile, then he is sure that everybody is going to be lost except himself and his little set, and that's heresy. Apologetics is just dietetics; now there's an epigram made for you on the spot, and you don't know what it means, so we 'ill have a walk instead."

His aunt knew what was coming, but was too late to resist, so she was twice taken round the room for exercise till she cried for mercy and was left to rest, while Carmichael went out to get an appetite for that dinner.

Nothing was said during its progress, but when Sarah had finally departed after her first triumph, won under every adverse circumstance of strangeness and limited resources, Carmichael took his aunt's hand and kissed it.

"It is an illuminated address you deserve, auntie, for such a paragon; as it is, I shall be the benefactor of a Presbytery, asking the men up by turns on fast-days, and sending them home speechless with satisfaction."

"Sarah was always a clever woman; if she had only—" But Carmichael heard not, in his boyish excitement of householding.

"Clever is a cold word for such genius. Mark my words, there is not a manse in Perthshire that shall not sound with the praise of Sarah. I vow perpetual celibacy on the spot. No man would dream of marrying that had the privilege of such a housekeeper."

"Ye're a silly laddie, John; but some day a fair face will change a' yir life, an' if she be a good wumman like your mother, I'll thank God."

"No woman can be compared with her," and the minister sobered. "You and she have spoiled me for other women, and now you have placed me beyond temptation with such a cook."

So it came to pass that Carmichael, who knew nothing about fine cooking till Sarah formed his palate with her cunning sauces, and, after all, cared as little what he ate as any other healthy young man, boasted of his housekeeper continually by skillful allusions, till the honest wives of his fathers and brethren were outraged and grew feline, as any natural woman will if a servant is flung in her face in this aggravating fashion.

"I'm glad to hear you're so well pleased, Mr. Carmichael," Mrs. MacGuffie would say, who was full of advice, and fed visitors on the produce of her garden, "but no man knows comfort till he marries. It's a chop one day and a steak the next all the year round—nothing tasty or appetizing; and as for his shirts, most bachelors have to sew on their own buttons. Ah, you all pretend to be comfortable, but I know better, for Mr. MacGuffie has often told me what he suffered."

Whereat Carmichael would rage furiously, and then, catching sight of MacGuffie, would bethink him of a Christian revenge. MacGuffie is invited up to a day of humiliation—Sarah receiving for once *carte blanche*—and after he has powerfully exhorted the people from the words, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke," he was conducted to the manse in an appropriately mournful condition, and set down at the table. He was inclined to dwell on the decadence of Disruption principles during soup, but as the dinner advanced grew wonderfully cheerful, and, being installed in an armchair with a cup of decent coffee beside him, sighed peacefully, and said, "Mr. Carmichael, you have much cause for thankfulness." Mr. MacGuffie had not come to the age of sixty, however, without learning something, and he only gave his curious spouse to understand that Carmichael had done all in his power to make his guest comfortable, and was not responsible for his servant's defects.

Ladies coming with their husbands to visit the manse conceived a prejudice against Sarah on the general ground of dislike to all housekeepers as a class of servants outside of any mistress's control, and therefore apt to give themselves airs, and especially because this one had a subtle suggestion of independent personality that was all the more irritating because it could not be made plain to the dull male intelligence, which was sadly deceived.

"What a lucky man Carmichael is on his first venture!" Even Dr. Dowbiggin, of St. Columba's, Muirtown, grew enthusiastic to his wife in the privacy of their bedchamber on a sacramental visit, and every one knows that the Doctor was a responsible man, ministering to four Bailies and making "overtures" to the Assembly, beginning with "Whereas" and ending with "Venerable House." "I am extremely pleased to see . . . everything so nice."

"You mean, James, that you have had a good dinner, far too ambitious for a young minister's table. Did you ever see an entrée on a Disruption table, or dessert with finger-glasses? I call it sinful—for the minister of Drumtochty, at least; and I don't believe he was ever accustomed to such ways. If she attended to his clothes, it would set her better than cooking French dishes. Did you see the coat he was wearing at the station?—just like a gamekeeper. But it is easy for a woman to satisfy a man; give him something nice to eat, and he 'ill ask no more."

"So far as my recollection serves me, Maria"—the Doctor was ruffled, and fell into his public style—"I made no reference to food, cooked or uncooked, and perhaps I may be allowed to say that it is not a subject one thinks of . . . at such seasons. What gave me much satisfaction was to see one of our manses so presentable; as regards the housekeeper, so far as I had an opportunity of observing, she seemed a very capable woman indeed," and the Doctor gave one of his coughs, which were found most conclusive in debate.

"It's easy to be a man's servant," retorted Mrs. Dowbiggin, removing a vase of flowers from the dressing-table with contempt, "for they never look below the surface. Did you notice her hands, as white and smooth as a lady's? You may be sure there's little scrubbing and brushing goes on in this manse."

"How do you know, Maria?"—the Doctor was weakening. "You have never been in the house before."

"We 'ill soon see that, James, though I daresay it would never occur to a man to do such a thing. Did you ever look below the bed?"

"Never," replied the Doctor, promptly, who was not constructed to stoop, "and I am not going to begin after that . . . ah . . . this evening, with work before me to-morrow. But I would be glad to see you.

"I have done so every night of my life for fear of robbers, and the dust I've seen in strange houses—it's there you can tell a good servant," and Mrs. Dowbiggin nodded with an air of great sagacity.

"Well," demanded the Doctor, anxiously watching the operation, "guilty or not guilty?"

"She knew what I would do. I hate those sharp women;" and then the Doctor grew so eloquent over uncharitable judgments and unreasonable prejudices that his wife denounced Sarah bitterly as a "cunning woman who got on the blind side of gentlemen."

Her popularity with Carmichael's friends was beyond question, for though she was a reserved woman, with no voluntary conversation, they all sent messages to her, inquired for her well-being at Fast-days, and brought her gifts of handkerchiefs, gloves, and such like. When they met at Theologicals and Synods they used to talk of Sarah with unction—till married men were green with envy—being simple fellows and helpless in the hands of elderly females of the Meiklewham genus. For there are various arts by which a woman in Sarah's place wins a man's gratitude, and it may be admitted that one is skillful cooking. Sensible and book-reading men do not hunger for six courses, but they are critical about their toast and . . . nothing more, for that is the pulse. Then a man also hates to have any fixed hour for breakfast—never thinking of houses where they have prayers at 7:50 without a shudder—but a man hates to be kept waiting five minutes for dinner. If a woman will find his belongings, which he has scattered over three rooms and the hall, he invests her with many virtues; and if she packs his portmanteau, he will associate her with St. Theresa. But if his hostess be inclined to discuss problems with him, he will receive her name with marked coldness; and if she follow up this trial with evil food, he will conceive a rooted dislike for her, and will flee her house. So simple is a man.

When Sarah proposed to Carmichael that she should prepare breakfast when he rung for his hot water, and when he never caught a hint of reproach on her face though he sat up to three and came down at eleven, he was lifted, hardly believing that such humanity could be found among women, who always seemed to have a time-table they were carrying out the livelong day.

"The millennium is near at hand," said MacQueen, when the morning arrangements of the Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty were made known to him—MacQueen, who used to arrive without so much as a nightshirt, having left a trail of luggage behind him at various junctions, and has written books so learned that no one dares to say that he has not read them. Then he placed an ounce of shag handy, and Carmichael stoked the fire, and they sat down, with Beaton, who could refer to the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas from beginning to end, and they discussed the Doctrine of Scripture in the Fathers, and the formation of the Canon, and the authorship of the Pentateuch till two in the study. Afterward they went to MacQueen's room to hear him on the Talmud, and next adjourned to Beaton's room, who offered a series of twelve preliminary observations on the Theology of Rupert of Deutz, whereupon his host promptly put out his candle, leaving that man of supernatural memory to go to bed in the dark; and as Carmichael pulled up the blind in his own room, the day was breaking and a blackbird had begun to sing. Next afternoon Beaton had resumed his observations on Rupert, but now they were lying among the heather on the side of Glen Urtach, and Carmichael was asleep, while MacQueen was thinking that they would have a good appetite for dinner that evening.

Sarah had only one fault to find with her master, and that was his Bohemian dress; but since it pleased him to go one button less through studied carelessness, she let him have his way; and as for everything else, she kept her word to his aunt, and saw that he wanted for nothing, serving him with perpetual thoughtfulness and swift capacity.

Little passed between them except a good-natured word or two from him and her courteous answer, but she could read him as a book, and when he came home that day from Muirtowm she saw he was changed. He was slightly flushed, and he could not sit still, wandering in and out his study till dinner-time. He allowed the soup to cool, and when she came in with sweets he had barely touched his cutlet.

"It is the sauce you like, sir," with some reproach in her voice.

"So it is, Sarah—and first rate." Then he added, suddenly, "Can you put a button on this coat to-night, and give it a good brush?"

In the evening Sarah went down to post a letter, and heard the talk, how Miss Carnegie had come home with the General, and was worthy of her house; how the minister also had driven up with her from Muirtown; and on her return she did her best by the coat, handling it very kindly, and singing softly to herself "Robin Adair."

Next morning he came down in his blacks—the worst-made suit ever seen on a man, ordered to help a village tailor at his home—and announced his intention of starting after lunch for Saunderson's manse, beyond Tochty woods, where he would stay all night.

"He will call on the way down, and, if he can, coming back," Sarah said to herself, as she watched him go, "but it's a pity he should go in such a coat; it might have been put together with a pitchfork. It only makes the difference greater, and 'tis wider than he knows already. And yet a woman can marry beneath her without loss; but for a man it is ruin."

She went up to his room and made it neat, which was ever in disorder on his leaving, and then she went to a western window and looked into the far distance.

CHAPTER VIII.—A WOMAN OF THE FORMER DISPENSATION

Every Sabbath at eleven o'clock, or as soon thereafter as the people were seated—consideration was always shown to distant figures coming down from the high glen—Carmichael held what might be called High Mass in the Free Kirk. Nothing was used in praise but the Psalms of David, with an occasional Paraphrase sanctioned by usage and sound teaching. The prayers were expected to be elaborate in expression and careful in statement, and it was then that they prayed for the Queen and Houses of Parliament. And the sermon was the event to which the efforts of the minister and the thoughts of the people had been moving for the whole week. No person was absent except through sore sickness or urgent farm duty; nor did rain or snow reduce the congregation by more than ten people, very old or very young. Carmichael is now minister of a West End kirk, and, it is freely rumored in Drumtochty, has preached before Lords of Session; but he has never been more nervous than facing that handful of quiet, impenetrable, critical faces in his first kirk. When the service was over, the people broke into little bands that disappeared along the west road, and over the moor, and across the Tochty. Carmichael knew each one was reviewing his sermon head by head, and, pacing his garden, he remembered the missing points with dismay.

It was the custom of the Free Kirk minister to go far afield of a summer evening, and to hold informal services in distant parts of the parish. This was the joy of the day to him, who was really very young and hated all conventionalities even unto affectation. He was never weary of complaining that he had to wear a gown, which was continually falling back and being hitched over with impatient motions, and the bands, which he could never tie, and were, he explained to a horrified beadle in Muirtown, an invention of Satan to disturb the preacher's soul before his work. Once, indeed, he dared to appear without his trappings, on the plea of heat, but the visible dismay and sorrow of the people was so great—some failing to find the Psalm till the first verse had been sung—that he perspired freely and forgot the middle head of his discourse.

"It's a mercy," remarked Mrs. Macfadyen to Burnbrae afterward, "that he didna play that trick when there wes a bairn tae be baptized. It wudna hae been lichtsome for its fouk; a'body wants a properly ordained minister. Ye 'ill gie him a hint, Burnbrae, for he's young and fordersome (rash), but gude stuff for a' his pliskies (frolics)."

No one would have liked to see the sacred robes in the places of evening worship, and Carmichael threw all forms to the winds—only drawing the line, with great regret and some searchings of heart, at his tweed jacket. His address for these summer evening gatherings he studied as he went through the fragrant pine woods or over the moor by springy paths that twisted through the heather, or along near cuts that meant leaping little burns and climbing of dykes whose top stones were apt to follow your heels with embarrassing attachment. Here and there the minister would stop as a trout leapt in a pool, or a flock of wild duck crossed the sky to Loch Sheuchie, or the cattle thrust inquisitive noses through some hedge, as a student snatches a mouthful from some book in passing. For these walks were his best study; when thinking of his people in their goodness and simplicity, and touched by nature at her gentlest, he was freed from many vain ideas of the schools and from artificial learning, and heard the Galilean speak as He used to do among the fields of corn. He came on people going in the same direction, but they only saluted, refraining even from the weather, since the minister's thoughts must not be disturbed, and they were amazed to notice that he stooped to pluck a violet in the wood. His host would come a little way to meet him and explain the arrangements that had been made for a kirk. Sometimes the meeting-place was the granary of the farm, with floor swept clean and the wooden shutters opened for light, where the minister preached against a mixed background of fanners, corn measures, piles of sacks, and spare implements of the finer sort; and the congregation, who had come up a ladder cautiously, like hens going to roost—being severally warned about the second highest step—sat on bags stuffed with straw, boards resting on upturned pails, while a few older folk were accommodated with chairs, and some youngsters disdained not the floor. It was pleasanter in the barn, a cool, lofty, not unimpressive place of worship, with its mass of golden straw and its open door through which various kindly sounds of farm life came in and strange visitors entered. The collies, most sociable of animals, would saunter in and make friendly advances to Carmichael reading a chapter; then, catching their master's eye and detecting no encouragement, would suddenly realize that they were at kirk, and compose themselves to sleep—"juist like ony Christian," as Hillocks once remarked with envy, his own plank allowing no liberties—and never taking any part except in a hymn like

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on,

which they regarded as recreation rather than worship.

It was also recalled for years that a pet lamb came into Donald Menzies' barn and wandered about for a while, and Carmichael told that pretty legend of St. Francis, how he saw a white lamb among the kids, and burst into tears at the sight, because it reminded him of Jesus among the sinners. Indeed, these services were very extemporaneous, with hymns instead of psalms, and sermons without divisions. Carmichael also allowed himself illustrations from the life around, and even an anecdote at a time, which was all the more keenly relished that it would have been considered a confession of weakness in a regular sermon. He has been heard to say that he came nearer the heart of things once or twice in the barns than he has ever done since, not even excepting that famous course of sermons every one talked about last year, "The Analysis of Doubt," which almost converted two professors to Christianity, and were heard by the editor of the "Caledonian" in the disguise of a street preacher. It was also pleasantly remembered for long in the parish that Dr. Davidson appeared one evening in Donald Menzies' barn and joined affably in the "Sweet Bye and Bye." Afterward, being supplied with a large armchair, he heard the address with much attention—nodding approval four times, if not five—and pronouncing the benediction with such impressiveness that Donald felt some hesitation in threshing his last stack in the place next day. The Doctor followed up this visit with an exhortation from the pulpit on the following Sabbath, in which he carefully distinguished such services by an ordained minister, although held in a barn, from unlicensed Plymouthistic gatherings held in corn-rooms—this at Milton's amateur efforts—and advised his people in each district to avail themselves of "my friend Mr. Carmichael's excellent ministrations," which Papal Bull, being distributed to the farthest corner of the parish before nightfall, greatly lifted the Free Kirk and sweetened the blood of the Glen for years. It seemed to me, watching things in Drumtochty during those days with an impartial mind, that the Doctor, with his care for the poor, his sympathy for the oppressed, his interest in everything human, his shrewd practical wisdom, and his wide toleration, was the very ideal of the parish clergyman. He showed me much courtesy while I lived in the Cottage, although I did not belong to his communion, and as my imagination reconstructs the old parish of a winter night by the fire, I miss him as he used to be on the road, in the people's homes, in his pulpit, among his books, and ever an honorable and kind-hearted gentleman.

One evening a woman came into Donald Menzies' barn just before the hour of service, elderly, most careful in her widow's dress, somewhat austere in expression, but very courteous in her manner. No one recognized her at the time, but she was suspected to be the forerunner of the Carnegie household, and Donald offered her a front seat. She thanked him for his good will, but asked for a lower place, greatly delighting him by a reference to the parable wherein the Master rebuked the ambitious Pharisees who scrambled for chief seats. Their accent showed of what blood they both were, and that their Gaelic had still been mercifully left them, but they did not use it because of their perfect breeding, which taught them not to speak a foreign tongue in this place. So the people saw Donald offer her a hymn-book and heard her reply:

"It iss not a book that I will be using, and it will be a peety to take it from other people;" nor would she stand at the singing, but sat very rigid and with closed lips. When Carmichael, who had a pleasant tenor voice and a good ear, sang a solo, then much tasted in such meetings, she arose and left the place, and the minister thought he had never seen anything more uncompromising than her pale set face.

It was evident that she was Free Kirk and of the Highland persuasion, which was once over-praised and then has been over-blamed, but is never understood by the Lowland mind; and as Carmichael found that she had come to live in the cottage at the entrance to the Lodge, he looked in on his way home. She was sitting at a table reading the Bible, and her face was more hostile than in the meeting; but she received him with much politeness, dusting a chair and praying him to be seated.

"You have just come to the district to reside, I think? I hope you will like our glen."

"It wass here that I lived long ago, but I hef been married and away with my mistress many years, and there are not many that will know me."

"But you are not of Drumtochty blood?" inquired the minister.

"There iss not one drop of Sassenach blood in my veins"—this with a sudden flash. "I am a Macpherson and my husband wass a Macpherson; but we hef served the house of Carnegie for three generations."

"You are a widow, I think, Mrs. Macpherson?" and Carmichael's voice took a tone of sympathy. "Have you any children?"

"My husband iss dead, and I had one son, and he iss dead also; that iss all, and I am alone;" but in her voice there was no weakening.

"Will you let me say how sorry I am?" pleaded Carmichael; "this is a great grief, but I hope you have consolations."

"Yes, I will be having many consolations; they both died like brave men, with their face to the enemy. There were six that did not feel fery well before Ian fell; he could do good work with the sword as well as the bayonet, and he wass not bad with the dirk at a time."

Neither this woman nor her house were like anything in Drumtochty, for in it there was a buffet for dishes, and a carved chest and a large chair, all of old black oak; and above the mantelpiece two broadswords were crossed, with a circle of war medals beneath on a velvet ground, flanked by two old pistols.

"I suppose those arms have belonged to your people, Mrs. Macpherson; may I look at them?"

"They are not anything to be admiring, and it wass not manners that I should hef been boasting of my men. It iss a pleasant evening and good for walking."

"You were at the meeting, I think?" and Carmichael tried to get nearer this iron woman. "We were sorry you had to go out before the end. Did you not feel at home?"

"I will not be accustomed to the theater, and I am not liking it instead of the church."

"But surely there was nothing worse in my singing alone than praying alone?" and Carmichael began to argue like a Scotchman, who always fancies that people can be convinced by logic, and forgets that many people, Celts in especial, are ruled by their heart and not by their head; "do you see anything wrong in one praising God aloud in a hymn, as the Virgin Mary did?"

"It iss the Virgin Mary you will be coming to next, no doubt, and the Cross and the Mass, like the Catholics, although I am not saying anything against them, for my mother's cousins four times removed were Catholics, and fery good people. But I am a Presbyterian, and do not want the Virgin Mary."

Carmichael learned at that moment what it was to argue with a woman, and he was to make more discoveries in that department before he came to terms with the sex, and would have left in despair had it not been for an inspiration of his good angel.

"Well, Mrs. Macpherson, I didn't come to argue about hymns, but to bid you welcome to the Glen and to ask for a glass of water, for preaching is thirsty work."

"It iss black shame I am crying on myself for sitting here and offering you neither meat nor drink," and she was stung with regret in an instant. "It iss a little spirits you will be tasting, and this iss Talisker which I will be keeping for a friend, for whisky iss not for women."

She was full of attention, but when Carmichael took milk instead of whisky her suspicions revived, and she eyed him again.

"You are not one of those new people I am hearing of in the Lowlands that are wiser than the fery Apostles?"

"What people?" and Carmichael trembled for his new position.

"'Total abstainers' they will call themselves," and the contempt in her accent was wonderful.

"No, I am not," Carmichael hastened to reassure his hostess; "but there are worse people than abstainers in the world. I will stick to the milk, if you please."

"You will take what you please," and she was again mollified; "but the great ministers always had their tasting after preaching; and I hef heard one of them say that it wass a sin to despise the Lord's mercies. You will be taking another glass of milk and resting a little."

"This hospitality reminds me of my mother, Mrs. Macpherson." Carmichael was still inspired, and was, indeed, now in full sail. "She was a Highland woman, and had the Gaelic. She sometimes called me Ian instead of John."

"When you wass preaching about the shepherd finding the sheep, I wass wondering how you had the way to the heart, and I might have been thinking, oh yes, I might have known"—all the time Janet was ever bringing something new out of the cupboard, though Carmichael only sipped the milk. "And what wass your mother's name?"

"Farquharson; her people came from Braemar; but they are all dead now, and I am the last of the race."

"A good clan," cried Janet, in great spirits, "and a loyal; they were out with the Macphersons in the '45.

Will you happen to know whether your ancestor suffered?"

"That he did, for he shot an English officer dead on his doorstep, and had to flee the country; it was not a pretty deed."

"Had the officer broken bread with him?" inquired Janet, anxiously,

"No, he had come to quarter himself and his men on him, and said something rude about the Prince."

"Your ancestor gave him back his word like a gentleman; but he would maybe hef to stay away for a while. Wass he of the chief's blood?"

"Oh no, just a little laird, and he lost his bit of land, and we never saw the place again."

"He would be a Dunniewassal, and proud it iss I am to see you in my house; and the Gaelic, will you hef some words?"

"Just the sound of it, Mrs. Macpherson," and he repeated his three sentences, all that he had learned of his mother, who had become a Scotchwoman in her speech.

"Call me Janet, my dear; and it iss the good Gaelic your mother must have had, and it makes my heart glad to think my minister iss a Farquharson, by the mother's side."

"We sing nothing but Psalms at church, Mrs. . . . Janet, so you will be pleased, and we stand to pray and sit to sing."

"Tuts, tuts, I am not minding about a bit hymn at a time from a friend, but it iss those Lowlanders meddling with everything I do not like, and I am hoping to hear you sing again, for it wass a fery pretty tune;" and the smith, passing along the road when Carmichael left that evening, heard Janet call him "my dear," and invoke a thousand blessings on his head.

When he called again in the end of the week to cement the alliance and secure her presence on Sabbath, Janet was polishing the swords, and was willing enough to give their history.

"This wass my great-grandfather's, and these two nicks in the blade were made on the dragoons at Prestonpans; and this wass my husband's sword, for he wass sergeant-major before he died, a fery brave man, good at the fighting, and the praying too.

"Maybe I am wrong, and I do not know what you may be thinking, but things come into my mind when I am reading the Bible, and I will be considering that it wass maybe not so good that the Apostles were fishing people."

"What ails you at fishermen, Janet?"

"Nothing at all but one thing; they are clever at their nets and at religion, but I am not hearing that they can play with the sword or the dirk.

"It wass fery good intention that Peter had that night, no doubt, and I will be liking him for it when he took his sword to the policeman, but it wass a mighty poor blow. If Ian or his father had got as near as that, it would not have been an ear that would have been missing."

"Perhaps his head," suggested Carmichael.

"He would not have been putting his nose into honest people's business again, at any rate," and Janet nodded her head as one who could see a downright blow that left no regrets; "it hass always made me ashamed to read about that ear.

"It wass not possible, and it iss maybe no good speaking about it now"—Janet felt she had a minister now she could open her mind to—"but it would hef been better if our Lord could hef had twelve Macphersons for his Apostles."

"You mean they would have been more brave and faithful?"

"There wass a price of six thousand pounds, or it might be four, put on Cluny's head after Culloden, and the English soldiers were all up and down the country, but I am not hearing that any clansman betrayed his chief.

"Thirty pieces of silver wass a fery small reward for such a dirty deed, and him one of the Chief's tail, too; it wass a mistake to be trusting to fisher folk instead of Glen's men.

"There iss something I hef wished," concluded Janet, who seemed to have given her mind to the whole incident—"that Peter or some other man had drawn his skean-dhu and slippit it quietly into Judas. We would hef been respecting him fery much to-day, and it would hef been a good lesson—oh yes, a fery good lesson—to all traitors."

As they got more confidential, Janet began to speak of signs and dreams, and Carmichael asked her if she had the second sight.

"No; it iss not a lie I will be telling you, my dear, nor will I be boasting. I have not got it, nor had my mother, but she heard sounds, oh yes, and knew what wass coming to pass.

"'Janet,' she would say, 'I have heard the knock three times at the head of the bed; it will be your Uncle Alister, and I must go to see him before he dies.'"

"And was she—"

"Oh, yes, she wass in time, and he wass expecting her; and once she saw the shroud begin to rise on her sister, but no more; it never covered the face before her eyes; but the knock, oh yes, many times."

"Have you known any one that could tell what was happening at a distance and gave warning of danger?" for the latent Celt was awakening in Carmichael, with his love of mystery and his sense of the unseen.

"Listen, my dear"—Janet lowered her voice as one speaking of sacred things—"and I will tell you of Ina Macpherson, who lived to a hundred and two, and had the vision clear and sure.

"In the great war with Russia I wass staying in the clachan of my people, and then seven lads of our blood were with the Black Watch, and every Sabbath the minister would pray for them and the rest of the lads from Badenoch that were away at the fighting.

"One day Ina came into my sister's house, and she said, 'It is danger that I am seeing,' and my heart stood still in my bosom for fear that it wass my own man Hamish.

"'No,' and she looked at me, 'not yet, and not to-day,' but more she would not say about him. 'Is it my son Ronald?' my sister cried, and Ina only looked before her. 'It's a sore travail, and round a few black tartans I see many men in gray, pressing them hard; ochone, ochone!'

"'It's time to pray,' I said, and there wass a man in the clachan that wass mighty in prayer, and we gathered into his kitchen, four and twenty women and four men, and every one had a kinsman in the field.

"It iss this minute that I hear Dugald crying to the Almighty, 'Remember our lads, and be their help in the day of battle, and give them the necks of their enemies,' and he might be wrestling for half an hour, when Ina rose from her knees and said, 'The prayer is answered, for the tartans have the field, and I see blood on Ronald, but it is not his own.'"

"And did you ever hear—"

"Wait, my dear, and I will tell you, for the letter came from my nephew, and this is what he wrote:

"'It wass three to one, and the gloom came on me, for I thought that I would never see Glenfeshie again, nor the water of the loch, nor the deer on the side of the hill. Then I wass suddenly strengthened with all might in the inner man, and it iss five Russians that I hef killed to my own hands.'

"And so it wass, and a letter came from his captain, who wass of Cluny's blood, and it will be read in church, and a fery proud woman wass my sister."

These were the stories that Janet told to her minister in the days before the Carnegies came home, as well as afterward, and so she prepared him to be an easier prey to a soldier's daughter.

◆

The way of life is by no means smooth, but let us not make it rougher than it is. The world is not all we could wish; but, if it goes wrong, let us not spend ourselves trying to make it go worse. Rather, let us make it a little smoother and a little pleasanter by our disposition, manners, and deeds. If men in general are out of sorts, there is the more need of *our* being *in* sorts.—*John Learned.*

For the Little People

The Doll's Washing

By Mary F. Butts

Earth-fairies bring the water
From pond and marshy dell—
Drop by drop, all day, all night,
And fill the deep, deep well.

Down goes the graceful well-sweep
Along the mossy sides.
Brimful of sparkling water,
Up the bucket rides.

The blazing fire is ready
To help the work along;
The steam goes puffing, puffing
In a soft and cozy song.

Now comes the washerwoman,
Her dimpled arms are bare;

A cap of snowy muslin
Holds all her curly hair.

Ah, see the suds a-foaming!
And—what a pretty sight!—
A rainbow in a bubble
For a little girl's delight!

Into the tub she plunges—
Rub-a-dub! swish-swash!
Soon upon the clothes-line
Will hang the dolly's wash.

Blankets for Baby Leaves

By Mary Mann Miller

Did you ever wonder what is packed away inside the buds you see on most trees and shrubs in winter? And did you ever try to find out? There are two ways of finding out. The first is the easier, but the second is the more interesting. You can open the bud carefully and take out what you find inside—you'll probably need a magnifying-glass to make out what they are; or you can put the twig in water and keep it there till the buds open of their own accord. On the whole, I advise you to try both ways. A small magnifying-glass does not cost much. You can get one for about fifty cents, I think. The folding linen-glasses are good, for they show just how far the object must be from the lens.

I am going to tell you about some tulip-tree buds I found one day, besides showing you some pictures of what was in them. You can see the same sort of thing in any winter bud; and sometimes you will find other things—I won't tell you all of them. Some buds are very gummy—*so* sticky! Then others are all woolly inside. If you think *hard*, I am sure you can discover the use of this wool and gum. Then if you take a branch a foot long you can find out how old it is, and which years were best for growth! You hardly believe me? Well, look at the branch very sharply, beginning at the bud end, and see if you can't find out. If you don't succeed, perhaps I will tell you next week. I advise you to take a maple branch, for the tulip-tree might puzzle you at first, but the maple has it all written out plainly.

But about the tulip buds. Last spring, when I was walking in the woods one day, I found some nice large brownish-green buds that looked very promising. They were rounded and blunt at the end, instead of pointed as so many are. Fig. 1 shows how the buds looked. I did not know what the tree was, but I expected to find out when I opened the buds. How? Why, I expected to find the baby leaves for the early spring growth, that had been packed away snug and warm all winter in the buds. There were just two outside scales (as they are called), and they were almost grown together. No cold winds could get in there, I can tell you! When I had taken off the first pair very carefully, I found—nothing but another pair just like the first, only greener. But when these were opened I saw what you see at A in Fig. 2—a tiny, dainty fairy leaf doubled together along its midrib and then bent downward at the top of its long stem. I knew at once from its shape that it was the tulip leaf. It was the most beautiful delicate pea-green color. I took it off carefully and laid it on white paper while I removed the next pair of scales. There were six or seven leaves in all, with a pair of scales outside each one and an extra pair for the outside. Isn't it wonderful to think that these delicate leaves had been packed away all winter waiting for the warm sunshine of spring to make them grow? Now you see why it is that spring comes with such a burst.

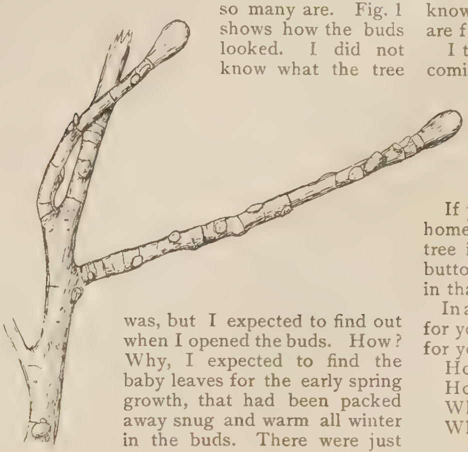

Fig. 1

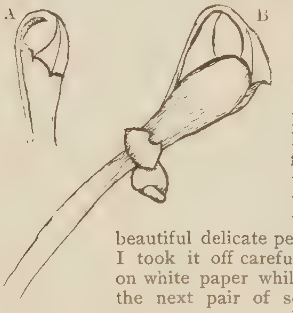

Fig. 2

I took a twig six or eight inches long, and put it in water in my room. I thought I should like to have a little spring of my own before the real spring outside had begun. I had to be patient, for the buds did not open right away. In Fig. 2 B you can see what first happened. The outside scales, you see, turned back and curled up. Then the second pair parted, and the leaf began to straighten out its stem. Two or three had come out before any of them opened the flat part of the leaf or blade. After a few days these opened, and the buds looked as in Fig. 3. The stem had grown ever so much, you see, as well as the whole leaf. They were much slower about it, however, than they are out-of-doors when they once begin. There you hardly know the buds are opening before the leaves are full-grown.

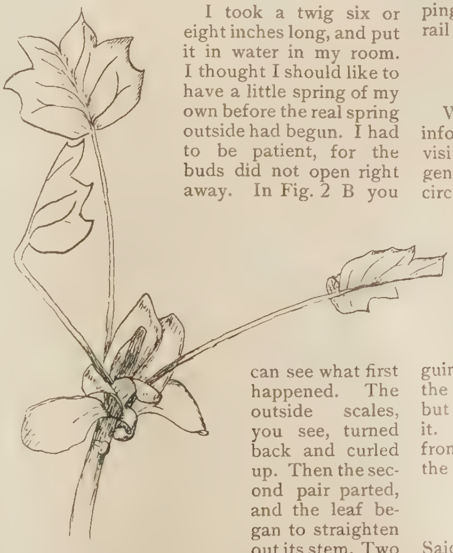

Fig. 3

I tried my best to catch a leaf just as it was coming out, but I never could. Once I almost did. I had been looking and looking at the bud for ever so long, and at last I turned away for just a minute, and when I turned back—there it was! It almost seemed as if it had tried to elude me.

If you can find a tulip-tree, do take a branch home to watch. A branch of apple or cherry tree is interesting, too, and so is one from the buttonball-tree. I won't tell what you will find in that.

In another article I will answer these questions for you, if you haven't already answered them for yourselves—which I should like better:

How old is your branch?
How do you know?
Which was the best year?
What is the use of the wool and gum?

A Happy Family

Doubtless you have heard of the "Happy Family" at the cat show recently held in New York. Tom was the head of the family. Tom is a big tabby cat. He is handsome, but looks sleepy. When the other members of his family ran to him for protection, or to caress him, he was so indifferent to them that you wondered why they were so devoted to him. The family live in a wire cage about five feet square. There are Tom, six guinea-pigs, two white mice, three white rats, ring-doves, Australian paroquets, indigo-birds, Java sparrows, six German canaries, and one English canary in the family. There are perches, drinking and feeding cups, and all possible provision for the comfort of this strange family. A gentleman dropped his cane. It struck against the cage, and at once every animal in the cage ran to Tom as if to protect him. The mice really kissed Tom. It was quite pretty to see how affectionate they were. The birds feed at Tom's feet. When I first saw the family Tom was dozing, with three canaries hopping on his side, as if it were a fur rug. The pigs and the mice did not seem at all intimate, but the birds were intimate with all. There were some performing cats at the show. One cat walked on a narrow rail carrying two mice on her back, and stepping over about a dozen white mice on the rail about four inches apart.

The Informal Reception

Would it not be delightful to visit the circus informally? That is, see the animals at home, visit them in their schools? Some New York gentlemen last week visited the animals of the circus in their winter home at Bridgeport, Conn. The schoolmaster had some of the animals recite their lessons; he called it performing. He sat on a white horse on a platform, and made the horses, all gayly dressed, gallop in the ring in four circles, moving first in one and then in the other direction. Each horse answered to his name. The elephants showed great fear of rats and guinea-pigs that were put in their house. When the lions were fed, they tore the meat to pieces, but the tigers licked the meat before they ate it. Johanna, the chimpanzee, drank cocoa from a bowl, and wrote her autograph for the visitors.

How it Strikes a Boy

Said little Johnny Green,
This is the funniest world I ever seen;
A fellow is sent off to bed
When he hain't got a bit of sleep in his head,
And he's hustled out of it, don't you see,
When he's just as sleepy as he can be!

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Religious World

The American University

The American University is a new institution which has been founded in the city of Washington. Its chief patrons belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and its chief promoter is Bishop John F. Hurst. The object is to establish in that city a post-graduate institution of the highest grade, and Washington has been selected as the best location because of its incomparable advantages for scientific and literary investigation in the collections and institutions of the general Government. These have cost about $35,000,000, and about $3,500,000 are expended on them annually. They would all be open to students. An effort has been undertaken to raise $10,000,000 for this new University, and towards this something over $1,000,000 has already been given or pledged. The ground for the College of History in connection with this University was broken on March 9. Representatives of various churches and institutions took part in the services. Bishop Hurst stated that six denominations are represented in the gifts thus far received. The Hall of History is to be 176 feet long, 70 feet wide, two and one-half stories high, and will be of marble, in Doric style. When the various plans of the National Government and of religious denominations for educational institutions in Washington are completed, that city will perhaps be the educational center, as it is already the political center, of the United States.

The Young Women's Christian Association

A large audience was gathered in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the evening of March 9, in the interests of the Young Women's Christian Association, which then celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. The weather was bad, but that did not serve to dampen the enthusiasm. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie presided, and in his opening address traced the growth of the Association to its present position of power and influence, and its many and various forms of Christian service. The other speakers were the Rev. Dr. Burrill, of the Collegiate Church; the Rev. Dr. John Hall, whose topic was "The Relation of the Association to the Church;" General Wager Swayne, who spoke of the "Self-Respect of the Self-Supporting Woman;" the Rev. Dr. Greer, who spoke of "The Amusements of the Association," and Colonel Waring, who made a fine address on "The Association in its Relation to Health." After the addresses Mr. Mabie made an earnest appeal in behalf of the $250,000 which the Association desires to raise in commemoration of its twenty-fifth anniversary. The occasion was one of much interest, and promises well for the future of the Association, which has already proved its usefulness in the community.

A Fitting Appointment

We are informed through the daily press that the Rev. B. W. Bacon, D.D., of Oswego, N. Y., has been appointed instructor in New Testament Exegesis in the Theological Department of Yale University. The late occupant of that chair, Professor George B. Stevens, has been made Professor of Systematic Theology. The appointment of Dr. Bacon, which means, we doubt not, his succession in due time to the full professorship, is peculiarly fitting. He is one of the finest Biblical scholars in the United States, and by his work has already proved himself worthy of the position. He has had experience as a pastor, and will therefore know how to adjust his attainments as a scholar to the needs of those preparing for the ministry. Dr. Bacon is a grandson of Leonard Bacon, who served fifty years as pastor of the Center Church of New Haven, and whose long association with Yale is a part of the traditions of that University. We believe that no better appointment could have been made.

United Work in New York

The Federation of Christian Workers in New York City is a movement worthy of attention and commendation. It is the longest step in the direction of the real unity of the Church which has ever been taken in New York. It is a sad commentary on the Christian character of the ministers and the vitality of the churches that in all the history of this great city there has never been one gathering which has been thoroughly representative for consideration of the interests common to all the denominations. There have been hints of such gatherings, but only hints. Never have Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, Congregationalists and Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, Universalists and Unitarians, without regard to name or creed, united in one body for the consideration of the work common to all. This Federation of Churches is not ideal; it is only the beginning of what we hope will sometime be a real federation of all the Churches. Surely there is work enough in common for all to lay aside their differences while they strive to bring to the people moral ideals and help them to realize a better social and religious life. In this Federation the unit of membership is the individual Church. At present it numbers over one hundred churches and twelve societies for Christian work. There are about three hundred representatives of churches and societies in the Federation, and about thirty-six different denominations and societies are represented. We may best state what it will try to do in the words of its Constitution: "The object of the Federation is to bring the organized intelligence and love of our churches to bear upon the material, social, economic, civic, and spiritual interests of the family life of our city, and, through interdenominational conference and co-operation, to meet its every religious and moral need." That object ought to command the allegiance of all the Christian people in this great city, and this organization should make itself felt in many and most vital ways in the advancement of civic righteousness and individual morality.

A Woman's Meeting

The women of the Congregational churches of New York and vicinity have organized a prayer-meeting in the interests of Congregational missions, home and foreign. It is held every Friday morning from eleven to twelve o'clock in the manager's room of the Bible House, New York City. Similar meetings are held in other cities, and other denominations have held similar meetings in New York. The plan is to have the meetings for home and foreign missions alternate. There are many strong and efficient workers among the women of the Congregational churches of New York and vicinity. They have made their influence felt in the various Boards of the churches in the past, and no doubt this meeting will be the beginning of a more positive influence in the missionary cause in the vicinity of New York. All women interested in the home and foreign work of the Congregational churches are cordially invited to attend.

Building Up a Down-Town Church

The Central Metropolitan Temple at Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth Street, this city, has recently been reopened after extensive enlargement and renovation. It has a seating capacity of 1,300, and during the past ten months has built up a large congregation and has added 500 members to its roll. The services of the church cover 365 days a year, and a large corps of assistants, under the direction of the pastor, the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, is continually at work. There are lectures on history, literature, and travel every Tuesday, a free concert every Saturday, and a sociological and ethical discussion on Fridays, in addition to the regular religious meetings of the church. The character of the work is generic and broad, though the church is not an institutional one. In one room may be seen a bevy of girls discussing "In Memoriam;" in another a cadet corps drilling; in a third a lady of social and intellectual position conducting a conference on some spiritual theme. The church maintains a labor and a musical bureau, a large Sunday afternoon Bible-class, many circles of King's Daughters, and a Ladies' Aid Society holding all-day sessions. The building is a striking one, and in the evening is brilliantly illuminated. The success of Mr. Cadman in this work, in which he has in a year built up a down-town church which was formerly practically deserted, shows that it is possible for a Protestant church to lead a growing and broadening life south of Fourteenth Street, notwithstanding the popular notion to the contrary.

Governors and Religion

One of our daily papers has recently taken the pains to make inquiry concerning the religious affiliations of the forty-four State Governors of the American Union. The result showed that thirty-nine are avowed believers in religion and twenty-nine are professed Christians, and most of them are regular attendants at some place of worship. In response to the inquiries sent out, forty-three State Governors and three Territorial Governors returned answer. The Governor of Texas declined to state his position, while the Governor of South Carolina did not respond. A study of the returns shows that ten of the number are Presbyterians, five Congregationalists, five Unitarians, one Baptist, one Christian, and sixteen are unconnected with church organizations. Several of those who made answer are regarded as conspicuous enough to be possible candidates for the Presidency in the ensuing election. Little can be determined by a simple profession of religion, but this census shows at least that many of the ablest and most practical men of our time are Christians and interested in a Christian administration of public affairs.

The Men's Club

The Men's Club is becoming almost as prominent an agent of aggressive Christianity as the Christian Endeavor Society and the institutional church. If we remember correctly, it owes its origin to the Rev. John Faville, of Appleton, Wis. It is a simple association, with a single aim—to increase the interest and effectiveness of the Sunday evening service. The methods are to enlist all men in the community who are not identified with other churches and who are willing to help in making the Sunday evening service one which will be useful and helpful to the people. The club in Appleton, Wis., is perhaps the most successful of any in the country, and has an enrolled membership of 560. It has extended its activity to other departments of work—maintaining a lecture course and assisting in various charitable and philanthropic enterprises. A programme of the fourth anniversary of the club in Appleton indicates a vigorous and vital activity on the part of its members. The order of service under the auspices of the club is made up of music, both vocal and orchestral, of responsive readings, and altogether indicates a work which is "brief, bright, and brotherly." In some respects this movement resembles the "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons" so common in the churches of England.

Princely Knights of Character Castle

One of the most perplexing questions for the Church to answer is, How can we help the boys? Many efforts have been made toward this end within recent years, and while many of our young people's societies have been wonderfully successful, the fact remains that we lose a large percentage of our boys *between* Sunday-school and church. In order to meet this difficulty, and, if possible, redeem the boys, morally, socially, and spiritually, the Rev. Messrs. D. R. Lucas, A. W. and S. M. Conner, and the Hon. W. D. Owen, all prominent members of the Church of the Disciples of Christ in Indianapolis, have instituted a new order known as Princely Knights of Character Castle. Its purpose is to provide pleasing and profitable instruction for boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen, by which they will be helped to form good habits; to provide reading and meeting rooms, courses of reading and lectures, and means of entertainment suited to this end; to assist those who need it to secure employment; and in every possible and lawful way to be a boys' friend, and to co-operate with parents and guardians in the work of forming a good character in the boys. The plan of work is to associate the boys with men of good character, who, by means of the ritual and courses of reading, lectures, and entertainments, will be enabled, it is hoped, to win the boys' attention and keep them under good influence in Castle (or Lodge) work until good habits are formed in them. The unique feature about it is its secret character, and it is perhaps the first to enter this field of work—a secret order for the moral and spiritual culture of boys. The founders of the order claim that it is so conducted as to appeal to the boy's desire to learn secrets and for entertainment, and to his love of banners and regalia. By these he is held and taught the great lessons of heroism, endurance, purity, patriotism, and love. It is claimed that the rites of initiation are administered in a manner that will forever fasten their lessons upon the minds and hearts of the boys. There are seven degrees in the order, one for each year of the boy's age from twelve to eighteen. The last degree is that of "The Princely Knight," and all who take it become the friends and helpers of the younger boys.

Reform of the Sunday-School

A recent series of articles in the "Christian World," of London, by Professor W. F. Adeney, on "The Reform of the Sunday-School," has attracted wide attention, and been made the subject of a symposium in that journal. It should be remembered that the Sunday-school in England hardly occupies the place that it does in America. More attention is given there to the religious training of the children in the homes of the well-to-do, and the Sunday-school is more largely devoted to those without such training among the poorer classes. This, however, is only relative. Among the suggestions which have been elicited by Professor Adeney's articles are the following: Dr. John Clifford, the most eminent Baptist of London, reports that he notices an increasing reticence on the part of the teachers. They are more content than formerly to say that they do not know. "They are not positive where Jesus is silent." The suggestion had been made that the teaching in the Sunday-school is antiquated, but Dr. Clifford says that, so far as he can hear, it "is not the school but the pulpit which is the lazy or timid patron of traditionalism." It should be said that knowledge of the Bible is more common in England than in this country, and also that it has there been studied more critically. Dr. Clifford's testimony is that in the schools with which he is acquainted the teaching is encouraging to those who desire thorough work. Dr. George S. Barrett, an eminent Congregationalist of Norwich, England, does not agree with Professor Adeney that large classes are most desirable. The distinctive characteristic of his paper, however, is what he says concerning the service, which he thinks should be a liturgical one composed of praise and prayer in which the whole school takes part. He would have "free prayer" offered at the beginning of the school and a responsive service at the end, with special attention given to music. The Rev. Alfred Rowland, London, advocates a training-class for teachers to be held on Sunday, and that especial care should be taken to secure for its teacher a broad-minded and experienced man. In regard to the subjects studied he uses these words: "By all means let us add to Bible study more attention to the biographies of typical Christian men and women, especially with a view to expounding the history of missions—which is essentially the Acts of the Apostles brought up to date." Dr. Goodrich, of Manchester, rejoices that the emphasis is no longer on the period of the Exodus, but rather on the teaching of Christ. He says: "In the syllabus of a senior class I find such subjects as 'The Book of Job,' 'Citizenship,' 'Foreign Missions Policy,' 'Sesame and Lilies,' etc.; and from a school of about nine hundred and fifty, I find in one year thirty-two became members of the church." He thinks that our greatest wants are a thoroughly valuable course of lessons on the life of Jesus Christ, and more teachers of ability, scholarship, and experience. Other contributors to this symposium are the Revs. J. M. Gibbon, Joseph Halsey, Silvester Horne, and H. W. Horwill, all of whom write intelligently on the subject. The articles by Professor Adeney and the symposium on them cannot fail to do great good.

The Subject in This Country

Nearly if not quite everything which we have mentioned as spoken of in the symposium applies equally to our own country. Far too much attention, relatively, has been given to sermonettes to the children and far too little to an intelligent and discriminating study of the Bible itself. Our systems of lessons have often been compiled on the homiletic plan. In many localities, doubtless, that is best, but we record our conviction that the first duty of the Sunday-school, as such, is not the conversion of the child but his instruction in the things of the spirit. We do not mean that the decision for Christ should be overlooked, but that, as society is now constituted, very little systematic teaching is done in the home, and if children are ever trained in a knowledge of the Bible it must be in the Sunday-school. The majority of people are lamentably ignorant of what the Bible contains. The first duty, therefore, is careful training in a knowledge of its contents; and the second the application of its teachings to the life of the pupil. In that others besides teachers will have a part; the pastor, the Christian Endeavor Society, and individual Christians inevitably will influence the children toward individual consecration to the Master. We join our English friends in pleading for a more intelligent study of the Word of God in the light of the most recent and reliable science.

The Gambling Habit in Great Britain

An appeal to the English nation against the growing and most pernicious habit of betting and gambling has been issued by representatives of various Christian bodies in that country. We make a few extracts. The manifesto says: "We believe that the public morals are being seriously affected in every class of society, while the national sports, especially horse-racing, are degraded by the development of betting and book-making, which are steadily increasing. The increase to a great extent is to be traced to the trade of the professional betting man. . . . To the enforcement of the law must be added strenuous efforts in every direction to influence public opinion by that moral suasion which alone can be used in dealing with individuals and their action." The appeal is temperate and strong, and is signed by such men as the Bishops of London and Durham, the Rev. J. Morlais Jones, Chairman of the Congregational Union, the Rev. Richard Leitch, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, the Chairmen of the Baptist and Methodist Churches, Mr. Thomas Hughes, J. P., and other men equally prominent. One of the most encouraging things about this appeal is that it indicates a realization of responsibility on the part of those prominent in the Church, not only for the welfare of the Church as an institution, but also for the morals of the community. It is only another sign that the Church is every day coming to realize more keenly its power as a social and political force.

Brief Mention

The Council of Congregational Churches which has been examining the charges made against the Rev. Charles O. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, has found him guiltless.

The Rev. W. Hay Aitkin attracted large congregations last week at a noonday service in old Trinity Church, New York. The weather was unpropitious, but the crowds in attendance proved that the men of Wall Street are interested in something besides the acquisition of wealth. This is the second or third time that Mr. Aitkin has conducted these services.

As there is a Students' Volunteer Movement in behalf of foreign missions among non-Episcopal churches, so there is a Church Students' Missionary Association for the promotion of similar objects among Episcopalians. Its affairs are in the hands of a committee consisting of five bishops, five presbyters, and fifteen laymen, ten of whom are students preparing for ordination.

The Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., of the Old South Church, Boston, has been invited by Principal Fairbairn to preach and lecture before Mansfield College, Oxford, during the month of May. He has accepted the invitation. Other Americans who have been previously invited by Principal Fairbairn to occupy the pulpit of Mansfield College Chapel are the Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, D.D., who was present at the opening of the institution; the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., who was invited to preach in the Commencement week of 1891; and the Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., who occupied the pulpit during the summer meetings two years ago. Dr. Gordon has once before been the preacher in the chapel.

Books and Authors

A Prince of the Church[1]

Cardinal Manning was the greatest ecclesiastical statesman that England has seen since Cardinal Wolsey. Other Englishmen have doubtless had his ability, but none of them his opportunity. This came to him unsought, through his conscientious secession from the Church of England, in which the highest place might have been his, to the Church of Rome, in which he chanced upon a time peculiarly favorable for the free play of his remarkable powers. To him, called by his opponents in the Vatican Council *Diabolus Concilii*, its adoption of the dogma of papal infallibility was mainly due.

Whatever fault be found with Mr. Purcell's exhibition of the great Cardinal on the score of unnecessary candor, it is probably as truthful as the delineation of so complicated a life can be. Manning himself intended it so to be. For this he put into his chosen biographer's hands all his diaries, journals, correspondence, and autobiographical notes. For this the two spent many hours in personal conversation. For this the biographer declares he has supremely endeavored—to manifest Manning's heart and soul and character "in the fullness and simplicity of truth." Another biography may be written with intent on more prudent reserve or the suppression of unedifying material, but Mr. Purcell's work will have the advantage of Manning's virtual *imprimatur*.

Manning and his great contemporary, Cardinal Newman, were the most notable individual products of the religious revival in the Church of England known as the "Oxford Movement," dating from 1833, when the first of its ninety "Tracts for the Times" appeared, and aiming, under the influence of the priestly rather than the prophetic spirit, to restore the ante-papal Catholicism. Manning, cut off from his hope of a Parliamentary career by the ruin of his father's fortune, had come under evangelical influences, became thoroughly religious, and took holy orders in 1832. While faithful and laborious in his rural charge, his genius for administration so displayed itself in wider interests that only eight years later he became Archdeacon of Chichester. Meanwhile he had early gone over from the Evangelical to the High Church party, and his parish at Lavington, says his biographer, became his "half-way house to Rome." From the time of her separation from the Church of Rome two principles, as variant as Rebecca's struggling twins, have contended within the Church of England—the principle of authority, appealing to the traditions of the Fathers and the corporate voice of the Church in the dogmas of councils, and the principle of liberty, appealing to the unchartered freedom of the days of the Son of man, and the testimony of the Spirit in the Scriptures to the Christian consciousness. Manning, by nature despotic and intolerant of doubt, was wholly in affinity with the principle of authority. The first question in his mind on beginning work as a parish priest was, "By what authority do you lift the latch of a poor man's door . . . and begin to instruct or correct him?" His first sermon before the clergy of the diocese, two years later, maintained the thesis, "Our commission to witness for Christ hangs on this question, Are the bishops of our Church the successors in lineal descent of the Lord's apostles?" For a few years he was satisfied of the validity of "the title-deeds of the Church of England." But in 1836 the "Tracts for the Times" were taking hold of him. In 1839, when he began to receive auricular confession, he was already puzzled how to satisfy his penitents, while keeping them from going over to Rome. For the next twelve years he was in a state of continual and increasing disquiet, until in 1851 he found rest to his soul in the Papal Church.

But of this inward turmoil, abundantly evinced by his letters and diaries, no outward sign appeared. It is, as his biographer says, "a curious difficulty, almost startling at first," to find "Manning speaking concurrently for years with a double voice," publicly proclaiming an unqualified Protestantism, but privately confessing the weakness of his position. Manning's diary records against the years 1843–1846, "Declension—three and a half years—secularity, vanity, and anger." There is no need, says Mr. Purcell, to suppress or to gloss it over; "it was followed by repentance and change of heart."

We hesitate, however, to agree with Mr. Purcell that Manning's difficulty was "not intellectual but moral," in an opposition of his will to reasoned conclusions. Only a year before his submission to Rome he writes that, while logically convinced, he fears to "rest on intellectual convictions alone;" while the argument may be logical, "the premises may be disputable." Easy as it is to censure Manning for hypocrisy, repugnant to a candid mind as his inconsistency appears at this remove from that time of party passion, a just judgment of his case is not an easy problem. Allowance must be made for a man in a position of public trust, whose decision is to affect many others besides himself, who is involved in a question that admits of no neutrality—a question, however, of an intellectual rather than a moral kind, concerning a historical claim to authority—if, being also a man naturally dogmatic and tenacious of prejudice, he stubbornly resists the adverse probabilities which he frankly recognizes, and surrenders only when all is lost. To such considerations, rather than to subsequent "repentance," Manning's biographer might justly have pointed. But he is so anxious to be impartial as to seem now and then inadequately fair.

As early as 1839 Newman had written to Manning: "Nothing but *patience* and dutifulness can keep us in the Church of England—and remaining in it is a test whether we have these graces." After this Newman held out about six years, and Manning about twelve. The Gorham Judgment in 1850, interpreting the Royal Supremacy as covering matters of doctrine, a claim which Manning had steadfastly resisted throughout his Anglican ministry, cut his last standing-ground from under him. Unable to evoke any effective protest against this subordination of spiritual to civil power, he abandoned all that he held most dear, feeling that now he should "sink to the bottom and disappear."

But the closed way speedily became an open way. Such a man, abounding in energy, fertile in resource, tactful, conciliatory, persevering, intimate with chief men, a born diplomatist, Pius IX. soon recognized at his full worth for the promotion of Catholic interests in England. Twelve years later, on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, he made Manning Archbishop of Westminster. Ten years subsequently, in recognition of his supreme efficiency in the Vatican Council, he made him Cardinal. This crowning honor was not given to Newman till four years later, in 1879, after the accession of Leo XIII. But Newman was the lonely thinker, Manning the privileged counselor of Piux IX., with whose decease Manning's influence at the Vatican largely disappeared.

That Newman was until then under a cloud at Rome was due to Manning. It was misliked by most Catholics in England. It is misliked by his biographer, who does not gloss over what he deems discreditable. In 1867 their correspondence came practically to an end, each professing inability to understand the other. In Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua" Manning's name alone is unmentioned of all the friends of his Anglican or Catholic days. Yet Manning's address in 1890, at the time of Newman's death, speaks of him as "my brother and friend of more than sixty years." This Mr. Purcell characterizes as a "falsification of history," due to the illusion of overwrought feeling in fond regret for what might have been.

Whether this frank judgment is too severe it is not easy to pronounce with certainty. Manning was a thorough ultramontane, standing for the infallibility and temporal power of the Holy See as vital to the welfare of the Church. In this Newman disagreed with him. Manning's correspondence with his intimate at Rome, Monsignor Talbot, the Pope's chamberlain, censures Newman's opinions as "anti-Roman and anti-Papal," tending to minimize Catholic doctrine and hinder its spread in England. But it is not expected of statesmen to consult the interests of the party in opposition; nor that the confidant of a jealous pontiff will compromise himself by an intimacy that might expose him to suspicion. Whether Manning's natural intolerance and reluctance to brook any competitor co-operated with his views of public interest no one can say. He himself discountenances the idea in an autobiographical note dated in 1887. None the less, this suppressed "friendship" is one of the painful and unlovely passages of his life.

Until the accession of the Oxford converts English Catholics had dwelt among their countrymen as a peculiar people, in a social isolation resulting from the old penal laws. Newman, Manning, and their followers put new life into the atrophied limb, and made it once more an active member of the social body. It was Manning, however, true Englishman as well as Catholic, who, with his active interest in public concerns, successfully broke down the barriers which had long separated Catholics from the social movement of England. It is for this, and for his zeal and public spirit in philanthropy and social reform, that the present generation chiefly remembers him.

His first care on becoming Archbishop was to postpone, in spite of much resentment, the building of a cathedral in memory of Cardinal Wiseman, that the children of poor Catholics might first be provided with schools, orphanages, and reformatories. From 1871, when the victims of the Paris Commune appealed for relief, he represented his Church in all the co-operative undertakings of philanthropy, and was in constant demand for public platforms, where his ready and impressive eloquence gained popular esteem. He was especially efficient in temperance work, even taking the pledge himself, against medical advice, to promote the cause among the Irish poor. The motley crowd o agitators, hobbyists, and faddists who resorted to his house to gain his sympathy gave grief to those who were jealous for his reputation. His greatest success was the settlement of the Dockers' Strike in 1889, when the Anglican Bishop of London had given it up in despair. In recent politics he was for Home Rule in Ireland, that "martyr nation," as he called it, in a renewed cordiality with Mr. Gladstone, his friend in his Anglican days. Singularly, it was he, of all men, who had carried the infallibility dogma through the Vatican Council, who now pointed out its limits, and declared it inapplicable to Leo XIII.'s decree condemning the Irish "Plan of Campaign" against the landlords.

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[1] *Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster.* By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. Macmillan & Co., New York. 2 Vols. $6.

But Manning said of himself, "From the beginning I was a priest, and a priest only." He was also a great preacher. In the confessional, at the altar, in the pulpit, he found his most congenial work, and endeared himself to a multitude as their spiritual father. If, as his biographer says, he had "somewhat unscrupulous methods of attack," the inconsistency of these with the introspective and sensitive conscience to which his diaries bear witness may in charity be imputed to the false dogmatic system in which he was involved. While religion was to him much more than politics, churchmanship was quite too near it, with a moral obliquity which could even attribute the results of intrigue and wirepulling to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Charitable judgment is conciliated by the manifest candor in which the great Cardinal and his biographer are at one in opening to the world the very thoughts of his heart—though this has not been without inexcusable neglect of the rights of still living men to the veil of privacy. But whatever favorable impression this ingenuous exhibition may produce must be offset in many minds by a fresh and deep aversion to the evil genius of sacerdotalism, which history shows, in all ages and every form of religion, invariably inimical to the soundness of ethical life.

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An admirable book is Mr. Karl Károly's *A Guide to the Paintings of Venice.* (Macmillan & Co., New York.) We have here a historical and critical account of all the pictures in Venice, quotations of criticism from the best authorities, and short lives of the Venetian masters. The author of this little book is already favorably known through his "Raphael's Madonnas" and "A Guide to the Paintings of Florence." Undoubtedly the deserved success of the latter volume induced him to prepare this on Venice. We predict for it an equal popularity. The volume's delightful size—it is the most admirable of pocket companions—its flexible cover, thin but good paper, clear type, and memory-awakening photographic reproductions are excellent features, but its greatest value lies in the practical information so concisely and yet so adequately told. In the Academy there are about seven hundred pictures; these are described in alphabetical order; in the churches there are about five hundred "chief" paintings; these are treated in the order in which they are hung. Prefacing the actual matter in hand, Mr. Károly gives us a short history of Venice, followed by essays on Venetian painting, its characteristics and manner, on the schools of North Italy, on oil painting and tempera painting, on glazing, scumbling, and impasting, and on art terms. Then come the pictures—first those of the Academy, of course, then the frescoes in the Doge's Palace, then those in the Scuola di San Rocco, then the collections of the Cower Museum, the Seminario Patriarchale, the Royal Palace and Library, the Layard Collection, the Giovanelli Palace, and finally the pictures in the churches. Part II. is taken up with a narration of the lives of the principal painters of North Italy, and of the chief events in the reigns of the Doges. An ample index is added.

Dr. James Baldwin has published through the Werner Company (Chicago) *A Guide to Systematic Readings in the Encyclopædia Britannica.* This is a valuable book to any possessor of that Encyclopædia, for without it the full value of the Encyclopædia can hardly be recognized. The Britannica is not only a repository of general information, it is also an educational agent. In consulting it one is constantly drawn from point to point, finding something new and suggestive about the subject in which one is especially interested. If this is true in the hints which are thrown out in the Encyclopædia itself, how much more is it in a book specially prepared for that purpose. Three classes of people are addressed by Dr. Baldwin: first, boys and girls; second, students; third, the busy world. Boys and girls are told about home readings and history, biography, science, games, sports, and pastimes. For instance, they may supplement the school history of early America with readings from articles in the Britannica. Three courses of reading in history and five in the history of literature are indicated to the student. There are also indications how to read about philology and the history of language, astronomy, zoölogy, botany, geography, mathematics, the study of man, philosophy, the Bible, mythology, and the study of the supernatural.

We infer that the Rev. A. H. Hore means by the term "Catholic Church" the Church of England; for his *History of the Church Catholic* gives a detailed account of the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic times of the Christian Church. The account then proceeds to the great schism, and then the Eastern portion of Christendom is dismissed almost entirely from any mention. What follows is an account of Latin Christianity up to what he describes as the "Three Reformations," the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, and the Catholic (the English Reformation). After the separation of the English Church from the Roman obedience, the author confines his narrative strictly to the Church of England. This is nothing more than the narrowest kind of insularity, and seriously impairs the usefulness of the book. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

Mr. Noah Brooks has published through Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) *The Mediterranean Trip: A Short Guide to the Principal Points on the Shores of the Western Mediterranean and the Levant.* We have short, too short, descriptions of the Azores, Madeira, Gibraltar, Tangier, Algiers, Genoa, Nice, Monte Carlo, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Alexandria, Cairo, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Smyrna, Constantinople, and Athens. The little volume contains a number of fairly good maps and illustrations, but the text is very incomplete.

Literary Notes

—Mme. Octave Feuillet has written a continuation of her "Quelques Années de Ma Vie," with the title of "Souvenirs et Correspondances."

—Recent reports from Bombay contradict the rumors of Mr Clemens's (Mark Twain's) dangerous illness, and say that he is about to resume his lecture tour.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish next fall a new edition in sixteen volumes of the works of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, with notes and bibliographical introductions and portraits.

—It is proposed to restore the stone that marks the grave of Dr. Samuel Johnson in Westminster Abbey. The surface of the present stone is so decayed that the inscription is half obliterated.

—It is somewhat remarkable, says the "Bookman," that Mrs. Oliphant invented the name "Thrums" and used it in one of her early novels. Mr. Barrie reinvented it in total ignorance of his predecessor's book. His first choice of a fictitious name for Kirriemuir was "Whins."

—Sir E. Maunde Thompson has prepared some interesting statistics of the library of the British Museum. The number of volumes which it contains is, he says, 1,750,000, not counting single sheets or parts of works that are accumulating. The shelving of the library exceeds thirty-nine miles in length.

—The splendid Semitic library of the late Professor Christian Dillman, of the University of Berlin, which was given to Johns Hopkins University, will soon be put in place in a special room in the University library provided for it.

—The London "Athenæum" tells us that the late Mr. Murray had for many years collected materials for a complete edition of Byron's works in prose and verse. Mr. Murray had in his possession a considerable number of letters to various persons, including those to his father, some of which were not shown to Moore, as well as many documents and papers of interest. He had also acquired Lord Byron's own continuation of "Don Juan" and several other unpublished poems and fragments. With the aid of these materials it is hoped that a final edition of Byron's works may be given to the world at no very distant date.

—A dispatch from Athens to the London "Times" tells of the recent unveiling by the King of Greece of the statue to Byron executed by the French sculptors Chapu and Falguière at the expense of the late M. Demetrius Skylitsis, of London. The Minister of the Interior accepted the statue on behalf of the Government, and uttered an enthusiastic eulogy of Byron's talents and the sacrifices which he made for Greece. The statue, which is of Carrara marble, represents Greece crowning Byron with a laurel branch, while a young Greek below stretches his arms in newly found liberty. On the pedestal is the inscription, "Hellas to Byron."

—Among letters of Thomas Carlyle sold at an autograph auction in London lately is one in which he talks wisely of high-priced books. The London "Chronicle" quotes and comments as follows:

> "One title-page," he says, with much sound wisdom, "read well is worth many volumes carelessly run over." The average bibliographer, indeed, does not pretend to read farther than the title-page of the book. Carlyle was not a bibliographer, scarcely perhaps a bibliophile, and his books he regarded rather as necessary tools than as intellectual companions. "My reverence for books," he says, "does not increase with my years," a sweeping assertion which may have been written under the influence of dyspepsia. Although Carlyle reverenced books less and less as he grew older, his "reverence for earnest reflection and meditation . . . does go on increasing," and he ascribes "clearness of vision" as the great source of "honest, manful conduct."

—An exceedingly choice and beautiful example of the art of typography is shown in the specimen pages and circular announcement of "The Altar Book" (containing the order of the Holy Eucharist according to the use of the American Church, with collects, epistles, gospels, etc.). The publisher, Mr. D. P. Updike, has been over two years engaged in the preparation, and the result is not only sumptuous but fit and consistent in purpose and effect. The type was specially designed and has been set at the Merrymount Press of Boston, while the presswork is done by DeVinne, of New York. The full-page illustrations are by Mr. Robert A. Bell; Mr. B. G. Goodhue furnishes elaborate borders and initials. The music in the book was arranged by Sir John Stainer, who has edited Merbecke's adaptation of the ancient English plain-song; an interesting sentence quoted from an address by Sir John Stainer recalls the fact that the plain-song as sung in St. Paul's to-day is note for note the music that was heard in Salisbury Cathedral eight hundred years ago. The edition of the Altar Book is limited to three hundred and fifty copies, to be sold at $75 each.

[For list of Books Received see Table of Contents]

[PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT]

THE SILVER QUESTION

A trifle trite, does the reader think, and prepare to turn the leaf? Wait a moment. We are not going to talk about "free coinage," "16 to 1," or "Coin's School." Almost every one who has any opinion on that phase of the silver question knows all about it, and is not looking for new light. But perhaps we can supply the reader of inquiring mind with some new information on another aspect of the silver question. We propose to give some facts about the use of this precious metal in the arts, past and present, the means of judging as to the fineness of silver in England and America, etc., etc., and shall try to make this worth any one's reading and remembering.

"The white metal" has been a favorite with the artist metal-workers and jewelers of all ages. The skilled artificers of Phœnicia and Palestine, equally with those of India and Assyria, were called upon for "vessels of silver" for the use of the wealthy, and particularly for ecclesiastical purposes. In the Old Testament we read of the "offerings of the princes" at the dedication of the tabernacle by Moses (see Numbers vii., 19), when "Nethaneel the son of Zuar, prince of Issachar, did offer one silver charger, the weight whereof was an hundred and thirty shekels, one silver bowl of seventy shekels, both of them full of fine flour mingled with oil for a meat offering;" of Joseph commanding his steward to "put my cup, my silver cup, in the sack's mouth," and how, when the cup was found in the sack of Benjamin, the brethren "rent their clothes," well knowing the value of such an article when belonging to a great personage. In more modern times, the costliest church ever erected in Christendom, the "Sancta Sophia" of Constantinople, built in 532–8 by Justinian, at an estimated cost of sixty-four millions of dollars, was distinguished for the splendor of its silver decorations. Not only were there priceless vessels and candelabra of solid silver, but the "canopy over the altar was vaulted with sheets of" that metal, and "rested on four silver columns." The splendor of silver work in later times is sufficiently set forth in the following condensed passage from Chaffers, descriptive of some of the silverware of Louis XIV.:

"On each side of the royal buffet was elevated on a portico, 10 feet high, a grand silver guéridon bearing a silver girandole, which lighted the buffet, accompanied by numerous large silver vases; on the table and steps of this buffet, which reached the altitude of not less than 25 feet, were shown, beautifully arranged, twenty-four massive bowls of marvelous workmanship; these were separated by as many large vases, cassolettes, and girandoles of equal beauty. On the table of the buffet were the gold Nef and the silver gilt vessels for the King's use; these shone forth from among twenty-four large silver jardinières full of flowers; in front of the table was a grand silver cistern shaped like a shell; at the two extremities were four guéridons, six feet high, surmounted by silver girandoles. . . . All this chased and modeled silver work was of the estimated weight of more than 100,000 marcs of metal (800,000 ounces)."

Silver has thus been a favorite material for art workers, from Demetrius to Cellini, not only because of its beauty, its value, and its susceptibility of high finish, but because of its ductility, rendering it easy to cast and shape, and its durability when properly treated. In order to give it strength and hardness, it is necessary, however, to mix it with some one of the so-called baser metals, both in its use as coin and for decorative and practical purposes. "Debasing the coinage" was for many centuries a favorite device of unscrupulous rulers; by mixing the precious metal with an undue quantity of cheaper alloy they were enabled to issue larger quantities of coin and thus "scale their debts." In our own times this action on the part of Governments is almost unknown; and "debasing the coinage" by private individuals is called by the disagreeable term "counterfeiting," and is severely punished when detected. In the province of manufacture, also, there has always existed, among dishonest workers, this practice of deceiving the public by decreasing the quantity of silver and increasing that of the baser metal used for alloy. From time to time great abuses have crept into the business in this respect. The evil is an old one. We read that in the seventeenth century in England "divers small wares, both of gold and silver, are frequently wrought and put to sale by divers goldsmiths and others, worse than standard, to the great abuse of his Majesty's good subjects, and great discredit of that manufacture, and reproach in foreign parts to the English goldsmiths."

In England, however, there has been devised and perfected an effectual guarantee that the silversmith's product shall be of a certain grade of fineness. This is known as the system of *hall-marks* (from the *Hall* of the Goldsmiths' Company or guild). All silverware is tested and then stamped by guild assayers with certain characters which are everywhere recognized as a guarantee of quality. The London Goldsmiths' Company, for instance, have adopted a method, which has been in vogue for centuries, of stamping silver so that not only can the fineness be known, but the date of manufacture as well. Its hall-mark consists of a leopard's head (denoting the assay), a lion passant (denoting the standard), a letter (showing the date), the maker's mark, and the head of the sovereign (indicating payment of duty). Every twentieth year is signalized by a new alphabetical cycle. Thus all silverware made in the year of Queen Victoria's coronation is stamped with the letter A, in the style known as black letter. In the next year, 1838, a B is used. This continues till twenty letters of the alphabet (omitting J) have been used, when a new series, with a different style of letter, begins. The unusually long reign of Victoria is now bringing the third alphabetical cycle to a close with the use of the heavy Roman letter U, and next year may see the unprecedented introduction of a fourth cycle of date-letters for a single reign. Similar systems of hall-marks are also in vogue in the cities of Great Britain and on the Continent.

By the various systems of hall-marks, therefore, English buyers are rendered absolutely secure, in their purchase of silverware, that they are getting *sterling* silver, *sterling* silver consisting of 925 parts of pure silver to 75 of alloy—generally copper. There is therefore no "silver question," in this sense, in the land which gives us the word *sterling*. How about the question in America?

In America there is probably a larger use of and demand for articles of silver than in any other country of the world. Silverware is no longer restricted to the use of the very wealthy. In ancient and mediæval times the use of silverware was thus restricted, either by reason of the great cost of the metal or by sumptuary laws which were designed to prevent the withdrawal of silver from its use for coinage. But in this age and land of the democracy of wealth and luxury, the families are few which do not possess some articles at least of table silverware. The humble housewife's heart is gladdened, as she goes about her daily duties, by the sight of the shining spoon or fork or sugar-bowl marked "sterling," and this she fondly believes to be equivalent to a "hall-mark." Alas for the trustful housewife! The recent developments in regard to the sale of silver in some of the dry-goods stores in New York have served to throw suspicion on most of the articles thus labeled.

The majority of the reputable manufacturers of silverware in the United States have refused to use the dry-goods stores as a medium for introducing their goods to the public, recognizing the fact that silverware, which is peculiarly an art product, ought not to be subjected to the demoralizing methods and representations of the "bargain counter." The fact, however, that silverware has been procured by these houses and advertised at prices less than those current in the market for the bullion alone of which they were supposed to be composed, led to an investigation, not long since, on the part of leading jewelers and silversmiths. The investigation was initiated by the Connecticut Jewelers' Association, and resulted in an astonishing discovery. Out of thirty-two articles purchased at random in New York dry-goods stores, and purporting to be of "sterling" or "coin" silver ("coin" silver is 900–1,000 fine), only one was genuine, actually what was represented, as proved at the United States Assay Office. The others were "brummagem"—mere shells, in most instances, of silver, the only "solid" metal being the base of solder or pewter.

This deplorable condition of things in the silverware trade has come about in direct contravention of law. While there is no general statute in the United States for the protection of purchasers of silverware, there is such a law on the statute-books of the State of New York, which is in part as follows:

"Section I. A person who makes or sells, or offers to sell or dispose of, or has in his possession with intent to sell or dispose of, any article of merchandise marked, stamped, or branded with the words "sterling" or "sterling silver," or incased or inclosed in any box, package cover or wrapper, or other thing in or by which the said article is packed, inclosed, or otherwise prepared for sale or disposition, having thereupon any engraving or printed label, stamp, imprint, mark, or trade-mark, indicating or denoting by such marking, stamping, branding, engraving, or printing that such article is silver, sterling silver, or solid silver, unless $\frac{925}{1000}$ of the component parts of the metal of which the said article is manufactured is pure silver, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Notwithstanding this statute, the market has been full of these fraudulent "sterling" goods. The sellers of "dry-goods" silver, as it is termed, when brought to book, blamed the manufacturers for the deception; the manufacturers asserted that they made the goods to order, and stamped them "sterling" to order; and so the merry war of crimination and recrimination, charge and counter-charge, goes on; the only certain result so far being that the purchaser of "dry-goods silver" has paid an excessive price for a comparatively valueless article.

What now is the moral? It seems sufficiently obvious. In a sentence, it is: Put your money into silver that has a "*hall-mark*" on it—in other words, an indubitable guarantee of genuineness. Is there any firm of silversmiths in America whose guarantee is the equivalent of an English "*hall-mark*"? There is such a firm. It is the Gorham Mfg. Co., and this is its "*hall-mark*": Any reputable smelter will inform the person who needs further assurance on this point that a piece of silver which bears the device of the Lion, the Anchor, and the letter 𝕲 is of genuine sterling quality, $\frac{925}{1000}$ fine, and that its bullion value is in strict accordance with its net weight and the current price of silver bullion.

How has the stamp of the Gorham Manufacturing Company obtained this reputation as a "*hall-mark*"? By reason of the Company's long and honorable record, from the small beginnings of a little workroom over sixty years ago to the present great business, probably the largest of its kind in the world. Starting in a most modest way in a little town in Rhode Island, in the year 1831, the Gorham Manufacturing Company has steadily built up its business and its reputation until now its workrooms occupy a floor-space of over six acres, and it is known, and honorably known, throughout the world. In no one particular in the work of its great establishment is more care exercised than in the methodical maintenance of its "sterling" standard. Competent assayers are employed in every process and department to test the metal that goes into the hundreds of thousands of useful and elegant articles that every year go forth from the Gorham establishment. Large capital and intelligent organization have combined to insure the maintenance of an unvarying standard in the quality of its "sterling" goods.

As to the art quality of Gorham work, it is sufficiently known to connoisseurs. To others it will be advisable to call attention to the fact that many of the first designers and executants known to the profession are included in the Gorham Manufacturing Company's staff. The Company's interest in stimulating the artistic activity of its corps of workers is shown in the rare and costly library and museum which are provided for their study and inspiration. And the fertility of its designers is shown, not only in the multiplicity of designs which come pouring forth from its establishment—embracing an endless variety of articles for household, personal, ecclesiastical, and decorative use, from a butterfly pin to a statue of Columbus—but in the steadily growing popularity of Gorham work among the people of the most cultivated taste. But the best way of informing one's self, after all, of the artistic quality of Gorham ware is to see it. And this, fortunately, one can do by calling on almost any reputable jeweler or silversmith throughout the country, as well as at the principal salesroom in New York.

Who does not admire and covet beautiful silverware? It forms at once the most prized, the handsomest, and the most permanent of articles of luxury combined with utility. As to the durability of silver that has been skillfully wrought and properly cared for, take the following striking instance from Mons. Burty's work on the Industrial Arts:

"We have seen on the neck and arms of a young girl who had been educated in India silver necklaces and bracelets that were actually as fine and supple as a thread of silk; yet not a single one of these threads, in themselves so fine as hardly to be discernible to the naked eye, had given way in the twenty years that she had had them in her possession."

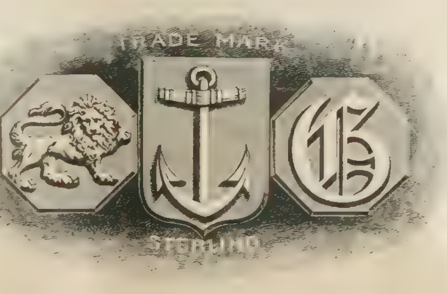
It is true that we do not now, as in the times of Byzantine glory described by Gibbon—when "every wealthy man possessed a semicircular table of massive silver, such as two men could scarcely lift"—use silver merely as a means of locking up wealth or of gratifying vanity by pompous show; nevertheless the "family heirlooms" that are most prized are the articles of silver that have been in daily use for generations. But even if one is content to leave future generations to care for themselves, one needs these beautiful art-objects about him for his own satisfaction and delight. And no small part of the satisfaction comes from the consideration that there is no doubt as to the character of his possession.

The "silver question," then, resolves itself into this, it being presumed that the purchase of silverware is contemplated:

(1) Where can absolutely reliable sterling silverware, of the highest artistic character, be bought, and (2) how can it be known as such?

The answer:

(1) At Broadway and 19th St., New York, or of first-class jewelers throughout the country, upon request that Gorham Sterling Silverware be shown. (2) By the presence of the following stamp:



Reed & Barton
Silversmiths
Trade Mark
Sterling
Salesrooms
37 Union Square and
13 Maiden Lane N.Y.
34 Washington St. Chicago
Factory and Offices
Taunton Mass
Our goods are for sale by all the leading Jewelers

Notes and Queries

1. If you have read "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography," by Henry Wood, of Boston, what do you think of views therein expressed? 2. What books besides "Science and Health," by Mrs. Eddy, are considered authorities on Christian Science? 3. What is known as the "Western School of Christian Science"?
SUBSCRIBER.

1. We have not read it; but general knowledge of Mr. Wood's position enables us to say that it is based upon a valid principle. To what extent his deductions are valid is now the subject of discussion. 2. We are reliably informed that there is no book of equal authority among Christian Scientists with Mrs. Eddy's work. It is read in their churches side by side with the Bible. Other works, well esteemed by persons who are mistakenly classed with Christian Scientists, are: "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," by Dr. Dewey; "The Mental Cure," by Dr. Evans; "Practical Metaphysics," by Mrs. Barnet, a book for beginners; "What Shall Make Us Whole?" by Mrs. Merriam; "The Gospel of Healing," by Dr. Simpson. 3. We are not able to say. There are several societies of some prominence in different parts of the West, but they are described to us as "much broader" than what is strictly called Christian Science.

1. What is the best comprehensive discussion of the single and double monetary standard—a book for a candid, intelligent inquirer? 2. Also, will you give me some information concerning the Brotherhood of Andrew and Stephen?
S. G.

1. The best comprehensive discussion of the single and double standard to which we can refer you is the report of the Brussels Conference. You can probably secure a copy on application to your Congressman. Professor F. W. Taussig's "Silver Situation in the United States," published by the Putnams, presents the monometallist's side of the question, and Mr. Charles A. Towne's recent speech in Congress presents compactly the free-coinage side of the question. Mr. Towne's speech can doubtless be had on application. 2. The headquarters of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Stephen is in the Church House, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, this city. At least that is where the "St. Andrew's Cross" is published.

1. Please give me reliable and recent books of reference concerning the folk-lore of the Bible. 2. Is Fredenburgh's method of seeing in most of the Old Testament stories of the J and E writers a sun myth approved of by scholars? 3. Please name any works treating of prophecy of the Old Testament, also any work treating the Old Testament simply as a literary product. 4. Could you suggest any broad line of treatment or underlying unification for a paper in which folk-lore, prophecy, and the Talmud had to be taken up together?
M. O.

1. We refer this to any specialist in that line among our readers. 2. The sun-myth hypothesis is discredited. 3. Moulton's "Literary Study of the Bible" (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston), and "The Bible as Literature" (in press by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York). 4. We cannot.

I am very much in need of a book of organ voluntaries from composers like Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Weber, Handel, and others. Please tell me of a book full of short selections, also its price, and where it may be purchased.
E. B. G.

For cabinet or church organ, Shelley's "Gems for the Organ," $2, retail; for church organ only, Shelley's "The Modern Organist," $2.50, retail; more difficult, "A Collection of Organ Arrangements," H. W. Parker, $2; "The Junior Church Organist," Charles H. Morse. These books may be ordered direct from the John Church Company, Cincinnati, O., or from G. Schirmer, 35 Union Square, New York City.

Kindly inform me: (1) Whether there are apocryphal books of the New as well as of the Old Testament, and where they can be obtained. (2) What is the best history of the Council of Nice?
W. L. W.

1. A translation of Tischendorf's edition of the New Testament Apocrypha, reprinted from Clark's (Edinburgh) Ante-Nicene Library, and edited by Professor Riddle, is published by the Christian Literature Company, New York. 2. What you will find in Stanley's "History of the Eastern Church" is as good as any.

Please tell me if the terms King of Israel and Judah are used interchangeably, or rather if Israel is ever used (after the division of the kingdom) as applying to either kingdom. Otherwise I cannot understand why, in 2 Chron. xxviii., 19, Ahaz is called King of Israel, and again, in 2 Chron. xxi., 2, Jehoshaphat is mentioned as King of Israel?
M. E. J.

The distinction between Israel and Judah is made even before the permanent division of the kingdoms. See 2 Sam. ii., 9, 10. The terms you quote are, as a rule, not used interchangeably, but the texts you refer to show that this rule, like others, has its exceptions.

H. E. B.—The title of the poem by Dr. J. Addison Alexander is "The Doomed Man." The sixth verse of this awful hymn was suppressed by the author, as an old friend who originally inserted it in the "Sunday-School Journal" of April 5, 1837, thought it was "too horrible;" it runs thus:

"But angels know the fatal sign,
And tremble at the sight;
And devils trace each livid line
With desperate delight."

C. K. J.

The title of the poem asked for by "H. E. B.," in The Outlook of March 14, is "The Spirit Quenched," by the Rev. James Alexander. The verse quoted is the first of ten verses.
M. D. E.

R. G.—The lines asked for in The Outlook of March 14,

"Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest,
Read me the poem that never was penned," etc.,

are part of a poem by Mary H. C. Booth, beginning:

"There are poems unwritten and songs unsung
Sweeter than any that ever were heard."

It may be found in the book called "Sunshine in Life: Poems for King's Daughters," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
E. G. T.

Can any one supply the two words missing from the following verse which appeared in one of the monthlies of some three or four summers ago:

"He smote his brother, and slew him;
He scorned his wife, and she died;
And then — — threw him
Over the sea-cliff's side."

I would like also to know the author's name.
F. F.

J. S. B.—In the "Kindergarten News" of February, 1896, published by Milton Bradley, Springfield, Mass. (single copy of magazine 5 cents), "J. S. B." will find on page 54 a poem, "Kind Acts," by Cyrus J. Cole, which may be what she desires, though the lines are slightly different from her verse.
V. E. G.

Can some one give name of Building Association organized on the plan of life insurance, making the value of property purchased the policy of insurance, so that at death or on making a certain number of payments, the purchaser or policy-holder shall become entitled to a deed?
F. H.

The author of quotation asked for by "H. C. P." is James Jeffrey Roche, and it is from a poem printed in "Scribner's" some years ago. The title is "Sir Hugo's Choice." I can furnish your correspondent with a copy if desired.
J. E. S.

Margaret Sangster is the author of "The Sin of Omission," in regard to which "J. S. B." inquires. My copy of the poem, which is clipped from a newspaper, is entitled "Left Undone."
L. P. Y.

Correspondence

"Ought All to be Paid Alike?"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"M. B.," in your March 7 number, is easily answered, on the foundation of natural—therefore inevitable—law. Things are of value, that is priceable, in proportion to their rarity. Muscle-pay must always be inferior to brain-pay, because brawn is more plentiful than brain. There is no help for it. Custom did not make it so, nor could Socialism or any other ism unmake it. "M. B." himself shapes himself by it, as he will see if he narrowly scrutinize his estimates and practices.

WM. CURTIS TAYLOR.

Canon Gore and George Romanes

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Those of your readers who have known George Romanes, the English biologist, through his books will be interested in the accompanying letters from Canon Gore, of Westminster Abbey. It may not be generally known that early in life Romanes published a book in which he stated that, as the result of scientific study, he was constrained by loyalty to truth, although it cost him keen suffering to do so, to affirm his belief that all the phenomena of nature could be adequately accounted for without assuming the existence of a personal God. Towards the close of his life his views were completely changed, and he was preparing for publication a treatise in which he appears as a sincere supporter of Christianity, when he sickened and died. The notes for this work which he left were carefully edited by Canon Gore and published in 1895, together with extracts from his earlier writings, under the title of "Thoughts on Religion."[1] The volume is extremely valuable as a contribution to Christian apologetics. But its influence for good has been qualified by the statement made in high scientific circles in this country that none of Romanes's later works were worthy of confidence because during his later years he suffered from softening of the brain. I wrote to Canon Gore inquiring concerning this statement, and I have received the following letter in reply:

4 Little Cloisters, Westminster, S. W.
March 7, 1896.

My Dear Sir:

The report you refer to is a malignant slander. The best refutation of it is to be found in the statement made by Dr. Burdon Saunderson, who is an acknowledged authority of the first class on biological subjects, made before the British Association the year before last, shortly after George Romanes's death, that he had retained his intellectual energies up to the last unimpaired. This is fully and absolutely true. I will see to Dr. Burdon Saunderson's statement being published.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES GORE.

Canon Gore also writes in a letter just received:

I send you the following passage from an obituary notice of George Romanes by Dr. Burdon Saunderson which appears in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society," Vol. LVII., page 8: "Up to the end he preserved not only his mental vigor, but the keenest interest in his scientific pursuits." No one could possibly speak with greater impartiality or more scientific authority than he. I should be very grateful if you would give it circulation on your side of the Atlantic.

Yours truly, GEORGE S. PAYSON.
New York.

Immigrants and Immigrants

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In an article on "Crime in the United States" printed in The Outlook lately there are some conclusions which seem to me not sufficiently well considered. The fact commonly enough stated by penologists, that our foreign population furnishes a proportion of crime largely in excess of their numbers, ought to be more carefully analyzed. The facts will be found, I think, to be differentiated by race, by occupation, and by environment. It is a loose form of statement to say that our people of foreign birth are predisposed to crime when among the various elements of that population a very wide difference may be noted. The term foreign is too general, and there must be a study of the Irish, German, Italian, and Scandinavian to procure valuable results. Again, it will be found that the bulk of crime in this country is among urban populations. Now, while it is true that our great cities are largely made up of foreigners, is the crime due to the foreign parentage or to the urban life? A marked difference between city and rural population in this particular must be noted. Then how much crime is individual and how much is social must be weighed in connection with the notorious misgovernment of our cities. Municipal misrule is conspicuously and unfortunately American. What is the relation of the gambling-house, the saloon, the brothel, and political corruption to criminal statistics?

The same scrutiny is obviously necessary with reference to the statistics of pauperism. The paupers of the country are largely foreign-born, but they are largely found in cities, and if the paupers are foreign-born, it will be found that the people who pay the taxes for their support are largely foreign-born also.

Again, it must be noted that we need an instrument a little more delicate than any statistical inquiry yet instituted to judge with entire accuracy the facts with reference to the prevalence of crime. Unfortunately, we are compelled to build upon the number of persons convicted of crime rather than the number of persons who commit crime. Other things being equal, the more rigid the administration of law, the worse the statistics. As a very pointed example of the value of these suggestions, it may be said that while the blacks of the South undoubtedly commit more than their proportion of crime, no intelligent person believes the convictions secured in Southern States indicate the real relation between the white and the black races with respect to crime. A careful scrutiny of police administration is evidently necessary in comparing the criminal statistics of various cities and communities. Yours truly,

SAMUEL G. SMITH,
Lecturer on Sociology, University of Minnesota.

We concur with most of these criticisms, but would recall the fact that our contributor could present only the main outlines of the subject within the space-limits assigned him. We dissent, however, from our correspondent's declaration that "municipal misrule is conspicuously and unfortunately American." It would be nearer the truth to say that municipal misrule varies directly with the proportion of immigrant citizens. The rule is that wherever a majority of the population is of native white parentage "the gambling-house, the saloon, and the brothel" are suppressed in a way not even attempted on the Continent of Europe.—THE EDITORS.

A Critic Criticised

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The reviewer of Dr. Tiffany's "History of the Episcopal Church" has been less careful in his statement of a fact than the historian reviewed. The reviewer states: "The effort made by Dr. Coke in behalf of the Methodists, and also the advances made by the Lutherans to receive Holy Orders from the bishops of the Episcopal Church, are mentioned." I am quite sure that the reader of the above sentence would be led to believe that the prime motive of certain Lutherans in making their overture was the securing of Episcopal ordination. On the other hand, no reader of Dr. Tiffany's reference would be led to such a conclusion. The careful author of the history thus states it: "There was a movement of the Lutherans in the State of New York to *join* the Episcopal Church in 1797; but the convention to which the proposition was referred was unfortunately delayed by prevalence of the yellow fever, and would not meet until 1801. After Bishop Moore was consecrated, Zion Church, the first English Lutheran Church in New York City, became (rector, officers, and congregation) Episcopal, having previously sent out an offshoot in St. Stephen's Church to the same communion. Such movements were, however, due more to the attractiveness of the Church, as possessed of an English liturgy, than to the solicitation or interest of the members of the Episcopal communion." There was no hankering on the part of these churches after "Holy Orders," but an out-and-out joining of the Episcopal Church by reason of its attractive English liturgy. The two communions were on the most friendly terms. The Ministerium of New York resolved to "never acknowledge a newly erected Lutheran church in places where members may partake of the services of the said English Episcopal Church." Negotiations were actually in progress for a union of the two Churches, with a perfect willingness to receive ordination from the hands of an English Bishop. But this was due more to the prevalent rationalism in many churches, and to an unwillingness to build up English-speaking Lutheran churches, than to any desire for "Holy Orders." Dr. Jacobs, in the same series of Church Histories, makes this whole matter quite clear. The truth of the matter is that, in the search for "Holy Orders," the Episcopal Church in America made overtures to the Danish Government for this much-disputed distinction. (See Penna. Archives, 1783-1786, Vol. X., p. 433.) If the Lutheran Church in America shall ever feel the necessity for such ordination, she will look to the Swedish "succession" rather than to the Anglican. Good Bishop White, referring to certain Americans in England seeking ordination, who were doubtful of securing it until they learned of John Adams that it could be had from "the Danish Church, by signing the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England with the exception of the political parts of them," adds: "This conduct is here all the more cheerfully mentioned to the honor of the Danish Church, as it is reasonable to presume that there would have been an equal readiness to the consecration of bishops had necessity required recourse to any other source than English Episcopacy, under which the American churches had been planted."

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[PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT]

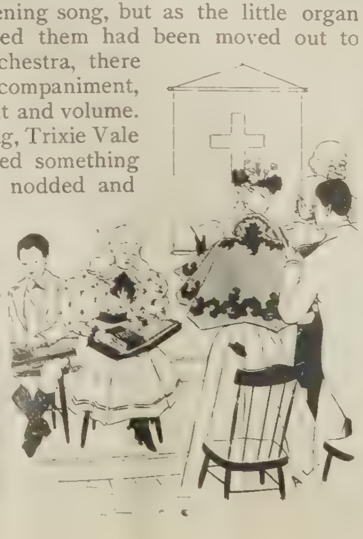
Easter at " Crossby's Corners "

The Sunday-school at " Crossby's Corners " had experienced a great many ups and downs in its long but attenuated existence; a comparison, however, would have shown a most decided majority on the downs side. But, after many struggles and discouragements, within the last few months signs of improvement began to appear, and things seemed to brighten up with the " Salem School," as it was sometimes called, and the red-letter day of its existence came when the record showed a total attendance—teachers, scholars, and visitors—of fifty-three. When the school reached this unprecedented stage of prosperity it was decided that there must be some kind of demonstration made to celebrate its flourishing condition; so it was determined to have a grand Easter celebration. It was to consist of recitations by the scholars, addresses by the teachers and friends of the school, and, above all, music—music was to make itself heard and felt all through the day; for if there was one thing that the " Salem School " did pride itself upon, it was its singing; so music was to occupy a very prominent place on the programme for this particular Easter Sunday. And, to make it still more prominent, an orchestra of five pieces—two violins, a violoncello, a double bass, and a cornet—had been engaged to come from the city to accompany all the singing and add to its tone and volume.

Among the active and interested members of the school were Trixie Vale and her brother Ned. Both were very much interested, especially in the music, for both had a decided fondness for it.

Easter would come unusually early that year, before the last of March, and some of the members of the school felt a little despondent when it began to snow very hard about five o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the day before Easter; all night long the snow fell and the March wind blew, but Sunday morning it cleared off beautifully, and while the temperature was pretty low, still the sleighing was good, and long before ten o'clock the sleigh-bells began to jingle toward Crossby's Corners. At ten o'clock the superintendent began to have a slightly troubled look on his face, and glanced very often through the window in the direction of the railroad station where the train from the city was expected to deposit the members of the much-talked-of orchestra in time for them to reach the school-house before ten o'clock. Ten-fifteen came, but the orchestra did not, and things began to look serious. Just then a man drove up in a sleigh from the direction of the station; he came in, made his way to the superintendent and said a few words to him; the latter turned with a dejected countenance to the roomful of people and told them that not one train had been able to get through the snowdrifts that morning, and the eagerly-hoped-for orchestra could not possibly get there. Of course everybody was disappointed, and some feared the Salem School might lose its reputation as a musical success; they tried the opening song, but as the little organ that usually accompanied them had been moved out to make room for the orchestra, there was no instrumental accompaniment, and the song lacked spirit and volume.

While it was being sung, Trixie Vale went over and whispered something to her brother Ned: he nodded and smiled, pulled on his overcoat and went out, and the jingle of his sleigh-bells was soon heard as he drove off toward home. While Ned was gone, the superintendent made a short address in which he urged them all not to feel too much disappointment on account of the failure of the music, but to remember that the biggest and finest Sunday-school in the world could not regulate the weather. Just as he finished, Ned Vale's sleigh-bells were heard coming back, and in a minute he walked into the room with two flat, queer-shaped boxes under his arm. Trixie met him, took one of the boxes, and together they walked up to the platform, opened the boxes, and took out two beautiful Autoharps. All the people were intensely interested in watching Trixie and Ned; many of them had never seen an Autoharp before, but some had and smiled at each other in happy anticipation of what they knew would follow.



The next song was announced, and Trixie and Ned, in perfect unison, struck full, strong chords that brought every one to his feet and inspired every singing soul in the crowded room with a new musical fire. The song sounded as it never had before, and above all the voices could be heard the clear notes of the Autoharps leading and controlling all. Never had the Salem School sung as it did that day, and the last hymn seemed to express the sentiment of all present—

O for a thousand tongues to sing
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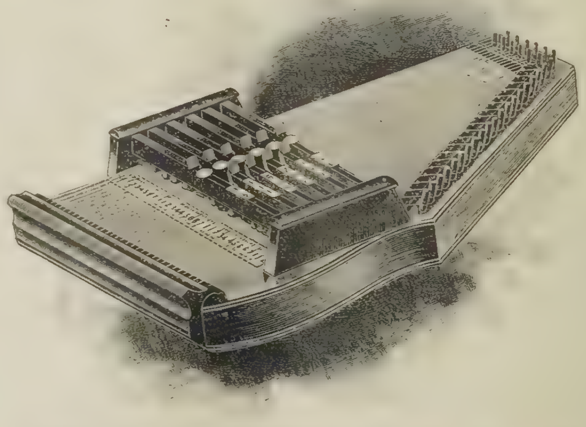

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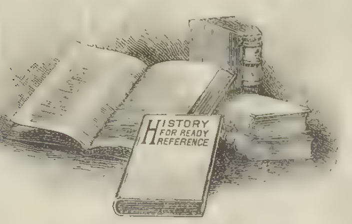

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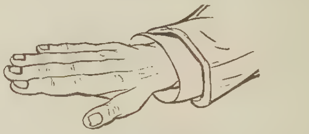

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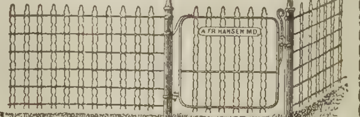
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The Business World

The State of Trade

The general survey of the condition of business given by the mercantile agency reports is not encouraging. "Bradstreet's" says that the trade for the first quarter of the year is disappointing, and notes a continued falling off in demand in the iron, steel, cotton, woolen, shoes, and clothing industries. "Dun's Review" says that improvement is still the exception. Business failures for the week are reported by Bradstreet as 300 (48 more than for the corresponding week last year), by Dun as 261 (17 less than last year). A peculiar condition in the state of trade last week was a continued advance in the price of cotton, while cotton manufactures fell in price; the supply of cotton was small, but the prospect for a large new crop is good. Speculators in cotton on the short side lost heavily last week. Of the falling off in the cotton supply the "Tribune" says:

> During the seven days of the commercial week ending Friday night the visible supply of cotton in the world decreased 115,160 bales, the total declining to 3,484,767 bales. The visible supply of American cotton lost 120,163 bales during the week, and the total visible supply of this country's product is now down to 2,981,567. The available visible supply of cotton in America, consisting of stocks at the ports and interior towns, lost 83,000 bales during the week, and the total stocks of this character are now down to 1,017,000 bales, or 281,000 less than were in sight at this time last year. These heavy losses show that there is an enormous demand for actual cotton in the world to-day. The visible supply of cotton in the world for the corresponding week last year decreased only 67,000 bales—little more than half of the withdrawals for trade purposes that took place last week.

Textile Fabrics

While France claims 40 per cent of the total silk goods export, it will surprise many to learn that, according to the statistics published in Berlin, Germany comes next, with 28½ per cent. The Fatherland sends out only 3 per cent. of linen yarn, against Austria's 14 per cent., Great Britain's 28 per cent., and Belgium's 34 per cent. Germany's export of linen and jute fabrics is so famous that one expects to find it a higher proportion than that given by the Berlin figures—14 per cent. in each case. Great Britain exports the lion's share, 61 per cent. of linens and 87 per cent. of jutes. In woolen yarn, too, Great Britain leads the way with nearly 50 per cent., as against Belgium's 21 per cent. and Germany's 17 per cent. In cotton yarn Great Britain again leads with 84 per cent., as compared with Germany's 7 per cent.; and in total exports of textile fabrics, 52 per cent. are British, 17 per cent. French, and 17 per cent. German.

Northern Pacific Reorganization

The plan for the reorganization of the Northern Pacific Railway Company made public the first of last week has received the sanction of the majority of the creditors, and now awaits the approval or disapproval of the stockholders. The plan is for an entirely independent organization of the Northern Pacific, without regard to the Great Northern system. The scheme proposed originated with the German bondholders, and is now supported by a strong combination of creditors and bankers. For two years and a half the Northern Pacific has been in a bankrupt state, and for five years its earnings have been about three millions less than its fixed charges. A radical scaling of securities was obviously necessary. We find the following summary of the plan proposed in the New York "Sun:"

> The plan accomplishes, in brief, a reduction of 44½ per cent. in the annual fixed charges of the company to $6,052,660. The amount required for dividends upon the preferred stock is increased 2⅞ per cent., making the total amount to be paid prior to dividends upon the common stock $8,952,660, a decrease, as compared with the interest and dividend charges of the present company, of 34¾ per cent. The policy of the reorganization is to reduce the classes of securities upon the entire system to four issues, two of bonds and two of stocks. This cannot be absolutely accomplished for some years to come; still, it is confidently believed that the voluntary conversion of bonds not in default will take place to an extent that will reduce fixed charges to an amount safely within the earning capacity of the rehabilitated property. The lines upon which the reorganization has been formulated may be briefly stated as follows: The abandonment of Chicago as the Eastern terminus of the system and the limitation of the railway on the East to the Mississippi River and the great lakes; the ultimate consolidation of the main line, branches, and terminal properties in a single company; the reduction of fixed charges to less than the minimum earnings under probable conditions; and, finally, ample provision for additional capital for the development of the property, and for increased facilities necessitated by the growth of the company's business. Of the amount required for this last purpose the stockholders are called upon to furnish $10,874,074. for which they will properly receive no new security. The amount of cash they are called upon to supply, if they wish to retain their interest in the property, is obviously much smaller than the sacrifices that the majority in interest of their creditors have been compelled to make.

How Sugar is Refined

The recent discussions with regard to the sugar industry have deepened a popular interest in sugar-refining. Next to flour, sugar is the most important article of food. The per capita requirement in this country is sixty-four pounds annually, and the United States consumes over one-fourth of the total supply. The first object of refining is to cleanse the sugar from dirt and from animalcules. The dark-colored raw material is emptied into a huge tank in which is turning a cylinder with long teeth, and which is filled with hot water. After the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, the liquid is pumped to another tank and tested by an instrument which shows the density of the mixture. It is generally about 55 per cent. sugar to 45 per cent. water. By means of pumps this mixture is lifted to the very top of the tall refinery and sent into great tanks heated by steam coils. The mixture is now tested for acetic acid, which, if present, is corrected by the use of lime. The mixture is then heated to about 200 degrees Fahrenheit. It is now carried to the floor below to be filtered. This floor is a series of squares about which are foot-walks. By pipes the mixture is conveyed to a cradle from which it flows through feeders into the boxes. Each of these boxes contains many double bags, and through these bags the sugar mixture filters. The cleaned solution is again tested. The mixture is now passed through charcoal which is contained in iron cylinders with double bottoms, the inner ones being perforated with small holes over which blankets are placed. As the liquid runs out of these cylinders it is again tested. The liquid is now colorless, and is allowed to run until a slight yellow tinge is apparent. The mixture is now reduced in a vacuum-pan, which is a huge iron retort like a bell-glass. As it boils it is watched through several glass bull's-eye places on the side of the pan. The air has been removed from the inside and the vapor drawn off. The sugar is heated, and will boil at 130 degrees Fahrenheit, but were it in the open air it would require 212 degrees. When the proper consistency has been reached, the sugar is ready for the centrifugal machines. These are cylinders within which there revolve copper sieves. About one barrel of sugar, or three hundred pounds, is put into the sieve, and is immediately in motion at the rate of a thousand revolutions a minute. The sugar flies to the sides, the syrup is driven through the sieve, and in five minutes, all the liquid being gone, the sugar is ready for packing.

A Canal Connecting Winnipeg with Hudson Bay

The latest deep waterway to be proposed is that which shall connect Winnipeg with Hudson Bay. The Canadian Government has taken up the project to build a railway thither, and rails have already been laid on forty miles of the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay road; but the Manitoba people are not satisfied with that alone, and have now become enthusiastic on the subject of a canal. The lakes and streams connecting Winnipeg with Hudson Bay have long been known to be navigable by light craft; indeed, the Hudson Bay Company used them for a century in transporting its furs and other goods, and it is now proposed to utilize them for the carriage of wheat and live stock. The terminus of the canal would be at Churchill Harbor on Hudson Bay, and Mr. Henry Lefroy, President of the Geographical Section of the British Association, even thinks that the harbor would become the shipping port for the agricultural products of the northern Territory, and the route by which emigrants will enter that country. The total distance from Winnipeg to Churchill by rail will be 750 miles, but by the canal about 900 miles. There will be but 43 miles of canals proper. The maze of lakes in that country between Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay is connected by many streams, all flowing northeasterly and all emptying into Hudson Bay. The great drawbacks, of course, are the questions of climate and the length of the seasons of navigation.

The Production of Coal

It may not be generally known that coal was first discovered in the United States in Rhode Island, but coal-mining was begun in Pennsylvania before it was tried in the first-named State. The close relation between the coal and manufacturing interests is the secret of Pennsylvania's success. We are not yet at the head of all the coal-producing countries, however; Great Britain has that position, with a yearly average of about 180,000,000 tons. Our position is second, and our yearly average is about 140,000,000 tons. The third place is occupied by Germany, with a production of 100,000,000 tons a year. France comes fourth and Russia fifth. In no country has the increase in production been more noticeable than in Russia. From 1875 to 1885 it doubled, and nearly doubled during the last decade. Great Britain is also at the head of all countries using steam power for purposes other than railway traction, and we occupy the second place; Germany, France, and Russia follow in order. One reason why there are so few manufactories in Italy and Spain is on account of the dearth of coal in those countries. Though in the latter land there is much coal, it is required for home consumption rather than for manufactures.

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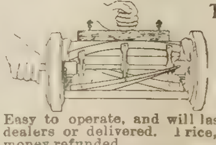

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The Home Club

The Child Supreme

In spite of the constantly increasing knowledge on the subject of education, of the development of the mind, the children of the rich and poor are taught under systems that are not based on scientific knowledge. Teachers rarely, even in private schools of the best class, maintain a system in the primary department that considers the child's whole nature. Parents object to paying the amount for the education of a child at the beginning that its importance demands. Because of this false economy many proprietors of schools are forced to reduce expenses in the primary departments, and meet the deficiencies of the income of the primary departments from the profits of the higher grades. There is no economy in the end for the parent. The child who does not receive the attention his needs demand from the age of four to fourteen, costs more to educate from fourteen to twenty—more in time as well as money. The rights of children are many, and are too rarely protected. Too often they are considered pieces of private property to be administered on general principles, and not on the basis of individual rights. This habit of considering the first years of a child's school life as of comparatively little importance is responsible to a great degree for the overwork and worry that come in the last years of preparatory and of college work.

Too often teachers and parents do not stand in the dual relation on the co-operative platform. Either there is indifference, or a fear of loss on the part of the teacher if she uses her knowledge independently, if she insists on certain rules and regulations for some particular child because that child will be most and best helped by these rules. No parent calls in a physician to a sick child unless he has absolute confidence in the ability of the physician. Yet parents, in absolute ignorance of the laws of mind or development, with vague ideas of education, dare dictate to the physician and trainer of the mind. This is due in part to a misconception of a teacher's position, and the social misconception of the relation of the teacher. He is not a servant, but a trained professor. If he is not that, the parent is guilty of criminal negligence in placing his child's education in the keeping of those he thinks incompetent to fulfill the trust.

There are two inalienable rights of childhood—happiness, and freedom from worry. Not even wealth secures these for the children if their rights are not perfectly protected.

A little boy of nervous temperament is a pupil in a large and expensive school. He has suffered from a form of dyspepsia since he was born. From the moment of entering school he has been struggling for honor-marks that result in certain cards which in time bring a book. This system is no test of the intellect, because if he is absent, even because of illness, it counts against him. During his illness, which is enough to bear in itself, there was the, to him, awful anxiety of losing the prize. Multiply this boy by thousands. Is it not the perfection of cruelty to allow an honest-hearted, ambitious boy to be subjected to this at nine years of age? Who is to blame? The parents into whose keeping these immortal souls are intrusted. "A little child shall lead them" is a command. He is the important object for contemplation, and the only true guide. He is more important than any theory or system; his preservation far more desirable than the preservation of the dignity of parent, teacher, or school.

A little girl of nine was given, *as work for home out of school hours*, the drawing of the map of New England. She was fond of drawing; had shown gift in the use of a pencil since her babyhood. Geography she does not like. Poor baby! why should she, as it is taught in the majority of schools? This connection with geography through the medium that she loved was a happy event. Her box of crayons was brought into use. Monday morning she handed her gayly colored map to the teacher, perfectly conscious that it was a good piece of work. "You need not have done that. I only wanted it in pencil," was the comment to the radiant little artist. The child refuses to study geography. She should not, nor anything else, under that woman. Multiply this little girl by thousands and you have the number of children whose very souls are insulted by the blind ignorance and stupid arrogance of so-called teachers—teachers who are educated, and whose education seems to justify that they should be put in charge of that class of children in which there is reasonable hope for opportunities of culture. Culture begins in the cradle, it ends at the grave, if the mind is not paralyzed or dwarfed by the influences that bear upon it during the formative period. The teacher cannot say to the parent, "I have no need of thee," nor the parent to the teacher, "I have no need of thee," for between them stands a little child asking for guidance along the path they have walked.

The Schools and Libraries

In the issue of February 29 we referred to the work that has been done in some parts of the country in making a connection between the schools and the public libraries, asking that readers who had had experience in this work tell our readers of that experience. The following letter is from the School Superintendent of Dedham, Mass.:

Dear Outlook: I send with this copies of the school report of Dedham for 1895 and 1896. This will, I think, answer the questions asked in The Outlook of February 27 in regard to the distribution of library books through the schools. About two years ago the children's books then in the public library were classified according to the grade to which they were adapted. These lists were placed in the hands of teachers and children in all grades above the third. Scholars' cards were then issued to the pupils, who place the numbers of the books wanted on their cards, guided by the printed lists, lists placed on the blackboard, or by the suggestions of the teacher. The books are collected every week and carried to and from the library, at the expense of the School Department. Children over fourteen are allowed to draw books on the regular cards. Before new books are placed on the shelves a brief review of each, noting grade to which it is adapted, and containing references to history, geography, etc., is printed and sent to the schools.

I have usually reviewed the books, and the printing of the lists for the children has been done by the School Department. The circulation on scholars' cards last year was about eight thousand, or two hundred per week. The books are drawn mainly by the pupils of grades four, five, six, seven, and eight, numbering about five hundred; these figures would indicate that each pupil has read at least sixteen books in the course of the year. The following returns show in some degree the results of two years' work. Very few of the pupils in one of these rooms would have read the books if they had not been placed before them through the schools:

School.	x	y
Grade	5	6
Number present	43	45
Robinson Crusoe	20	23
Swiss Family Robinson	10	10
Arabian Nights	12	16
Uncle Tom's Cabin	11	16
Little Lord Fauntleroy	19	13
Alice in Wonderland	25	24
Through the Looking-Glass	21	12
Little Men	6	1
Little Women	5	2
One of Jules Verne's books	1	5
Tom Brown at Rugby	6	7
Story of a Bad Boy	1	1

This work is entirely outside of the course in literature. The free text-book law enables us to place in the hands of each child three or four works of some standard author every year.

The town and library committee have been more than generous.

As the greater part of the children of the third grade are now able to read, and are interested in books, we hope to extend the distribution to these.

Yours truly,
RODERICK W. HINE.

Can The Outlook tell me where Miss Wiltse's pamphlet, "A Preliminary Sketch of the History of Child Study in America," may be obtained?

M. P. S.

The pamphlet is a reprint from the "Pedagogical Seminary," and can be obtained at the publishing office, Clark University, Worcester, Mass.; price, 25 cents.

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General Howard Roll of Honor

The following is a supplementary list of names that have been entered upon the General Howard Roll of Honor of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. There have been previously reported 735. The number of shares included in the accompanying list is 22, making a total of 757:

The First Congregational Church, West Hartford, Conn.
"M. E. C.," Bloomfield, N. J.
Rev. H. L. Chase, Minneapolis, Minn.
Ladies' Union Meeting, First Church of Christ, New London, Conn.
First Church, Albany, N. Y.
Florida East Conference.
Woman's Home Missionary Society, First Church, Keene, N. H.
Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, by Ladies' Home Missionary Society, Franklin Street Church, Manchester, N. H.
Mrs. Peter McCartee, by Woman's Home Missionary Society of Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ladies' Benevolent Society of South Church, New Britain, Conn.
Ellen Tyler Chapman, New London, Conn.
Sunday-School of South Church, Middletown, Conn.
Mrs. Arthur E. Childs, Boston, Mass.
Old South Church, South Weymouth, Mass.
First Congregational Church, Great Barrington, Mass. Two shares.
In Memory of Mrs. Maria H. Clark, by High Street Church, Lowell, Mass.
Plymouth Church Sunday-School, Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. Cynthia S. Campbell, Hartford, Conn.
First Congregational Church, Keene, N. H.
William S. Carter, Lebanon, N. H.
Westfield Congregational Church, Danielson, Conn.

And

Among many sins of the lazy and shiftless penman the most flagrant is the overworking of that humble but indispensable word *and*. This abuse is growing rapidly, even with some who might otherwise claim to be good writers. Nothing is gained by it, of course, and a great deal is lost. There is neither sense nor humanity in breaking the back of a harmless and helpful beast of burden, so that it becomes an object of horror to the fastidious and of commiseration to the charitable. For such cases another Bergh should arise and form a new society, which might protect the injured and prosecute the offenders. A critical journal, noticing the last amusing work of a popular novelist, pointed out a sentence containing twenty-two (or was it twenty-seven?) inflictions of this mild connective. The proof-reader was evidently in abeyance here, or he would have suppressed most of the *ands*, displaced the commas by periods or colons, and cut the overgrown sentence into six, or perhaps thirteen. This way of writing is like that of the preacher who does not know when to stop, or of the magazinist who exceeds his limits because he had no time to make the article shorter. Any of these calls to mind the youth of six feet and twelve years only, all whose strength had gone into his length. Compression, with consideration, is a good way to gain force, and inconsiderate expansion and repetition, even of the mere copula, a sure way to lose it. When Mr. Fields was editing the "Atlantic," he once offered Dr. Holmes one hundred dollars for an article of six pages (or thereabouts), and less if it was longer. Yet Dr. Holmes could never have indited a sentence like this:

"He rang the bell and was admitted and entered the parlor, and took a chair and waited some time, and at length Clarinda came down and apologized for the delay, and he invited her to ride, and she agreed, and they started, and the horse ran away and they were both thrown out, and she was killed and he badly hurt, and—" so on *ad infinitum*, through details of the funeral and his subsequent career.

Nobody, it may be presumed, writes this way on purpose; it is because, like the majority of juvenile delinquents, they "didn't think."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

—The Czar of Russia has set aside $100,000 to be distributed among the charitable institutions of Moscow in honor of his coronation. His Majesty is taking great interest in the preparations for the ceremony. Among other things, the famous old Kremlin is to be lighted with 500,000 lanterns, and 14,000 small electric lights are to illumine the tower.

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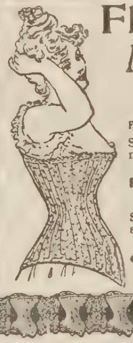

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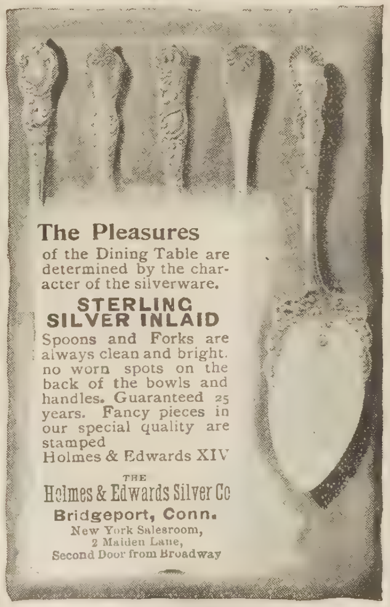

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About People

—Rain-in-the-Face, who was a leader in the Custer massacre, is now a policeman at the Standing Rock Agency, and is looked upon as a valuable man.

—President Faure's particular fad is said to be the collection of autographs. His collection is said to embrace the signature of every living sovereign, author, inventor, and actor of importance.

—The family of the late Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America," while not objecting to the placing of a bust of Dr. Smith in the Boston Public Library, oppose the suggestion of a national monument. They believe that his "America" and "Poems of Home and Country" should be his best memorial.

—George Meredith, writes a newspaper correspondent, is often ambiguous in his novels, but nobody can fail to understand the following sentence in one of his recent letters: "Since the benignant conclusion of the greatest of civil wars, I have looked upon the American people as the leaders of our civilization."

—The Rev. William I. Nichols has taken the post of Secretary to the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, made vacant by the death of the lamented Dr. George B. Safford. Mr. Nichols's experience in Philadelphia, while minister of the Spring Garden (Unitarian) Society, conjoined with love of the work and superior administrative ability, amply qualify him for his laborious office.

—A Christiania correspondent says that Mme. Eva Nansen, the wife of the explorer, is at the present hour indisputably the principal concert-singer in Norway. Mme. Nansen is not a brilliant prima donna, but her graceful, refined, and intelligent art never fails to charm Norwegian audiences, assisted as it is by a fine presence and a melodious voice. Mme. Nansen recently achieved great success at Stockholm and Copenhagen.

—The late Monsieur Drury, an eminent French historian, served, when sixty years old, during the siege of Paris, as a private in the National Guard. One day Monsieur Jules Simon, a member of the administration, caught sight of a familiar face belonging to one doing sentry-go in the uniform of a private soldier. "Is that you, Drury?" he cried. "To be sure," gruffly. "And a private!" "Why not?" said the other, laconically. "We can't all be Prime Ministers."

—Sir John Millais, the new President of the Royal Academy, is an enthusiastic sportsman, and prefers fishing above all other diversions. When he makes a noteworthy catch, it is said, he is fond of having himself and his trophies photographed. It is related of him that when as a boy he took his first prize for drawing he had to stand on a chair to make himself visible to the audience. He was asked what he would like to have as a special favor, and answered: "Permission to fish in the Serpentine."

—Ambroise Thomas had at Argenteuil a palace which he named Elsinore, in enthusiastic reminiscence of Hamlet. The King of Hanover made a present to him of an iron gate which had been at Elsinore. After the siege of Paris Ambroise Thomas rushed anxiously to Argenteuil, expecting to find his palace in ruins, but its Elsinore gate even was intact, and under the door was a Prussian Lieutenant's visiting-card, on which was written in pencil, as an explanation of Ambroise Thomas's good fortune, "I am Meyerbeer's nephew."

—Le Menestrel tells an amusing story of the late General Sir Henry Ponsonby, who was for many years Queen Victoria's private secretary. The General was noted for his politeness, and whenever an artist performed at court he always telegraphed the following day to inquire after the performer's health. If a complete troupe performed at the Castle, the General employed a formula, always the same, which included the various members of the company. A short time ago Rogers Prat was sent to court to exhibit his educated geese before Queen Victoria's grandchildren. The day following, the "artist" received the traditional telegram from General Ponsonby, written in the following immutable terms: "Her Gracious Majesty would be delighted to know if the members of your troupe are well, and if they have had an agreeable journey. For my own part I beg you to convey to them the expression of my esteem."

—Donizetti is to have a monument. It will be set up in the little public square of Bergamo, upon which looks the Conservatoire, the nursery of his genius from the age of eight. The great composer, in addition to his musical gifts, possessed a phenomenal memory. In his youth he applied to Mayr, the director of the theater at Bologna, for the score of an opera that was then being played. This request was refused, so Donizetti attended the performance twice, and then wrote out the whole from overture to finish. Another anecdote illustrates the maestro's susceptibility and quick wit. During his long stay at St. Petersburg he played by command before the Czar Nicholas, who entered into conversation with a bystander in the course of the piece. Donizetti at once broke off the performance. "Why have you stopped?" asked the Autocrat. "Sire," was the reply, "when the Czar is speaking, everybody else should be silent."

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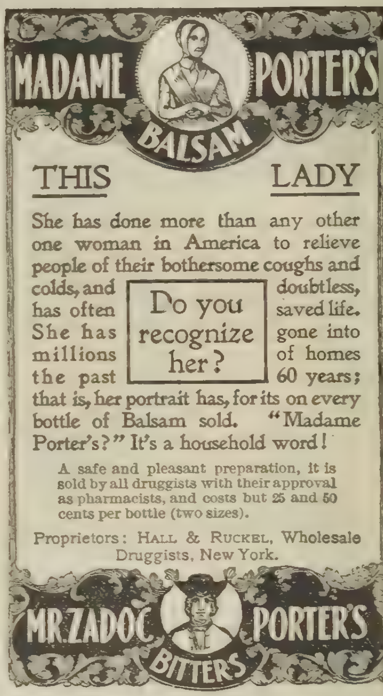

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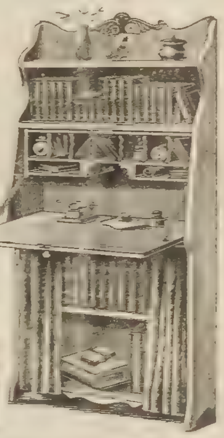

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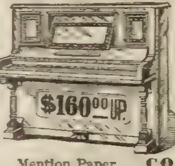

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A Thankful Soul

By Frank L. Stanton

I take life jest as I find it.
If it's hot I never mind it;
Hunt around fer shady trees
An' jest whistle up a breeze!
If it's snowin', why—I go,
Jest go a-skimmin' 'crost the snow!
(Ever try how good it feels
In a wagon off the wheels?)
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

Folks say this world's full of strife;
That jest 'livens up my life!
When the good Lord made it, he
Done the best fer you an' me—
Saw the sky had too much blue,
An' rolled up a cloud or two.
Give us light to sow an' reap,
Then throw in the dark fer sleep.
Every single drop of dew
Twinkles on a rose fer you.

Tell you! this world's full o' light—
Sun by days and stars by night;
Sometimes sorrow comes along,
But it's all mixed up with song.
Folks that always make complaint
They ain't healthy—that they ain't!
Some would jest live with the chills
If it warn't fer doctors' bills!
Always findin' fault with things—
Kill a bird because it sings.

I take life jest as I find it;
If it's a sunshiny day,
Hot or cold, I never mind it—
That's my time fer makin' hay;
If it's rainin', fills my wish—
Makes the lakes jest right fer fish;
When the snow falls white as foam,
Then I track the rabbits home.
Spring or winter, summer, fall,
I'm jest thankful fer 'em all!

—*Demorest's Magazine.*

A Scholar in Disguise

A correspondent of the "Canada Presbyterian," who was a student in Scotland in 1865, tells a story of the late Professor John Stuart Blackie which well illustrates the way in which this famous teacher, who could sometimes be very severe, could also be cordial when he came in contact with serious students.

The correspondent was preparing for his degree in classics, and was spending a little time at Braemar. He had gone up to a great rock called the Lion's Face, and was lying beside a path reading the third book of Virgil's "Æneid" aloud. Suddenly he felt the touch of a stick on his shoulder, and, turning about, saw a man by his side.

It was a tall, lean man, with a shepherd's plaid thrown loosely around his shoulders. In his right hand he held a shepherd's crook, and on his head was a "wide-awake" hat, almost as wide of brim as the cowboy hat of the American plains.

"Ye're reading Virgil, laddie," said the man.

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear ye translate this," he continued; and in a wonderful way he rolled off a dozen lines of the poet, chosen at random.

The young man did his best to render it into English, and then parsed and scanned the lines, in a faulty way he thought. But the unknown man in the guise of a shepherd was pleased to commend the student's effort.

Then the two walked together down to Castleton, the stranger talking eloquently and most instructively of the writings of the Greeks and Romans. When their ways parted the man said:

"I suppose you don't know who I am?"

"No, sir," answered the student.

"Well, I am Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. I dare say you have heard of me."

"Oh, very often indeed."

"Aye, aye," said the Professor, slowly and thoughtfully. "And I dare say ye've heard that many folk think I'm a wee bit cracked," tapping his forehead with his finger; "but never forget, laddie, that, as Tam Chalmers once said, a crack often lets in the light!"

Why Latin is Used

"Why doesn't the doctor write his prescription in English instead of Latin?" asked a man of a druggist, whose reply the New York "Herald" publishes:

In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language than English, and, being a dead language, does not change, as all living languages do.

Then, again, since a very large part of all drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopœia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English.

But suppose a doctor did write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it called for iodide of potassium, and he got it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take ten grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him.

That's an extreme case, but it will serve for an illustration. Don't you see how the Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin he can't read, and consequently does not try to remember.

Now for a final reason. Latin is a language that is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get a Latin prescription filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug-store.

We had a prescription here the other day which we had put up originally, and which had since been stamped by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo, and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?

The man that sings the loudest in church throws his head so far back that he can't see the collection-basket when it comes along. Some folks are so fond of trouble they can't enjoy honey for thinking of what might have happened if the bee had stung 'em. The road to heaven is so narrow that some people have about decided there is not room for two at a time. When you hear a man saying that this is a hard world, ten to one but he's broken his leg trying to fly when he should have been walking.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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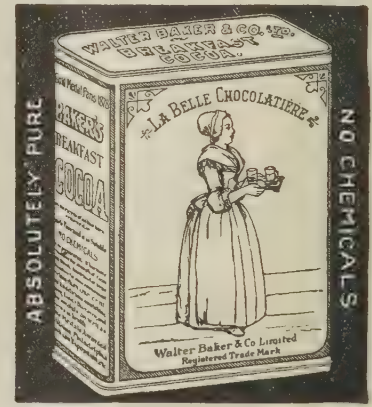

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The Uses of Poetry

Poetry, as at present practiced in this country, has several important functions that are not put down in the books. It is very good gymnastics for a young writer, giving him exercise in the choice of words with precision, and in their melodic value and significance. This is invaluable at a time when the young writer has few ideas but abundant energy. Moreover, poetry is a very safe outlet for youthful sentiment. You can say almost anything to a young woman in rhyme, without entangling yourself in a promise of matrimony. It is as safe a present as a box of candy. Then, too, in the modern magazine, poetry is an indispensable gap-filler. It is just as useful as mud in filling up the chinks in a log house. But its most ornamental office of recent years is to furnish material for pretty little books to young publishers, who of course desire to make a good showing on a small investment. Nothing has been discovered that will so handsomely adorn two ounces of hand-made paper and an eccentric book-cover as a sprinkling of verse here and there. Even a pastel does not balance on a page quite so artistically. Chicago has been the leader in what might be called the Deckle-Edge Renascence.

An examination of many of these recent books of poetry shows that hexameters and iambic pentameters are very much out of style. The lines are too long, and eliminate or curtail the wide margins that are the chief delight in book-making. To all young poets who want to be published we say most earnestly, do not make your lines over four feet, and taper them down to a single explosive syllable. Then give them a crescendo ending with a large cap line and three!!! We used to hear of the poetic ear; it has been superseded by the typographic eye.—"*Droch*" *in* "*Life.*"

Two Phases of Home Mission Work in a New Territory

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The story of the beginnings of missionary work by Christian ministers in Oklahoma is one of the most stirring of the many astonishing things which occurred at the successive "openings" in which thousands of men frantically sought and found homes; in which claims were made for almost every 160 acres of land over thousands of square miles of prairie literally in a day. Among the first to come to almost every projected town-site were ministers of the Gospel. In very many cases there were preaching services within a day or two after settlers were permitted to enter the territory. Very soon church organizations were established, church buildings erected, and missionaries began regular, persistent, and energetic work. Most of the funds for the erection of the buildings and for the support of the ministry were supplied by Christian people in other parts of the country. One missionary told me he received only fifty cents "from the field" during his first year of work.

This work was not that of any one denomination. Most Protestant denominations actively participated. Each of the leading denominations has spent money and effort freely. Many thousands of dollars will be expended this year by each of several such denominations. Much good has been done and is being done. The missionary spirit is not dead. Belief in the value of their distinctive principles or practice is not abated among the membership of our churches.

That more good could have been done, that there would be more effective work now and a better prospect for the future, if there had been and were now a wiser distribution of work and less division of the Christian forces in a community, seems evident.

For eight months I have lived in a pleasant county town of twelve to fifteen hundred population, these mainly white, English-speaking Protestants. The town is six years old. It has five church buildings, belonging to orthodox Protestant denominations; another such denomination is preparing to erect a building. It is said there are as many more religious denominations maintaining distinct organizations and holding occasional services. Two of the denominations with church buildings or regularly holding services have the same name—one "North," one "South." Two others are so nearly alike that ministers freely pass from one to the other. Two have "special peculiarities" which tend to keep them separate from other Christians. The total active resident membership is perhaps two hundred. Probably not a larger number have attended all the churches at any one time in months. The six societies do not feel able to give more than $1,000 per year for the support of the ministry.

The condition in this town is not unlike that in others in the Territory, except that there is here a college endowed by the United States. The writer feels a special responsibility for the moral and religious training of the students of this college. Neither for them, for the few Christian people, nor for the irreligious mass of the population does the present condition seem a fortunate one. An effort has been made to secure a consolidation of two of the churches. This has been strongly opposed by the membership of one. It has been suggested that the responsibility does not rest alone on the Christian people here, but on the official representatives of the different denominations, and especially on those who apportion and distribute the money contributed for home mission work. A thoughtful pastor in the Territory recently said: "Each denomination has acted as if there were no other Church to preach the Gospel in Oklahoma."

Is there anything to be done?

G. E. Morrow.

Oklahoma Agricultural College, Stillwater, Okla.

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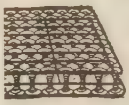
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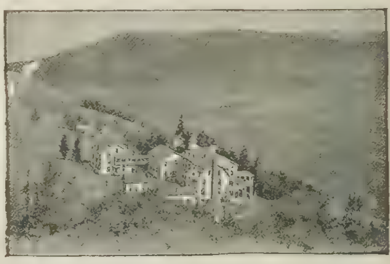

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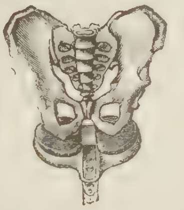

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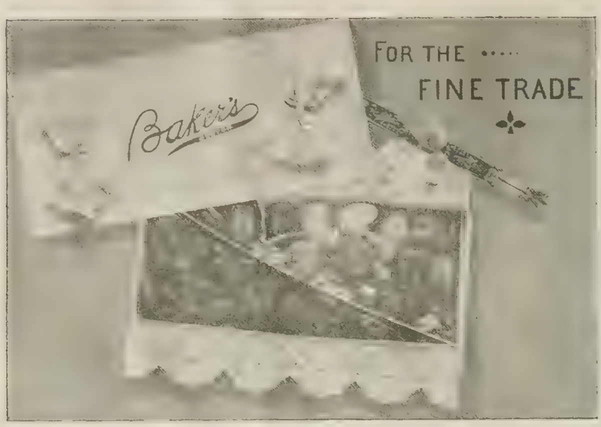

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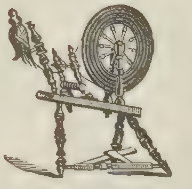

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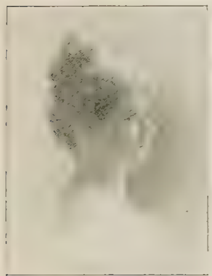

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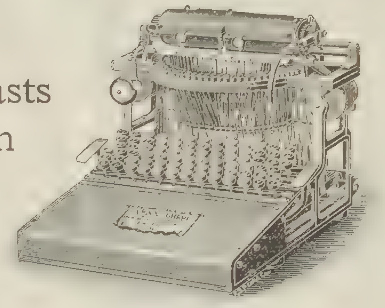

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The Outlook
A·Family·Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 25 April, 1896 Number 17

MOST important among the political conventions last week was that of the Maine Republicans, whose platform places Speaker Reed before the party as the leader of the anti-silver forces opposed to further compromise or evasion upon the currency issue. The entire platform was a characterization of Mr. Reed, and its important clause ran as follows:

> "He is opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, except by international agreement, and until such agreement can be obtained he believes the present gold standard should be maintained. He has always been uncompromisingly for the maintenance of the highest National credit by the utmost good faith towards the public creditor, not for the creditor's sake, but for the Nation's sake, for the sound reason that the most valuable possession of any Nation in time of war or distress, next to the courage of its people, is an honorable reputation. Whoever pays with honor borrows with ease."

This declaration is in sharp contrast with the currency plank adopted by the Maine Republicans two years ago, explicitly indorsing "bimetallism," and demanding "a suitable currency, abundant for all wants." It is also in sharp contrast with the somewhat confused concessions to the advocates of silver made by Speaker Reed when the wave of silver sentiment swept over the Republican party after the repeal of the Sherman Act. It is certainly another striking sign of the general feeling that the time for compromise is past. The same feeling was manifested by the Republican conventions in New Jersey, Kentucky, and North Dakota. In the last two States the platform opposed the free coinage of silver until international co-operation could be secured, while in New Jersey no reference was made to so much as the possibility of international action. In the New Jersey Convention the McKinley element was surprisingly strong, but was unable to instruct the delegates at large to the National Convention to support its candidate. In Kentucky the supporters of Governor Bradley were slightly in the majority, the McKinley supporters having met with a series of defeats near the close of the campaign. In North Dakota the delegates were instructed to support Mr. McKinley. So also were they in Nebraska, where the platform was of the Ohio type. In the Democratic conventions which were held last week in Washington, Colorado, and Missouri, the free-coinage element was everywhere in the majority. In Missouri this element was even able to elect twenty-four of the twenty-eight delegates from St. Louis, and the Convention was practically unanimous. Mr. Bland was nominated for the Presidency. In the Prohibition Convention in Michigan the majority of the committee on resolutions reported a platform ignoring the silver question, but the minority report in favor of free coinage at the old ratio was adopted by an overwhelming majority.

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The vote in the House Committee on Territories in favor of Statehood for Arizona is even more surprising than the vote a week earlier in favor of Statehood for New Mexico. It is true that Arizona is only half as illiterate as New Mexico, but, in spite of that, her percentage of white illiteracy is three times as great as the average for the rest of the Union. More than one adult out of five can neither read nor write, and a large part of those possessing the specified degree of education are Mexican in speech, in thought, and in sentiment. What makes the vote in favor of Arizona more surprising than the vote in favor of New Mexico is that her population is less than half as great. Upon the basis of population she would be entitled to only one-half of one Representative in the lower House of Congress; yet it is proposed to give her the same number of United States Senators as is possessed by the largest States. What is singular about the House Committee's vote is that the extension of the privilege of Statehood to Arizona as well as New Mexico received the support of representatives of New York, Pennsylvania, and Iowa. As was noted last week, these are the States of Platt, Quay, and Clarkson, and the signs multiply that these party managers have decided upon the admission of these two Territories as a piece of party strategy. As New Mexico would probably be a free-coinage State, and Arizona would almost certainly be one, there is some doubt as to the motive prompting anti-silver leaders to urge this policy. It seems possible, however, that some agreement has been reached as to the way in which the Representatives of the proposed States shall vote in case the choice of the next President is thrown into the House of Representatives.

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It is not often that a State official blocks a plan of his party colleagues to increase the amount of patronage at their disposal, but State Comptroller Roberts, of New York, has a second time rendered this inestimable service. After consulting four prominent lawyers, he has decided not to pay the salaries of subordinates of the State Excise Commissioners appointed without competitive examinations. The Constitution, Comptroller Roberts is advised, requires that appointments shall be governed by competitive examinations whenever practicable, and therefore the legislative act making appointments upon the excise force "confidential" was a violation of the fundamental law of the State. In order to avoid the difficulty presented by the Comptroller's public-spirited position, the party managers are urging a measure to take the payment of the Excise Commissioners' force out of the Comptroller's hands. It is to be hoped that this thoroughly vicious expedient can be defeated before the Legislature or through the Governor's veto; but, if not, the Constitution remains, and private citizens have power to appeal to the highest courts to prevent any public official from making the proposed payments. Reliance upon the courts, however, is not the general attitude to be assumed by Civil Service Reformers at the present crisis. Measures are being pushed to take the offices already classified as competitive out of the control of the general Civil Service Commissioners of the State and the principal cities, and place them under the control of special boards of examiners in each department of the service. This is simply the spoilsman's policy of divide and conquer. It is impossible for the public in State or city to watch the character of appointments to half a dozen different boards, and the examinations that would shortly be in use would let in every one whom the head of the department wished to let in, and keep out every one he wished to keep out. Civil Service Reform means the control of appointments by general qualifications as opposed to personal favoritism, and in case the appointing officer is allowed to prescribe the examinations to govern his appointments, personal favoritism becomes intrenched behind the supposed bulwarks of reform.

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The consolidation of the Astor and Lenox Libraries with the Tilden Library Fund will give New York City a magnificent reference library for the use of scholars, special students, and literary workers. So far as is known, however, this great library will not undertake the work of furnishing home reading for the general public. New York and Brooklyn are in this respect a generation behind Boston and Chicago. In both the former cities free circulating libraries exist, but they are wholly inadequate to supply the increasing demand, and they have been maintained by private enterprise and beneficence; while Boston is circulating nearly 2,000,000 volumes a year from its splendid Public Library, and Chicago about 1,000,000 volumes. The history of the New York Free Circulating Libraries shows that every facility for home reading which has been offered has been most eagerly improved. Judge Howland, in an address before a meeting lately held to present the needs of these libraries, pointed out that while sixteen years ago no one in New York could procure a book to read except by buying, stealing, or borrowing from a friend, last year 81,000 books were lent by the circulating libraries to 654,000 readers. Beginning with a slender collection of books, brought together by a few ladies who were trying to interest working-girls in reading, branch libraries, one after another, have been established in different parts of the city. Liberal gifts from Mr. Ottendorfer, Miss Catherine Bruce, Mr. George Vanderbilt, and others have made possible large extensions of the work. So great has been the popular demand for books that when the Harlem branch was started, Judge Howland tells us, "on one Saturday night there was nothing left on the shelves except a book on pickles, a dictionary and a directory, which one applicant said were wanting in interest and lacking in continuity of thought." In every way it is made easy for the common people to obtain the privileges of the libraries; and that the confidence shown has been justified is proven by the fact that last year only one book was lost by theft. Some assistance is given to the circulating libraries by the city, but there has been no fair and just recognition of the duty of the public to suitably maintain this form of educational work. The time has now come when this work must be radically extended by the formation of new branches and the improvement of existing libraries. The system of local branches is undoubtedly the correct one for circulating libraries, but a central organization and intelligent co-operation are imperative. It is of the utmost importance that the metropolis should no longer be distanced by many of the smaller cities of the country in the matter of a free public library. Whether in connection with the consolidated reference libraries or independently, provision must be made for an adequate system of furnishing books to be read at their homes by the people.

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Citizens of New York who care for the higher life of the city have now the opportunity of showing their interest in a practical way. Nearly four years ago a friend of Barnard College offered that institution $100,000 to be used in erecting a building for college purposes, on condition that the College should possess itself of an unencumbered property upon which to make its permanent home within the term of four years. In three weeks that term will expire. Meanwhile the College has purchased a noble property on Morningside Heights, in the neighborhood of Columbia College and of the other institutions which are to make that part of the city the crown of New York. The property was purchased advantageously, but it had to be taken at very short notice, and a mortgage of $100,000 was left upon it. This mortgage must be paid in order to secure the gift of the building. $65,000 remains to be raised within the next three weeks. Those who know how well Barnard has already done its work, how necessary it is to the completion of the educational opportunities of the city, how many girls have received at its hands a college education which would otherwise have been denied them, will find it hard to believe that the opulent city of New York will be deaf to this appeal. Barnard has long passed the experimental stage. It has demonstrated its right to live; first, by showing that its life is essential to the higher life of the city; and, next, by showing that it knows how to make the best of its life.

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Austin Abbott, LL.D., Dean of the New York University Law School, died at his home in this city on Sunday morning last. He was the second of the four sons of Jacob Abbott, his brothers being the late Benjamin Vaughan Abbott; the Rev. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and editor-in-chief of The Outlook; and the Rev. Edward Abbott, rector of St. James's Church, Cambridge, Mass., and editor of the "Literary World," of Boston. Aside from personal ties, he stood in a very close relationship to The Outlook. He was a frequent contributor to its columns, and his advice and counsel were often sought in the field in which his experience was so wide, his knowledge so ample, and his judgment so sound. Dr. Austin Abbott inherited from his father, Jacob Abbott, tireless industry, steadiness of will, a judicial temper, and a clear, simple, and unaffected style. Born in Boston in December, 1831, he received his early education in that city, in Roxbury, and in Farmington, Me., removing to this city in 1843. Here, under his father's direct supervision, he prepared for college, entering the University of the City of New York, and graduating from that institution in 1851. Two years later he was admitted to the bar of this State, and began the practice of law in partnership with his brother Benjamin Vaughan, Lyman joining the firm not long afterward. He had no sooner entered upon his active career as a lawyer than he began that work of annotation, digest, and comment in the department of jurisprudence which he kept up, almost without intermission, to the day of his death. He was an indefatigable student, and he kept himself thoroughly abreast both of the development of the law and of the practice by statute and by decision. His books on legal procedure have long been text-books in the hands of law students throughout the country. His unusual legal scholarship was constantly drawn upon in the active practice of his profession, and he was associated with the trial of many notable cases.

Five years ago he became Dean of the Law Department of the University of the City of New York, and gave himself to his new work with characteristic ardor and devotion. Under his direction the course at the University Law School was revised and enlarged, a graduate course was added, and other new features were introduced. Under his leadership the school came very rapidly to the front, and the number of its students was very materially increased. Dr. Abbott was active in reform and religious work. For more than a quarter of a century he was Deacon of the Broadway Tabernacle, and the progress and prosperity of the Congregational body were always dear to him. His interest in the cause of the Indian and in international arbitration was both ardent and practical. With him belief in a cause carried with it the compulsion of working for it, and the depth and sincerity of his religious convictions were evidenced by the continuity and ardor of his work for his fellow-men.

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Again this year the English Budget is in striking contrast with the budgets of other nations. Instead of the deficit so customary elsewhere, there is again a surplus, and one of unprecedented magnitude. As Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated in his speech before the House of Commons on Thursday of last week, the English public debt was reduced during the year ending with March by $40,000,000, and there still remained a surplus of $20,000,000 to be applied to increasing the nation's armament. A large part of the credit for these favorable returns belongs to Sir William Harcourt and the Liberals, whose revision of the inheritance taxes, making them sharply progressive, resulted in a revenue of $70,000,000 for last year, as against $40,000,000 two years ago. This new revenue, together with the $80,000,000 received from the income tax, comes entirely from the propertied classes, which now bear directly one-third of England's national taxes, besides sharing in the indirect taxes resting on the whole body of consumers. The revenues from these indirect taxes did not increase so much during the year just ended as those from the direct taxes. Nevertheless there was an increase even here, and it is not to be wondered at that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech was an extremely boastful one. The speech was, however, too boastful. After stating with truth that the national credit was never so high, he exaggerated the progress made by declaring that the rate of interest paid upon English bonds was only half as great as a century ago. In one sense this statement was accurate, for a century ago was the period of the French wars; but a century and a half ago England's bonds sold at almost as low a rate as at present. After declaring with truth that the deposits in banks and in savings-banks had reached an unprecedented point, he went on to declare that the position of the working classes had never been so satisfactory. Upon this point his statement is directly refuted by the comprehensive evidence presented in the last issue of the "Labor Gazette," published by the Board of Trade, and edited by Mr. Giffen. In reviewing the changes in wages during 1895 in the trades covered, that journal reports that 82,000 persons gained a rise in wages, while 355,000 persons sustained a fall, and that the net change for the men affected was a fall of "over one shilling a week." As English wages for men average but twenty-five shillings a week, this means a decline of at least four per cent.; and as it took place in the most highly organized trades in Great Britain, it indicates that an immense number of workmen were out of employment, or the labor organizations would not have submitted to such reductions. It is true that the propertied classes in England have in a considerable degree been enriched by the fall in prices during the past three years, but the working classes in her cities have suffered from reduced employment only less than her farmers have suffered from reduced returns.

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The result of general elections in Spain can always be confidently predicted in advance, because the party in power has such complete control of the electoral machinery that it never fails to secure for itself a large majority in the Cortes. The election held two weeks ago is a striking illustration of this state of things. The Cortes contains about 430 Deputies. Three years ago, in March, the Liberals seated 338 representatives in that body, and the Conservatives 48. In the recent election the Conservatives have secured a majority of about 270. This sweeping victory has apparently astonished the country, and the radical character of the change has awakened widespread suspicions of more than usual governmental interference, with cries of fraud and bribery on the part of the Liberals. The Conservatives, under the leadership of Canovas, have probably overdone the matter, and predictions are already thick that the Conservative majority is too great to be manageable. The Liberals, under the leadership of Sagasta, instead of being disheartened, are apparently encouraged by the unwieldy strength of their opponents. It is difficult to determine to what extent the question of governmental policy in Cuba influenced the votes of the people. If it entered into the struggle to any great extent, the result is a definite announcement that the Spanish people are behind the Spanish Government in upholding the general policy of the Government in Cuba.

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The Outlook has already commented upon the extraordinary diplomatic gains which Russia has made in the Far East during the past few months. Her influence in Constantinople is now supreme; it is also supreme in China, and in all probability it will soon be supreme in Korea. The fight in that country between Russia and Japan promises to be short and decisive. Last October the Queen was murdered, and there seems to be but little doubt that the officials of the Japanese legation were responsible for the crime, in the sense that they had suggested and instigated it. The murder of the Queen was not only a crime, but a diplomatic blunder of the first order. Up to the time of the death of the Queen the Japanese were rapidly gaining ground. Fortune changed instantly with the commission of that crime. It drove the King into the arms of the Russians. In February the Russian force entered Seoul, and no sooner had that force arrived than the King fled to the Russian embassy, issued a proclamation denouncing his ministers as traitors to the country, deposed them from office, and ordered their arrest. Two of these ministers were immediately killed. The others managed to escape. The King meanwhile remains with the Russians, and through their aid is the governing power of Korea; that is to say, he is the instrument through which Russia is now conducting the affairs of the country, a pro-Russian ministry having been formed, the King living at the Russian legation, a strong Russian fleet lying off the coast, and large Russian reinforcements of land forces being on the way to Korea. Under these circumstances there is apparently small chance for the Japanese to regain what they have lost by their mistakes. They are very rapidly building a powerful navy, but before they get it finished and are in condition to fight the Russians the latter will probably be firmly established in Korea, and that country will be a Russian province. If this happens, it will be a curious outcome of the war which Japan undertook in order to secure the independence of Korea. It looks very much as if the Japanese had pulled the chestnuts out of the fire in order that the Russians might enjoy them at leisure.

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Meanwhile Russia has made material gains in the Balkan States; what is ironically known as the "conversion" of Prince Boris having been followed by many infallible signs of the predominance of Russian influence in that country. The Bulgarian army is being rapidly officered by Russians, and laws are being modified to meet Russian wishes. Under a new arrangement Russia is to enjoy the practical monopoly of trade in Bulgarian markets, and the New York "Tribune," which summarizes recent events, predicts that the time is not far distant when a mysterious outbreak of some kind will occur in Bulgaria which Russian troops will be called upon to quell, with the usual result—that after the disorder is put down the troops, under various pretexts, will remain in occupation. While Russia is prospering in Bulgaria, she is receiving a good deal of annoyance from Roumania. That country, which commands not only one of the most thoroughly fortified cities in the world, and an admirable army, has now gone into the business of making battle-ships and cruisers. Such a navy would command the waterway between Russia and Bulgaria, and might build up a naval power on the Black Sea which would be a constant menace to the great Northern Empire.

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The situation in South Africa has become more serious during the past week. There seems to be no doubt of the extreme danger which threatens Bulawayo. That town, which in the last two or three years has been transformed from an African kraal into a community of considerable size and great activity, with clubs and opera-houses and other signs of civilization, is guarded by a very small body of troops, and surrounded by a great number of hostile Matabeles, well armed, well trained, and apparently resolved to do all the mischief in their power. The attempt to deal with the situation with the local forces only has been given up, and Mr. Chamberlain has announced the departure of a battalion of the line and a body of mounted infantry to the Cape. It is assumed that this small force is to be followed by a larger one. Mr. Chamberlain has explained to President Kruger, of the Transvaal, that the reinforcements are sent for the purpose of protecting the dockyards and coaling stations of the Cape, but it is very doubtful whether the astute Boer leader will accept this explanation. So long as President Kruger refuses to come to London to formulate a scheme for reform in the Transvaal, and so long as the Boers continue to make active preparations for war, it is hardly to be expected that the English will delay to strengthen their own position. The present situation cannot be indefinitely prolonged. It is very clear that the Boers intend to secure in some way a modification of their present relations to England. That modification will not be made with the consent of the English Government, nor apparently with that of the English people.

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The next World's Fair, which is to celebrate the opening of the twentieth century, is taking hold not only on the practical energy but on the imagination of the French people. The Government has already committed itself to preparations of the greatest magnitude. In fact, the Exposition at Chicago has made it impossible to treat a World's Fair on anything less than the grandest scale. The Paris Exposition will invade the Champs Elysée, will include both sides of the Seine, and will absorb the Palais de l'Industrie. In area, therefore, the exhibition will far surpass its predecessor which commemorated the fall of the Bastile. Everything will be done to make the Exposition representative of the higher aspects of civilization, including, of course, religion, education, and art in all forms. Nothing better represents the real advance of the world than the difference in conception of what an illustration of the world's progress should be which exists between the first World's Fair in London and the World's Fair of to-day. The first fair was largely mechanical and industrial. At the middle of the century, in England at least, the industrial evidences were generally accepted as the highest evidences of progress. To-day, in spite of the dominance and almost tyranny of industrial interests, the real register of the progress of the world is seen to be spiritual. Hence the vast importance given to the phenomena of religion, to education, and to art. The Chamber of Deputies has decided to guarantee just conditions to the workmen employed on the coming Exposition, but has declined to commit itself to any of the specific promises which some of the Socialist leaders wanted. It has also very wisely refused to make French nationality a test of employment.

Distinctness of Individuality

The distinctive quality of original persons is sharp, clear, definite individuality—unmistakable integrity of type. Minds of the highest rank are characterized, not by immense acquirements, but by adequate self-development, and by complete adjustment to the life about them; by a connection with that life so vital and intimate that they gather it into themselves, and become, in a free and noble sense, its highest products. The man of genius is no more separated from his fellows than is the mountain peak from the earth; on the contrary, the higher the peak the greater the mass of earth which lifts it skyward. Genius involves not less but more humanity in its possessor; it implies, not separation from, but identification with, humanity. Homer stood on the shoulders of the Greek race; he was their debtor quite as much as they were his. But Homer did not annex to his own experience in any external way the experience of his race; he absorbed that experience and made it his own. Moreover, he took only what was vitally related to himself; he was a Greek to the heart—the great typical man of his race. If he had attempted to be also a Persian, an Egyptian, or a Phœnician, his would never have become the clear, resonant voice of all Greece, nor would his work be the common possession of all modern speech.

That which impresses us in writing of the highest order is not miscellaneous knowledge, but flavor, raciness, individuality, the tang of the race and the soil. A secondary writer may have scholarship, skill, talents of various kinds, but his words do not strike home to the imagination; they do not impress us as being inevitable; we are conscious that they might have been written in any climate, under any sky. Burns's songs, on the other hand, are as unmistakably a product of Scotch soil as the heather; and Scott's greater stories are indissolubly welded to local tradition, legend, and history. To take an illustration nearer home, the "Scarlet Letter" could not have been written outside of New England. Its roots are sunk deep in the deposit of centuries of Puritan thought and feeling. Writers of the order of Burns, Scott, and Hawthorne assimilate all the elements of the soil, the atmosphere, and the sky which are vitally related to their own natures and harmonious with their own genius, and perfect their personality by taking on the personality of their race. There is no loss of individuality in this process; on the contrary, there is a vast enlargement and clarification of personality. A notable and beautiful illustration of this clear and victorious development of a type by assimilating what was harmonious in its surroundings is furnished by the career and character of Lincoln, who was not only a complete individual type but a perfect national type as well—

> "New birth of our new soil,
> The first American."

He appropriated from his country, his people, and his time that for which his nature had an affinity, and he became original, creative, typical, by self-unfolding. A man of this temper and methods uses books and technical processes, but is never their product. Whatever he takes of discipline, training, or knowledge, he makes so completely a part of himself that the processes and materials are entirely lost in the final product. His discipline and training leave no trace save in his self-command, his skill, and his effectiveness. His knowledge is so blended with his experience that he completely possesses it, instead of being possessed by it as is the pedant; and when he gives it out in expression, it has taken some new form or received some fresh interpretation. He uses experience, knowledge, all the materials of power which surround him, not to efface the lines along which his nature craves development, but to emphasize them. In every form of expression he gives us, not his acquirements, but himself; and his acquirements return to us so merged in the final product that we cannot trace them. A nature which has this power of drawing upon all the sources of influence, intelligence, and vitality about it becomes clairvoyant and typical. It attains such profound and unconscious harmony with the life in which it is enfolded and by which it is nourished that it speaks at last out of the depths of that life, and reveals its secrets.

A man of this temper knows what is in the heart of his race. He feels every movement of its unconscious life; he divines its thought; and he becomes in the end, on a colossal scale, the man of his time and his people. He is simple, harmonious, individual. Such a man was Tourguéneff—in certain respects the most marvelous race-interpreter of modern times. An artist of subtle and splendid gifts, he seemed to know intuitively all the secrets of the Russian people; and in those compact and impressive stories of his, so free from all extraneous discussion, so concentrated in spirit and action, so swift and deep and powerful in sentiment and movement, the Slavonic nature breathes and suffers and acts. From this point of view a further reference to Lincoln is almost inevitable. Born and bred on the old frontier, with the scantiest formal education, uncouth in figure, he seemed to many, in the critical hour when he became President, fatally untrained for the responsibilities of the time and the place. When the news of his nomination was received in a certain university town, a teacher of high character and wide culture is reported to have said that the country would have a good man in the White House if only some better-trained man could write his messages and speeches for him! Yet those messages and speeches are, with the exception of a few lyrics, the only literature of the great struggle. At least three of these public utterances have already become classics, not only because of their elevation and nobility of thought and feeling, but because of their rare beauty of style. Among all the speakers of his time, accomplished orators, students of rhetoric, masters of the art of eloquence, Lincoln is the only one whose speeches are likely to survive.

This superiority, it is hardly necessary to say, was neither accidental nor spontaneous; like all superiority, it rested on a solid basis of preparation. Lincoln was, in some respects, the most genuinely educated man of his time; but his education was vital, not formal; individual, not academic. There is no antagonism between these two kinds of education; on the contrary, in the ideal training they must always combine and harmonize. There is a disposition, however, to assume that formal education is the only education. From this point of view men like Shakespeare and Lincoln are inexplicable. For every great work of art involves adequate education; chance is as finally barred out of the world of art as it is out of the world of nature.

The more one studies Lincoln's education the more complete is it seen to have been. In his own way he acquired a knowledge of his people, of his time, of himself, and of a few books, which, in its depth and thoroughness, made him the master not only of a great movement but of a great language. Men of the type of Gladstone and Sumner give the impression of having sought near and far for information and illustration. They impress us as having made large conquests in the field of knowledge; but we are soon aware that their gain has been more by conquest than by incorporation. They have annexed rather than absorbed. In the speeches of both these eminent men of affairs we oftener hear the voice of the student than the voice of the man. Lincoln, on the other hand, always gives us a single harmonious impression of himself. We are always in contact with the man. Whatever knowledge he has acquired and whatever training he has received are tributary to the original force of his own personality, and this is true of all men of the creative as contrasted with the secondary order; they are never, under any circumstances, eclectics; they are always, under all circumstances, intensely individual. They are never composite; they are always strongly marked types. Lincoln took the elements for which he had an affinity; all others he left alone.

The Passion for Publicity

In no direction does the average American newspaper sin so grievously as in its violation of the privacies of personal and domestic life. It is at this point that its fundamental irreverence, its disregard of the natural pieties of human existence, is most evident and most repulsive. It is no exaggeration to say that the wanton and unrestricted invasion of privacy by the modern press constitutes in certain respects the most offensive form of tyranny which the world has ever known. There is absolutely no shelter for the unlucky man or woman whose career or circumstances in any way furnish material for sensational report. Uprightness of character, unblemished reputation, eminent public services, great afflictions, appalling calamities—those unusual tragic happenings which used by their very awfulness to shield a man from public curiosity—the helplessness of childhood, the innocence of youth, the sacredness of womanhood, the consideration due to old age—all these appeals to the forbearance, the silence, the respect of men, are absolutely lost on a great number of American newspapers. On the contrary, the more urgent the appeal of the exceptional and tragic condition, the more eager the search for news, the more striking the head-lines, the more shameless the invasion by detective methods of the privacy of home, the more minute the detailed report. The sheer, unmitigated brutality of this invasion of privacy is so constantly illustrated in the columns of many newspapers that a large part of the American people have come to acquiesce in it as one of the fixed conditions of modern life—a tyranny from which there is no escape and against which no successful revolt can be made. A man with the instincts of a gentleman is sometimes tempted to think that nothing but a return to the primitive methods of redressing personal grievances will ever bring certain newspapers to their senses, and that decency will have to be horsewhipped into some newspaper editors and managers. A single incident will illustrate the extent to which this lawless invasion of personal rights is carried. A cultivated and refined woman living in a boarding-house was so unfortunate as to awaken the admiration of a young man of unbalanced mind who was living under the same roof. He paid her attentions which were courteously but firmly declined. He wrote her letters which were at first acknowledged in the most formal way, and finally ignored. No woman could have been more circumspect and dignified. The young man preserved copies of his own letters, introduced the two or three brief and formal notes which he had received in reply, made a story of the incident, stole the photograph of the woman, inclosed his own photograph, mailed the whole matter to a New York newspaper, and committed suicide. The result was a two or three column report of the incident, with portraits of the unfortunate woman and the suicide, and an elaborate and startling exaggeration of the few inconspicuous, insignificant, and colorless facts from which the narrative was elaborated. That a refined woman in American society should be exposed to such a brutal invasion of her privacy as that which was committed in this case reflects upon every gentleman in the country.

It remains to be said, however, and it ought to be said with the utmost frankness, that the passion for publicity which is illustrated in the columns of the American newspaper has also taken possession of a very considerable part of the American people, and that what one sees in the newspaper is the reflection of a very widespread social condition. The interest in other people's affairs in this country is almost measureless. The morning and evening papers make us feel as if we belonged to a great village, and as if what we call National news were nothing more than village gossip writ large; as if our chief interest lay in what is going on at the other end of the street, and our chief curiosity played, not about the great questions of life, but about the doings of people on the next block. This is the vulgar and discouraging side of the matter; but there is another side which the candid critic, who desires to take, not the short and easy, but the long and rational, view of the American newspaper, must take into account. A writer in the April issue of "Scribner's Magazine" puts this other aspect of the matter in the form of a question: "In reality, do we perceive what the vulgarities of the modern newspaper press actually represent? Do we realize that their personalities are the result of the desperate desire of the new classes, to whom democratic institutions have given their first chance, to discover the way to *live*, in the wide social meaning of the word? The hour belongs to these classes. Their ideals are becoming more and more the ideals of all masses of society, and what they are chiefly eager for is not ideas but palpable realities. What the man wants who newly finds himself with incalculably increased material opportunities before him is not, at first, thoughts that will strengthen his hold upon the eternal verities. No. It is information that will put him in direct touch with the actualities of the passing hour; information that will teach him all about his environment, and what he is to do there, and how he is to conduct himself in order to keep the place that he has got, and to extend it, to push himself farther on." There is unquestionably a great deal of truth in this interpretation of one of the most depressing facts in our life to-day.

There are a host of people under the easier and larger conditions of that life who are stepping out of their old places to find the horizons of comfort and intelligence broadening about them, and who are eager to know how men live, what men are doing. Closeness of contact, by reason of railroads and telegraphs and telephones, has made what used to be local conditions practically National conditions. Every man is now a member of the National as well as of the local community. He is eager to know what is going on. In the exact measure in which his opportunities are new, he wants to know what other people in better conditions are doing. He has a passion for knowing how the other half lives. His interest is very largely instinctive, undiscriminating, and unmoral. He is indifferent to the significance of the things that are told him. He is as ready to see evil as good things. What he wants is facts—facts about life, facts about social habit, facts about individual character and experience. He has no sense of the relative value of these facts. He does not attempt to arrange them by any scale of comparative significance. He has not yet reached that point. What he wants is to get the contents of the drag-net. To his uneducated taste one fact is as good as another. The process is vulgar and has gone far to destroy the reverence which once guarded and fostered the higher and finer aspects of life in the family, the church, the college, and society, but it is not vulgar at the root; it is an instinctive desire to know what is in life. It is part of that democratic movement which is so much vaster in its scope and so much more radical in its spirit than our political fathers perceived, or than most of us understand or are willing to accept. The democracy which is fast coming in modern society is a very different affair from the old New England conception of popular government conducted by the town meeting—the rule of the best in the order of a natural aristocracy. We have, even in this country, a long way still to go before the democratic idea is completely worked out. It is not surprising that some of the most thoughtful students of affairs stand aghast at the changes which they see before society—changes more radical than those wrought by the French Revolution; changes as radical as those through which the transition from antique to modern life was effected. This stirring up of society from the bottom to the top brings many disagreeable things to the surface; but the end will justify the pain and loss by the way. We must be content to wait two or three centuries for the finer fruits of a real popular life. Meantime we may as well recognize the fact that publicity rather than reverence will characterize our life, and, in a rough way, protect and develop it. This is the bright side of the matter; there is another side which is not so bright, and that is the prominence of vulgar people in this country and the degree in which they affect all forms of expression. There is no more vulgarity in America than in Germany or France or Italy; but in Europe vulgarity is largely silent; here it is always in evidence. It flaunts and parades itself; keeps itself continually on the surface; thrusts itself forward as if it were *the* National characteristic. It is this aggressive vulgarity which dominates a multitude of newspapers, and many newspaper managers apparently assume that it is a National characteristic. We are not a vulgar people, but the vulgar among us are very generally permitted to represent us. The press is too largely edited for them; they explain that monstrosity of vulgarity, the sensational Sunday newspaper. And publicity is the very breath of their being. To be talked about is the end of their social ambition ; to talk about others is at once their recreation and their occupation.

The Increase of Homicide

The clergymen of Charlotte, N. C., and the surrounding country took a step on a recent Sunday that may well serve as an example to clergymen in other districts where lynchings occur. As a result of the local discussion of the appalling extent of this form of lawlessness, they devoted their sermons to a denunciation of it. It would doubtless be well to give pulpit attention to the still more appalling prevalence of homicide in general throughout the whole country. The statistics of crime published by the Chicago "Tribune" every year, and the recent lecture of Dr. Andrew D. White, ex-Minister to Berlin and St. Petersburg, on the increase of murder, make it imperative that public sentiment should be awakened on the subject. Both of these authorities place the number of murders in the United States in 1895 at 10,500. The increase during the past seven years has been so great as to be almost incredible, the number in 1889 being 3,567. The total number during this period is 47,469, which is an increase from 58 to 155 in the million of population.

Taking these figures as a basis of a prophecy, Dr. White thus pictures the fate that awaits thousands of Americans the coming year: "To-day, this 10th of April, 1896, I announce to you that there are doomed to death in the United States, in the year which begins this day, over 10,000 persons, who will be executed murderously, cruelly, without opportunity to take leave of those they love, without opportunity to make provision for those depending upon them ; and all of this multitude of persons, who have committed no crime, will be put to death without the slightest regard for the fearful distress and sorrow and, in many cases, beggary of their families. Fully two-thirds of these murders will be due to this easy-going, maudlin sentiment in the community at large, miscalled mercy, but really most fearful cruelty."

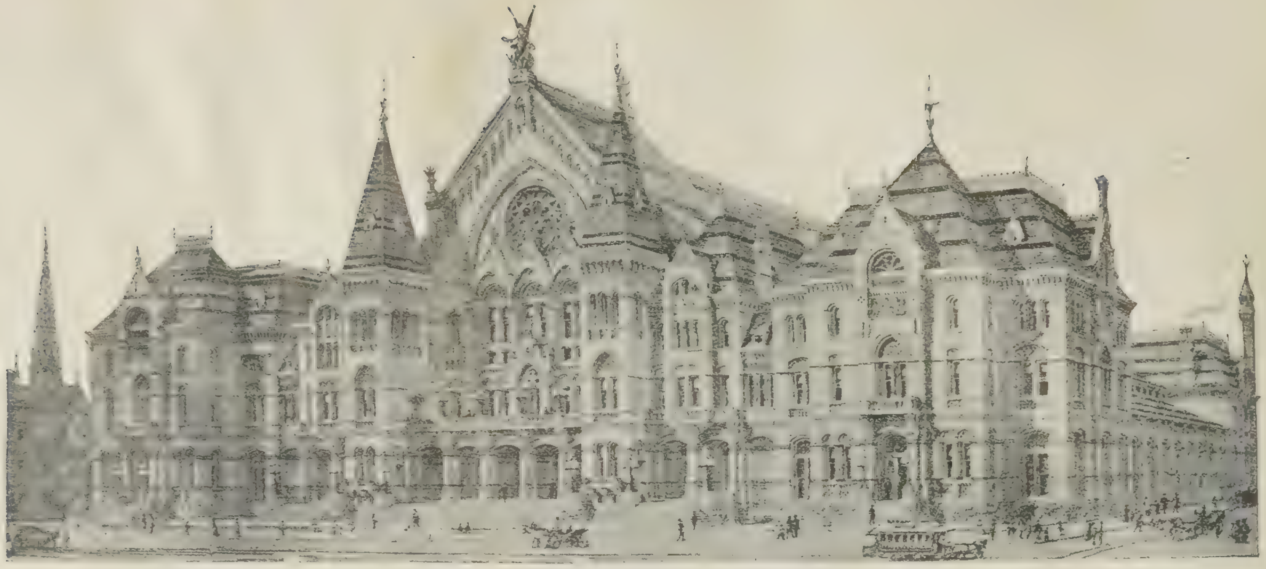
But, shocking as this presentation is, and adequate as it should be to evoke the most powerful sentiment against this prevalence of the spirit of murder, there are other figures that show with the same impressiveness the need of such sentiment. They relate to the inadequate punishment of homicides and the abnormal exercise of "executive clemency." While murders have shockingly increased, the number of legal executions has steadily diminished. In 1890 one murderer in forty-five was legally executed ; in 1895, only one in seventy-four. At the same time there has been an increase of illegal executions, that is to say lynchings, which numbered 171 in 1895 against 132 legal ones. The aversion to capital punishment does not explain the immunity of homicides from all punishment. Of the 42,000 homicides that have escaped legal and illegal execution during the past six years, only 7,351 are in prison. The rest are at large, ready to repeat their crimes. Is it any wonder that some cynical judge once exclaimed that "the taking of life for the highest crime after due process of law seems to be the only way of taking life to which the average American has any objection"!

Even when murderers escape from the gallows to imprisonment for terms ranging from life to a few years, society has no assurance that they will be called upon to suffer the milder penalty pronounced against them. Owing to the lack of a powerful public opinion against the practice, Governors are too prone to accede to the request of the multitude of petitioners that any criminal, however odious, appears to be able to get presented in his behalf. Dr. White mentions the case of Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, who went out of office in 1892. One of his last acts was to pardon eighteen men, several of whom had committed willful and brutal murders. During the four years that he served as Governor he pardoned 801 men, the list of whose offenses "includes every crime in the calendar." But Southern Governors are not the only offenders. Dr. White cites acts of Governors of Illinois, Michigan, and New York. During the last month of Governor Hill's term of office he pardoned fifteen men from prison, and during the last day of his term, six, two of whom were murderers serving life sentences.

The creation of a proper public sentiment, a "deep, determined, fruitful indignation toward wrong and crime," such as President Woolsey sought to arouse in his sermon on "Righteous Anger," would produce the most beneficent results. In the first place, it would bring to an end that repulsive sympathy for murderers that takes the form of floral contributions to them and notes of maudlin sympathy. In the second place, it would make impossible the getting up of monster petitions like that in behalf of "Bat" Shea, which is said to have been signed by 25,000 persons. In the third place, the executive power would feel it incumbent upon it to exercise clemency very sparingly. In the fourth place, there would be a reform of judicial procedure that would make it impossible for men guilty of murder to escape upon technicalities. In the fifth place, the creation of a proper public sentiment would effect a general curbing of the homicidal instinct. And, finally, it would furnish a necessary basis for those preventive and reformatory measures which to be effective must always be founded on a righteous but not revengeful justice.

The Hem of the Garment

Very few readers of the New Testament probably ever stop to think how brief the biography of Christ is, and how much must have been omitted from the narrative. There must have been another history of the divine teacher, written, not by the hands of his disciples, but in the hearts of those whom he had cheered and helped and healed by the way. There must have been a beautiful unwritten gospel passed from mouth to mouth for many generations, the light of which faded very slowly as the night of barbarism and wandering came on. For a personality like Christ's, filled with divine compassion and love, must have poured itself out in a thousand unseen rivulets as well as in the great channels so definitely marked in the New Testament story. There must have been thousands to whom he spoke words which were not recorded ; there must have been multitudes whose lives were renewed by his power of whom no mention is made. As this was true of the divinest personality known to men, so it is also true of every human personality. The most searching and influential power that issues from any human life is that of which the person himself is largely unconscious. It flows from him in every form of occupation, in every relationship, in rest or in work, in silence or in speech, at home or abroad. There are hosts of men and women who are healers and teachers and helpers almost without consciousness of the fact. Light shines from them and help flows from them at times when they are utterly unconscious that the hem of the garment is being touched. The real test of the possession of the highest power of character and the most perfect devotion to the noblest things in life is not the quality of the direct touch ; it is the presence of the virtue even in the hem of the garment.



THE CINCINNATI MUSIC HALL

The Cincinnati Music Festivals

By H. E. Krehbiel

Theodore Thomas
Musical Director

For twenty years the music festivals which are held biennially in Cincinnati under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas have been looked upon as the most notable musical affairs in the United States. There are respects in which their reputation is justified only in part by their achievements; and, unhappily, as the present writer can testify, these are the things which force themselves upon the notice of a reviewer who chances to have another outlook than the merely local. But one who can stand the rebuffs with which all criticism that is not adulation is apt to be received when the people of Cincinnati put on their smart spring garments and surrender themselves to the enjoyments which their most cherished institution brings, can also see that when the balance is struck the credit side has so much the better of the debit that it is scarcely worth the while to store the faults up in one's memory. After all, the defects are only locally harmful, while the country at large has benefited wonderfully by the influence which has gone out from the festivals ever since they became established features of Cincinnati's life. That influence has been sound and wholesome and marvelously potent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The May festivals began in 1873, and have been held every second year since, except when a year had to be added to the interregnum between the second and third festivals to allow time for the completion of the magnificent Music Hall, which is their proudest architectural monument. The stability exemplified in this record is one of the extraordinary phenomena connected with the Cincinnati festivals. The annual gatherings at Worcester, Mass., are older, but their genesis is very different, and their accomplishments, however praiseworthy in themselves, incomparably less significant.

The Worcester festivals grew out of the old New England musical conventions, which might be described without irreverence as musical "revivals." Professional teachers not being numerous, when one came to a town he held a "protracted meeting" with the choir singers of the vicinity, and finally united them all in a concert. Everything was amiable about these meetings so long as the peripatetic convention leader was intelligent and sincere, and it would be churlish to refuse recognition to the good which they accomplished; but they never could occupy the plane to which the Cincinnati festivals were lifted at the beginning, and on which they have remained ever since. In the Western city the highest possible results were striven for at the outset, as if the soil had been prepared by long and diligent cultivation on the most advanced lines. It was a union of German and American qualities in Theodore Thomas which was responsible for this, just as it has been a union of Mr. Thomas's devotion to a high ideal and the readiness of the people to advance his efforts that has made progress possible. Had Mr. Thomas been all German, he would in all likelihood have been impracticable in his first plans; had he been all American, he probably would have been satisfied with popular success, and so trimmed his sails to the shifting winds as to command that regardless of all else. He has not always produced results commensurate with the dignity and claims of the festival organization, but he has not yet lowered the standard set up at the beginning, and for that reason more than any other he has maintained the festivals as potent influences in American musical culture.

Wm. H. Hobart
President Cincinnati Music Festival Association

Otto Singer
Assistant Conductor and Chorus-Master

Arthur Mees
Organist Music Festival

To appreciate how great the influence is which has gone out from these festivals one

Lawrence Maxwell
Vice-President Festival Association

George Ward Nichols
Late President Cincinnati Festival Association

[illegible]

[illegible]
Composer of "St. Francis," to be sung this year

must know something of their origin. That their home should be Cincinnati is not mere chance, but a logical outcome of earlier strivings. Study of the history of music in the United States discloses that the impulses which were directed toward the development of its three principal phases went out from three centers of culture. Psalmody and the choral culture which came as its fruit had its home in Boston; instrumental music and the opera, in New York; the German *Männergesang*, in Cincinnati. For reasons which need not be curiously studied here, the psalmody of New England had less to do with the creation of the festival spirit illustrated in the Cincinnati gatherings than the fondness of the Germans for part-song singing. The two influences were complementary. If Cincinnati from its earliest days had not had a strong musical bent, which it derived from the excellent character of its settlers, Mr. Thomas would not have found such admirable soil when he came to develop his festival scheme in 1873; had Cincinnati not been the pioneer *Sängerfest* city in the United States, it is doubtful if the festival idea which has borne such lovely fruit would ever have originated. The first German *Sängerfest* ever held on this side of the Atlantic Ocean was held in Cincinnati in 1849. It was a small gathering in which only a few Western communities participated, but it was the parent of sturdy offspring. Soon the entire country was concerned in the meetings which were held now here, now there, and it was found necessary to divide the *Bund* which gave the festivals, because it had grown too unwieldy. Before these, however, a *Sängerfest* was given in Cincinnati (it was in 1870) in which two thousand German singers participated, and to accommodate which a hall had to be built. Though designed only for temporary use, it was a well-built structure, and the merchants of the city, who had got interested in the exposition idea, preserved it from destruction and dedicated it to exhibition purposes. Moreover, its acoustic properties were admirable, and when Mr. Thomas, on one of his concert tours in the spring of 1873, talked over the idea of a festival with a mixed instead of a male chorus, Cincinnati supplying the nucleus of the chorus and his orchestra the nucleus of the band, it was the existence of the hall that helped to make the enterprise feasible.

In another respect the history of the Cincinnati festivals is intimately bound up in that of the German *Sängerfeste*. Every one who is familiar with German customs knows that *Gemüthlichkeit*, or conviviality, is quite as assiduously cultivated in them as art—perhaps a little more assiduously—and there was a time, when the American element of our population was less tolerant of German things than it is now, that a strong prejudice existed against them on that account. When the first *Sängerfest* was held in Cincinnati, a newspaper charged that the "Dutch singers, with their intemperate jubilee, drinking the sour wine," had brought an epidemic of cholera upon the city. When the great *Sängerfest* was held, in 1870, an immense bar occupied the space under the stage. When the first festival under the new régime was held, the rehabilitation of the bar was not dreamed of. Other times, other peoples, other manners. The festival was musical, not Bacchic. A year later, in 1874, the effect of this good example—due, of course, to the fact that the choir consisted of men and women, not men

INTERIOR OF THE REMODELED MUSIC HALL
Drawn for The Outlook by Otto W. Beck

MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA

(From a recent copyrighted Photograph by Aimé Dupont, 574 Fifth Avenue, New York)

alone—was felt at the *Sängerfest* given in Cleveland. Thither Mr. Bergmann and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra had traveled to make music; but when the hours for rehearsal came, the singers were not to be found in the temple of Apollo, but in the groves of Gambrinus. Immediately a plan of reorganization was adopted which aimed to elevate the character of the *Sängerfeste* artistically and socially by admitting women to the festival chorus. The first experiment under the new régime was made in 1877 in Louisville, the second in 1879 in Cincinnati, with results that made much for music. Unfortunately, however, the notion of giving music a preference over *Gemüthlichkeit* is not popular with the majority of the members of German singing societies, and the high aims inspired by the first Cincinnati festival have not been pursued by them.

From the beginning the foremost business men of Cincinnati have charged themselves with the management of the business affairs of the festivals. This has been one cause of their success. The very first undertaking came so near meeting expenses that the directors made up the deficit out of their private purses. The second left a surplus in the hands of the treasurer, and evoked such an outburst of popular enthusiasm that it was resolved to build a permanent home for the festivals, and the industrial expositions which had grown with them. In this movement Mr. Reuben R. Springer, a retired merchant, took the lead with characteristic modesty and quietness. He began with an offer of $125,000 on condition that the citizens raise the same amount, and ended with giving between $250,000 and $300,000 toward the undertaking. The result was to stir up a local patriotism and enthusiasm in artistic things such as this country had never seen. The third festival, in 1878, saw the dedication of the Music Hall and its great organ. For more than a week the happy city was in gala dress. Arches spanned the streets; garlands festooned the house-fronts; bunting fluttered gayly everywhere; so numerous were the pictures of the great masters of music that every child could distinguish the features of Bach and Beethoven, Handel and Haydn. Visitors poured into the city from all the adjacent country, and men distinguished in musical circles came from New York and Boston. Mr. Thomas had widened the scope of the festival to make it worthy of so important an occasion. A dedicatory ode had to be written, composed, and performed. Mr. Dudley Buck had to come from the East to play upon the organ. The cost of the affair was enormous, but the receipts were more enormous still. When the treasurer made his report, the directors found themselves in possession of $30,000 profit. They paid the balance of $15,000 due on the organ, distributed $5,000 among the societies composing the chorus, and started a sinking fund with the balance. Like a galvanic shock the influence of this great achievement was felt throughout East and West. First, however, the continued fruition of the lovely enthusiasm in Cincinnati must be noted. A fund for music in one of the public parks established by the Hon. William S. Groesbeck, a College of Music sufficiently endowed to enable it to offer prizes and scholarships to deserving pupils, a superb Art Museum picturesquely planted in one of the parks on the hills overlooking the Ohio River, were the immediate fruit, after the Music Hall and Exposition buildings. As for the fruits outside of Cincinnati, the most obvious were the music festivals given in 1881 and 1882 in New York under the direction respectively of Dr. Leopold Damrosch and Theodore Thomas; festivals in Philadelphia, Chicago, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Cleveland, and other places, all patterned after the Cincinnati affairs and showing the same lofty ambitions. Finally, Music Halls and Exposition buildings erected in Indianapolis, Buffalo, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and elsewhere, some of which disclose their origin in their imitation of the lines and material of the Cincinnati building.

It would be glory enough for one city and one decade to have so thoroughly leavened the musical lump of the United States, had the Cincinnati festivals lived themselves out, as most of their imitators have since done; but instead of doing this they have gone on, maintained still on the high artistic level on which they were placed twenty-three years ago. It is plain only to one who is intimately acquainted with the men who are at their head, and the city which supports them, why this should be so. Under Mr. Thomas's inspiring guidance the policy of the directors has been energetic, uncompromising, and, in the best sense of the word, conservative. From 1873 to 1881 Mr. George

MADAME KLAFSKY

Ben Davies

Marie Brema

Lilli Lehmann

Medora Henson

R. Watkin Mills

Ward Nichols, one of the hardest workers of the original coterie, a restless spirit who devoted himself wholly to it and kindred enterprises, was the President. He was the mentor and the executive officer of Mr. Springer, the founder of the College. The present President, William N. Hobart, has been in the Board of Directors since 1880, and it is to him, after Mr. Thomas, that credit is due for the fact that public interest, which flagged occasionally, was never permitted utterly to die. Mr. Lawrence Maxwell, Jr., the Vice-President, entered the Board of Directors with Mr. Hobart, but long before then he was a member of the chorus. During the first two years of President Cleveland's administration Mr. Maxwell was Solicitor-General of the United States, and probably the only official in the service of the Government at Washington who could, on a moment's notice, have left his pew and played the organ of the President's church. So, too, in the artistic department of the festival administration. Otto Singer, who had come to New York to join Mr. Thomas in carrying out a conservatory project on the recommendation of Liszt, became chorus-master in 1873, composed the festival ode in 1878, and continued his connection with the association till after the festival of 1880. Mr. Arthur Mees was organist of the first festival, and became chorus-master in 1882. At every festival since he has been Mr. Thomas's trusted assistant. Annie Louise Cary was as much a factor in the earlier festivals as Mr. Thomas, and when she declined to accept the regular

Myron W. Whitney

Madame Nilsson

Annie Louise Cary

Plunket Greene

Edward Lloyd

Adelina Patti

Madame Materna

engagement as principal solo contralto in 1884, because she had retired from public life to be Mrs. C. Munson Raymond, it was felt to be so necessary to have her present at the festival that the directors invited her to come and sit in the audience as their guest. Myron W. Whitney was just as intimately connected with the festivals. He sang at every one from 1873 till his retirement in 1890, except the festival of 1884.

The artistic significance of the Cincinnati festivals has rested upon the magnitude and dignity of the musical schemes planned for them by Mr. Thomas and the forces enlisted in their exposition. At the first meeting a large number of choirs took part, some coming from such distant cities as Des Moines and Milwaukee. At the second, half a dozen cities and towns in Ohio joined Cincinnati in providing the choral contingent, but since 1880 the festival chorus has been an organized body whose affairs are administered all the time by the Festival Association. The orchestra generally numbers about one hundred and fifty men; the chorus, five hundred voices. With these masses are always associated the best solo talent obtainable. When the enthusiasm inspired by the festivals in other cities was at its height, Mr. Thomas found it possible to bring the three representative singers of Wagner's music from Vienna—Madame Materna, Herr Winkelmann, and Herr Scaria; and, as if this were not enough, Madame Nilsson was also enlisted. By this means communities never visited by traveling opera and concert singers have been enabled to hear the greatest singers of the age—Lehman, Nilsson, Materna, Cary, Eames, Lloyd, Whitney, Winkelmann, Scaria, and many others. The same policy has characterized the preparations for the twelfth festival, to be held from the 19th to the 23d of May this year. The German prima donna Frau Klafsky, the American Nordica, the Englishwoman (by courtesy so called—as a matter of fact she is half German and half American) Brema, and the Englishmen H. Plunket Greene, Ben Davies, Ffrangcon Davies, and R. Watkin Mills, will all take part, besides a number of singers of local fame. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which had its first performance in the United States just fifty years ago this month, and was introduced to the West at the first festival in 1873, will be repeated. The other choral works will be "St. Francis," by Edgar Tinel, a young Flemish composer; Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" (an opera that is oftener given in oratorio form than operatic), Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," and a dainty secular cantata, "The Swan and the Skylark," by A. Goring Thomas. The Music Hall, which till now has been serviceable only for festival, convention, and exposition uses, has been remodeled in its interior arrangements and changed into a large theater, comparable with the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York and the Auditorium in Chicago.

Our Travelers' Club

By Lucy A. Martin

The autumn days had come, the winter would soon be upon us, and how were we to make some of its evenings profitable and enjoyable? Our village was a small one, and, though near New York, its country store and post-office combined was the chief center of trade, with but one rival a little way down the road, opposite which stood the blacksmith shop with its "spreading" elm.

The houses and homes were much scattered, but each of the two churches brought its part of the inhabitants together on Sunday, and the Library, down the hill by the river—it was the noble Hudson on whose banks we were nestled—was an important element in the week-day life of the village. Here, four years ago, was started the "Travelers' Club." We met every three weeks on Monday evening, and, gathered about the long reading-table, took our imaginary trip to Europe. Our Secretary, together with our President and Treasurer, planned each meeting, and we first made a truly American trip abroad, traveling hurriedly through England, France, Germany, and Italy, and at the close of the eight meetings we had each done our part in contributing a short paper on some given place or topic—country, town, city, or some point of interest in one of these.

The second winter we traveled more slowly, and at the beginning of the season voted to spend our time in Scotland. We all remember with especial pleasure our evening with Robert Burns, when we renewed our acquaintance with the literature of the country. Our club, now numbering twenty, bought a good oil lantern and a screen, which, with the slides, procured as we required them, added greatly to the pleasure of the evenings. These slides we hired at a place in New York City where they have a large collection, at a cost of one and a half cents apiece for one evening. Thirty pictures, accompanied by our papers, made us feel as if we had really visited the place described. The slides were selected from a catalogue, and were called for and returned by one of the Club who goes to town daily—an advantage for which we are grateful, since economy is with us a necessity. Each member pays a tax of five cents a meeting to cover the expense of the slides. Our lantern we bought by a special entertainment.

Last fall, when we gathered again to talk over plans for the winter, we decided to make this year's meetings and travels more simple and popular, and to admit some of the younger persons who would enjoy the trips; and with this end in view we adopted a plan for a journey in our own country. First we took "A Summer Pilgrimage," and spent the evening with the views and descriptions of New England watering-places—Bar Harbor, Newport, etc.—closing with an appropriate "Afternoon Tea." Our next programme consisted of papers on "The Hub of the Universe and Her Literary Men," with views, a reading, and a song: menu, Boston brown bread. For our "New England Fireside" we went to the parsonage, where papers were read on "Customs and Home Life" and "Rural Scenery and Outdoor Life," a selection read from "Cape Cod Folks," and we had a merry time popping corn before the open wood fire, closing the evening by singing in concert "Home, Sweet Home." "Our Wedding Trip" found us at Washington, and the views of that city, together with those of Philadelphia and Baltimore, which we were supposed to pass through *en route*, were fine. A paper on Baltimore and a selection on Social Life in Washington filled our evening, and we closed the meeting with some "truly" wedding-cake—of which, to be sure, there was only a square inch for each of us—from two boxes brought by one of the members from a large wedding in New York. The boxes, which were unusually pretty, were given to the two brides of the Club. The evening was opened by the Wedding March, played by one of the members, and this simple feast completed a harmonious programme. "The Orange and Palmetto" took us to Florida, and the slides gave us an excellent idea of the palatial hotels and the quaint town of St. Augustine and the weird river scenery of that region. Some of the golden fruit from that State served as a light refreshment with which to close the evening. The subject for the next meeting, "'Way Down in Dixie," gave an opportunity to consider New Orleans and the Creole, the Negro, the "F. F. V.'s," and to hear a reading from "Uncle Remus" and the song "Dixie Land." Menu, peanuts.

The programme for the rest of the year includes "The Blue-Grass Region," and an evening studying the historic Hudson, preparatory to the celebration by the Club of the close of its season by taking an actual trip up the river on Decoration Day.[1]

Sunset

By Mary Laura Mason

The west is a mass of color,
  A glow of golden light,
That resolves like a chord of music
  The day into the night.

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[1] The Outlook is glad to furnish through its *Recreation Department* circulars, descriptive pamphlets, time-tables, and other printed information which will enable members of Travelers' Clubs, like that described in this article, to put themselves in close personal touch with places to be visited and routes to be traversed.—THE EDITORS.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

From the Crayon Drawing by George Richmond, R.A. Done in 1850. Now in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle

William Hickling Prescott[1]

By Kenyon West

ON the 4th of May occurs the centenary of a man who has not only won a high place in American literature, but who challenges comparison with the very greatest historians of the world. Not without justice did a famous English critic assert that Horace Walpole's prophecy that the next Augustan age would dawn on this side of the Atlantic had been verified, "for Mr. Prescott's 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella' may rank among the first in the English language."

In one of Keats's delightful letters he wrote these significant and stimulating words: "I must think that difficulties nerve the spirit of a man; they make our prime objects a refuge as well as a passion." To the career of no man of letters are these words so applicable as to that of William Hickling Prescott. His life affords a striking example of enduring work achieved in spite of overwhelming odds. The gift of genius is a marvelous thing! Seldom can its ancestry be traced, more seldom is it possible to understand how it flourishes under certain conditions. I can understand how a poet, amid suffering, poverty, even darkness, can give magic expression to the beautiful forms which throng before his inner vision, giving out from his own sad heart his sweetest songs. I can imagine a romancer, sitting in darkness and alone, weaving his tales of love or of chivalry to thrill and charm the great world. A musician, too, can, even in darkness, have his solitude vocal with divine harmonies, and embody them in enchanting creations which will live after he himself has passed beyond the whirl and stress of time. But a historian, who must depend upon facts, not upon his glowing creative imagination, whose material is drawn from out-of-the-way sources of information, not from ideas current in his own age, from ancient records which must be studied and compared, upon conflicting authorities whose claims must be weighed—how is he to do his appointed work without the blessing of sight?

We are told by Johnson that Milton felt obliged to abandon a cherished plan of writing a history of England, as he found it scarcely possible for a man without eyes to pursue a historical work. Prescott said: "This remark, although discouraging at first, in the end stimulated me. If my ears are spared me, I will disprove the assertion that no man can compile a history who is blind."

PRESCOTT'S MOTHER

From the Picture taken for Mr. Arthur Dexter and never before published

JUDGE PRESCOTT

From the Portrait by Gilbert Stuart

The interest of Prescott's work is undoubtedly much enhanced by a knowledge of the difficulties in his path. Admiration for the magnificent products of his genius is blended with admiration for the indomitable spirit of the man. In this brief tribute to Prescott's memory I can enter into no critical exposition of the distinctive features of his genius, nor have I space to even allude to much which is of value and interest in his life; but I wish to lay especial stress not only upon the winsomeness, the

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[1] For the illustrations to this article The Outlook is especially indebted to Mrs. Roger Wolcott and Mr. Arthur Dexter, of Boston, who have been most kind in lending to the author of the article many valued treasures. Of these the rarest have been selected—some never before published, and all comparatively unknown. There are many other portraits of Prescott, beautiful though not so rare. The drawings are done by kind permission of Miss Ticknor.

APPROACH TO THE ANCESTRAL HOUSE AT PEPPERELL

beauty of his character, but upon his victory over those difficulties which beset him on the very threshold of manhood. Prescott, in character and in achievement, belonged, indeed, to that race of great men of whom Hector Berlioz spoke—men who by their struggles and their pain purchase light and movement for humanity.

It is not alone as a faithful chronicler of events which were momentous in their influence upon civilization, it is not as the painstaking gleaner in a field hitherto untrod, that Prescott has won so great a fame. Accuracy, trustworthy statement, sanity of view, are of inestimable value in a historian; but if his work is to have perennial vitality, to be a source of delight as well as instruction, it must have charm. At the meeting of the Historical Society of Massachusetts held just after Prescott's death, Edward Everett applied to him the words of the Greek poet: "Greatly the Muse loved him, and she gave him both good and evil: she deprived him of his eyes, but she gave him the gift of sweet song."

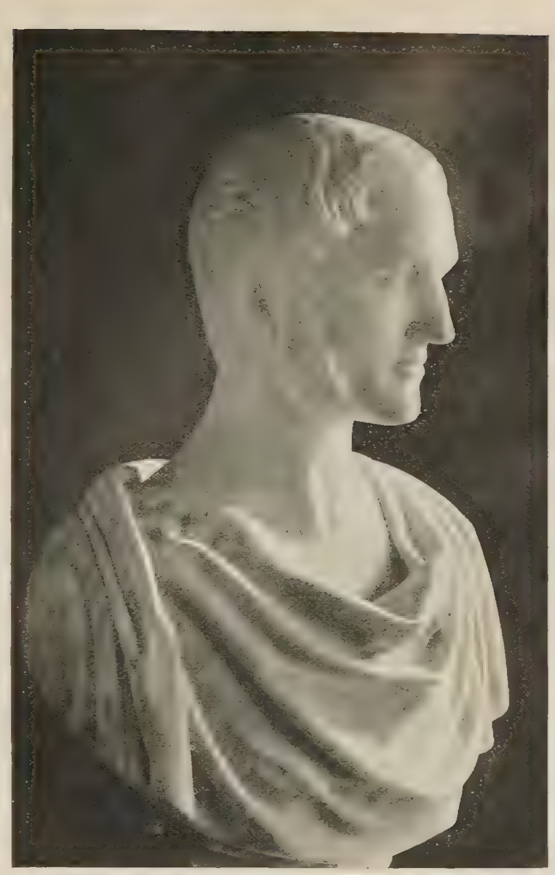
Whatever may be the opinions of scholars in regard to certain aspects of Prescott's work, one thing is certain: his histories have this magnetic and indispensable quality of charm. If we attempt to analyze the secret of his peculiar fascination, we will find it to consist partly in the grace, the richness, the sonorous beauty of his language, and partly in his picturesque power. Prescott is a painter—he has that pictorial quality characteristic of the artist; and, possessing, in addition to this, the swift penetration, the vivifying imagination, characteristic of the poet, he makes the events of which he treats live before our entranced eyes. Where else do we read more vivid descriptions of battles, painting of scenery, of costume, of all the countless details which made up the pageantry of the romantic times of which he writes? Prescott has also a swift and usually unerring insight into character. He shows the depth of his research by his wonderful portraitures. No one without wide and careful study could so thoroughly enter into the very spirit of a man, in fact, know him as if he had been a daily companion, see his motives, his weaknesses, his bold, courageous virtues. If some students of Prescott are disposed to think he shows partisanship, that he too readily sees the excuses for some of the criminal excesses of his conquerors, we must attribute it to that habit of looking at events in the large and catholic spirit which takes into consideration the times in which these men lived, judges them more by the ideas prevalent in those times than by the more humane civilization of the nineteenth century. Prescott's portraitures are, as a rule, clean-cut, direct, vivid, admirably well drawn, the lights and shadows truthfully disposed.

The genius of Prescott was, in fact, creative. It enabled him to mold into a homogeneous and harmonious whole many diverse elements—evolve a new world out of chaos. Thus we can see that not alone because of his charm did he prove that the Muse dearly loved him. And his charm is due not only to his brilliancy and felicity of style, his imaginative insight into the spirit of a far-off time, but to his unwavering enthusiasm. His histories live because he himself was all on fire with life and enthusiasm. It was this divine energy of genius which enabled him to undertake and bring to perfection plans of work which might daunt the spirit of any man, much more one who was hampered as he was.

The touching pathos of Prescott's life should not make us forget how really kind the gods were to him. Aside from the great misfortune of impaired sight—to a man of his tastes and ambitions perhaps the greatest which could befall—his life was happy. He was endowed with a hopeful, vivacious temperament. He was blessed with affectionate parents, and was rich in friends, who did all possible to help him in his privations. He never felt the stress of poverty, never felt the sting of dependence, the stern necessity to work for a mere livelihood. His ample means gave him the best medical advice, and every appliance for the relief of his suffering, for the furtherance of his work. Unlike many other toilers in the field of literature, he won recognition and appreciation by his first book. After that he had something to depend upon besides his own solitary enthusiasm. His home life was beautiful and serene: he had charm of manner, was rich in every personal attraction—in fact, he seemed to have everything but the blessing of sight! It is perhaps idle to speculate what Prescott's life would have been had this misfortune not overwhelmed him. His very joys and his advantages might have been to him a perilous temptation. A study of his childhood and early manhood, of his temperament, of his environment, go far to prove

HOUSE AT PEPPERELL, MASS., BUILT BY COLONEL PRESCOTT, THE HERO OF BUNKER HILL

Now in the possession of the Prescott family



THE BUST OF PRESCOTT BY GREENOUGH

that had this misfortune not overtaken him we might never have had these marvelous histories. He might have shone in society, been a brilliant man of the world, won distinction as a lawyer, written a few critical articles for the reviews; but would he have had the patience to devote himself to the strenuous and exacting study of history? As it was, the loss of his sight seemed to change the whole current of his intellectual energy; it brought out the inherent resources of his genius, gave direction and purpose to many vague tendencies.

The Prescott family was of Puritan stock, and in his sterling virtue, his sensitiveness of conscience, his obedience to high ideals of duty, Prescott proved himself worthy of his lineage.[1] He was unusually happy in his parents; his father, Judge Prescott, was a man of wealth and of distinction in his profession, and was one of the most affectionate of men. His mother had energy and ability and a tender grace of character which endeared her to all. Resembling both his parents in some respects, Prescott gradually developed many traits for which no ancestry can be traced, and which were a manifestation of his own genius—a genius in which temperament formed as much a part as intellectual strength. The house in Salem where, on the 4th of May, 1796, Prescott first opened his eyes is no longer in existence, though an excellent sketch has been preserved.

The boy's childhood was a very happy one. One of his first teachers records that he was bright and merry, with an inquisitive mind, quick perceptions, and a good memory. He was a thoroughly human little fellow; loved play more than books, as every healthy child ought; and of the books he read he preferred those which appealed strongly to the imagination. Sincerity of character distinguished him from the very first; this, in spite of his capacity for friendship, proved often very inconvenient in his relations to other children. A few years more and this characteristic became one of his greatest charms.

In 1808 the Prescotts moved from Salem to Boston. A friend has paid many a tribute to the charm and beauty of their home life; he speaks of the frankness and sincerity of the father and mother, of the love they showed to their son, of his proud and happy position in the home, of how much he was trusted, and how well he bore the test.

At school William plunged into his studies with zest and appreciation; and he soon began to show decided taste for romances and tales of adventure. Nothing very unusual in this, for every bright boy has the same experience. Like many other boys also, Prescott loved in his amusements to represent battles, going over again in imagination the struggles before the walls of Troy, or, coming nearer home, enacting scenes in our Revolution. Had Prescott never become the vivid describer of battles, the writer of histories which are like romances, we might pay little attention to these early tastes; but they are significant in their prophecy of his future.

In 1811 Prescott entered Harvard. He matriculated with honor, though it is well to remember that in neither his school nor his college course did he show any tendency to study more than was required. It was in Prescott's junior year at college that the accident happened which was to change the aspect of the whole world to him, and serve as a cruel spur to drive him into a course of activity which was to tax every intellectual faculty. Turning one day to see the cause of a disturbance among some students at dinner, he received a blow from a large, hard piece of bread, thrown at random. It struck the open eye—a rare occurrence, for the lid usually closes at any approach of danger. But here "the missile, thrown with great force, struck the very disc of the eye itself." Prescott fell at once to the ground, and then was immediately taken home and placed in the care of a physician. The first symptoms were like those of concussion of the brain; then came complete physical prostration, and he had to remain in bed for a time. As the system recovered gradually from the shock, it was found that the sight of the eye was gone. It was a case of paralysis of the retina, and was, of course, incurable. After a few weeks he returned to college and cautiously resumed his work. There was a magnanimity, a noble simplicity in the character of Prescott, and he nowhere revealed it more admirably than in his relations to the young man to whose carelessness his misfortune was due. He never referred to him except in the kindest terms, never allowed others to blame him, and in later life rendered him a most substantial and unostentatious service. This is noteworthy, because the young

HOUSE IN SALEM WHERE PRESCOTT WAS BORN

Drawn by H. S. Howland, New York

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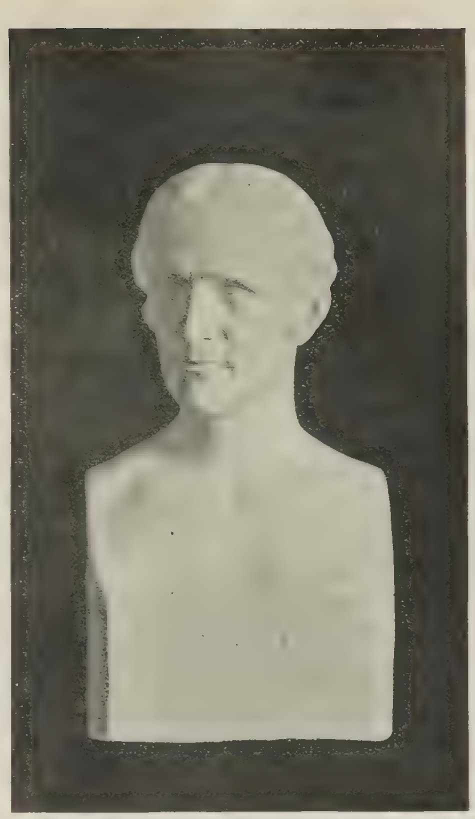
[1] Prescott's grandfather, Colonel Prescott, fought so bravely at Bunker Hill that Washington said he had rendered safe the liberties of the country.

The grandfather of Prescott's wife was Colonel Linzee, who at the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill commanded his Majesty's ship Falcon. The swords which had been worn by the American soldier and the British sailor on that memorable day came finally by inheritance into the possession of the historian. When Thackeray visited Prescott in 1852, he noticed these swords hung over one of the book-cases in the library, and when he wrote "The Virginians" he alluded to them in his opening chapter: "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America hang two crossed swords which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored Republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestor's country and in his own, where genius like his has always a peaceful welcome." George Ticknor spoke of this singular trophy, "if trophy that can be called which was won from no enemy, and which is a memento at once of a defeat that was full of glory, and of triumphs in the field of letters more brilliant than those in the fields of war." These swords were given after Prescott's death to the Historical Society of Massachusetts. "There, we trust, they may rest in peace so long as the two nations shall exist—trophies indeed of the past, but warnings for the future."

man himself never expressed regret for his act, nor sympathy with Prescott's suffering.



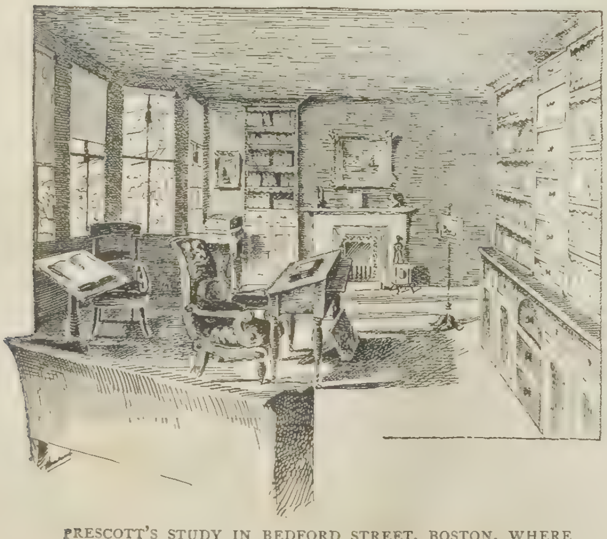
THE BUST OF PRESCOTT BY BALL

Prescott graduated with flying colors; and all his classmates were sorry to part with this vivacious, generous-hearted, winsome youth, and they showered upon him every mark of their esteem.

He became at once a law-student in his father's office, and he began his work with ardor and many bright hopes for the future. At the same time he kept up his classical studies. But in a few months the dark clouds began to obscure for him the brightness of the days. A malignant inflammation of his uninjured eye set in, and no remedy, however desperate or painful, seemed to relieve it. "But nothing was able," says Ticknor, "to affect the natural flow of his spirits—neither pain, nor the sharp surgical remedies to which he was repeatedly subjected, nor the disheartening darkness in which he was kept, nor the gloomy vista that the future seemed to open before him. His equanimity and cheerfulness were invincible." His mother, in speaking of his suffering and his seclusion, said then and often afterwards, "I never, in a single instance, groped my way across the apartment to take my place at his side, that he did not salute me with some expression of good cheer—not a single instance—as if we were the patients, and his place were to comfort us."

That Prescott bore with so much fortitude and equanimity the tedium of dark rooms, and the suffering which was soon to be almost his daily companion, was undoubtedly owing largely to this gift of the gods—a hopeful spirit. And yet it is well not to underestimate the effort which Prescott put forth. His patience was consciously exerted, in obedience to a high and noble ideal. Then, too, it was the result of his deep and tender love for others. His natural vivacity helped to tide over many a depressing hour and to cheer his solitude with many bright and happy thoughts; but we must not forget that such cheerfulness is apt to be severely taxed in the presence of constantly recurring disappointments and privations, and at last ceases to be spontaneous.

When somewhat better, Prescott went to spend the winter at the Azores with relatives; but the inconveniences of the voyage soon made his eye worse, and from November to February, 1815, he had to be in a dark room, "six weeks of the time in such total darkness that the furniture could not be distinguished." The history of these weary months is like that of all his subsequent life. The trouble seemed to be rheumatism of the eye, and any carelessness would usually bring on intense pain and inflammation. One of the few times in which he spoke of his privations was in 1847, when he was contemplating writing the history of Philip II.: "Now that I have discharged Peru, I feel like an idle tar whose ship is laid up in ordinary. But time is a bitter drug, and I feel I shall soon be afloat again on board the good ship 'Philip II.,' though I am but a blind pilot, and have not half an eye to steer her with." Then again, months after: "Here I am with the richest collection that ever fell to a history-monger, scarce old books and manuscripts without end all lying around me, and, alas! without an eye to look at the title-pages. The physicians agree that if I would save it for the vulgar purposes of life, I must wholly abstain from using it in books."



PRESCOTT'S STUDY IN BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON, WHERE "FERDINAND AND ISABELLA" WAS WRITTEN
Drawn by H. S. Howland

Prescott left the Azores in April, 1816, for London. A sojourn there for the sake of treatment from eminent physicians was not of much benefit. He had to be so careful that he saw little of the artistic treasures of the great city, but he made good use of his few chances of enjoyment. Paris gave him scarcely more opportunity, but in Italy his eye was stronger, and hence he was able to enjoy things as only a man of his temperament can enjoy. But a return at Paris of his old trouble made him hasten home. Here he found every comfort to help him; the colors of his walls and carpets made to suit his sensitive eye; a devoted friend who spent hours reading the classics with him; a loving sister who insisted upon spending the greater part of every day reading aloud poetry and history![1] Prescott was now twenty-two. He had been obliged to give up all his plans for the profession of law, and many letters testify how hard the struggle was. Prescott's marriage at the age of twenty-four was, however, a cause of great happiness. "At the time of his marriage," says Ticknor, "my friend was one of the finest-looking men I have ever seen. He was tall, well formed, manly in his bearing, but gentle, with light-brown hair that was hardly changed or diminished by years, with a clear complexion and a ruddy flush on his cheek that kept for him to the last an appearance of comparative youth, but, above all, with a smile that was the most absolutely contagious I ever looked upon." And Bancroft said Prescott's voice was like music, and one could never have enough of it.

It was shortly after his marriage that the indecision in regard to what he was going to make of his life changed to a deliberate purpose. His literary tastes, which had been deepening and strengthening ever since he left college, influenced him largely, but at first he had no definite plan as to writing history. He felt that the first thing was to gain a broad and varied culture. He therefore began a systematic course of study, at the very foundations of literature and of language. From English he went on to French, and then to Italian. That Prescott's faculty of literary criticism was well developed is shown by his brief analysis of Dante in one of his letters. In spite of its brevity, it is

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[1] Since writing this about Prescott's sister, Mr. Arthur Dexter, her son, has sent me a quotation from an unpublished article of his own in relation to his mother. Of Prescott's sufferings, he says, "a great deal has been said and printed. I have sometimes thought it would have done no harm to say a little more about his sister's affectionate care. I doubt if many beautiful young girls would make light of sacrificing almost all their time to nursing a brother."

PRESCOTT AT WORK

"The contraction of the brow," says one of his relatives, "shows his usual concentration of thought when writing."

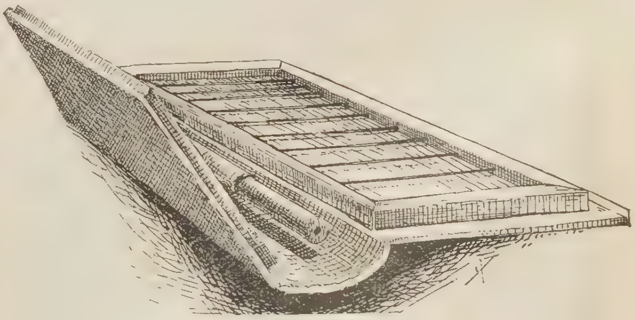
one of the best criticisms he ever wrote. He scores a good point when he says he wishes Dante had made more of the mind as a means of suffering, instead of dealing almost exclusively with physical horrors. Prescott entered heart and soul into Dante's sublime poem. "Every canto," he said, "blazes with a new and increased effulgence. The very reading it by another pained my poor eyes." As a trial of his powers Prescott now began the writing of some critical articles for the "North American Review;" the writing of these extended over a number of years. His estimates of Molière, Scott, Cervantes, show poetic sympathy, wise judgment, discriminating insight. We cannot say that his originality is striking, nor does he often show brilliancy of coloring. But he has none of the poisoned arrows with which critics often fill their quivers. He is calm and impartial, always genial, and most suggestive. Stirling thought that Prescott would have attained great eminence as a critic and essayist had he pursued that path of letters.

It is always of interest to know to what particular influence is due a great man's decision to devote himself to that particular work in which ultimately he excels. Prescott listened with rapt attention to the reading of Mably's "Étude de l'Histoire." This, more than any other one book, tended to give the final direction to his already strong feeling for history. A half-indefinite plan of writing a history of Italian literature led him gradually to narrow his thoughts to that "untried ground," and, in his opinion, "a rich one," the age of Ferdinand. The plans for the study of his materials for "Ferdinand and Isabella" were stupendous, enough to test the courage of any student, much more one hampered as he was. During these studies he spoke of traveling at a very lame gait, and yet even he miscalculated his strength. It took twice as long as he anticipated to bring his labors to a brilliant close. At first it seemed utterly impossible to get a reader who understood Spanish. He therefore had a secretary who read volume after volume without knowing a word of the language, and the awkwardness and constraint can well be imagined. Later, however, his work progressed more happily. A sad bereavement in the winter of 1828 delayed his work. He lost the elder of his two children, a dear little daughter of four, to whom he had been devoted. Unlike many literary men, to whom their work is so important as to shut out from them some of the dearest and sweetest pleasures of life, Prescott had allowed this little child to come into the study and interrupt whatever work was going on there. Many years after, when Prescott was writing to a friend who had just suffered the loss of a child, he referred to his own unforgotten sorrow in simple but pathetic words.

With even tenderer words Prescott spoke of his father, when the loving tie of years was finally broken by death. He had the joy of keeping his mother with him to within five years of his own death. Seldom has there been a happier household than this of the Prescotts in their different homes, especially in the old ancestral house at Pepperell.

"Ferdinand and Isabella" was published in 1837. It met with instantaneous success. The reviews of the book were able and discriminating, and in every case most gratifying.

The history of the composition, the publication and public reception of "Ferdinand and Isabella" is very much like that of "The Conquest of Mexico," of "The Conquest of Peru," of the "Sketch of Charles V.," and of the unfinished "Philip II." The condition of Prescott's eye varied, so that he was enabled to use it sometimes more frequently, but towards the latter part of his life he had to give up even this moderate indulgence. He so cultivated his memory that he could compose sixty pages of printed text and hold it in his mind till he came to write it out on his noctograph. When, in writing "Philip II.," he found that he could remember perfectly only about forty pages, he felt discouraged at the failure of his memory! His style grew continually more flexible, freer, more sustained and beautiful. He never grew careless in his search for truth, never relaxed his vigilance, never made a statement without being sure that, as far as he was able to weigh evidence, that statement was right and just. What this devotion to a high ideal really meant can be understood only by remembering his natural temperament. There was no cant about William H. Prescott. He seldom spoke the word duty, but after he had decided on his literary course his whole life was molded according to the dictates of what he conceived to be the obligations imposed by his worldly advantages and the intellectual gifts bestowed upon him. He often worked when he did not want to; indeed, there was a constant struggle with a natural tendency to desultory pursuits—to, as it were, drift with the tide rather than stem the current. Prescott was a man of genius, for without that inspired and magnetic quality his



PRESCOTT'S NOCTOGRAPH

Now in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Drawn by H. S. Howland work could not have its perennial vitality, but his genius largely showed itself in what George Eliot called an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Prescott's home life during these busy years when he was working for this immortal fame was most beautiful and noteworthy. There was perfect concord and sympathy between him and his wife, between him and his father and mother, and all the others who made up this joyful household. Prescott's winsomeness of character endeared him to all his friends, while his social attractions, his vivacious conversation, made him much sought by the world. A man of wealth and of intellectual eminence who has a town house in Beacon Street, and a country house at Pepperell, and a house by the sea at Nahant or Lynn, is not apt to be neglected by the world! Prescott saw these things clearly; he took the good the gods provided with hearty thanks, but no success had power to spoil the lovely sincerity of his nature. He showed his friendship and his hospitality the most freely to those who lived obscure lives or to whom fortune had not been kind. His acts of charity were frequent, unostentatious, munificent; sometimes to perform them he gave up some of his cherished plans. Prescott's social instincts were strong, and therein lay one of his temptations. His infirmities and his literary purposes changed his life greatly, but he never allowed them to "shut him from his kind." He dined out frequently, he made many friendships with men of rank and literary eminence, he was the charming playmate of children, the boon companion of young men and maidens.

PRESCOTT

From an unpublished Portrait made towards the end of his life

A visit to England in 1850 was most congenial to one of his temperament. It was, says Ticknor, the most brilliant visit ever made to England by an American citizen not clothed with the prestige of official station. Prescott was the literary lion of the hour, fêted by men of letters, flattered by the nobility, made much of by the Queen and Prince Albert. The letters he wrote home show most delightfully his vivacity, his descriptive powers, and his keen zest of life.

As for Prescott's religion, it lay deep at the very root of his character. "To do well and act justly," he wrote once after he had been passing through some intellectual conflicts, "to fear and to love God, and to love our neighbor as ourselves—in these is the essence of religion. . . . For what we can believe we are not responsible, supposing we examine candidly and patiently. For what we do we shall indeed be accountable. The doctrines of the Saviour unfold the whole code of morals by which our conduct should be regulated. Who, then, whatever difficulties he may meet in particular incidents and opinions recorded in the Gospels, can hesitate to receive the great religious and moral truths inculcated by the Saviour as the words of inspiration? I cannot, certainly. On these, then, I will rest, and for all else

"Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore."

The great Unfolder of mysteries came to Prescott suddenly and mercifully on the 28th of January, 1859. But it came as a blow to friends on two continents. Not only the friends who loved him, but the different societies of America and Europe which had distinguished him with their highest honors, the faculty and students of Harvard College, all who cherished Prescott's work even when they had never seen his face, bore their part in the common mourning. "There was no division of opinion. There was no dissentient, no hesitating voice on either side of the Atlantic. All sorrowfully felt that a great loss had been sustained, that a brilliant and beneficent light had been extinguished."

In an article like this no justice can be done to a man like Prescott. But I have purposely dwelt more upon his character than upon his work, because at this centennial time it seems as if our tributes should be paid more to what Prescott was than to what he did. His work is imperishable; but as the years pass we are perhaps too apt to lose sight of the man in his work, to forget in the splendor of the fame he has won the peculiar value of the message which his beautiful life has for us. That message could be summed up in Carlyle's significant words, "Work, and despair not." Prescott's spirit was indomitable. It gave him power over suffering, it made him the conqueror of his fate. He had that grace of genius which transmuted a lifelong misfortune into a bright and beautiful blessing.

Very truly yours,
Wm H. Prescott

PRESCOTT'S AUTOGRAPH

St. Michael the Weigher

By James Russell Lowell

Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hope, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's hopeless eyes
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of inexorable Law.

Waking, I beheld him there,
With his fire-gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand.
Mighty were they, and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.

"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so:
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began,
In the world, of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the lightning of the East,
Kublai's scepter, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr-ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs,
Broken hearts that broke for Man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on the hand decline,
While Earth's splendor and renown
Mounted light as thistle-down. —*Selected.*

Bicycling for Women

The Puzzling Question of Costume

By R. L. Dickinson, M.D.

THERE are four critics before whom woman's dress must pass—fashion, fitness, health, and artistic beauty. The first is at odds with all the rest. As for art in personal adornment, it cannot be said to exist in a nation tolerating our masculine evening dress, or the deformed woman of our fashion journals. Yet the principle at the foundation of the dress question seems simple. Is it not—shaped clothes for work, draped dress for leisure? For muscle-play, freedom is the first requisite, whether in skating or in scrubbing a floor. It would seem that the principles said by Veblen to govern modern dress, conspicuous expensiveness, novelty, and ineptitude — waste and unfitness in order to prove wealth and leisure—need not apply at all to our subject. But they do, and we shall have to try to adapt them and to secure, notwithstanding, the greatest possible good from this fine exercise. The physician willingly studies details to understand any treatment. He is met with no problem that troubles him more than the prescription for outdoor exercise for woman; for her chances for physical development outside her household duties are limited to a degree that would be ridiculous if it were not pitiable. For instance, in the Greater New York there is no opportunity for a woman to swim in the cooler months except in a poor little tank of very cold water in the cellar of a Turkish bath. House habits, dress habits, and resignation have brought it about that the demand for body-building facilities is small. It is supposed to be sufficient exertion for the sister to wave her handkerchief from the grand stand. With growth comes weakness instead of strength. The physical director tells us that the girls of fourteen can jump one foot higher than the girls of eighteen. The gymnasium, with all its games, is voted dull; the bowling-alley means broken corset-bones under one-sided, sudden strain; dancing is done in a close atmosphere, in wrong dress, during sleep-hours; and horseback riding, especially at a trot or with the close seat, involves a certain jouncing within the snug corset that the tailor-made basque demands. Only the summer presents opportunities that attract, but most of these require much time, and the cost of long vacations. So we turn to wheeling.

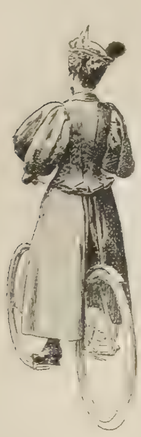


FIG. 1

Skirt smooth over hips; pleats front and back. Tam. with brim.

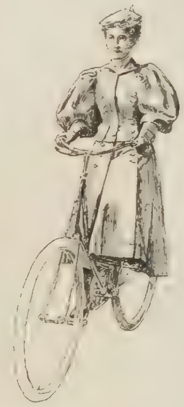


FIG. 2

The Silvia, with front flap half turned back and buttoned.

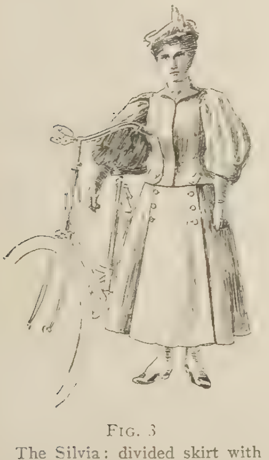


FIG. 3

The Silvia: divided skirt with front flap that can be folded back. A jacket loose in the front is better than the shaped form.

There are four types of bicycling costume for women—the full knickerbocker, resembling the regulation wheelman's suit; the fuller, longer bloomer; the short skirt with leggings; and the skirt to the top of the shoe.

The last is the one decreed by fashion. For the woman who is too thin, for the leisurely rider on level roads in fair weather, and for the woman shy of comment, it gives a suitable garb, together with that comfort which conformity brings. Its convenience at present is that the cyclist can step off her wheel into the shop or house and be clad as her uniformed sisters are.

Even though the skirts measure no more than two and one-half to three yards about the bottom, there is some danger of catching in the rear sprocket; there is always the discomfort of the knee that must tug to lift forward and upward one-half of the garment; and whether there is wind or not, there is with all skirts a certain flop or swing hardly pleasing to the eye. All these difficulties are overcome in some measure by the cut of the skirt falling in two equal pleats, box or folded, on each side of the rear wheel (Fig. 1), by the satin or silk knickerbocker underneath, or by a slippery lining, and by certain recent improvements in the hang of the skirt and the fit in front. Moreover, a broad band of leather or rows of stitching help to keep the skirt down, and lessen the chance of accident.

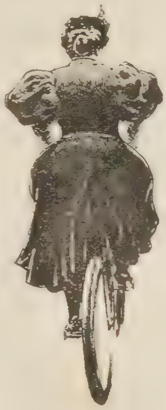


FIG. 4

The stout rider emphasizing her defects by wide sleeves and horizontal lines.

The skirt, the separate jacket, and the shirt-waist form the best combination for comfort. The body-covering that can be taken off on hot rides is hygienically desirable. Here the stout rider, who must shun the horizontal lines that emphasize breadth, and whose success in all costume lies in lines carrying the eye from shoulder to heel, encounters difficulty. For cooler weather it may be overcome by the princesse idea, with the long perpendiculars behind, where breadth most shows, and by a false jacket in front to conceal abdominal prominence (Fig. 5). With these riders it is especially important that no fullness of the skirt should be placed over the hips, but that it should lie in pleats front and rear. The low position of the waist-line of usual street dress has resulted in a figure that is disproportionally short from hip to heel, as shown by the impossible length of leg and skirt in every fashion-plate (Fig. 9). Now, if the skirt is curtailed, the result is a squareness of effect disastrous to the stout woman. The root of the difficulty is that nature ran no horizontal division across the body, and all our attempts to do it result in cutting the dress into parts that cannot be fitted together or designed alike. For the thin woman, however, the skirt stitching and the cross-line of a longish jacket make a broader appearance, and the baggy shoulders are allowable.

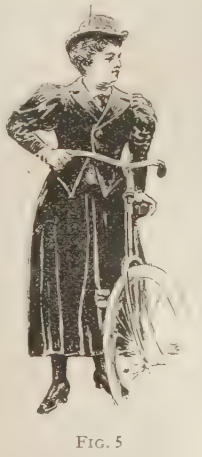


FIG. 5

The gown in one piece, with false jacket for stout woman.

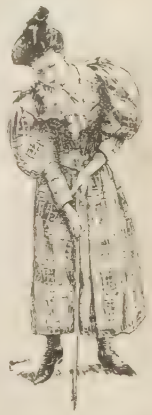


FIG. 6

The long bloomers.

(By permission of the "Metropolitan Magazine.")

Many devices are pictured in the cycling columns of the papers and "The Wheelwoman" for changing the long into the short skirt, and for converting the skirt into bloomers by means of tapes or cords running through eyes. In some the lower edge of the skirt is gathered in at the bottom, and a front piece unbuttoned and removed. In others the center of the lower edge, front and back, may be drawn together. The latter practice, however, produces an undesirable bagginess.

The bloomer falling to the top of the calf, well hung, moderately full, with leggings or stockings below—is not this modest, well adapted to its use, and, to the right women, rightly designed, also becoming? Our standards will shift in that direction, it is safe to predict, and we shall see, as we have not often seen in the past, a happy adaptation of color and design, in this as in all other dress, to increase and set off the beauties of the wearer while masking her defects. It is simply out of artistic question that all women be arrayed after the same pattern or style. Indeed, the writer believes that with the right honor to the body that is sure to come with the lessening of prudery, the closer-fitting clothes for arduous work or play will find their natural place, and that at no distant day.

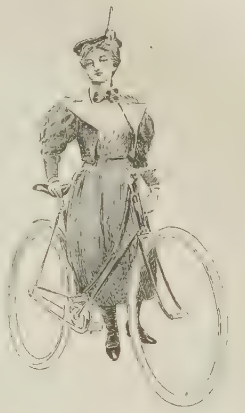


Fig. 7
Tam, Eton jacket, shirt-waist, and short skirt.

How long a time will pass before we shall laugh at the idea of baggy sleeves on the wheel? The Eton jacket is not ungraceful, but hardly as useful as the longer jacket fitted at the back but loose in front. Coat-tails falling below the saddle, on the other hand, blow in the wind.

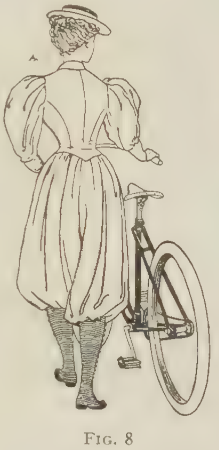


Fig. 8
Well-designed bloomers with ugly waist lines.

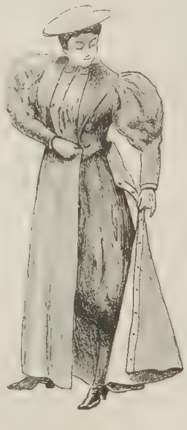


Fig. 9
A removable skirt.

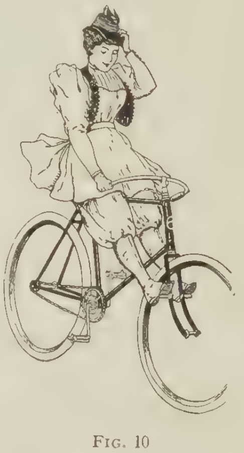


Fig. 10
Short skirt over bloomers flies up.

As for the head-covering, a doctor makes but one point. He speaks for protection for the eyes. The so-called "bicycle face" is mainly a sun-glare scowl. A variety of brims offer sufficient choice: the Alpine hat, the Tam O' Shanter with visor, or with soft, stitched brim all around like the "Beefeater's," or the plain "Tam;" the narrow-brimmed felt often seen with hunting costumes; and, if one dared to say it, the golf cap, and the forbidden yachting cap. Only the usual feminine street hat, compounded of nothing and feathers and flowers, is artistically and practically unsuitable. For sensible foot-coverings there is need of less and less pleading. The high shoe is warmest, and keeps out sand and wet, but its top makes an ugly line. The low shoe with a gaiter fits the need and looks well, and now one can buy high-reaching shoes with long cloth tops. The foot is our one deformed feature, and it claims room. Corns and blisters belong to wheeling as well as to walking.

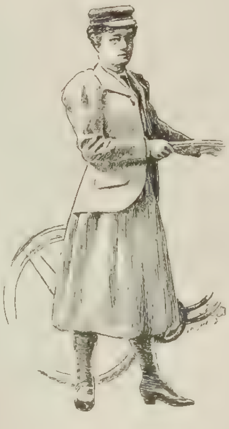


Fig. 11
Shorter bloomers.

You know what I am going to say about corsets? Doctors and artists tell the same old tiresome story? True enough. For in the end the glory and beauty of health will turn all doctors into artists, except for the sanitarians and surgeons, the preventers of disease and menders of accidents. Meanwhile, we who are told that our medicines (without fresh air) and our operations (with no regular muscle-training following) do not cure, are smiling to see the general adoption of a body-swaying exercise that will do more to break corset-bones than all our preaching. To wheel far one must breathe. One-fifth of the breathing capacity is done away with by the loose corset or health waist; the sweep of the diaphragm with each breath, that is wrongly said to belong only to men, is nearly stopped, with all the sluggish action and circulation that follows. Better clothing will develop in civilized women what all savages or animals of either sex practice, and that is like habits of respiration and muscular activity.

Practically, the steps of the change are, when taken gradually, these: Loosened corset, waist-bands, and basque; health waist, union undergarments, and substitution of equestrian tights for the woolen petticoat; and, lastly, abolition of waist-bands except for light skirts, though leaving the hips a certain share of weight to carry, by the general princesse or Empire form for heavier dresses, or a gown-form for every heavy skirt, the dress lining being carried up into a skeleton basque, and the breasts being supported from above, not from below.

Abroad, both in England and on the Continent, the short corset is in general use. Redfern says he can persuade no woman to wear them in New York. It may be noted here that at a meeting of prominent specialists at the New York Academy of Medicine, in the discussion of bicycling for women by men who rode themselves, each speaker had words of strong commendation for this exercise, but each emphatically added his warning against riding in corsets and tight clothing.

My random sketches are chiefly from photographs. Therefore they look stocky beside the woman in "Life" and the "Bazar," whose figures are often drawn nine heads high (Figs. 8, 10) instead of six.

We must see ourselves as the camera sees us before we shall demand art in dress, and we must know ourselves as the trainer and physician know us if we care to grow vigorous, comely, and free from disease, defect, and deformity.

A New Philanthropy

By Frank A. Hutchins

The free traveling libraries which have grown to be very successful branches of the State libraries in the cities and villages of New York and Michigan are being developed in a somewhat new line in Dunn County, Wisconsin. Senator J. H. Stout, of Menominee, Wis., is now putting into operation a system of free traveling libraries intended to give each rural resident of the county something of the same library privileges which residents of the cities enjoy. He has purchased a library which will be subdivided into sixteen smaller libraries of thirty volumes each. Each small library will be put up in a strong, substantial case, with doors, shelves, lock and key, a library record, and, with all its equipments, will be ready to be set up anywhere and managed independently as a complete library.

To secure one of these libraries the people of any neighborhood in Dunn County have only to organize a local library association of responsible people, who will agree to care for the library and return it safely. Each association will pay a fee of $1, and Mr. Stout will bear the expense of transportation both ways. This fee may be paid by an individual, by a round-up of neighborhood nickels, by a society, or in any convenient way; but the books of the library are to be free to all individuals of the community who use them properly, whether they contribute or not. A library will remain in a neighborhood for four months, and will then be exchanged for another.

In putting the scheme into practical operation, Mr. Stout asked the counsel of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, which sent the writer as its representative to Dunn County. He spent some time traveling about the country districts to find out whether the people were willing to do their part of the work, what books were most wanted, and what were most commonly found in the school and home libraries. He found everywhere an intense book-hunger and an eagerness for the libraries. Nearly all of the country schools have libraries, but the volumes are mainly for children and for reference in school work. Only a few volumes are added each year, so that the books have not the attraction of novelty. Adults rarely go to the schools, which are closed part of the year, and are not open on Saturday or available for library distribution during school hours. These school libraries have, however, sent out young men and women with a desire for good books which they cannot gratify. The canvass showed a general consensus of opinion that in isolated farming neighborhoods and in the smaller hamlets the post-offices would be the most convenient places for keeping the libraries, and the postmasters themselves were willing to accept the responsibilities without extra compensation. It is probable, therefore, that the most of the traveling libraries will be looked after by the postmasters.

In New York and Michigan the avowed purpose of the traveling libraries is to cultivate a taste for good reading that shall lead to the establishment of permanent libraries. Mr. Stout's main purpose is to go to communities so small that they cannot have large permanent libraries, and to give them access to the best books with the least possible cost. He is attempting an experiment which, if successful, will put the rural world into much closer relation with the outside world of thought and action, and solve a problem that has perplexed many philanthropists. Many permanent libraries have been bought for rural communities in New England and New York, but they have failed to hold the popular interest because so few new books are added from time to time.

The books for these libraries will be chosen mainly from those great volumes which the experience of all libraries shows are read with avidity by all classes of people. Something there will be for the occasional student, but the main purpose will be to cheer, amuse, uplift, and instruct the average man and woman whose waking hours are mainly given to work. The books of a sample library may show better than a general description the plan upon which these libraries will be made. They are as follows: "Ivanhoe," "John Halifax," "Twice-Told Tales," "Charles O'Malley," "Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Ramona," "A War-Time Wooing," "A Singular Life," "Old-Fashioned Girl," "The Jungle Book," "Cruise of the Ghost," "Little Jarvis," "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Flock of Girls," "My Arctic Journal," "Lost in the Jungle," "Mountains of California," Parkman's "La Salle," "Norway" (Story of the Nations), "Famous American Statesmen," Ball's "Starland," "First Principles of Agriculture," "Cyclopædia of Games and Sports," "Boston Cook Book," "Ivory King," "American Citizen," "Franklin Square Song Book No. 1," "College Songs," "St. Nicholas" (two bound parts).

While each library has only a few of the old-time favorites, and while many of the best children's books are omitted because they are found in nearly all the school libraries, it will readily be seen that a number of such libraries will include a very wide range of the best popular books on all subjects of general interest. The library which follows the idea of the one described will probably include a volume of Dickens, one upon an ancient statesman, and one upon hygiene or botany, and one, probably, upon some popular phase of social science.

Mr. Stout has also a plan for circulating magazines, which city readers have read through, among the country patrons of the traveling libraries. He thinks it possible to pick up enough comparatively new periodicals in his city to send out a good supply of the "Harper's," "Century," "Scribner's," "McClure's," "St. Nicholas," "Youth's Companion," and similar publications with each case. These and some other possibilities are only mentioned to show that much is hoped for from the new plan. Already three little hamlets in Dunn County are preparing to establish reading-rooms in connection with their new libraries.

The Broad View

By Lucy Elliot Keeler

> And not by eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light.
> In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
> But westward look, the land is bright.

What does it mean, this something in Clough's lines which beyond rhythm and picture appeals to us? And to what does Carlyle refer when he talks fiercely of respectability with its thousand gigs? and Matthew Arnold when he asserts that the occupant of every gig is a Philistine? Is it not a warning to get out of the cramped narrowness of our daily lives? to open more than one outlook on life—else we shall catch but faint and tardy glimpses of the radiance that floods it?

When Honorius was told at Ravenna that Roma was lost, he gave signs of the deepest distress, believing that a pet bird of his called Roma was alluded to; and was greatly consoled on discovering that it was merely the capital of the world! "*Rien*," wrote Louis the Sixteenth, because it chanced that day there was no hunt; and while he wrote, Paris surged on to storm the Bastile. But emperors and kings are not solitary in their narrowness.

All of us know the woman who, after a journey to a distant city, comes back to tell us the minutest details of the room in which she was quartered, the situation of the bureau, the number of shelves in the closet; what she thought about the paper on the wall, and what her husband thought about it, and what her sister to whom she had written thought about it. If we ask concerning the music which we ourselves longed to hear, she is reminded that, returning from a certain concert, her husband slipped and fell, and she had to call a carriage, and how it took them to the wrong hotel, and the exact remarks which she made thereon to the driver; and then follows a list of remedies, the order of hot compresses and cold arnica, until you feel you could perform it all yourself backward and in the dark. If you ask about the university settlement work in which her friends were engaged, she is reminded of her own children, and recounts the number of garments she has made for them and the number of ruffles on each; and offers to send you their photographs and locks of their hair. She tells what carpets she is going to take up at the next house-cleaning, and makes you guess how long they have been down, and floods your brain with her petty concerns until you are irritated and exhausted and her presence becomes intolerable.

We may not all err along this line. Our especial window may not face the domestic side. It may be that philanthropy magnifies the importance of some Borrioboola Gha to the exclusion of our own development or the interests of those about us; it may be even books and self-improvement which narrow our vision to the little strip of sky which we think monopolizes the sunshine of life.

Broad views do not depend upon environment. Go where you will, have what you crave, you can never be anything but what you are. The great question for each of us is, What horizon shall I draw about my life? Because we do not shine in society shall we therefore avoid its softening and enlarging influences? Because we appreciate that we shall never be skilled pianists or painters, shall we therefore hesitate to study harmony and form? Because our acquaintances are uncultured, shall we therefore neglect the quickening atmosphere of books? Because our youth has flown, shall we fall behind the times we are in?

THE H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB MEMORIAL CHAPEL

The Higher Life of New Orleans[1]

By Grace King

THE life of New Orleans for the past thirty years has been, in brief, first a struggle for existence, then a struggle for reform. The ten years following the close of the Civil War were consumed in what was felt by both political parties to be a life-and-death contest for the possession of the State Government. The installation of Francis T. Nicholls as Governor of Louisiana, in 1877, put an end to the revolutionary period of the State's post-bellum history, and opened the way to its financial rehabilitation, to the payment and not repudiation of the debt contracted by its carpetbag government. New Orleans rebounded at once from its tense defensive position into the wholesome activity of its normal commercial pursuits. In 1879 the construction of the jetties guaranteed its future as one of the great ports of the country. In 1882 Paul Tulane, by his endowment of a university in the city, assured its future as an educational and civilizing center. Since then the chronicle of the city's reform is practically the chronicle of its natural growth, its progress through the apparently inevitable obstacles of local conditions and, broadly speaking, human nature, away from the old, worn-out standards of the past, to those necessary for the higher and more complicated requirements of the present.

A glance at the census will assist us in clearly defining both the advantages and disadvantages of New Orleans in its civic evolution, in comparison with other cities. It has not been swamped by foreign immigration. By 1890 the population had crept up only to 242,000. Taking it by vote, however, we find this significant distribution of the working force of the city (in round numbers): Native whites, 29,000; foreign-born whites, 15,000; negroes, 15,000. These are the human elements which practically determine the height of life in New Orleans.

From whatever point of view one regards the city, Tulane University forces itself upon the eye and the

Francis T. Nicholls
Ex-Governor of Louisiana. Chief Justice Supreme Court of Louisiana

James Dillard
Dean College of Arts and Sciences Tulane University

Brandt V. B. Dixon
President H. Sophie Newcomb College

Rev. B. M. Palmer
Pastor First Presbyterian Church

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[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895); "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896); "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Melville E. Stone (The Outlook for February 22), and "The Higher Life of Boston," by Edward Everett Hale (The Outlook for March 28). Other articles will be on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder; and on Buffalo, by the Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D.

ARTS AND SCIENCE BUILDING, TULANE UNIVERSITY

mind with all the realism and with all the symbolism of a pharos. Its endowment of one million and fifty thousand dollars came from Paul Tulane, a retired merchant of the city, but its foundation is that of the old University of Louisiana, whose School of Medicine dates from 1834, and its Law School from 1847. So quietly has the new University taken its place in the social and civil life of the community, so imperceptible has been the growth of its influence, that there seems as yet but a vague realization of its directing hold upon the city.

Within the decade, therefore, since the University began its active work in the community, the whole framework of intellectual expression in society (or in societies) has received a new and healthy impetus. Scientific, literary, and art circles have sprung into being where before existed only desultory efforts, or, more accurately speaking, longings; old, neglected libraries have been rehabilitated and started on a fresh career of usefulness, new ones have been created; extension lectures have been given, free drawing classes maintained. Four years ago there was no free reading-room for workingmen in the city; now there are four. The old State Historical Society, roused from a seven years' slumber, has gone to work again, with Professor Fortier as President, and Professor Ficklen (of History and Economics) as Secretary. Professor Fortier had already organized a local Folk-Lore Society. Professor Dillard is the President of a Lyceum Lecture Association. The University's free post-graduate courses in English and Latin for teachers, directed by Dr. Sharp and Professor Dillard, have led to the formation of English and Latin Clubs and given the inspiration to other associations among the teachers for self-improvement. And there are besides, stringing out indefinitely all over society, innumerable amateur groups; small classes for specific reading and study; while in the very center of the beau-monde two large literary clubs have taken root and are flourishing. The mere summary of this extra-mural work suggests what must be the personnel of the University. To hasten over details, the selection of Colonel William Preston Johnston as its first President has furnished an endowment of precedent and example to the University as genuine as that given in money by Paul Tulane. That he should be the first President of an institution so charged with the care of the future, not only of a State, but of a vast section of the country, fits into the converging essentials of time and place with that nice adjustment which human fallibility is glad to accept as providential. And, as it has already passed into the consciousness of Tulane students, and become with them a point of honorable pride, that not one cent in the dowry of their Alma Mater has to be apologized for or explained into good morals by the too prevalent end-justifies-the-means argument, so do they feel that an exceptional privilege has been accorded her in starting her presidential lineage with one to whom even in this day can be applied, with all the force and sincerity of original meaning, the old device: *Sans peur et sans reproche.* Clearly foreseeing the difficulties of organizing the institution demanded within safe limits of its endowment, and determined that lack of wealth should stimulate effort rather than militate against usefulness and prestige, President Johnston, following the example of the Great Napoleon, has chosen his marshals from men in the freshness of youthful vigor and close to the enthusiasms and inspirations of their day. There are few, if any, of his professorial corps who, after ten years of work under him, have passed the meridian of life. These men have brought to the service of the University an amount of volunteer force and warmth which youth only can give, and which money cannot buy. It needs not to be said that the University is progressive in its actions, and perfectly untrammeled in its thought and expression. The academic work has been organized into two colleges—Arts and Sciences and Technology. The former, as has been seen, has widened its scope until it has practically taken in the whole city as a mission field. The College of Technology, which covers all departments of engineering, represents fifteen years of steady devotion by its dean, Dr. Ayers. Recognizing that the great need of the South was the training at home of young men along lines that would fit them to develop the latent possibilities of their section of the country, his aim has been to frame an engineering college on the most approved modern lines, but with features of plan and detail especially suited to the industrial conditions and prospects of the South. The success of the college has more than justified his perspicacity and rewarded his labors. Its graduates are filling important positions, not only in the city and State, but throughout the whole country.

COLONEL WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON
President Tulane University

MOST REV. FATHER JANSSENS
Archbishop of Louisiana (R.C.)

The most popular recognition of Tulane's services comes from hearty appreciation of the great change it has wrought in students' life outside the class-room: in the impetus it has given to open-air sports and athletic exercises as means of recreation. The wholesomeness of this change to general life can be appreciated fully only by those whose experience covers a time when the semi-tropical climate of the city was held sufficient warranty for a semi-languorous state of inactivity even in the young.

The H. Sophie Newcomb College for the higher education of women was founded by Mrs. Josephine Louise Newcomb, as a memorial to her daughter, in 1886, and made a department of Tulane University—a signal and important event in the history of the city.

The location is a happy one, a square in the beautiful garden district; where the college buildings are grouped fraternally with the majestic old oaks, whose wide-spreading, moss-hung branches shade the walks and courts. The contiguous Art Building and Chapel form one of the most picturesque corners in the American portion of the city—that in which architecture and nature more often disagree than harmonize.

Pursuing the same mission as its suzerain Tulane, the Newcomb has been the means of reforming and reorganizing the whole system of female education in New Orleans. The task of remolding the old ingredients of education into the new form, and of leading the requirements of the past up to the standard of the present in a community petrified with feminine conservatism, was one that exacted rare tact, judgment, and skill, and a marvelous amount of patience. This task was confided by the Tulane administrators to Dr. Brandt V. B. Dixon. The Newcomb as it stands to-day, complete in its organization, flushed with life and inspiration, is practically his creation—his answer to the call made upon him, and the result of nine years of concentrated effort towards his ideal.

Graduates from the Newcomb are admitted to the university courses of study in Tulane on the same conditions as young men graduating from the College of Arts and Sciences or Technology. The development of the art department has furnished one of the most gratifying successes of the College, and one of the best, if not the best, testimonials to the correctness of Dr. Dixon's estimate of the latent capabilities of his material. The response he has evoked from the art instinct of women, hitherto limited to music for expression, has been spontaneous and genuine. The conversion of this response into an art movement, free, strong, natural, and painstaking, is due to the genius and single-hearted devotion to art of the professor of drawing and painting, and the director of art instruction of the college, Ellsworth Woodward. In exigencies (as such circumstances in education might be called) where so much depends on the union of individual force and personal character with superior scientific qualifications, it is easier to be prolix than succinct, when the man and the exigency meet, as in this instance. In addition to the usual four years' normal course and special post-graduate classes, a course in ceramic art has been provided, with complete instruction in pottery manufacture and ornamentation. Newcomb has revolutionized the student life of the girls, as Tulane has done with the boys. The old conventional rules and regulations hitherto prevailing have been forced to yield to a generous freedom for both mind and body. Physical training and open-air recreation are now provided by every girls' school in the city.

H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB MEMORIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

In the chronicle of the city's benefactors, three other women follow close after Mrs. Newcomb in good work for the advancement and betterment of their fellow-citizens. The medical department of Tulane now occupies a handsome building, erected and furnished by Mrs. Ida A. Richardson as a memorial of her late husband, for many years Dean of the Medical Department.

The Howard Memorial Library, an invaluable benefaction to scholar and student, is the gift of Miss Annie Howard to the city, and the noble tribute of a daughter to the memory of her father. Limited by its foundation to a reference library, and as such seeking its development in the acquiring of the complete bibliography of Louisiana, there seemed a danger of a serious narrowing of its original philanthropic ideal. An ideal, however, is hard to bind. A surplus library has accumulated around the reference library, formed from its natural pruning and weeding out. These books, numbering many thousands, are being portioned out in small collections, which it is proposed to loan *en bloc* to the country towns, to be enjoyed by them as circulating libraries.

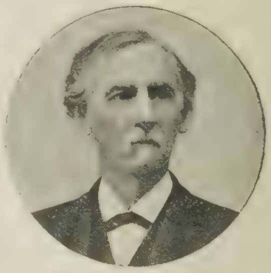
Mrs. J. L. Harris maintains a free kindergarten in one of the poorest and most populous districts of the city—the first institution of its kind in the city, and as such the parent of a zealous progeny of women's missions among women, children, and factory-girls (the latter a comparatively new class and an increasing one, and one which is obtruding itself more and more on the serious consideration of the community). The Christian Woman's Exchange stands at the head of the unendowed philanthropic associations in the city. It was organized in 1881, to aid the large number of gentlewomen in the community who, by the Civil War, had been deprived not only of means of support, but of their protectors as well. The local situation and circumstances called for working methods somewhat different from those adopted by the first Woman's Exchange of New York. The adoption of these methods, their slow and tactful adjustment, and the consequent fair and safe progress of the Exchange, through all obstacles, to success, is attributed to the steadfast resolution and brilliant executive ability of its President, Mrs. Robert M. Walmsley. At present the Exchange owns its building, a valuable piece of property, and owes not a cent of debt. Besides its regular exchange business, it maintains an art embroidery department, which awards annually a gold medal for decora-

Justice E. D. White
Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court
A Leader in the Anti-Lottery Movement

Hon. Murphy J. Foster
Governor of Louisiana

Jefferson Bloom
House Surgeon, Charity Hospital

Alcée Fortier
President Louisiana State Historical Society



Stanford E. Chaillé
Dean of the Medical Department
Tulane University

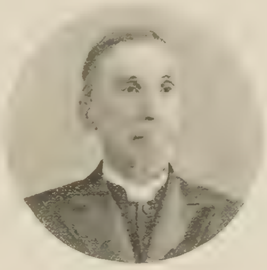
Brown Ayres, B.Sc., Ph.D.
Dean of College of Technology
Tulane University

THE RT. REV. DAVIS SESSUMS
Bishop of Louisiana

tive designs, competed for by local artists; and carries, as a necessary adjunct, a restaurant and lunch-room (with reduced rates for shop-girls and workingwomen), and a lodging department for single ladies. During the first thirteen years of its existence it has paid to gentlewomen, for their work, over two hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars. The Woman's Club, with its strong membership and steadily growing influence in all directions for the advancement of women and the civil and social betterment of their condition as wage-earners, stands shoulder to shoulder with the Christian Woman's Exchange. The "Business Woman's Exchange," W. C. T. U. restaurants and lunch-rooms, and those charitable congeners, the "Hospital for Incurables," "Home for the Homeless," Sophie C. Hart "Day and Night Nursery," the "Memorial Home," a rescue mission, are but a few, and the easiest enumerated, of an infinitely ramifying series of civic responsibilities—duties they may well be called—which women have undertaken in New Orleans within the last decade.

In any such enumeration by a native of the city, pains is always taken to recall the fact that the first statue to a woman in the United States was erected in New Orleans to Margaret Haughery, the humble laundress, milkwoman, and baker, who, although she could not read or write, made fortune enough to build and sustain orphan asylums during her lifetime, and to leave at her death legacies to every asylum in the city, Catholic and Protestant, white and black, alike.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children furnishes a striking illustration of the irresistible manner in which a vitally needful charity makes itself known and forces its way into an efficient position. It was not until five years ago that the Rev. Alfred E. Clay, of the Methodist Church, in his ministrations among the poor, was brought face to face with a growing phase of unspeakable misery and evil in the community: the utterly unprotected and unpoliced condition of child life among the lawless and vicious poor. He had but to publish in the daily papers one or two of the cases personally known to him; a society well provided with funds immediately sprang to his assistance; the requisite investment of legal authority was obtained from the Legislature, and from the city full police co-operation and assistance. A Waifs' Home was established, and, to quote the sequel from the fourth and last annual report, the number of children rescued, protected, and otherwise cared for during the Society's existence is 8,879. A "Fresh-Air Outing," inaugurated last summer, gave 340 children an excursion to the seacoast, near Biloxi; and arrangements are now being made to erect on the land given the Society in this locality a number of cottages sufficient to lodge "outing" children during the summer, and to serve as a sanitarium for sickly children and mothers during the winter. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals antedates the former society by several years. In New Orleans, as in other new fields, it has had to struggle—almost to affront persecution, at first for popular toleration of its merciful mission, and then for popular encouragement in carrying it out. Thanks to a small band of indomitable members, the Society has at last conquered its territory, planted its flag, obtained from State and city full and unreserved powers of action, has enrolled in the city alone over a thousand children in Bands of Mercy, and is working its way into a permanent place in the budget of every humane person's necessary expenditures.



Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell
Rector of Trinity Chapel. A Worker among the Poor

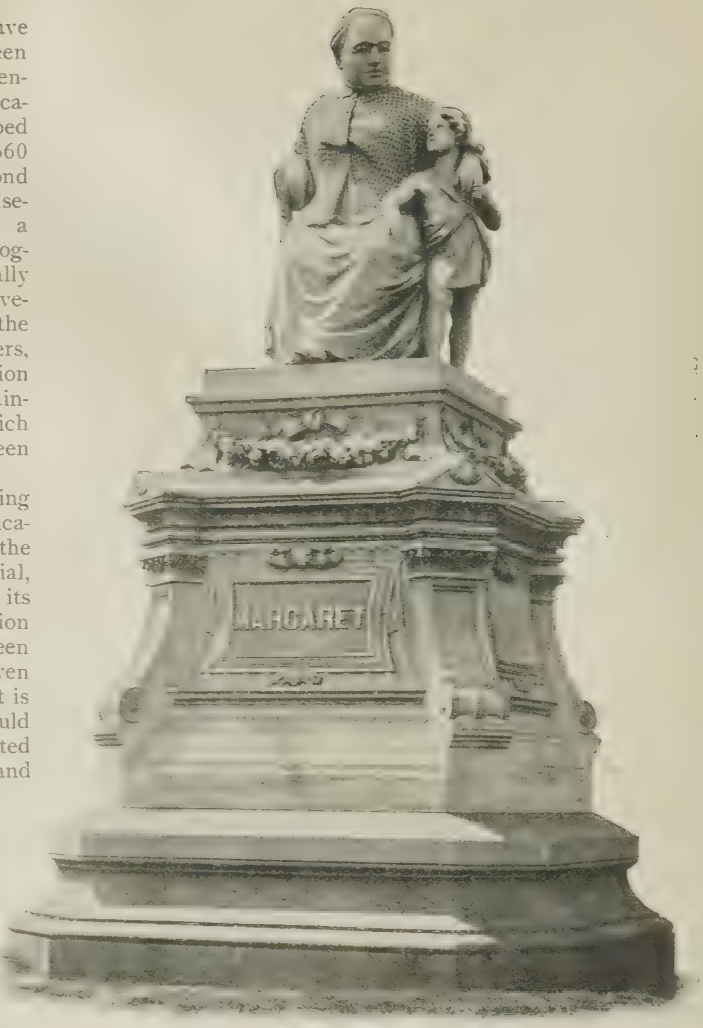
M. Ernest Kruttshmitt
Chairman Anti-Lottery League
President of Board of Directors of City Schools

One of the best uses of adversity in the city (and it has had many good uses) has been its equipping the public schools with a class of teachers such as perhaps no other city in the Union possesses. The turning of the best blood in the city to the best use of good blood—teaching the children of the people—is the primary reason that the periodical reports of the public schools of New Orleans, in comparison with those of other large cities, read more like the hopeful theories of superintendents than their sober realities. Over these providentially sent teachers, as they may be termed, is a School Board whose organization may reasonably be considered the best in the United States. Practically withdrawn from politics since 1888, and thus assured of continuity as well as continuance of system, the directors, through their able and zealous Superintendent, the Hon. Warren Easton, have been enabled to push steadily forward, advancing the grade, until the curriculum offered has at last reached the old standard of 1860, the standard that was then cited with pride as the best in the United States—an achievement ranked locally with that of State bonds attaining a standard above par. Kindergartens have been established in the elementary departments of all but a few districts, which are in process of being supplied. Music has been added in all the schools (French has always been required in all high schools). Numerous scholarships open free Newcomb College and University courses to graduates from the high schools. The constant increase of attendance has more than taxed the accommodation. Indeed, in the bankrupt condition of the public-school fund, brought on by the carpetbag government of

COLONEL WILLIAM G. VINCENT
President Anti-Lottery League

the State, the free education of its children would have seemed a hopeless effort for the city had it not been for the remnants saved of the legacy left a half-century ago by the philanthropist McDonogh for the education of the poor. This has built, bought, and equipped thirty handsome school-houses, whose capacity of 16,660 represents annually just so many children who, beyond peradventure, would otherwise have been school-houseless. Within these bare and hurried outlines lies a world of patriotic activity and zealous devotion to progress and reform—or progress with reform, as it really is: the various teachers' associations for mutual improvement or literary exercises and for assistance or relief; the annual courses of pedagogy from distinguished teachers, and lectures; and that most inspiring work, the formation of public-school libraries, purchased entirely by entertainments and enterprises of teachers and scholars (which exemplifies the thorough *entente cordiale* existing between them).

The great problem of the city's health has been working its way towards solution in a parallel line with the educational and industrial problems—starting always from the nominal zero which represents the educational, industrial, and hygienic condition of the city thirty years ago. In its organization the Board of Health shares the distinction claimed for the School Board. It also has practically been withdrawn from partisan or spoils politics since 1888. Even in this era of political pessimism, if not skepticism, it is hard to conceive how a humanly organized board could have performed more faithfully patriotic and disinterested service, or accomplished a more steadily progressive and reforming administration of its official functions. Of its two departments, the Quarantine and the Sanitary, the former, through the vital necessity of circumstances, was forced into a predominance over the latter. Although the wisdom of this predominance has never been questioned in the past, there is a growing restlessness and impatience among the citizens to have the sanitation of their city brought up to the same standard of efficient completeness which the Quarantine Department has finally attained. The biennial reports of the Presidents of the Board of Health, covering the history of the quarantine service of Louisiana, give in detail the slow steps of experimentation and trial by which the theory of quarantine against zymotic diseases fought its way through an obstinate and, as it now seems, criminal opposition into that practical application by which yellow fever is no more expected now in a New Orleans than in a New York summer.



STATUE OF MARGARET

The Louisiana quarantine apparatus and methods of disinfection, perfected under the present President of the Board of Health, Dr. Samuel R. Oliphant, have been adopted generally by all the ports of the Gulf and Southern Atlantic coasts, and the value of this efficient quarantine service to the whole country is incalculable. The moral effect of certain safety against foreign contagious diseases has been as marked as the industrial activity that has resulted from it. And, furthermore, the prompt application of efficient disinfection at infected points inland has put an end to those panics and the barbarities of impromptu quarantine which were as demoralizing to a people as the epidemics were. The steady reduction of the death list, and its comparatively insignificant proportion in comparison with the old ante-bellum mortuary reports, has had the effect of throwing the citizens into the most optimistic sense of security in the city's general superiority of healthiness over other cities in the country. This delusion, as it undoubtedly is, presents one of the most serious obstacles which the Board of Health meets, even in the limited and (for want of means) restricted work of its sanitary department. The upper classes tolerate, at best, with indifferent carelessness the prying and domestic interference of health officials; while police reinforcement is needed for the elementary precautionary measures of house, water, milk, food inspection, vaccination, disinfection of premises, removal or isolation of contagious cases in the overcrowded negro and low white (generally Italian) districts—always the centers and distributing points of moral and physical disease in the community.

There is a vast and discouraging difference between the State and city officials in regard to the health problem. Visitors are so unanimous in pronouncing New Orleans the dirtiest and most foul-smelling city in the Union that it seems surprising that the city administrators should not be a little shaken in their determined conviction of the contrary. Not that there has not been some attempt to adopt the standard of order and cleanliness which civilization has imposed upon cities of far lesser degree elsewhere; there has been more than one such attempt, but it was always the spasmodic effort of a slatternly housewife under the lashing of an irate husband's tongue, promising herself the while the consolation of a reaction into viler laziness than before. A city is no more incurably slovenly than a woman; at least husbands and citizens are not easily brought to

HOWARD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

WOMEN'S WARD, CHARITY HOSPITAL

believe so. But it must seem at times a desperately despairing undertaking in either husbands or citizens to force a superior standard of decency and cleanliness upon natures (be they in wives or city fathers) in obstinate and obtuse revolt against it. The citizens of New Orleans, year in and year out, seesaw between the heights of desperation and depths of humiliation over the condition of their streets, and here, as elsewhere, a demand for the ordinary cleanliness of life necessary to the comfort of people above the civilization of Hottentots is made a political issue. During the past four years, however, there has been made a record of improvements unsurpassed in any similar period since the war. Miles of streets have been paved—but they are still bordered by reeking gutters of stagnant water; and the elevation of streets and sidewalks in certain localities has condemned others to an amphibious and semi-overflowed condition. A system for the removal of garbage has been adopted, but for want of sufficient police it has not been enforced upon the districts most needing it; a few blocks back from the main thoroughfares one would suppose a system for the non-removal of garbage had been let out by contract. The police force has never in the history of the city received more earnest attention; footpads, however, infest not only every suburb, but the fashionable streets of the garden district, waylaying ladies and children; and the inefficiency of the police in the last labor strikes, as is known, disgraced the city throughout the whole country. There will be opened shortly in the city a Free City Library—the wise consolidation of two small libraries, the Fisk and the McDonogh. Handsomely housed, generously equipped, and to be administered in the widest and most cordial spirit of solicitude for the public good, it must undoubtedly throughout the future of the city evoke the gratitude of all good citizens. Yet grog-shops have so multiplied that, unless counteracting measures can be taken, in that same future of the city a hundred men, and perhaps women, will be found taking a drink, to one taking a book out of the library. Electric cars have been substituted for mule cars, and in architecture there has not been, since the flush days of the fifties, so many notable additions to the number of handsome buildings in the city; and there is every prospect of obtaining (since the jetties) that crowning industrial benefaction to the city as a port, free wharfage.

JACKSON MONUMENT AND ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL

That the city has not suffered more from its official neglect, if not utter defiance, of the laws of civic hygiene is due not only to its practically all the year round open-air climate, but to its admirable hospital system, and, first and foremost, to its Charity Hospital. Charitable in the broadest sense of the term, it receives and cares for, without distinction, white and black, foreign and native born. Over twenty thousand patients a year receive treatment in it. Like that of the School Board and Board of Health, the administration of the Charity Hospital is a branch of the public service of which the people of the State speak only with proud satisfaction. The Hebrew Charity Hospital, the Tours Infirmary, which treats over sixteen thousand a year, admirable also in its organization and administration, has been an able assistant in relieving the city in the care of its sick.

As we have seen in this hurried summary, the history of New Orleans during the past thirty years has been the history of a healthy convalescence, the natural recovery of a strong constitution after a painful and dangerous accident. The recovery, as we see it now, was so evident; the progress in every department, industrial, educational, and charitable, so unmistakable, and the city so filled with recuperative energy, that it seems incomprehensible that the ability of the State and city to provide for and maintain their institutions could have been seriously doubted by any considerable number of its population. Nevertheless, it was only four years ago that a powerful faction was formed in State politics in favor of an amendment to the Constitution whereby a recharter of twenty-five years should be given to the Louisiana State Lottery in consideration of the sum of one million dollars annually to be expended on levees, schools, charities, pensions, and drainage. The episode of the struggle of the Lottery party to bring this amendment to the vote of the people is one of the curiosities of the political history of the United States. The resistance of the Anti-Lottery party against readopting the ethical standard of the negro and carpetbag Legislature which incorporated a lottery company into the body of the State, and regiving it the State's name, was heroic. From the vantage-point of after-knowledge one can see that the issue, like all great moral issues, had been silently enlisting its partisans years in advance. When an impassioned divine in the Methodist Church, with language and emotion not to be withstood, preached against the recharter of the Louisiana Lottery Company by the approaching Legislative Assembly, the congregation blazed like tinder under a spark. The sermon was printed and circulated widely. In the city its effect was that of an alarum. A few citizens met together in private and determined to form an Anti-Lottery League. Colonel William G. Vincent, an old soldier and unimpeachable citizen, was chosen President. From the original five members the League grew until it spread all over the State, and counted in its ranks every prominent divine and educator in city and State. The official notice that the amendment was to be proposed was followed by Governor Nicholls's public pledge that he would veto it. Then the campaign opened—if an uninterrupted hand-to-hand struggle can be called a campaign. Each detail of it seemed momentous. The vulgar estimation of the forces was that the Lottery had the power of money, its opponents the power of morality; and it must be frankly confessed that there was very little doubt in the majority of the minds of the citizens—the plain, practical business minds, as they were called—which power would, under these circumstances, gain the victory.

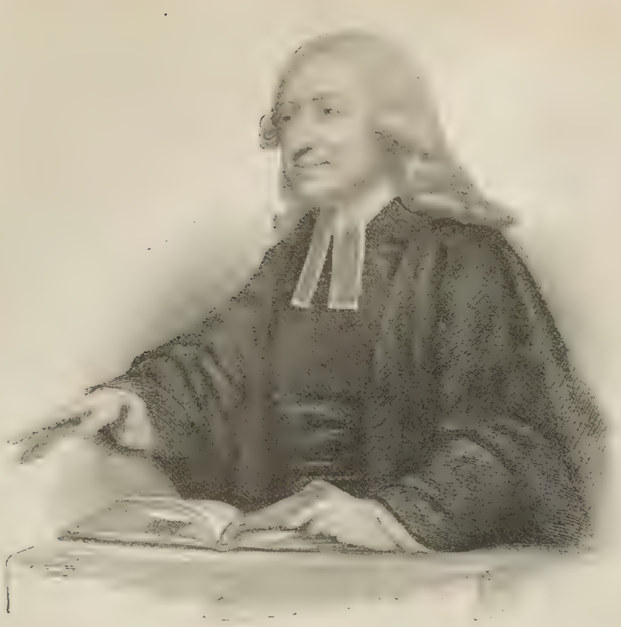
M'DONOGH SCHOOL NO. 14

The Legislature met. The amendment was passed. Governor Nicholls returned it with a ringing veto. The struggle to pass the bill over the veto commenced. The President of the Lottery Company, domiciling himself in Baton Rouge, personally marshaled his forces and directed his campaign. Over against him was Governor Nicholls in the Executive Mansion, and the young Senator from St. Mary, Murphy J. Foster, whose brilliant display of leadership and indomitable courage and integrity made him conspicuous as a fitting successor to Nicholls in the gubernatorial chair. The country press, with only one or two exceptions, was unanimously in favor of the Lottery. In the city not a sheet could be obtained for the Anti-Lottery side. In order to have one organ of communication in the city, and from it to the outside world, a small paper, the "New Delta," was established by private subscription. The vicissitudes of this little privateer journal form one of the most interesting episodes in the great struggle. Twice the requisite last one vote was gained, but before it could be used it was lost—death interposing once, once sudden and no less fearful illness. To sustain the courage of their little phalanx in the Capitol, the Anti-Lottery League crowded meetings upon meetings, taxing themselves over and over again to fill depleted coffers. Judge Edward D. White (now of the United States Supreme Court) made a series of speeches unsurpassable in eloquent denunciation of the proposed scheme. The venerable and beloved Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer, before an august assembly in the Grand Opera-House, gave the most memorable address of the campaign (perhaps the most memorable of his life). Bishop Sessums addressed a similar assembly shortly afterwards. Archbishop Janssens from the first threw the whole force of his personal and official influence against the Lottery.

A Woman's Anti-Lottery League was one of the notable features of the little revolution, and with the women such a cause could not but be a religious, perhaps fanatical, crusade. Their contributions of money were a timely relief to the always struggling but plucky "New Delta." The career of the question of the rechartering of the Louisiana State Lottery through the Union outside of Louisiana, its appearance in Congress, in journals, in magazines, in conclave and debate, in pastoral letters, the famous interposition of Cardinal Gibbons, form another and not less interesting chapter in the history. The dramatic withdrawal of the proposition of recharter terminated the Lottery's official connection with Louisiana, and put an end to its vast traffic in New Orleans. Lottery shops were closed, drawings (grand, golden, annual, semi-annual, monthly, weekly, daily), with their picturesque advertisements and alluring promises of fortune, passed out of the existence of the place; and, for the first time in twenty-five years, the passing eye looked in vain for the white-chalk figures which gave the lucky numbers of to-day and the fluttering blue paper tickets which held the lucky numbers of the morrow. Life in New Orleans had risen above it.

A. B. MILES AMPHITHEATER, CHARITY HOSPITAL

JEWISH ORPHANS' HOME



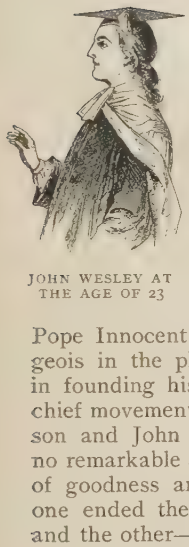
JOHN WESLEY

John Wesley[1]

Prophets of the Christian Faith Series—VII.[2]

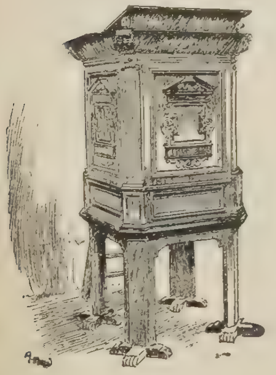
By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D.

Dean of Canterbury



JOHN WESLEY AT THE AGE OF 23

It has often happened that the most memorable revolutions or reawakenments in the moral and spiritual world have been achieved by men who were not remarkable either for learning or for genius. St. Francis of Assisi awoke the Church of the thirteenth century from its gorgeous dreams of dominion and luxury, and has eternized his name on the bright lists of sainthood; but the humble brown figure of the poor illiterate wanderer looks absolutely insignificant beside the purpureal stateliness of Pope Innocent III. There was something almost bourgeois in the plain homeliness of St. Vincent de Paul, yet in founding his sisterhoods of mercy he inaugurated the chief movements of social philanthropy. Thomas Clarkson and John Howard were simple country squires, with no remarkable endowments of any kind except the genius of goodness and the sensibility of compassion, yet the one ended the slave trade and emancipated the slave, and the other—traversing Europe, as Edmund Burke said, "to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt"—purified the prisons of the Christian world from their enormous abuses and dehumanized loathliness. There were many noblemen of the last generation who towered over the late Earl of Shaftesbury in the splendor of their attainments and their oratory, yet none of them, not one of the Archbishops, Bishops, and great ecclesiastics of his day, effected one tithe of his mighty work of beneficence for the poor women of the mines and collieries, for the factory children, for the little "climbing boys," for the waifs and strays and gutter-children of London, for the costermongers, for maltreated lunatics, and for hosts of the oppressed. To this order of men, though he was superior to them in learning, belonged John Wesley. He found a Church forgetful and neglectful of its duties, somnolent in the plethora of riches, and either unmindful or unwisely mindful of the poor. He found churches empty, dirty, neglected, crumbling into hideous disrepair; he found the work of the ministry performed in a manner scandalously perfunctory; he found in the ranks of the priesthood more than enow



WESLEY PULPIT AT OXFORD

JOHN WESLEY

(1765) From the Painting by Hone

> of such as, for their bellies' sake,
> Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.
> . . . .
> And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
> But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
> Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
> Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

Doubtless in his day, as in Milton's, it might have been said,

> But that two-handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

But John Wesley, becoming magnetic with moral sincerity, flashed into myriads of hearts fat as brawn, cold as ice, hard as the nether millstone, the burning spark of his own intense convictions, and thus he saved the Church, which at first had nothing for him but sneers, hatred, and persecution. Wesley never was an enemy to the Church of England. He loved the Church which hated him. He included her name in his daily "grace before meat." He died in her full communion. He would have said, as sincerely as Edmund Burke, "I wish to see the Church of England great and powerful; I wish to see her foundation laid low and deep; I would have her open wide her hospitable gates by a liberal comprehension; I would have her a common blessing to the world, an example, if not an instructor, to those who have not the happiness to belong to her; I would have her give a lesson of peace to mankind, that a vexed and wandering generation may be taught to seek refuge and toleration in the bosom of her maternal charity." And he distinctly saved the Church of England from the Nemesis of just retribution, which but for him would sooner or later have overwhelmed her in indiscriminate collapse, and might not improbably have buried under her heaps of ruin all that was best in the great heritage of English religion. He set her the example of indefatigable activity, of immense and ungrudging self-sacrifice, of that true beauty of holiness which shines in the life of every Christian who "makes his moral being his prime care," and gives the actual, not the merely nominal, sovereignty to the beliefs which he professes to regard as supreme. He saved the Church of England, though at first she so angrily and contemptuously rejected him, and, just as from the mouth of Socrates issued forth

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[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "What is a Prophet?" by Lyman Abbott (The Outlook for December 14, 1895); "The Apostle Paul," by the Rev. George Matheson, D.D. (December 21, 1895); "Clement of Alexandria," by the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. (January 4, 1896); "St. Augustine," by the Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D.D. (February 8); "Wycliffe," by Dean Fremantle (March 14); and "Martin Luther," by Adolf Harnack (March 28). Following articles in the series will be by Principal Fairbairn, the Rev. A. V. G. Allen, D.D., and the Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D.

[2] The illustrations in this article are reproduced by permission of the Methodist Library, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

> Mellifluous streams which watered all the schools
> Of Academics old and new, with those
> Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
> Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,

so, from the impulse which Wesley gave, originated almost every form of special religious enthusiasm since his day. Thus he became one of the most disinterested of those benefactors of mankind who "have raised strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to our earth."

EPWORTH CHURCH

One great virtue in his character was that sovereign religious tolerance which is so infinitely rare amid the divergences of religious shibboleths. In the first century the heathen said, "See how these Christians love one another;" but, long before the third century, the *odium theologicum* had culminated in those execrable forms of religious virulence which, if "love" be indeed the fulfilling of the law, are the very antithesis of the Christlike spirit, at which all *profess* to aim who take Christ for an ensample that they should walk in his steps. It is a splendid testimony to Wesley's moral insight and spiritual greatness that "no reformer the world has ever seen so united faithfulness to the essential doctrines of Revelation with charity towards men of every Church and creed." This spirit of John Wesley has been found, theoretically at least, only in the best and greatest Christians.

Bishop Sanderson pointed out to some of the narrowest of the post-Reformation sectaries that "the Church was not to be confined to the narrow pingle of a room in Amsterdam." William Penn uttered the great sentiment, so dear to the heart of Abraham Lincoln, that the meek, the just, the pious, the devout, are everywhere of one religion, and that when death hath taken off these masks they will know and love one another. The devout Dominican Henri Feyrrane saw, as Lacordaire also saw, that the worst possible policy is "to make the gate of the Church bristle with anathemas, as with razors and pitchforks." But too many nominal Christians have forgotten that all these words and actions tend to reduce the Church to the same deplorable chaos of mutual hatreds and fierce disdain which Christ found among the Pharisees and Sadducees of Jerusalem, when he chose the hated and heretical Samaritan as his exemplary type of the goodness which loved its neighbor.

I dwell on this high virtue of Wesley because it is so exceptional, and because it was never more needed than in these days. Writing in advanced age to the Bishop of Lincoln, he said: "Alas! my Lord, is this a time to persecute any man for conscience' sake? I beseech you do as you would be done to. You are a man of sense; you are a man of learning; nay, I verily believe (what is of infinitely more value) you are a man of piety. Then think and let think." Again, how wise are the remarks in the preface to his Sermons: "Some may say I have mistaken the way myself, though I have undertaken to teach others. It is very possible that I have. But I trust, whereinsoever I have been mistaken, my mind is open to conviction. I sincerely desire to be better informed. What I know not, teach thou me. '*Da mihi scire*,' as says St. Augustine, '*quod sciendum est*.' If I linger in the path I have been accustomed to tread, . . . take me by the hand and lead me. . . . But be not discouraged if I ask you not to beat me down in order to quicken my pace. May I request you further not to give me hard names in order to bring me into the right way? . . . For God's sake, if it be possible, let us not provoke one another to wrath. Let us not kindle in each other this fire of hell. If we could discern truth by that dreadful light, would it not be loss rather than gain? For how far is love, even with many wrong opinions, to be preferred before truth itself without love! We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom. But if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels!"

THE FOUNDRY, MOORFIELDS

The ground for this wise and noble tolerance, which is one of Wesley's special lessons to this religiously distracted age, was his clear realization of the truth—demonstrated by all history—that while unity of spirit is attainable, uniformity of organization is not; that while there can be but one flock of the Good Shepherd, there always have been and to the end of time there will be many folds. Dean Stanley delighted in a story—I know not its source and will not vouch for its authenticity—which he called "Wesley's Dream." It told how Wesley dreamt that, wandering to the gate of Gehenna, he asked whether there were any Romanists, any Anglicans, any Baptists, any Calvinists, any Independents there, and was told in each case, "Yes, a great many," and was yet more deeply pained when, asking, "And are there any Wesleyans here?" it was still answered, "Yes, a great many." Then, returning to the gate of Heaven, he asked, "Are there any Romanists here?" "None whatever." "Any Anglicans?" "None whatever." "Any Baptists?" "None whatever." "Any Calvinists?" "None whatever." "Any Wesleyans?" Still none whatever. "Whom then have you here?" he asked in amazement. "We have none but Christians here," was the answer; "we know no other name." Whether the story was a pleasing allegory of the Dean's or not, I cannot tell; but this I know, that Wesley's sermon on the Catholic Spirit would have the honor of being thought shockingly lax by bigots of every denomination, yet all true Christians might well say with him, "I desire to have a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ. We have all not only one Lord, one faith, one baptism, but we are all also engaged in one warfare."

THE HOUSE IN WHICH WESLEY DIED
City Road, London

As another of Wesley's exemplary qualities I would single out his sovereign common sense, which is also an endowment much liable to overthrow by the violences of egotistical dogmatism. Though many have identified his teaching mainly with certain formulæ, Wesley had no faith in the bare reiteration of shibboleths. His idea of a "Gospel sermon" was not the narrowly ignorant one which supposes it to consist in the incessant repetition of phrases —phrases often originally meaningless to many of those who used them, or which have become stereotyped into mere inanity and fetichism. In his diary for November 20, 1785, he writes: "I preached in Bethnal Green, and spoke as plainly as I possibly could, on having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof. And this I judged far more suitable to such a congregation than talking about justification by faith." How free, again, from all hysteric excitability was the entire attitude of his religion! Some one had been talking in an exaggerated and fantastic way about death, and asking what he would do if he knew that he would die the next day. "What should I do?" he said. "Exactly what I shall do now. I should call and talk to Mr. So-and-so, and Mrs. So-and-so; and dine at such an hour, and preach in the evening, and have supper, and then I should go to bed and sleep as soundly as ever I did in my life." His feeling about death was that, so far from being terrible, it was man's great birthright; and he would say, with the poet:

> To you the thought of death is terrible,
> Having such hold on life; to me it is not;
> No more than is the lifting of a latch,
> Or as a step into the open air
> Out of a tent already luminous
> With light that shines through its transparent folds.

Again, it was no small matter that, in an age so corrupt and decadent as his, in which the dregs of sensuality and worldliness poured over the glorious England of Puritanism by the despicable epoch of the Restoration had reduced religion to a Dead Sea of torpid unreality, Wesley, like the great Hebrew prophets of old, should have stood forth as a preacher of righteousness. No preacher or reformer can effect great results unless he insists upon Christ's plain teaching that, if we would ever enter into the kingdom of heaven, we must keep the commandments. Late in his career he said: "Near fifty years ago a great and good man, Dr. Potter, then Archbishop of Canterbury, gave me an advice for which I have ever since had occasion to bless God. 'If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature, but in testifying against open and notorious vice and in prompting real spiritual holiness.' Let us keep to this, leaving a thousand disputable points to those that have no better business than to toss the ball of controversy to and fro, and let us bear a faithful testimony in our several stations against all ungodliness and unrighteousness, and with all our might recommend that inward and outward holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

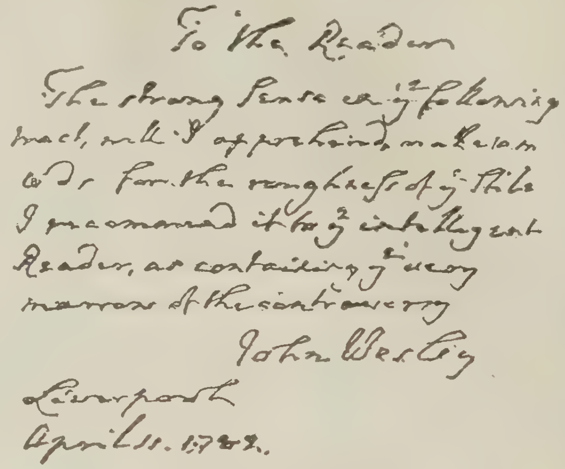
It may be, as I have said, that in talent, in imagination, in learning, in the pure and undefinable quality of genius, Wesley was not the equal of many of his contemporaries; but which among them all equaled him in versatility of beneficence, in zeal of self-sacrifice, in the munificence of his generosity, or in the luster of the example which he has left to all the world? Consider his supreme disinterestedness, his unparalleled courage, his indefatigable toils. How many have there been in all the centuries who made such an absolute offering of his money to God, and, living on less than many a curate's salary, gave away £40,000? Consider, again, his unparalleled courage. How many have shown equal undauntedness? Men admire the courage of the soldier who heads the forlorn hope through the cross-fire of the batteries, of the sailor or of the fireman who, at personal risk, plucks from destruction an imperiled life; but such physical courage is a million times cheaper and more common than that of the scholar, the gentleman, the clergyman, who, in that age, day after day, month after month, year after year, in England, in America, in Scotland, in Wales, in Ireland, even in the Isle of Man, could, voluntarily and out of the pure love of souls, face raging mobs and descend to what was then regarded as the vulgar humiliation of preaching in the open air. And higher even than this was the moral and spiritual courage which, in the calm of blameless innocence, could treat the most atrocious and the most persistent calumnies with the disdainful indifference of unblemished rectitude. When even Charles Wesley was thrown into a fever of agonized excitement by the scandal against his brother caused by his wife's publication of stolen, forged, or interpolated letters, and wanted him to stay in London and expose the slander, John Wesley remained perfectly calm, knowing that no real harm can befall

> The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
> By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.

"Brother," he said, "when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I exempt my reputation?" Then consider his indefatigable toils—those sixty-eight years of service; the 4,400 miles which he traveled yearly on the execrable roads of those days; the 225,000 miles which he traversed in his lifetime; the 42,400 sermons—sometimes as many as fif-

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH BUILT IN NEW YORK CITY
John Street

teen a week—which he preached even after his return from Georgia—preached mostly in the open air, and sometimes to as many as 20,000 souls; those endless meetings, those burdensome anxieties, those numerous publications, that love of so many communities, continued amid incessant attacks of the mob, the pulpit, and the press, and scarcely ever relaxed till the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. Could a clergyman of any denomination, amid the work which, in comparison to his toils, is but ease and supineness, think it anything but an honor to profess reverence for the memory of one who so heroically lived and so nobly died? Although the world and the Church have learned to be comparatively generous to Wesley now that a hundred years have sped away, and though the roar of contemporary scandal has long since ceased, I doubt whether even now he is at all adequately appreciated. I doubt whether many are aware of the extent to which to this day the impulse to every great work of philanthropy and social reformation has been due to his energy and insight. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London Missionary Society, even the Church Missionary Society, owe not a little to his initiative. The vast spread of religious instruction by weekly periodicals, and the cheap press with all its stupendous consequences, were inaugurated by him. He gave a great extension to Sunday-schools and the work of Robert Raikes. He gave a great impulse both to national education and to technical education, and in starting the work of Silas Told, the Foundry Teacher, he anticipated the humble and holy work of John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler. He started in his own person the funeral reform, which is only now beginning to attract public attention, when in his will he directed that at his obsequies there should be no hearse, no escutcheon, no coach, no pomp. He visited prisons and ameliorated the lot of prisoners before John Howard; and his very last letter was written to stimulate William Wilberforce in his Parliamentary labors for the emancipation of the slave. When we add to this the revival of fervent worship and devout hymnology among Christian congregations, and their deliverance from the drawling doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the frigid nullities of Tate and Brady, we have indeed shown how splendid was the list of his achievements, and that, as Isaac Taylor says, he furnished "the starting-point for our modern religious history in all that is characteristic of the present time."



To the Reader

The strong Sense in ye following tract, wch I apprehend, makes it worth all for the roughness of ye style I recommend it to ye intelligent Reader, as containing ye very marrow of the controversy

John Wesley

Liverpool
April 11. 1782.

A PREFACE BY WESLEY

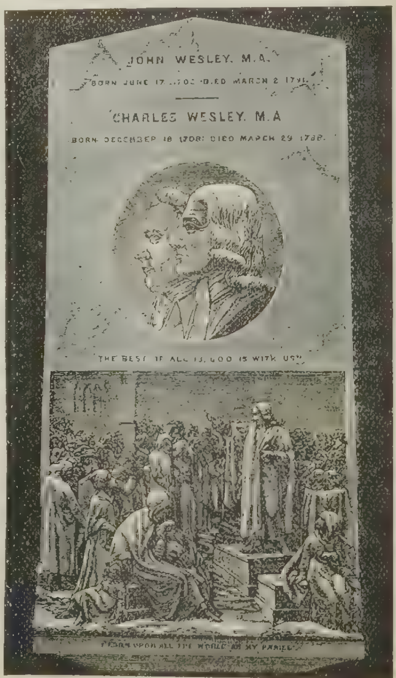
And yet, even in this long and splendid catalogue, we have not mentioned his greatest and most distinctive work, which was that through him to the poor the Gospel was again preached. Let Whitefield have the credit of having been the first to make the green grass his pulpit and the heaven his sounding-board; but Wesley instantly followed, at all costs, the then daring example, and, through all evil report and all furious opposition, he continued it until at last, at Kingswood, at the age of eighty-one, he preached in the open air, under the shade of trees which he himself had planted, and surrounded by the children and children's children of his old disciples, who had long since passed away. Overwhelming evidence exists to show what preaching was before and in his day; overwhelming evidence exists to show what the Church and people of England were before and in his day—how dull, how vapid, how soulless, how Christless was the preaching; how torpid, how Laodicean was the Church, how godless, how steeped in immorality was the land. To Wesley was mainly granted the task, for which he was set apart by the hands of invisible consecration, the task which even an archangel might have envied him, of awakening a mighty revival of the religious life in those dead pulpits, in that slumbering Church, in that corrupt society. His was the religious sincerity which not only founded the Wesleyan community, but, working through the heart of the very Church which had despised him, flashed fire into her whitening embers. Changing its outward forms, the work of John Wesley caused first the Evangelical movement, then the High Church movement; and, in its enthusiasm of humanity, has even reappeared in all that is best in the humble Salvationists, who learned from the example of Wesley what Bishop Lightfoot called "that lost secret of Christianity, the compulsion of human souls." Recognizing no utterance of authority as equally supreme with that which came to him from the Sinai of conscience, Wesley did the thing and scorned the consequence. His was the voice which offered hope to the despairing and welcome to the outcast. His was the voice which, sounding forth over the Valley of Dry Bones, cried, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." The poet says:

> Of those three hundred grant but three
> To make a new Thermopylæ.

And when I think of John Wesley, the organizer, of Charles Wesley, the poet, of George Whitefield, the orator of this mighty movement, I feel inclined to say of those three self-sacrificing and holy men, Grant but even one to help in the mighty work which yet remains to be accomplished! Had we but three such now,

> Hoary-headed selfishness would feel
> His death-blow, and would totter to his grave;
> A brighter light attend the human day,
> When every transfer of earth's natural gift
> Should be a commerce of good words and works.

We have, it is true, hundreds of faithful workers in the Church of England and in other religious communities. But for the slaying of dragons, the rekindlement of irresistible enthusiasm, the redress of intolerable wrongs, a Church needs many Pentecosts and many Resurrections. And these, in the providence of God, are brought about, not by committees and conferences and common workers, but by men who escape the average; by men who come forth from the multitude; by men who, not content to trudge on in the beaten paths of commonplace and the cart-ruts of routine, go forth, according to their Lord's command, into the highways and hedges; by men in whom the love of God burns like a consuming flame upon the altar of the heart; by men who have become electric to make myriads of other souls thrill with their own holy zeal. Such men are necessarily rare,


JOHN WESLEY, M.A.
BORN JUNE 17, 1703; DIED MARCH 2, 1791.
CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.
BORN DECEMBER 18, 1708; DIED MARCH 29, 1788.
"THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US"
"I LOOK UPON ALL THE WORLD AS MY PARISH"

MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

but God's richest boon to any nation, to any society, to any church, is the presence and work of such a man—and such a man was John Wesley.

The bust placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of John Wesley, more than twenty years ago, was a very tardy recognition of the vast debt of gratitude which England owes to him. It stands hard by the cenotaph of that other illustrious Nonconformist, Isaac Watts, and gives the beautiful presentment of the aged face of the evangelist and the fine features of Charles, his poet-brother. In the solemn aisle thousands of visitors to our great Temple of Silence and Reconciliation may read three of his great sayings—one, so full of holy energy, "I look on all the world as my parish;" another, so full of bright and holy confidence, "God buries his workmen, but continues his work;" the third, when, on his death-bed, uplifting victoriously his feeble and emaciated arm, he said: "The best of all is, God is with us." "Yes!" he exclaimed again, in a tone of victorious rapture, "the best of all is, God is with us."

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.—A DAUGHTER OF DEBATE

They met under the arch of the gate, and Carmichael returned with the Carnegies, Kate making much of him and insisting that he should stay to luncheon.

"You are our first visitor, Mr. Carmichael, and the General says we need not expect more than six, so we mean to be very kind to them. Do you live far from here?"

"Quite near—just two miles west. I happened to be passing; in fact, I'm going down to the next parish, and I . . . I thought that I would like to call and . . . and bid you welcome;" for Carmichael had not yet learned the art of conversation, which stands mainly in touching details lightly and avoiding the letter I.

"It is very cruel of you to be so honest and dispel our flattering illusions"—Kate marveled at his mendacity—"we supposed you had come 'anes errand'—I'm picking up Scotch—to call on your new neighbors. Does the high road pass the Lodge?"

"Oh, no; the road is eight miles further; but the Drumtochty people take the near way through the woods; it's also much prettier. I hope you will not forbid us, General? two people a week is all the traffic."

"Forbid them—not I," said Carnegie, laughing. "A man is not born and bred in this parish without learning some sense. It would be a right of way case, and Drumtochty would follow me from court to court, and would never rest till they had gained or we were all ruined.

"Has it ever struck you, Mr. Carmichael, that one of the differences between a Highlander and a Scot is that each has got a pet enjoyment? With the one it's a feud, and with the other it's a lawsuit. A Scot dearly loves a 'ganging plea.'

"No, no; Tochty woods will be open so long as Kate and I have anything to say in the matter. The Glen and our people have not had the same politics, but we've lived at peace, as neighbors ought to do, with never a lawsuit even to give a fillip to life."

"So you see, Mr. Carmichael," said Kate, "you may come and go at all times through our territory; but it would be bare courtesy to call at the Lodge for afternoon tea."

"Or tiffin," suggested the General; "and we can always offer currie, as you see. My daughter has a capital receipt she wiled out of an old Hindoo rascal that cooked for our mess.

"You really need not take it on that account," as Carmichael was doing his best in much misery; "it is only meant to keep old Indians in fair humor—not to be a test of good manners. By the way, Janet has been sounding your praises; how have you won her heart?"

"Oh, very easily—by having some drops of Highland blood in my veins; and so I am forgiven all my faults, and am credited with all sorts of excellences."

"Then the Highlanders are as clannish as ever," cried the General. "Scotland has changed so much in the last half-century that the Highlanders might have become quite unsentimental and matter-of-fact.

"Lowland civilization only crossed the Highland line after '45, and it will take more than a hundred and thirty years to recast a Celt. Scottish education and theology are only a veneer on him, and below he has all his old instincts.

"So far as I can make out, a Celt will rather fish than plow, and be a gamekeeper than a workman; but if he be free to follow his own way, a genuine Highlander would rather be a soldier than anything else under the sun."

"What better could a man be?" and Kate's eyes sparkled; "they must envy the old times when their fathers raided the Lowlands and came home with the booty. It's a pity everybody is so respectable now, don't you think?"

"Certainly the police are very meddlesome," and Carmichael now devoted himself to Kate, without pretense of including the General; "but the spirit is not dead. A Celt is the child of generations of cattle-stealers, and the raiding spirit is still in the blood. May I offer an anecdote?"

"Six, if you have got so many, and they are all about Highlanders," and Kate leant forward and nursed her knee, for they had gone into the library.

"Last week I was passing the cattle market in Edinburgh, and a big Highland drover stopped me, begging for a little money.

"'It iss from Lochaber I hef come with some beasties, and to-morrow I will be walking back all the way, and it iss this night I hef no bed. I wass considering that the gardens would be a good place for a night, but they are telling me that the police will be disturbing me.'

"He looked so simple and honest that I gave him half-a-crown, and said that I was half a Highlander. I have three Gaelic sentences, and I reeled them off with my best accent

"'Got forgive me,' he said, 'for thinking you to be a Sassenach body, and taking your money from you. You are a fery well-made man, and here iss your silver piece, and may you always hef one in your pocket.'

"'But what about your bed?'

"'Tuts, tuts, that will be all right, for I hef maybe got some six or five notes of my own that were profit on the beasties; but it iss a pity not to be taking anything that iss handy when a body happens to be in the south.'

"Capital!" Kate laughed merrily, and her too rare laugh I used to think the gayest I ever heard. "It was the only opportunity left him of following his fathers. What a fine business it must have been, starting from Braemar one afternoon, a dozen men well armed, and getting down to Strathmore in the morning; then lying hid in some wood all day, and collecting a herd of fat cattle in the evening, and driving them up Glen Shee, not knowing when there might be a fight."

"Hard lines on the Scottish farmers, Kit, who might be very decent fellows, to lose their cattle or get a cut from a broadsword."

"Oh, they had plenty left; and, seriously, dad, without joking, you know, what better could a Presbyterian Lowlander do than raise good beef for Highland gentlemen? Mr. Carmichael, I beg pardon; you seem so good a Celt that I forgot you were not of our faith."

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

"We are not Catholics," the General explained, gravely, "although many of our blood have been, and my daughter was educated in a convent. We belong to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and will go into Muirtown at a time, but mostly we shall attend the kirk of my old friend Dr. Davidson. Every man is entitled to his faith, and Miss Carnegie rather . . ."

"Forgot herself." Kate came to her father's relief. "She often does; but one thing Miss Carnegie remembers, and that is that General Carnegie likes his cheroot after dinner. Do you smoke, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, I am allowed to stay, if you don't object, and have forgiven my rudeness."

"You make too much of a word, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael was not a man to take offense till his pride was roused. "Very likely my drover was a true-blue Presbyterian, and his minister as genuine a cateran as himself.

"Years ago I made the acquaintance of an old Highland minister called MacTavish, and he sometimes stays with me on his way north in the spring. For thirty years he has started at the first sign of snow, and spent winter spoiling the good people of the south. Some years he has gone home with three hundred pounds."

"But how does he get the money?" inquired the General, "and what does he use it for?"

"He told me the history of his campaigns when he passed in March, and it might interest you; it's our modern raid, and although it's not so picturesque as a foray of the Macphersons, yet it has points, and shows the old spirit lives.

"'She wass a goot woman, Janet Cameron, oh yes, Mr. John, a fery exercised woman, and when she wass dying she will be saying beautiful things, and one day she will be speaking of a little field she had beside the church.

"'"What do you think I should be doing with that piece of ground," she will be saying, "for the end iss not far off, and it iss not earth I can be taking with me, oh no, nor cows."

"'"No, Janet," I said, "but it iss a nice field, and lies to the sun. It might be doing good after you are gone, if it wass not wasted on your mother's cousins twice removed in Inverness, who will be drinking every drop of it, and maybe going to the Moderate Kirk."

"'It wass not for two months or maybe six weeks she died, and I will be visiting her every second day. Her experiences were fery good, and I hef told them at sacraments in the north. The people in the south are free with their money, but it iss not the best of my stories that I can give them; they are too rich for their stomachs.

"'Janet will often be saying to me, "Mister Dugald, it iss a thankful woman that I ought to be, for though I lost my man in the big storm and two sons in the war, I hef had mercies, oh yes. There wass the Almighty and my cow, and between them I hef not wanted, oh no."

"'"Janet, you will be forgetting your field that iss lying next the manse, and the people will be thinking that it iss a glebe; but I am telling them that it iss Janet Cameron's, who iss a fery experienced woman, and hass nefer seen the inside of a Moderate Kirk since the Disruption."

"'Maybe you will be astonished, Mister John, but when Janet's will will be read, that piece of ground wass left to the Free Kirk; which wass fery kind and mindful of Janet, and I made a sermon about her from the text of the "elect lady."

"'It wass a good field, but it needed a dyke and some drains, and it wass not our people that had the money. So I made another sermon on the text, "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it," and went down to the south. It wass not a dyke and some drains, but enough to build a byre and a stable I came back with. That wass in '55, and before sixty there will be a new manse with twelve rooms that iss good for letting to the English people. But it wass ten years the church needed, and a year for the porch to keep it warm, for I am not liking stoves, and will not hef one in Crianshalloch.

"'It iss wonderful how much money the bodies hef in Glasgow, and it iss good for them to be hearing sound doctrine at a time. There will be no Arminianism when I am preaching, and no joking; but maybe there will be some parables, oh yes, about the sheep coming in at the manse door for want of a fence, and the snow lying in the pulpit.'

"There is a cateran for you, and, mind you, a good fellow too. It's not greed sends him out, but sheer love of spoil. Would you like to see MacTavish next time he passes up with the cattle?" for Carmichael was emboldened by the reception of his sketch.

"Nothing we should like better, for the General and I want to know all about Scotland; but don't you think that those ministers have injured the Highlanders? Janet, you know, has such gloomy ideas about religion."

"There is no doubt, Miss Carnegie, that a load of Saxon theology has been landed on the Celt, and it has disfigured his religion. Sometimes I have felt that the Catholic of the west is a truer type of northern faith than the Presbyterian of Ross-shire."

"I am so glad to hear you say that," said Miss Carnegie, "for we had one or two west Catholics in the old regiment, and their superstitions were lovely. You remember, dad, the MacIvers."

"That was all well enough, Kit, but none of them could get the length of corporal; they were fearfully ignorant, and were reported at intervals for not keeping their accouterments clean."

"That only showed how religious they were, didn't it, Mr. Carmichael? Hadn't the early Christians a rooted objection to the bath? I remember our Padre saying that in a lecture."

"There are a good many modern Christians of the same mind, Miss Carnegie, and I don't think our poor Highlanders are worse than Lowlanders; but, Catholic or Protestant, they are all subject to the gloom. I cannot give the Gaelic word.

"What is that? Oh, a southerner would call it depression, and assign it to the liver, for he traces all trouble to that source. But there is no word for this mood in English, because it is not an English experience. My mother fell under it at times, and I saw the effect."

"Tell us, please, if all this description does not weary you?" and Kate shone on Carmichael, who would have talked on the Council of Nice or the rotation of crops to prolong his privileges.

"It comes on quite suddenly, and is quite a spiritual matter—a cloud which descends and envelops the soul. While it lasts, a Highlander will not laugh or sing; he will hardly speak, and he loses all hope about everything. One of our men has the gloom at a time, and then he believes that he is . . . damned. I am speaking theologically."

"The regiment must have been fond of theology, dad. Yes, we understand."

"Once he went out to the hill, and lay all night wrestling and agonizing to be sure whether there was a God. You know he's just a small farmer, and it seems to me splendid that such a man should give himself to the big problems of the universe. Do you know," and Carmichael turned to the General, who was smoking in great peace, "I believe that is the reason the Highlanders are such good fighting men. They fear God, and they don't fear any other person."

"I'll vouch for one thing," said the veteran with emphasis; "our men put off the gloom, or whatever you call it, when they smelt powder; I never saw a panic in a Highland regiment in more than forty years' soldiering."

"What's the reason of the gloom? I believe that I have a touch of it myself at times—don't stare at me, dad, it's rude—just a thin mist, you know, but distinctly not indigestion. Is it a matter of race?"

"Of course, but that's no explanation." Carmichael had fallen into his debating society style. "I mean one has to go farther back; all our habits are shaped by environment."

"One moment, please. I have always wanted to ask some clever person what environment meant. I asked Colonel MacLeod once, dad, and he said it was out of the new book on tactics, and he was thankful he had retired. Now Mr. Carmichael will make it plain," and Kate was very demure.

"It is rather stupid to use the word so much as people do now," and Carmichael glanced dubiously at Kate; "scientific men use it for circumstances."

"Is that all? then do pray say environment. Such a word introduces one into good society, and gives one the feeling of being well dressed; now about a Highlander's environment, is it his kilt you are thinking of, or his house, or what?"

"His country"—and Carmichael's tone had a slight note of resentment, as of one ruffled by this frivolity—"with its sea lochs, and glens, and mists. Any one who has been bred and reared at the foot of one of our mountains will have a different nature and religion from one living in Kent or Italy. He has a sense of reverence, and surely that is a good thing."

"Nothing more needed nowadays," the General broke in with much spirit; "it seems to me that people nowadays respect nobody, neither the Queen nor Almighty God. As for that man Brimstone, he will never cease till he has ruined the Empire. You needn't look at me, Kate, for Mr. . . . Carmichael must know this as well as any other sensible man.

"Why, sir," and now the General was on his feet, "I was told on good authority at the club last week by a newspaper man—a monstrously clever man—that Mr. Brimstone, when he is going down to the House of Commons to disestablish the Church, or the army, or something, will call in at a shop and order two hundred silk hats to be sent to his house. What do you call that, sir?"

"I should call it a deliberate—"

"*Jeu d'esprit.* Of course it is, dad," and Kate threw an appealing glance to Carmichael, who had sprung to his feet and was standing stiffly behind his chair, for he was a fierce Radical.

"Perhaps it was, lassie—those war correspondents used to be sad rascals—and, at any rate, politics are bad taste. Another cheroot, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, nonsense; you must tell my daughter more about your Highlanders. They are a loyal set, at any rate, and we all admire that."

"Yes, they are," and Carmichael unbent again, "and will stick by their side whether it be right or wrong. They're something like a woman in their disposition."

"Indeed," said Kate, who did not think Carmichael had responded very courteously to her lead, "that is very interesting. They are, you mean, full of prejudices and notions.

"If a Highlander takes you into his friendship, you may say or do what you like, he will stand by you, and although his views are as different from yours as black from white, will swear he agrees with every one. If he's not your friend, he can see no good in anything you do, although you be on his own side.

"In fact, he has very little judgment and no sense of justice; and I think you said," Kate went on sweetly, "his nature reminded you of a woman's?"

"You're sure that you like cheroots?" for the General did not wish this lad, Radical though he was, sacrificed on his first visit; "some men are afraid of the opium in them."

"Please do not interrupt Mr. Carmichael when he is making a capital comparison," and Kate held him to the point.

"What I intend is really a compliment," went on Carmichael, "and shows the superior fineness and sensitiveness of a woman's mind."

Kate indicated that she was sure that was his meaning, but waited for details.

"You see," with the spirit of one still fresh to the pulpit, "a man is slower, and goes by evidence; a woman is quicker, and goes by her instincts."

"Like the lower animals," suggested Kate, sweetly, "by scent, perhaps. Well?"

"You are twisting my words, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael did not like being bantered by this self-possessed young woman. "Let me put it this way. Would a jury of women be as impartial as a jury of men? Why, a bad-looking man would have no chance, for they would condemn him at once, not for what he did, but for what they imagined he was."

"Which would save a lot of time and rid society of some precious scoundrels," with vivid recollections of her own efforts in this direction. "Then you grant that women have some intelligence, although no sense of justice, which is a want?"

"Far brighter than men," said Carmichael, eagerly; "just consider the difference between a man's and a woman's speech. A man arranges and argues from beginning to end, and is the slave of connection. He will labor every idea to exhaustion before he allows it to escape, and then will give a solemn cough by way of punctuating with a full stop, before he goes on to his next point. Of course the audience look at their watches and make for the door."

"What would a woman do?" Kate inquired with much interest.

"A lady was speaking lately at Muirtown for an orphanage at Ballyskiddle, and described how Patsy was rescued from starvation, and greatly affected us. 'Patsy will never want bread again,' she concluded, and two Bailies wept aloud.

"Then she went on, and it seemed to me a stroke of genius, 'Speaking about Patsy, has any lady present a black dress suitable for a widow woman?' Before we knew that we had left Patsy, the people were in a widow's home, and the Bailies were again overcome. I mention them because it is supposed that a Bailie is the most important human being in Scotland, and he feels it his duty not to yield to emotion.

"No, a woman speaker never sacrifices her capital; she carries it with her from England to France in her speech, and recognizes no Channel passage. In fact," and Carmichael plunged into new imagery, "a man's progress is after the manner of a mole, while a woman flits from branch to branch like a—"

"Squirrel—I know," came in Kate, getting tired.

"Bird, I meant. Why do you say squirrel?" and Carmichael looked suspiciously at Kate.

"Because it's such a careless, senseless, irresponsible little beast. Have you met many women, Mr. Carmichael? Really, they are not all fools, as you have been trying to suggest for the last ten minutes."

"Highlanders are a safer subject of conversation than women," said the General, good-naturedly, as he bade Carmichael good-by. "And you must tell us more about them next time you call, which I hope will be soon."

Carmichael halted twice on his way through the woods; once he stamped his foot and looked like a man whose pride had been ruffled; the other time he smiled to himself as one who was thinking of a future pleasure.

It was dusk as he crossed Lynedoch Bridge, and he looked down upon the pool where the trout were leaping. Half an hour passed, and then he started off at high speed for Kilbogie Manse. "Please God, if I am worthy," he was saying to himself; "but I fear she is too high above me every way."

CHAPTER X.—A SUPRALAPSARIAN

Jeremiah Saunderson had remained in the lowest estate of a "probationer" for twelve years after he left the Divinity Hall, where he was reported so great a scholar that the Professor of Apologetics spoke to him deprecatingly, and the Professor of Dogmatics openly consulted him on obscure writers. He had wooed twenty-three congregations in vain, from churches in the black country where the colliers rose in squares of twenty and went out without ceremony, to suburban places of worship where the beadle, after due consideration of the sermon, would take up the afternoon notices and ask that they be read at once for purposes of utility, which that unflinching functionary stated to the minister with accuracy and much faithfulness. Vacant congregations desiring a list of candidates made one exception, and prayed that Jeremiah should not be let loose upon them, till at last it came home to the unfortunate scholar himself that he was an offense and byword. He began to dread the ordeal of giving his name, and, as is still told, declared to a household, living in the fat wheat lands and without any imagination, that he was called Magor Missabib. When a stranger makes a statement of this kind with a sad seriousness, no one judges it expedient to offer any remark, but it was skillfully arranged that Missabib's door should not be locked from the outside, and one member of the household sat up all night. The sermon next day did not tend to confidence—having seven quotations in unknown tongues—and the attitude of the congregation was one of alert vigilance; but no one gave any outward sign of uneasiness, and six able-bodied men collected in a pew below the pulpit knew their duty in an emergency.

Saunderson's election to the Free Church of Kilbogie was therefore an event in the ecclesiastical world, and a consistent tradition in the parish explained its inwardness on certain grounds complimentary both to the judgment of Kilbogie and the gifts of Mr. Saunderson. On Saturday evening he was removed from the train by the merest accident, and left the railway station in such a maze of meditation that he ignored the road to Kilbogie altogether, although its sign-post was staring him in the face, and continued his way to Drumtochty. It was half-past nine when Jamie Soutar met him on the highroad through our Glen still traveling steadily west, and, being arrested by his appearance, beguiled him into conversation, till he elicited that Saunderson was minded to reach Kilbogie. For an hour did the wanderer rest in Jamie's kitchen, during which he put Jamie's ecclesiastical history into a state of thorough repair—making seven distinct parallels between the errors that had afflicted the Scottish Church and the early heretical sects—and then Jamie gave him in charge of a plowman who was courting in Kilbogie and was not averse to a journey that seemed to illustrate the double meaning of charity. Jeremiah was handed over to his anxious host at a quarter to one in the morning, covered with mud, somewhat fatigued, but in great peace of soul, having settled the place of election in the prophecy of Habakkuk as he came down with his silent companion through Tochty woods.

Nor was that all he had done. When they came out from the shadow and struck into the parish of Kilbogie—whose fields, now yellow unto harvest, shone in the moonlight—his guide broke silence and enlarged on a plague of field-mice which had quite suddenly appeared and had sadly devastated the grain of Kilbogie. Saunderson awoke from study and became exceedingly curious, first of all demanding a particular account of the coming of the mice, their multitude, their habits, and their determination. Then he asked many questions about the moral conduct and godliness of the inhabitants of Kilbogie, which his companion, as a native of Drumtochty, painted in gloomy colors, although indicating that even in Kilbogie there was a remnant. Next morning the minister rose at daybreak, and was found wandering through the fields in such a state of excitement that he could hardly be induced to look at breakfast. When the "books" were placed before him, he turned promptly to the ten plagues of Egypt, which he expounded in order as preliminary to a full treatment of the visitations of Providence.

"He cowes (beats) a' ye ever saw or heard," the farmer of Mains explained to the elders at the gate. "He gaed tae bed at half twa and wes oot in the fields by four, an' a'm dootin' he never saw his bed. He's lifted abune the body a'thegither, an' can hardly keep himsel' awa' frae the Hebrew at his breakfast. Ye 'ill get a sermon the day, or ma name is no Peter Pitillo." Mains also declared his conviction that the invasion of mice would be dealt with after a Scriptural and satisfying fashion. The people went in full of expectation, and to this day old people recall Jeremiah Saunderson's trial sermon with lively admiration. Experienced critics were suspicious of candidates who read lengthy chapters from both Testaments and prayed at length for the Houses of Parliament, for it was justly held that no man would take refuge in such obvious devices for filling up the time unless he was short of sermon material. One unfortunate, indeed, ruined his chances at once by a long petition for those in danger on the sea—availing himself with some eloquence of the sympathetic imagery of the 107th Psalm—for this effort was regarded as not only the most barefaced padding, but also as evidence of an almost incredible blindness to circumstances. "Did he think Kilbogie wes a fishing village?" Mains inquired of the elders afterward, with pointed sarcasm. Kilbogie was not indifferent to a well-ordered prayer—although its palate was coarser in the appreciation of felicitous terms and allusions than that of Drumtochty—and would have been scandalized if the Queen had been omitted; but it was by the sermon the young man must stand or fall, and Kilbogie despised a man who postponed the ordeal.

Saunderson gave double pledges of capacity and fullness before he opened his mouth in the sermon, for he read no Scripture at all that day, and had only one prayer, which was mainly a statement of the Divine Decrees and a careful confession of the sins of Kilbogie; and then, having given out his text from the prophecy of Joel, he reverently closed the Bible and placed it on the seat behind him. His own reason for this proceeding was a desire for absolute security in enforcing his subject, and a painful remembrance of the disturbance in a south country church when he landed a Bible—with clasps—on the head of the precentor in the heat of a discourse defending the rejection of Esau. Our best and simplest actions—and Jeremiah was as simple as a babe—can be misconstrued, and the only dissentient from Saunderson's election insisted that the Bible had been deposited on the floor, and asserted that the object of his profanity was to give the preacher a higher standing in the pulpit. This malignant reading of circumstances might have wrought mischief—for Saunderson's gaunt figure did seem to grow in the pulpit—had it not been for the bold line of defense taken up by Mains.

"Gin he wanted tae stand high, wes it no tae preach the word? an' gin he wanted a soond foundation for his feet, what better could he get than the twa Testaments? Answer me that."

It was seen at once that no one could answer that, and the captious objector never quite recovered his position in the parish, while it is not the least of Kilbogie's boasting, in which the Auld Kirk will even join against Drumtochty, that they have a minister who not only does not read his sermons and does not need to quote his texts, but carries the whole book in at least three languages in his head, and once, as a proof thereof, preached with it below his feet.

Much was to be looked for from such a man, but even Mains, whetted by intercourse with Saunderson, was astonished at the sermon. It was a happy beginning to draw a parallel between the locusts of Joel and the mice of Kilbogie, and gave the preacher an opportunity of describing the appearance, habits, and destruction of the locusts, which he did solely from Holy Scripture, translating various passages afresh and combining lights with marvelous ingenuity. This brief preface of half an hour, which was merely a stimulant for the Kilbogie appetite, led up to a thorough examination of physical judgments, during which both Bible and Church history were laid under liberal contribution. At this point the minister halted, and complimented the congregation on the attention they had given to the facts of the case, which were his first head, and suggested that before approaching the doctrine of visitations they might refresh themselves with a Psalm. The congregation were visibly impressed, and many made up their minds while singing

That man hath perfect blessedness;

and while others thought it due to themselves to suspend judgment till they had tasted the doctrine, they afterward confessed their confidence. It goes without saying that he was immediately beyond the reach of the ordinary people on the second head, and even veterans in theology panted after him in vain, so that one of the elders, nodding assent to an exposure of the Manichæan heresy, suddenly blushed as one who had played the hypocrite. Some professed to have noticed a doctrine that had not been touched upon, but they never could give it a name, and it excited just admiration that a preacher, starting from a plague of mice, should have made a way by strictly scientific methods into the secret places of theology. Saunderson allowed his hearers a brief rest after the second head, and cheered them with the assurance that what was still before them would be easy to follow. It was the application of all that had gone before to the life of Kilbogie, and the preacher proceeded to convict the parish under each of the ten commandments—with the plague of mice ever in reserve to silence excuses—till the delighted congregation could have risen in a body and taken Saunderson by the hand for his fearlessness and faithfulness. Perhaps the extent and thoroughness of this monumental sermon can be best estimated by the fact that Claypots, father of the present tenant, who always timed his rest to fifty minutes exactly, thus overseeing both the introduction and application of the sermon, had a double portion, and even a series of supplementary dozes, till at last he sat upright through sheer satiety. It may also be offered as evidence that the reserve of peppermint held by mothers for their bairns was pooled, doles being furtively passed across pews to conspicuously needy families, and yet the last had gone before Saunderson finished.

Mains reported to the congregational meeting that the minister had been quiet for the rest of the day, but had offered to say something about Habakkuk to any evening service, and had cleared up at family worship some obscure points in the morning discourse. He also informed the neighbors that he had driven his guest all the way to Muirtown, and put him in an Edinburgh carriage with his own hands, since it had emerged that Saunderson, through absence of mind, had made his down journey by the triangular route of Dundee. It was quite impossible for Kilbogie to conceal their pride in electing such a miracle of learning, and their bearing in Muirtown was distinctly changed; but, indeed, they did not boast vainly about Jeremiah Saunderson, for his career was throughout on the level of that monumental sermon. When the Presbytery, in the gayety of their heart, examined Saunderson to ascertain whether he was fully equipped for the work of the ministry, he professed the whole Old Testament in Hebrew, and MacWheep of Pitscourie, who always asked the candidate to read the Twenty-third Psalm, was beguiled by Jeremiah into the Book of Job, and reduced to the necessity of asking questions by indicating verbs with his finger. His Greek examination led to an argument between Jeremiah and old Dr. Dumsday on the use of the aorist, from which the minister-elect of Kilbogie came out an easy first; and his sermons were heard to within measurable distance of the second head by an exact quorum of the exhausted court, who were kept by the clerk sitting at the door, and preventing MacWheep escaping. His position in the court was assured from the beginning, and fulfilled the function of an Encyclopædia, with occasional amazing results, as when information was asked about some Eastern sect for whose necessities the Presbytery were asked to collect, and Jeremiah showed clearly, with the reporters present, that the Cappadocians were guilty of a heresy beside which Morisonianism was an unsullied whiteness. His work as examiner-in-general for the court was a merciful failure, and encouraged the students of the district to return to their district court, who, on this rumor of him, had transferred themselves in a body to a Highland Presbytery, where the standard question in Philosophy used to be, "How many horns has a dilemma, and distinguish the one from the other." No man knew what the minister of Kilbogie might not ask—he was only perfectly certain that it would be beyond his knowledge; but as Saunderson always gave the answer himself in the end, and imputed it to the student, anxiety was reduced to a minimum. Saunderson, indeed, was in the custom of passing all candidates and reporting them as marvels of erudition, whose only fault was a becoming modesty—which, however, had not concealed from his keen eye hidden treasures of learning. Beyond this sphere the good man's services were not used by a body of shrewd ecclesiastics, as the inordinate length of an ordination sermon had ruined a dinner prepared for the court by "one of our intelligent and large-hearted laymen," and it is still pleasantly told how Saunderson was invited to a congregational soirée—an ancient meeting where the people ate oranges and the speaker rallied the minister on being still unmarried—and discoursed—as a carefully chosen subject—on the Jewish feasts, with illustrations from the Talmud, till some one burst a paper bag and allowed the feelings of the people to escape. When this history was passed round Muirtown Market, Kilbogie thought still more highly of their minister, and indicated their opinion of the other parish in severely theological language. Saunderson's reputation for unfathomable learning and saintly simplicity was built up out of many incidents, and grew with the lapse of years to a solitary height in the big strath, so that no man would have dared to smile had the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie appeared in Muirtown in his shirt-sleeves, and Kilbogie would only have been a trifle more conceited. Truly he was an amazing man, and, now that he is dead and gone, the last of his race, I wish some man of his profession had written his life, for the doctrine he taught and the way he lived will not be believed by the new generation. The arrival of his goods was more than many sermons to Kilbogie, and I had it from Mains' own lips. It was the kindly fashion of those days that the farmers carted the new minister's furniture from the nearest railway station, and as the railway to Kildrummie was not yet open, they had to go to Stormont Station on the north line; and a pleasant procession they made passing through Pitscourie, ten carts in their best array, and drivers with a semi-festive air. Mr. Saunderson was at the station, having reached it by some miracle without mistake, and was in a condition of abject nervousness about the handling and conveyance of his belongings.

"You will be careful—exceedingly careful," he implored; "if one of the boxes were allowed to descend hurriedly to the ground, the result to what is within would be disastrous. I am much afraid that the weight is considerable, but I am ready to assist;" and he got ready.

"Dinna pit yirsel' intae a feery-farry (commotion)," but Mains was distinctly pleased to see a little touch of worldliness, just enough to keep the new minister in touch with humanity. "It 'ill be queer stuff oor lads canna lift, an' a'll gie ye a warranty that the'll no be a cup o' the cheeny broken;" and then Saunderson conducted his congregation to the siding.

"Dod, man," remarked Mains to the station-master, examining a truck with eight boxes; "the manse 'ill no want for dishes at ony rate; but let's start on the furniture; whar hae ye got the rest o' the plenishing?

"Naething mair? havers, man, ye dinna mean tae say they pack beds an' tables in boxes; a' doot there's a truck missin'." Then Mains went over where the minister was fidgeting beside his possessions.

"No, no," said Saunderson, when the situation was put before him, "it's all here. I counted the boxes, and I packed every box myself. That top one contains the fathers—deal gently with it; and the Reformation divines are just below it. Books are easily injured, and they feel it. I do believe there is a certain life in them, and . . . and . . . they don't like being ill-used," and Jeremiah looked wistfully at the plowmen.

"Div ye mean tae say," as soon as Mains had recovered, "that ye've brocht naethin' for the manse but bukes, naither bed nor bedding? Keep's a'," as the situation grew upon him, "whar are ye tae sleep, and what are ye tae sit on? An' div ye never eat? This croons a';" and Mains gazed at his new minister as one who supposed that he had taken Jeremiah's measure and had failed utterly.

"Mea culpa—it's . . . my blame," and Saunderson was evidently humbled at this public exposure of his incapacity; "some slight furnishing will be expedient, even necessary, and I have a plan for book-shelves in my head; it is ingenious and convenient, and if there is a worker in wood . . ."

"Come awa' tae the dogcart, sir," said Mains, realizing that even Kilbogie did not know what a singular gift they had obtained, and that discussion on such sublunary matters as pots and pans was useless, not to say profane. So eight carts got a box each; one, Jeremiah's ancient kist of moderate dimensions; and the tenth—that none might be left unrecognized—a handbag that had been on the twelve years' probation with its master. The story grew as it passed westward, and when it reached us we were given to understand that the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie had come to his parish with his clothing in a paper parcel and twenty-four packing-cases filled with books, in as many languages—half of them dating from the introduction of printing, and fastened by silver clasps—and that if Drumtochty seriously desired to hear an intellectual sermon at a time, we must take our way through Tochty woods.

Mrs. Pitillo took the minister into her hands, and compelled him to accompany her to Muirtown, where she had him at her will for some time, so that she equipped the kitchen (fully), a dining-room (fairly), a spare bedroom (amply), Mr. Saunderson's own bedroom (miserably), and secured a table and two chairs for the study. This success turned her head. Full of motherly forethought, and having a keen remembrance that probationers always retired in the afternoon at Mains to think over the evening's address, and left an impress of the human form on the bed when they came down to tea, Mrs. Pitillo suggested that a sofa would be an admirable addition to the study. As soon as this piece of furniture, of a size suitable for his six feet, was pointed out to the minister, he took fright, and became quite unmanageable. He would not have such an article in his study on any account, partly because it would only feed a tendency to sloth—which, he explained, was one of his besetting sins—and partly because it would curtail the space available for books, which, he indicated, were the proper furniture of any room, but chiefly of a study. So great was his alarm that he repented of too early concessions about the other rooms, and explained to Mrs. Pitillo that every inch of space be rigidly kept for the overflow from the study, which he expected—if he were spared—would reach the garrets. Several times on their way back to Kilbogie, Saunderson looked wistfully at Mrs. Pitillo, and once opened his mouth as if to speak, from which she gathered that he was grateful for her kindness, but dared not yield any further to the luxuries of the flesh.

What this worthy woman endured in securing a succession of reliable housekeepers for Mr. Saunderson and overseeing the interior of that remarkable home, she was never able to explain to her own satisfaction, though she made many honest efforts, and one of her last intelligible utterances was a lamentable prophecy of the final estate of the Free Church manse of Kilbogie. Mr. Saunderson himself seemed at times to have some vague idea of her painful services, and once mentioned her name to Carmichael in feeling terms. There had been some delay in providing for the bodily wants of the visitor after his eight miles' walk from Drumtochty, and it seemed likely that he would be obliged to take his meal standing for want of a chair.

"While Mrs. Pitillo lived, I have a strong impression, almost amounting to certainty, that the domestic arrangements of the manse were better ordered; she had the episcopal faculty in quite a conspicuous degree, and was, I have often thought, a woman of sound judgment.

"We were not able at all times to see eye to eye, as she had an unfortunate tendency to meddle with my books and papers, and to arrange them after an artificial fashion. This she called tidying, and, in its most extreme form, cleaning.

"With all her excellencies, there was also in her what I have noticed in most women, a certain flavor of guile, and on one occasion, when I was making a brief itinerary through Holland and France in search of comely editions of the fathers, she had the books carried out to the garden and dusted. It was the space of two years before I regained mastery of my library again, and unto this day I cannot lay my hands on the service-book of King Henry VIII., which I had in the second edition, to say nothing of an original edition of Rutherford's Lex Rex.

"It does not become me, however, to reflect on the efforts of that worthy matron, for she was by nature a good woman, and if any one could be saved by good works, her place is assured. I was with her before she died, and her last words to me were, 'Tell Jean tae dust yir bukes aince in the sax months, and for ony sake keep ae chair for sittin' on.' It was not the testimony one would have desired, but yet, Mr. Carmichael, I have often thought that there was a spirit of . . . of unselfishness, in fact, that showed the working of grace." Later in the same evening Mr. Saunderson's mind returned to his friend's spiritual state, for he entered into a long argument to show that, while Mary was more spiritual, Martha must have been within the Divine Election.

Books and Authors

The Soul of a Philosopher[1]

It is only a limited information that thinks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge first of all as a poet. The mind that knows nothing of him beyond the fact that he wrote the Ancient Mariner may customarily think of him only as a poet, but that mind cannot be said to have any opinion about Coleridge that is worth our serious consideration. Coleridge's own title to fame lay in in his being a thinker, a philosopher. He was a poet because he was a philosopher. Yet it is not alone the books that he produced that makes Coleridge a portent in modern life. It is not his conversation, which was more important than his writings. It was the man, the strange, dynamic personality of the man. No one in the modern world of English thought has so pushed on that world as Coleridge—unless it be the late Charles Darwin. Yet all, or nearly all, that Coleridge did was fragmentary and unfinished. Indolence, the vice of the intellectual athlete, or else opium, indisposed Coleridge to carry his efforts to completion. Yet the most fragmentary of his poems, "Kubla Khan," is inspiring. De Quincey incurs contempt when he attempts to excuse his own opium habit by accusing Coleridge of self-indulgence and infirmity of will. Coleridge was habitually a dreamer of dreams; his thoughts were too large for him or for any one to adequately express in a lifetime. His mind embraced almost the whole circle of human knowledge. He perceived by intuition, and is one of the best illustrations that we can find of genius as distinguished from talent. Yet in every way he thought of his world in its spiritual and ethical aspects. First of all, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a theologian and a metaphysician. One time he said to Lamb, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else!" was the retort. Such was the rôle in which Coleridge always appeared to his contemporaries, and so he appears to us in the extracts from his Note-Books now first published by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. It was a mistake to entitle the book The Soul of the Poet, "*Anima Poetæ;*" it is really the Soul of a Philosopher.

In 1801 Coleridge read some of the books of Giordano Bruno; they made a deep impression upon his mind. To the Italian philosopher may be traced the identification of matter and spirit, God and the world, which has been mistaken for pantheism in poetry, theology, and philosophy. It has been adopted by materialist and idealist alike, by Clifford, Romanes, and Carus, as well as our own Professor Royce. It is safe to say that of the modern English thinkers Coleridge was the first monist. To him was due whatever philosophy lay under the Oxford Movement. But the Oxford Tractarians, by accepting in a fashion the *regula auctoritatis*, were withheld from carrying out this philosophy to its logical extremes. In theology there has recently appeared a recrudescence of this identity of the sacred and secular, of the divine and human, in "Christian sociology" as expounded by Principal Gore, Professor Herron, and others. In fact, Broad Church theology of the present day in all the churches may be traced back to the mind of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In the year 1805 the problem of the identity of the One and the many he had worked out into this expression: "Space is the name for God; it is the most perfect image of *Soul, pure soul*, being to us nothing but unresisted action. Whenever action is resisted, limitation begins—and limitation is the first constituent of body; the more omnipresent it is in a given space, the more that space is body or matter; and thus all body necessarily presupposes soul, inasmuch as all resistance presupposes action. Magnitude, therefore, is the intimate blending, the most perfect union, through its whole sphere, in every minutest part of it, of action and resistance to action." This is truly abstruse, though not altogether unintelligible. Later he reflected upon the mystery of the Incarnation in these words: "A bodily substance, an unborrowed self-God in God immanent! The Eternal Word! that goes forth yet remains! . . .

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[1] *Anima Poetæ.* From the Unpublished Note-Books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $2.50.

"Great genial Agent in all finite souls;
And by that action puts on finiteness.
Absolute Infinite, whose dazzling robe
Flows in rich folds, and plays in shooting hues
Of infinite finiteness."

Verily these things are too high for common clay. Let us then carefully descend. In keeping with this philosophy we find in one note a quaint conceit of metempsychosis: "In the next world the souls of dull good men serve for bodies to the souls of the Shakespeares and Miltons, and in the course of a few centuries, when the soul can do without its vehicle, the bodies will, by the advantage of good company, have refined themselves into souls fit to be clothed with like bodies." Sometimes blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized beset our poet-metaphysician, and he cries out, "Good heavens! that there should be anything at all, and not nothing. Ask the blunted faculty that pretends to reason, and, if indeed he have felt and reasoned, he must feel that something is to be sought after out of the vulgar track of Change-Alley speculation." This diction echoes the great Jean Paul, and his disciple Thomas Carlyle. From the notes herein given us it does not appear that Coleridge exercised himself over social and economic questions. His opinion of the human race was that occasionally occurred a man who amounted to 1, while the majority would equal 0000... to any extent, good for nothing if they came before the 1, but signifying vastly if they followed after the 1. The discrepancy between this dictum and the following note is more superficial than substantial: "A time will come when passiveness will attain the dignity of worthy activity, when men shall be as proud within themselves of having remained in a state of tranquil emotion, whether in reading or in hearing or in looking, as they now are in having figured away for an hour."

It must not be supposed that all these notes are of distilled reflections. Many are bald comparisons, crude material for poems, and tales that never got written. Only these similes justify the title that has been affixed to the book. Of such similes we shall furnish a few with which to close: "A rosemary tree, large as a timber tree, is a sweet sign of the antiquity and antique manners of the house against which it groweth." "A man who marries for love is like a frog who leaps into a well. He has plenty of water, but he cannot get out." "I have several times seen the stiletto and the rosary come out of the same pocket." "Lie with the ear upon a dear friend's grave." "The sun at evening holds up her fingers of both hands before her face that mortals may have one steady gaze—her transparent crimson fingers, as when a lovely woman looks at the fire through her slender palms." "Hypocrisy, the deadly crime which, like Judas, kisses hell at the lips of Redemption." We do not find in this book, even in the extremest notes that we have quoted, that Coleridge was amenable to the charge of pantheism. He was not a dualist, that is to say, a materialist; no poet, no philosopher, ever is a dualist. At a few points he approaches Emerson's doctrine of the Oversoul; at others he symphonizes with Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism." S. T. Coleridge saw farther than most men of his day or of ours, and his mind was consistent with itself. The vision of human lives in this world that he saw may be described in the lines—

As souls immerse in space,
Ideals rise and idols fall.

Carefully and reverently as the compiler has selected these notes of Coleridge, it would sometimes seem almost as if one had drawn his frailties from their dread abode. They are fallen leaves from a mighty intellect—rather shall we not say,

These are but the shattered stalks
And ruined chrysalis of one.

Harnack's History of Dogma[1]

Dr. Harnack's volume on the "History of Dogma," in its English dress, is not easy reading. How far this is due to difficulty inherent in Dr. Harnack's style, how far to a too literal fidelity in the translator, we will not undertake to determine. There are two conceptions of translation not clearly discriminated, for either of which there is much to be said. According to the one conception, the translator is to present the thoughts of the author as far as possible in the very form in which the author himself presents them. He must, indeed, have some regard to differences of idioms in the two languages, but, with this exception, his translation cannot be too exact a reproduction of the original. According to the other conception, the translator is to present the thought of the writer in the form of the language into which he is translating it. He is to reproduce the spirit of the original, but in a new incarnation. Literary accuracy is not, according to this conception, the desideratum, but rather thought-transference. Of such translations, Jowett's "Plato" and Professor Palmer's "Odyssey" are well-nigh perfect illustrations. Neil Buchanan appears to us to have followed the former method. His book is not English, it is a German book done into English, and to one unaccustomed to German structure it is difficult reading. On the whole, recognizing the perils of either conception, we prefer the latter, even for a treatise in theology.

The first half of the present volume is taken up with Prolegomena and Presuppositions; the former defining the subject and giving some account of the literature upon it, the second presenting truth in its undogmatic forms as found in the Gospels and the early preaching, before as yet that preaching had been formulated in dogma. For between truth and dogma Professor Harnack draws a sharp distinction. "Every dogmatic formula is suspicious, because it is fitted to wound the spirit of religion; it should not, at least, be put before the living experience in order to evoke it; for such a proceeding is really the admission of the half-belief which thinks it necessary that the impression made by the presence must be supplemented. The essence of the matter is a personal life which awakens life around it, as the fire of one torch kindles another." The general statement of the preaching of Christ and the Apostles appears to us admirable; as is the statement of the element common to all Christians in the first century, out of which grew and on which was based the subsequent development of dogma. This common element includes the Gospel as a revelation of the Supreme God; the message of the resurrection and eternal life mediated by Jesus Christ, the unique son of God; the renunciation of this world; the proclamation by chosen men of the Gospel of the Son of God; Christian worship, not yet formulated in any established ceremonies, and the brotherhood of all Christians in a religious organism which embraces the whole of humanity—as the religious truths to be proclaimed and which concern the whole of humanity. From this as a starting-point Dr. Harnack traces out the development of dogma, bringing it down to the rise of Neo-Platonism, "which assimilated the elements of most of the previous systems, and embodied the results of the history of religion and civilization in the East and West." The key to the understanding of Dr. Harnack's history is his frank recognition of the principle of evolution as applied to the growth of doctrine. He assumes the direct reverse of the doctrine of Lord Macaulay and Dean Burgon that "in divinity there cannot be a progress analogous to that which is constantly taking place in pharmacy, geology, and navigation." We shall reserve the attempt to show how Dr. Harnack applies this principle in tracing the development of doctrine until the next volume is issued, and a better opportunity is afforded to do this with justice.

Novels and Tales

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's latest story, *Tom Grogan*, is distinctly the strongest piece of work which has come from his hand. It was read with growing interest by a host of the readers of the "Century Magazine," who felt its vitality and appreciated its humor. It is a study of local life under exciting conditions, a chapter torn from the history of the labor agitation and the industrial revolution. The writer's interest centers, not in the revolution or the agitation, but in the plucky, very human woman who admirably fulfills the duty of the heroine, and in the group of men with whom she contends and whose plots and antagonism she successfully meets. There are, of course, many other sides of the question which come to the front in this story. Mr. Smith has seized one side, but he has shown the characteristic quality of the artist in keeping the question subordinate and the concrete fact to the front. He is dealing with persons and incidents, not with abstractions or with general propositions. The peculiar quality of the story is its vitality, its first-hand portraiture of life. The men and women who figure in the tale are drawn with a few vigorous and sharply defined strokes. Every one is clearly realized and stands out before the reader without any wavering or uncertainty of outline. As for Tom herself, it must be frankly conceded that, whatever view one may take of labor unions and walking delegates, she has won the hearts of all her readers, and their sympathies as well. She is both brave and real. She not only might have happened, but she actually did happen. It is such portraiture that makes literature. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Lovers of the fiction of adventure and romance have no cause to complain just now of lack of wherewithal to suit their literary appetite. To the long list of recent writers of this class of romance must be added the name of Mr. A. F. W. Mason, who bids fair to achieve marked success in the field occupied by Anthony Hope, Weyman, Quiller-Couch, Doyle, and others. *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler* (we see, by the way, no great aptness in the sub-title, "Being the

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[1] *History of Dogma*. By Adolph Harnack. Translated from the third German edition by Neil Buchanan. Vol. I. Roberts Brothers, Boston. $2.50.

Record of the Growth of an English Gentleman during the Years 1685–1687," etc.) is not only full of action and stimulating to curiosity, but tells a quite original plot in a clever way. Perhaps in its literary kinship it approaches more closely to "The Prisoner of Zenda" than to any other recent novel, but there is no evidence of imitation; the resemblance is in the spirit and dash of the narrative. The merit of this awkwardly named story is not solely in its grasp on the reader's attention and its exciting situations; it is written in excellent English, the dialogue is natural and brisk, the individual characters stand out clearly, and the flavor of the time is well preserved. As a story-teller, pure and simple, Mr. Mason is sure to receive recognition. The scene of the story shifts from England after the Monmouth rebellion to a wild part of the Tyrol. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan) is at her best in those sketches in *An Isle in the Water* which deal with every-day Irish character and talk. These are truly charming; they reproduce nature with mingled realism and imaginative quality. The tales which have a basis in the supernatural appeal less strongly to us; they are so somber as to be a little disagreeable and fantastic, and the note seems at times a little forced. There is, notwithstanding, much of the author's best work in this book, and the literary quality is distinctly of a high order.

All lovers of the Irish peasant in literature will be pleased that William Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* have been republished in two tasteful volumes. A memoir of Carleton and excellent notes have been furnished by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue. Carleton may be classed as falling half-way between the excessive joviality of the Charles Lever style of Irish writer and the minute realism of the recent school. He is sometimes a little prolix, but he knew his subject thoroughly, was steeped, so to say, in Irish folk-lore and character, and he may be read to-day with both profit and entertainment. Both Mrs. Hinkson's volume and the Carleton sketches are published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

Mr. W. Pett Ridge, in *The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst*, gives us a successful, middle-aged literary man who is happily married, but sometimes thinks that if he could live his life over he could do more with it, a chance to try the experiment. It results in moral, intellectual, and financial disaster, and Mr. Staplehurst is only too happy to obtain from Jupiter (who has manipulated the transformation to youth as a reward for Mr. Staplehurst's very handsome references in type to his Olympian Majesty) a quick return to his original status. The idea is humorously worked out, but the lesson is rather too obvious, and the story is but a clever trifle. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Robert Barr tells a lively and entertaining story in *A Woman Intervenes*. An American woman reporter, an ingenuous mining engineer and his partner, an equally ingenuous skilled accountant, an English "promoter" of the fraudulent type, a rich and business-wise English girl, and other characters are deftly managed, but have little real solidity of existence as characters. The tone is cheerful and the story holds the attention fairly well. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Mr. George Gissing's *Sleeping Fires* is a short novel, simply constructed, and with a good deal of real feeling. The methods are those with which his more extended novels have made the reading world familiar, but in this case the atmosphere of hopelessness and realistic oppression is less dense than usual. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Mr. S. Baring-Gould has so many of the qualities of a good novelist that one earnestly wishes that he possessed that of making his characters talk and act more naturally. In *The Broom Squire* he has a strong plot, faithful local color, decided originality, and an interesting interplay of motive and character, but the dialogue is artificial and dull. Mr. Hardy would have made a great novel out of this same material. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

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Messrs. Ginn & Co. are doing an admirable work in putting a large and choice selection from the best literature and the best thought in forms especially adapted for the reading of children. The abridgment of Long's translation of *Epictetus* addresses itself, of course, only to the most mature boys and girls. It cannot be said in any way to belong to the literature of childhood, and there is some question whether it will be attractive even to youth of an older growth. It is, however, so noble a work that one is glad to see it reproduced in any form. About Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, which is also published in an abridged form with an introduction by Mr. Edward S. Morse, there can be no question. Boys and girls who have a love for nature and for the observation of natural life can hardly fail to be interested in this pioneer of out-of-door literature. The volume contains a brief introductory sketch. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

Lovers of Dr. Johnson will find a special pleasure in the large, clear type and the convenient form of the new edition of the *Lives of the Poets* which is now coming from the press of the Messrs. Scribner, and which, when completed, is to fill six small volumes, compact in form, well bound, and admirably printed. The notes and introduction by Mr. Arthur Waugh will add to the value of this excellent edition by helping readers to understand the place in Johnson's life of his most mature and in some respects his most extended literary work. In no other work are the strength and weakness of Johnson more clearly indicated. His sound sense, his practical sagacity, his sanity, on the one hand; on the other, his lack of imagination, his deficient sense of melody, his failure to appreciate the spontaneous elements—all these are strikingly illustrated in this group of brief biographies.

A volume of infinite delight and resource to lovers of English verse is Mr. A. S. Martin's comment *On Parody*. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) Mr. Martin has made a collection of the best parodies in English, and prefaced them with a very interesting introduction on the general subject, in which he points out the different kinds of parodies and gives the reader some account of the development of the parody. The selections of verse are in many cases accompanied by prose comments describing the occasion, presenting historical and personal facts, and containing critical comment. The selections are made with admirable taste, and the book is an addition not only to the literature of literary study, but also to the literature of pleasure.

The fourth edition of Mr. John Addington Symonds's translation of *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini* has recently come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and presents in an admirable form, both as to size and typography, one of the most interesting books of its kind in the literature of the world. The volume contains the mezzotint portrait of Cellini and sixteen reproductions of characteristic works from his hand. It contains also the extremely valuable and interesting introduction from the hand of Mr. Symonds. Of the translation at this late date it is unnecessary to speak.

Those who are looking for a brief manual of ecclesiastical history may find *Outlines of Church History*, by Rudolf Sohm, translated by Miss May Sinclair, the book that suits their want. It is brief, but it is not a mere outline. The author has chosen to treat only the greater events and personages, omitting matters of lesser interest. In this way he has produced a book that is readable. His standing-point is that of evangelical faith and liberal culture. He discusses the doctrinal movements of the past in a calm and impartial spirit. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has placed in the hands of his publishers the manuscript of his new book. It will bear the title "The Ambassador of Christ."

—Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," is now living at Nottingham. Although in his eightieth year, he is wonderfully hale and hearty. It is considerably over half a century since "Festus" appeared.

—One of Victor Hugo's grandsons was a sailor for three years, and is soon to publish his first book, "The Recollections of a Sailor," some of the chapters of which have already appeared in one of the Paris newspapers.

—The fresh transcription of part of the Sinai Gospels, which was brought by Mrs. S. S. Lewis from Mount Sinai in the spring of last year, will be published by the Cambridge University Press in the course of this month. It will be accompanied by a new and complete edition of her translation, and will take the form of a reprint of about one hundred Syriac pages hitherto defective.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, who died on March 28, at the age of sixty-eight, at Hampstead, England, was born in Tavistock, Devonshire. The list of her works is a long one, and foremost among them stands the famous "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" (which appeared in 1864). Others of her writings are "The Victory of the Vanquished: A Tale of the First Century," "Against the Stream: The Story of an Heroic Age in England," "Joan the Maid," "Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century," and "Martyrs and Saints of the First Twelve Centuries."

—A new edition of "The Question of Copyright," compiled by Mr. George Haven Putnam, Secretary of the American Publishers' Copyright League, is in press for immediate publication. The book has been thoroughly revised and brought down to date, and new material has been added. An important feature is the full text of the copyright law of the United States, with the amendments adopted and considered up to March 1, 1896, and a summary of the copyright laws at present in force throughout the world.

—The "Westminster Gazette" says: "Every effort is being made to secure that the forthcoming Burns Exhibition to be held in Glasgow during the summer months shall be a success. A sum of upward of £2,500 has already been subscribed to the guarantee fund. The Committee, of which Lord Rosebery and Lord Provost Bell are respectively President and Vice-President, desire, however, that the guarantee fund should amount to £5,000, and they now appeal for further subscriptions, and also for loans of pictures, manuscripts, relics, books, and other articles likely to enhance the interest and the value of the exhibition. What, one wonders, would the bard himself think of it all?"

—Mr. Clarke, of Apia, Samoa, who conducted the late Robert Louis Stevenson's funeral service, is now in England. Speaking of the novelist in an interview, he said:

> "I met Mr. Stevenson the first day he landed at Samoa, and our friendship dated from that time. Rarely a day passed but some member of his family was at our house." Mr. Clarke said he did not think the religious side of Mr. Stevenson's character had received due recognition. "Every Sunday night he conducted family worship. A chapter from the Samoan Bible was read verse by verse by the members of the household; Mr. Stevenson followed with a collect and the Lord's Prayer from the English Prayer-Book, and then one of the Samoans prayed in the vernacular; finally, Mr. Stevenson read a prayer which he had composed during the week for this service; and the prayer read at his funeral was the one that had been offered the preceding Sunday." Mr. Clarke stated that Mr. Stevenson was a regular attendant at the English church, and, speaking from most intimate acquaintance, characterized him as "a deeply religious man."

[For list of Books Received see Table of Contents]

For the Little People

Marble Time

By Clinton Scollard

Hurrah! hurrah! it's marble time!
And every boy who's got a dime
Or nickel somewhere stored away
Will, after school, be out at play.
What if the wind blows chill?—it's fun!
And there are corners in the sun.

Now bring your "allies" bright, and bring
Your bag of "mibs," and make a ring,
And if it's little or it's big,
There's not a *feller*'ll care a fig;
But if you "hunch," no boy in town
Will play, and you must "knuckle down."

Oh, don't I wish that I might go
Unto the land where marbles grow
Upon the trees like fruit, and pull
Them off, and fill my pockets full!
Though I can't find that country, I'm
Just jolly glad it's marble time.

April Sunbeams

By Mary H. Fisk

If there was one thing Father Sun loved, it was the beautiful world where happy boys and girls lived, and where his Sunbeams went every day to work and play.

April was coming, and the dear little April Sunbeams were wild with delight to think it would soon be their turn to go to work.

"Please, Father Sun, let us go first," said some bright Sunbeams.

"You!" said Father Sun; "why, you are hot little Sunbeams, and ought to go last."

"Yes, Father Sun, we know that, but we want to go the very first day of April. The children have such fun on April Fool's Day, and we love to hear them laugh, and see the jokes they play on each other, and then we want to fool them, and make them think summer has come."

And the children were fooled.

"Mother," said one little boy, "I can't keep my coat on another minute; it's as hot as summer out."

The Sunbeams just danced up and down on the wall when they heard that, and could hardly wait till night came to tell Father Sun what a good joke they had played on the dear little boy.

"Now we must go to work," said Father Sun. "Who wants to shine on the trees and call to the buds softly and gently that Jack Frost has gone home, and that April has come, and that it is time they took off their overcoats and began to grow?"

So many Sunbeam Fairies wanted to go to visit the trees that Father Sun's heart was filled with joy at the sight.

Some were dressed in green—such a dainty tint of green—and they spoke lovingly to the leaf-buds, and helped them awaken from their long winter nap. Some were dressed in red, and they whispered their secret to the tiny red flower-buds on the maple and elm trees, and laughed to think such great big trees should have such little flowers. Some went to the willows and called the "pussies" out. I cannot begin to tell you all the different trees they visited, there were so many; but to each one there came a troop of Sunbeam Fairies, and not one little bud was overlooked.

Another set rested lovingly on the ground. Do you think they were going to make the ground grow? "Such funny children to think that!" said these Fairies. "Let us not tell them about it, but make them wait and see what comes up out of the ground after a while, and then see if they can guess why we worked and played there every day."

"I am afraid," said one thoughtful little Fairy—but so softly that the children on the porch could not hear her—"that I am shining so hard on my spot of ground that it will be baked hard, and the dear little seed will never be able to send its stalk up into the air."

"Never mind," said another, "Father Sun told us to shine just as hard as we could, so it will all be right."

"I wish he would send a shower," said another.

"I know what the children would say if he did," said a third. But before the fourth could say anything, down came the rain, and all the children shouted, "April showers make May flowers."

The Sunbeams were so anxious to hear what the children were saying that back they came before it had stopped raining.

"There is the sun, and it is still raining," said one little girl with bright eyes. "There ought to be a rainbow."

"I was so afraid they would not see it," whispered a Sunbeam.

"But they did," said another. "Let us ask Father Sun to send a shower and a rainbow every day—it makes the children so happy."

As Father Sun watched his April Sunbeams, his heart glowed within him.

"They are brave little workers," he said. "The world will soon be ready for the beautiful May flowers."

Gyp

He is a Skye. You wonder, when you look at him, how he can ever see to walk, his hair is in such a tangle over his eyes. His tail is the most amusing part of him. It really seems as if his constant wagging would wear it out. It is never still. When he is glad, you can hardly see it—it goes so fast that it is like a yellow streak. He is full of tricks. He jumps as high as your shoulders when you go to see him. If he has had his bath, he seems to say, "Just see me! Am I not handsome?" Perhaps he has found out how handsome he is from the mirror in the house where he lives. It reaches from the ceiling to the floor; and he has learned, in some way, that this is not another dog he sees jumping about, but a reflection of himself.

Gyp has his trials. One of them is that he cannot run out in the street alone. He stands by the window and sees the other dogs run up and down the block, playing with the children and having a delightful time, but he is not allowed this freedom. Then he has to have a bath every day, and he hates it. He struggles and cries and whines, though he must know by this time that it is useless, that he must submit. Not the least of his trials is caused by the little boys and girls. Why is it that they should do the very thing to Gyp that they hate to have done to them? When Gyp stands in the window, feeling very unhappy because he cannot run out and play, those children lean on the iron fence in front and bark and jump at him until he is nearly frantic. If they would only remember how they feel when all the other children on the block are out playing, and they cannot go, they would not torment dear Gyp as they do. Now what has happened is that Gyp hates little boys and girls. He cannot bear to have them come in the house. The moment one comes in he growls and scowls, and looks as fierce as if he were a big lion instead of a tiny dog about twelve inches long. He thinks all boys and girls are his enemies. They miss a very great pleasure, for Gyp is so affectionate that he is worth having for a friend. If you were his friend, you would not give up the friendly wag of his tail for a large sum of money. How much happier Gyp would be, and the boys and girls on his block, if, when he saw them, he barked in joy as he does at his friends, and wagged his ridiculous tail to show how much he loved them! Now his tail stands out in anger, and he growls and barks his hateful bark the moment a small boy or girl appears.

The Accident

She is such a dear little girl that you cannot resist the temptation to watch her. She is the most loving little mother you can imagine. She pushes before her, as she comes down the street, a beautiful baby-carriage. Some big folks who do not understand little girls might be cruel enough to say that it is a doll-carriage. The little girl avoids all the rough places in the sidewalk, so that her darling baby will not be jarred or annoyed by the roughness. When the sun shines, she carefully adjusts the white silk parasol so that the sun will not shine in her baby's eyes. It is certain that if she knew how very bad for the eyes a white parasol is she would not use one. This little mother and her precious baby are in charge of a big nurse. The nurse is one of those disagreeable big people who will not see what a precious baby a doll is, and she calls the carriage a doll's carriage.

Yesterday there was a sharp cry of distress, and then a sweet little voice full of tears saying, "Save her! save her!" In the street, just over the curb, was the baby-carriage. The beautiful baby in her long white dress lay in the gutter; the lovely little mother stood wringing her hands on the sidewalk. The nurse picked up the baby by her skirts, and jerked the carriage back on the sidewalk, and threw the baby in it, saying to the little mother, "Stop crying! your old doll is not broken." The little mother could not believe it; she cried harder than ever as she smoothed out the pillow and straightened out her baby comfortably in the carriage. She felt her all over, and put her cheek down on her baby's face. Then the nurse, big and coarse and strong, like an ogre in the fairy stories, shook the little girl and said, "Stop your noise," and the little girl gave a frightened sob and pushed the carriage as far from the curb as she could roll it.

Perhaps some good fairy will tell the little mother's mamma how disagreeable the nurse is, and then she will have a good nurse who will believe that little girls' dolls can be just as dear to them as real live babies are to their real mothers. If the fairies would only wave their wands over all the nurses in the land, and make them gentle and kind and good, what a lovely world this would be for children!

Mournful Jane and Happy Sue

By Ruth Underhill

Once on a time there were two twins
Whom everybody knew,
And one of them was Mournful Jane
And one was Happy Sue.

And Happy Sue would laugh and sing,
And run about and play,
But Mournful Jane would mope and groan,
And cry all through the day.

A stranger coming to the town
Was struck by this, and said
To Sue, "What are you thinking of
That makes you laugh, my maid?"

And Susan smiled, and happily
And gayly made reply,
"I think of all the cakes and pies
To-morrow will supply."

And then the stranger turned to Jane
And said, "My little one,
What do you think of all the time
That makes you sob and groan?"

Jane answered with a burst of tears
And face all woebegone,
"I think of all the cakes and pies
That are forever gone!"

◆

An exchange says a gentleman invited some friends to dinner; and as the colored servant entered the room, he accidentally dropped a platter which held a turkey. "My friends," said the gentleman, in a most impressive tone, "never in my life have I witnessed an event so fraught with disaster in the various nations of the globe. In this calamity we see the downfall of Turkey, the upsetting of Greece, the destruction of China, and the humiliation of Africa."

The Religious World

A Noteworthy Conference The wish for a closer fellowship between the Congregational churches and those of the Christian connection seems to be in process of realization. On the 14th and 15th of this month, at Piqua, Ohio, a joint Conference, consisting of representatives of two local Conferences of Congregationalists and two of Christians, gave to this movement a strong impetus. The Christian church at Piqua entertained the Conference, and a good delegation from both denominations was in attendance. Two presiding officers, the Rev. J. B. Weston, D.D., of the Christian Biblical School at Stamfordville, N. Y., and the Rev. Washington Gladden, divided the direction of the assembly between them, and the secretaries were the Rev. J. J. Summerbell, D.D., editor of the "Herald of Gospel Liberty," and the Rev. R. S. Lindsay, of Columbus. The opening sermon was delivered by the Congregational president, upon the mission of the Church as the promoter of unity and peace in society. Such questions as "Are Congregationalists Christians?" "Are Christians Congregationalists?" and "How Can we Help Each Other?" and such topics as "The Essentials of Christianity," "Converging Lines," "Unity a Product of Life," "Unity a Condition of Growth," and the gains of unity in the nineteenth and in the twentieth centuries, were discussed in admirable papers and addresses, and the voluntary speaking was extremely vigorous and effective. The spirit of the whole meeting was the very best. From the beginning to the end not one discordant note was struck. The purpose of all seemed to be to find a way of closer fellowship and more practical co-operation. The fact of the essential unity of the two bodies was made so plain that a wayfaring man could not help seeing it. The only obstacle in the way of the complete unification of the two bodies appears to be the question of name; and there were few who were inclined to put emphasis upon this. No attempt was made, however, to secure organic unity. Such action would have exceeded the powers of the local bodies represented, and it was the unanimous feeling that the unity ought to come as the product of life, and not as the result of any well-contrived agreements. The Conference unanimously resolved that meetings similar to this with a larger constituency should be arranged for in the future, and appointed a committee to take the matter in charge. It also recommended that local Conferences of either body should take pains to invite to their meetings members of the other living in their neighborhood; that, when practicable, the local Conferences of the two bodies should be held at the same time and place, and joint sessions arranged for; that fellowship be promoted by exchange of pulpits; and that the home mission boards of the two bodies be requested to confer for the maintenance of comity and co-operation.

A Good Union Work One form of Christian activity which knows no division into orthodox and heterodox in Massachusetts is what is called "The Convention of Congregational Ministers." It has issued its annual appeal in behalf of its charitable fund. The income of this fund it distributes, with such additional sums as may be intrusted to it, to the widows and unmarried daughters of the Congregational ministers in Massachusetts who died without pastoral settlements. About thirty such persons are receiving assistance. Last year the amount which could be given each one was only $34. The committee are anxious to lift it to $100, and to do this they need to have the income considerably increased. The appeal is made to both Trinitarian and Unitarian churches, which for years have united in this work. On the committee we see the names of such a Congregationalist as Dr. Alexander Mackenzie, and such a Unitarian as Dr. E. E. Hale. The treasurer of the fund is the Rev. Henry F. Jenks, of Canton, Mass. Are there not other ways in which not only these churches but all others could co-operate in what surely should be regarded as common work?

Professor H. P. Smith and the Cincinnati Presbytery The "Evangelist" of April 16 contains a courteous and generous-spirited article by the Rev. Rollin A. Sawyer, D.D., in which he makes an appeal to the Cincinnati Presbytery to rescind its action in regard to Professor Henry Preserved Smith. Dr. Sawyer says the sentiment, in brief, is this: The trial was hasty and impassioned, and the sentence was on something which Professor Smith was presumed to represent rather than upon himself. The vote by which sentence was given does not to-day represent the judgment of the Presbytery nor of the Church at large. Why, then, should it be suffered to stand?" He then goes on to show that the Presbytery has the initiative; that the fact that judgment was affirmed by Synod and Assembly does not take from the Presbytery the privilege of reversing the sentence. He then shows that the confidence of the members of the Presbytery of Cincinnati in Professor Smith is unimpaired and freely confessed; that they have urged him to accept a certificate of good standing to be taken to a Congregational church; he shows that the Professor is believed and trusted everywhere; and that his friends in the Presbytery of Cincinnati who are ready to move for a reversal of his sentence, if not in the majority in the Presbytery, surely have the majority of the people of God with them. The article then shows that the feeling throughout the Church is in favor of the action suggested. Dr. Sawyer says: "The good sense of our whole Church demands a change. It would hail such action by the Presbytery of Cincinnati as would show a consciousness of the presence and rights of their brethren." The article is written in the peculiarly strong and vigorous style characteristic of the author. He speaks as a Presbyterian. We have no doubt, however, that in his appreciation of Professor Henry P. Smith he voices the sentiment not only of the members of his own denomination, but of most Christian people who are familiar with the facts.

A Silver Jubilee The Mount Vernon Church of Boston, of which the Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D.D., is the pastor, has long been one of the landmarks of that city. In recent years it has been removed to the Back Bay, and a new church edifice has been erected. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Dr. Herrick as its pastor was celebrated on the 11th of April. Dr. Herrick is one of the most eminent and scholarly as well as one of the manliest and truest men in the ministry of our country. He succeeded the Rev. Dr. Kirk in the pastorate of the Mount Vernon Church. The position was a difficult one, but the work has steadily advanced, and to-day is most encouraging. On Sunday, April 12, Dr. Kirk preached an anniversary sermon, and on the following day numbers of his friends gathered in Mount Vernon Hall to offer him and to the church their congratulations. Professor J. W. Churchill, of Andover, presided. Dr. George A. Gordon declared that the grandeur of Dr. Herrick's ministry lies in the fact that he has saved Mount Vernon Church from the doom that awaited it in its old location. Other speakers were Dr. A. S. Twombly, General F. A. Walker, of the Institute of Technology, Judge Chamberlain, of Chelsea, Dr. Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. Winchester Donald, of Trinity Church, Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The work which Dr. Herrick has accomplished is worthy of all the good words spoken concerning it. After listening to his friends, he said: "These lovely things you have been saying about me are not true, but that you should think them true touches me very deeply."

Dr. Herrick's Sermon One part of Dr. Herrick's sermon on the anniversary mentioned above is particularly worthy of being reproduced in our columns. We quote from the report as it is given in the "Congregationalist:" "The most masterly portion of the discourse, however, was his review of the changes in fundamental conceptions and ruling ideas which he believes have taken general and permanent possession of the thinking of mankind. Formerly men said: Christ died, therefore God is our Father. Our belief now is just the reverse: God is our Father, and therefore Christ died. In the same way men held that the Bible is an inspired book, and must therefore be accepted from beginning to end. Not so; the Bible is a book full of profound truths which appeal to the judgment and conscience, and therefore must be given of God, inspired. The ethical relations of God and man are as parent and child who stand with mutual rights and mutual duties, while the cross is the supreme expression of God's eternal altruism in relation to his children. Heaven and hell are here. 'I have been in both,' said the preacher, solemnly. With a new conception of the corporate unity of mankind, theology has become more altruistic, and a new theory of preaching, which holds that man must be a follower of Christ not merely to save himself, but to be a savior in his own place and measure, has been adopted of inward necessity."

Missionary Policy The meeting of the Vermont Congregational Club recently held in Bennington had an open discussion on the subject of Missions, in which there was greater freedom of utterance than is common in the consideration of that subject. The Vermont Congregationalists have opened a door through which we imagine many others will soon pass. The question of missionary policy demands instant and serious consideration. The Rev. George W. Phillips, D.D., for instance, in the discussion at Bennington emphasized the duty of concentration upon fewer fields. That is important. The previous policy has been to extend as rapidly as possible, but Dr. Phillips argued that if one country could be evangelized at a time, in the end the work would be more swiftly accomplished. Finish Japan, China, and India, and then go on to other countries. But really there need be no undue concentration if there is only proper co-operation. This is the point which we would emphasize. The missionary treasuries are embarrassed, and many of them deeply in debt, and one reason is because there is so much competition between societies and so little co-operation. The missionary work in its present proportions could be administered with far greater economy both of men and means. If all individual societies would concentrate and co-operate, at least so far as to advise with one another as to what fields they should enter, there would be better service in all the fields, and few if any would long be without the leaven of missionary influence. One of the sad things of the present embarrassed condition of the treasuries of the various Boards is the fact that there has been so little mutual consultation as to how the work might be conducted more economically. Instead of that, a new force of agents has been put into the fields to raise the debts. Possibly no other course could have been followed, but we should like to see the experiment tried of all the American societies meeting with but one object in view, and that the consideration of the question how the whole work might be conducted with greater efficiency and economy. The result would be some very revolutionary changes, no doubt, but we believe that among them would be no contraction of salaries on the field and no reduction of appropriations. Does not denominationalism stand in the way of the wisest administration of the great and glorious missionary enterprises of the Church? And why should not the denominations co-operate?

Forward Movement in Australia About thirty-five years ago the Wesley Church in Melbourne was erected, and was intended to be a kind of Methodist Cathedral. It was regarded as the finest church building of the denomination in the world. At the present time there are few that are finer. It is a Gothic structure of imposing proportions, and accommodates about two thousand people. As a church for the "classes" it was never a success. Recently, however, it has been utilized in the interests of a movement similar to that which is led by Hugh Price Hughes in the West End Mission of London. Its location is favorable, being near to the center of the city and also near to many of the worst localities. The need in that city is great for something which, in the best sense, shall be a forward movement. For this work the Rev. A. R. Edgar has been secured. He is a famous open-air preacher, and is said by the writer in the "Christian World," from which we take these facts, to be hated by the publicans, or saloon-keepers, more than any other man in Victoria. He is about six feet six inches in height, and as large every other way as he is physically. Under the new order the great building is thronged both winter and summer. The subjects considered are level to the comprehension of common people. Manifestation of approval is welcomed as in a public hall, and all are made to feel at home. About four hundred are enrolled as members of the "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Club." The "Sisters of the People" are of great service in visitation. On Sunday evenings a brass band plays in front of the church, and sometimes marches round the neighborhood leading a procession to the church doors. Occasional stereopticon services are held, to the great delight of the people. Among the agencies used none render better results than what is known as the Sisters' Department. Four Sisters are in constant service. "One attends the police court daily to look after women and children who may be 'run in.' She also leads a large class, gives Christian instruction in a day-school, and visits among the sick and poor. Another looks after the converts who give in their names, and also speaks at evangelistic meetings. Another is employed in rescue work, living in a refuge for unfortunate women." In such ways these Sisters are proving themselves the true friends of the people. Another branch of work is the Relief Department, which uses a large warehouse as the center of its activity. There is a night shelter, for those who are out of work, in which are seventy beds, and any man, sober and destitute, can obtain one for the asking. Many are fed there, and it is a center of charitable work. The bakers and produce-dealers of the city have become so interested in this movement that they regularly contribute, and we read that "only once has a half-crown been spent in meat since the place was opened." These centers of the forward movement in London, Birmingham, Melbourne, and other places are more like the service originally rendered by Wesley and his followers than anything to be seen elsewhere in the world. The need of such a movement in Melbourne was as great as in London. It was far more sensible to utilize that great church for such a purpose than it would have been to sell the building and move the church to a neighborhood where it would be surrounded by the homes of the rich and well-to-do. The example could be followed with profit in many other cities.

Foreign Missions Again The "Review of the Churches" for the month of April contains a Round Table Conference on the subject of a commission to examine into the way in which foreign mission work is conducted. The Conference is the outgrowth of a suggestion made at the Parliament of Religions. Among the writers is Mr. Arnold White, who has traveled widely, and who is quite severe in his criticisms. "What we want to know," he says, "is whether it is worth while to spend another hundred millions sterling on Protestant missions as they are now conducted, or can we do better with the money?" He says: "We have spent seventy millions already, and are keeping up fifty-four societies at a cost of a million sterling a year." He thinks the public are not well informed as to the results of mission work as a whole. He says: "We have spent seventy millions sterling in teaching a lesson we have not begun to learn ourselves." By that he means to say that the churches at home have not reached the standard of the teaching of the missionaries abroad. Another writer is Dr. Cust, of the Indian Civil Service, who supports the views advanced by Mr. White. On the other side Mr. Eugene Stock, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and Mr. Wardlaw Thompson, of the London Missionary Society, defend the missionary policy with great earnestness. The former says that the character of the missionaries is steadily improving; that the annual expenditure of all Protestant missions is only equal to the cost of a single Cunarder. Mr. Thompson grants that in some respects the positions of missionaries are preferable to those who minister among the poorer classes at home, but claims that so far as that may be true it is a reflection on the home churches rather than on the foreign field. Most of the discussion concerns India, and is, as we said before, largely from the point of view of the Anglican missions. It has been our privilege to study mission work on other fields, and we are able to say that, however it may be in one or two lands, the statements of Mr. White and Dr. Cust are not true in all lands. The missionaries whom we have seen are devoted and self-sacrificing. Most of them could do better at home, if they were actuated by selfish motives. They are earnestly seeking the welfare of the people, and are tireless in preaching the Gospel. They live with the greatest frugality, and have proved their heroism in ways that do not need to be recounted.

Another Criticism Another criticism of the same kind as that to which we have referred is in an article published in the "Far East" by Professor Ukita, of Japan. Like Dr. Cust, he arraigns the nations which are only nominally Christian for sending missionaries to the "heathen." If sending missionaries assumed that all the people in the lands from which they were sent were Christian, there would be an absurdity in the whole missionary enterprise; but the Christians from among whom missionaries are sent are equally faithful at home. They are tireless in the great cities and on the frontiers. Foreign missions are only one branch of the whole service. The theory of foreign missions is that the people must hear and know the Gospel before they can have the strongest motives for living righteous lives. We do not send missionaries to Japan because we are entirely Christian in the United States, but in order that Japan may know the Christian Saviour. The missionary enterprise in Japan and India is only a small part of what the Church is doing. It is easy for the Japanese professor and the English official to sneer at England and America as unchristian nations. No one knows what truth is in that statement better than the Christian people who are not relaxing their efforts at home because of what they are doing abroad; but America and England know the Gospel as some other nations do not, therefore missionaries are sent.

Brief Mention

Last week the Rev. W. H. Davis, D.D., formerly of the First Congregationa Church of Detroit, was installed pastor of the Eliot Church in Newton, Mass. The church is one of the strongest suburban churches in New England, and its new pastor is a man who has been well tried in other fields of labor. During his ministry in Detroit a new and beautiful church edifice was erected and nearly eight hundred new members were received.

American and English Christians, among whom he is widely known, will sympathize with the Rev. Henry Loomis in the loss of his home at Yokohama by fire. Mr. Loomis is no longer a missionary of any Board; he represents the Bible Society in Japan. His denominational connections are with the Presbyterians, but almost all Christians who visit that Empire have received courtesies from his hands. His hospitality is large, and his position in the leading port of the nation gives him peculiar opportunities for meeting and greeting those who come from England and America. We extend to him our hearty sympathy.

The Rev. George Leon Walker, D.D., of Hartford, Conn., has been selected this year to deliver the course of lectures annually given at the Hartford Theological Seminary on the Carew foundation. Dr. Walker is well known for his historical studies, and his subject is "Some Phases of the Religious Life of New England, with Special Reference to Congregationalism." The titles of the individual lectures, with the dates on which they will be delivered, are as follows: (1) "The Religious Life of the Puritan Period" (approximate time, 1620–1660), on April 15; (2) "The Decline of Religious Feeling in New England" (approximate time, 1660–1735), on April 20; (3) "The Great Awakening and its Sequels" (approximate time, 1735–1790), on April 22; (4) "The Evangelical Reawakening" (approximate time, 1790–1859), on April 27; (5) "The Current Era" (approximate time, 1859–1896), on April 29. The lecturers in other years on this foundation have been such men as the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., on "Qualifications for Ministerial Power;" President E. Benjamin Andrews, LL.D., on "Wealth and Moral Law;" and Maurice Thompson on "The Ethics of Literary Art."

The Home Club

The Parlor Lecture

The day has really come when the American woman would be justified in praying to be delivered from the parlor lecturer. The parlor lecturer now almost equals in number the insects that plagued Egypt. This is especially true during Lent. It may be that there is a desire to increase the gloom of the season that is supposed to be spent in sackcloth and ashes; certainly many women feel that sackcloth and ashes would be light penance in comparison with that which they pay sitting in overheated, unventilated parlors listening to rambling talks on subjects in which they have no interest, or one only just awakening. True, they are responsible for their own sufferings, and it is rather a curious state of mind, for they usually pay a large price for their experience. Every year this plague of parlor lectures increases in number; would that we could say in the dissemination of knowledge! Why is it that a woman who is kind-hearted, honest, and fair-minded will become sponsor for some woman—usually the parlor lecturer is a woman who has failed in everything else—and introduce her to her friends as a lecturer, when the woman has no equipment or training, nor is there any justification in her appearance in public in the light of a teacher, except her financial need, or her love of prominence. Now, in the first case, she is entitled to all that generosity can give her, but why in the world should this generosity be disguised by giving her the title of lecturer? Why cannot her friend, who wishes to help her, state the woman's needs to her friends, and make up a purse of money and give it to her? We all give away during the winter a great deal of money that does no good, and it surely is a pleasant thought that one has saved a gentlewoman from being hungry or cold or barefooted, or even unfashionable. But why should a hundred gentlewomen be tortured in order that one may meet a measure of protection? Is it not time that the intelligent American woman should rise in her might against this form of pseudo-charity? Is there anything more unkind than wrapping the cloak of pretense of learning about ignorance? What does it mean when a half-trained woman dares to appear in public with a series of lectures on subjects that are beyond her capacity to understand, about which she has never had, and never can have, an original thought? Why should we have women who are unequipped giving lectures? There are women who have something original to say about a subject to which they have given years of time, of study, of thought, and investigation; and the world owes them a debt of gratitude, in this day of rush and hurry, for digesting their subject thoroughly, and giving their thoughts to the people who will not take the time to read, and hardly the time to think. Honesty demands that a woman should be very cautious when she assumes the duty of sponsor. It is no light or trifling matter to get an audience of women together in these busy days, nor should it be done except when the sponsor knows that they will be paid for the time they give. The lecture season is practically over for '95, but '96 lies before us, with scores of men and women ably equipped to arouse new thought and ambition for learning, and to widen and deepen the culture of the women of a young nation; but back of them are hordes of men and women poorly equipped who will be paid for giving out ideas that are not their own, for they never had any, their need being the only reason advanced for afflicting the public. The pity of it is that the very class of people who need the very best teachers (for the parlor lecturer is a teacher) have not the standards which enable them to judge of good work. This it is which makes the unequipped lecturer possible and enables women to eke out a miserable existence in what they call a profession—but which is rapidly becoming a procession, to see which the audience grows smaller as we grow more intelligent. The parlor lecture has an office, and a noble one, but it can maintain it only as the projectors have personal ambition to stand before the public as its protectors against poor work. This mixing of charitable impulses and general sympathies with educational opportunities is nearly always disastrous. It is not the lecturer who is guilty, but the women who place her in the wrong position.

Physical Culture

The American Association for the Advancement of Physical Culture is, as its name indicates, an organization having for its purpose the awakening of a wider and more intelligent interest in physical education. This Association was organized in 1885 at the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn, and while its growth has in no measure been phenomenal, it has been a steady one that indicated the earnestness with which the members were working to accomplish the ends for which they organized. Without doubt there is a wide field for this organization, for much that is termed physical culture is not so. This is especially true of much of the work done for children and working-girls, and very much of the work that is done by so-called professionals is conducive to harm, and establishes false standards—not the least of the great evils with which the American people at the present time must contend. The Association declares as its object the increasing of interest in physical education and the spread of accurate knowledge as to what physical education is, and to further a knowledge of the best athletic pastimes in the education of children and youth. Active membership is possible only to those engaged in physical education, but the Association has created an associate membership which will include all who are interested in the cause of physical education and who desire to be associated with the society. This Association has decided that branch organizations must be established. Any persons interested can secure copies of the constitution and by-laws, and such information as they need, by addressing George W. Fitz, Corresponding Secretary, Cambridge, Mass.

Child Study

The awakening interest of our readers in the subject of child study justifies the unusual space given in this column to this subject. The Department of Psychology of the University of Wisconsin has done and is doing practical work. A syllabus issued by it is of great value. The subject is, "Studies in the Moral Development of Children." The object, as stated, is to get the attitude of young children toward authority, with a view to determining what sort of discipline, instruction, and appeal is best calculated to develop in children a proper recognition of authority and readiness to submit to it. To get these data close observation must be given to the expressions of anger or willfulness when the child's voluntary actions are interfered with; the first acts of voluntary obedience, and the motives that promoted them. What kinds of punishment affect the child? Does he submit as without will, or is he made angry or sulky by interference with his plans? Is he affected by the manner in which a command is given? Does he yield to the authority of others than his parents? Does the form of command affect his obedience? Does the child disobey because of a strong, self-assertive spirit? Does he play and work harmoniously with other children? Does he lead or follow best? Keep the records of each child separate; nationality, age, condition of health, and peculiarities of temperament should be recorded. The condition of the child at the time of the act should be recorded. A child nervous or angry, irritated or calm, ill or well, will not in each condition act the same; justice requires that his condition should be known. This syllabus of child study can be obtained by addressing J. F. Morse, Wisconsin University, Madison, Wis.

Mothers' Club in St. Paul

Dear Outlook: I read with interest in the Home Club an article on "Child Study," and an account of the Mothers' Club of Buffalo. We have had a Mothers' Club in this city for two years, not for scientific child-study alone, but taking up the special physiology and psychology of woman, the kindergarten idea, the "new education," and all the difficult problems of child-rearing, from ante-natal influence to the perilous "age of transition."

Our method is in general that of the literary "Woman's Club" of the day, including courses of reading, papers and discussion by members, and frequent lectures by outsiders—physicians, clergymen, educators. This year we have had a course of twelve lectures on Applied Psychology by a Normal School ex-president, and look forward to another course upon Chemistry of Foods and Household Sanitation. You see we do not propose to neglect either the mind or the body.

I am glad to be able to add that three other Mothers' Clubs have lately been established in other parts of the city, through the efforts of our Board of Directors, including at present over one hundred women, and an Executive Board is about to be formed, consisting of representatives from all four clubs. We hope to extend this work very largely during the coming year. Will not others who are doing similar work correspond with us?

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

St. Paul, Minn.

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Notes and Queries

I have had a discussion by letter with an esteemed friend on the matter of religion. I want to submit a few questions to you and a page of his letter, where he speaks of his father, now between seventy and eighty, who has always been moral and strictly honest, but who is not a church member, and refuses to believe in the fall of man and many things found in the Bible. Kindly tell me if what he lays down as to his father's liability to endless punishment is correct according to Christianity as taught nowadays. Also if we are to take literally the account given of the creation of woman out of the rib, and what we are to understand in the matter of the sun standing still for Joshua; and, finally, if a man acts honestly in all his dealings, is charitable toward other people's failings, has sympathy for the poor and unfortunate, and detests the methods by which the rich by usury and purchased legislation pile up wealth created by others' labor, and legalize their thefts (allowing also that by bathing and by proper thinking he keeps himself clean physically and mentally), but withal fails to believe that Jesus Christ was miraculously conceived by the Holy Ghost, refuses to believe in the fall of man, and holds that no good God would ever write or have written in *his* book that verse in the Bible, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"—must he, according to the Christian religion as now taught, be doomed after death to eternal torment or be "lost"? S. W. B.

Your friend writes: "Morality is not Christianity, and God requires more than the virtues named." We hold that in the truly spiritual view the two are one. His father's difficulty is threefold: 1. He regards Christian faith as essentially more than mere loving obedience to Christ, as our Saviour from sin rather than from punishment. 2. He regards morality as something apart from the spirit of loyalty to the Eternal Goodness, for he has not cured himself of swearing. 3. He imagines God to be responsible for the truth of everything ascribed to him in the Bible—especially in the Old Testament. False church-teaching has probably set him wrong on these points. The New Testament says that "the Father judgeth according to *each man's* works." Consequently God discriminates what is strictly a man's own from what his parents or teachers have put into him. In the case before us, this principle rules out all despair. Salvation is not getting into a place called "heaven," away from a place called "hell," but getting into a state of moral soundness and spiritual health. This is a thing of many degrees, from the most imperfect to the most perfect. So far as not completed here, it must be completed hereafter. But, in whatever degree, its vital principle is in the subjection of conscience to the law of God, with faith in God's saving power through our discipleship to his dear Son. Of course, we must see something of this saving process going on here, in order to hope that it will be completed hereafter. Not what a man believes about the birth of Christ, but the yielding of his conscience to Christ as Master and Guide, is of consequence to his real salvation. Christianity is no set of opinions, but a life of sonship to God in fidelity to Christ. The story of woman's creation and the fall is imaginative. The story of Joshua and the sun came from the fragment of a Hebrew war-song.

1. Please give me the distinction between the deity and divinity of Christ. Does the Bible teach the former or the latter? Do any churches hold to the deity of Christ? 2. Is faith an impulse or a certitude? 3. Is it possible to explain the existence of the spiritual nature of man as an expression of what is potential and prophetic of what is to come, and that its indefiniteness and obscurity are due to the fact of the imperfection or immaturity of this nature under material conditions? In other words, is not the spiritual nature of man in strict accordance with evolution and development and its laws, but limited under present conditions from this fact? 4. Is the intellect egoistic and the heart altruistic, and is it possible to bring these together so as to preserve the authority of both? J. W. B.

1. So far as any make this distinction, which not all do, the "deity" of Christ signifies that he was "very God of very God." His "divinity" denotes his godlikeness as above that of any other. In the various points of view which the Scriptures take, they teach both, in consonance with the underlying truth of an essential identity of nature between deity and humanity. The deity of Christ is an article of orthodox belief. 2. Incipient faith is an impulse: when fully developed, it is a certitude (see Heb. xi., 1). In the New Testament faith is the fellowship of love, trust, and endeavor with Christ, in entire self-committal to him. 3. By "spiritual nature" understand moral nature; then the indefiniteness will clear up. History shows a moral evolution going on, but at present it is largely in the embryonic stage. 4. We are not thus built in compartments. The raw material of our nature is feeling, and intellect is always involved in it. At first unreasonable and egoistic, as in a young child, it becomes reasonable and altruistic by culture. The authority ascribed to intellect over feeling is nothing but the authority of reasonable feeling over unreasonable.

1. I was asked the other day how Christ could be free from all conceit when he said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly." What should have been the answer? 2. Is the age of Christ at his death known? 3. Is it believed to be really true that when man was created, the serpent had the power of talking to Eve, and that God walked and talked in the flesh in the Garden of Eden? 4. In the many passages of the Bible where Christ speaks of coming from heaven, as John vi., 38, does it mean that he really was in heaven before he came to this earth?

A SUBSCRIBER.

1. "Professors" of any branch of learning profess their qualifications, and are not deemed conceited, as they state what it is important to know. Conceit is in thinking or professing above one's measure—which Christ did not—and in a self-regarding way. Christ's spirit in his profession was not self-regarding, but philanthropical. 2. As he was thirty years of age (see Luke iii., 23) at the beginning of his three years' ministry, he must have been thirty-three at his death. 3. Scholars generally regard the Eden story as "a spiritualized legend," *i.e.*, the product of the religious spirit, which worked up primitive traditions for the illustration of moral and spiritual lessons. 4. This and similar expressions (see John iii., 13; viii., 58) show that Jesus regarded himself as having been with God before he came into the world.

1. Can you tell me if there is a large printed and illustrated edition of the Bible for children? I want the Revised Version, and the illustrations the productions of the great masters. 2. What papers of an illustrated nature, both general and religious, are there that would be good to have in a family where there are children? Do you think such papers would be a good educational force for children? 3. What magazines and papers are the best to keep one posted in the affairs of the world—political, scientific, and religious? 4. What is the best New York daily for a minister? What the best Boston? C. L. S.

1. There is no illustrated edition of the Revised Version. 2. "Harper's Weekly" is our preference for an illustrated newspaper. "The Christian Work" is a valuable religious journal, which not only deals instructively with general news, but devotes a number of pages to illustrated articles. "Our Dumb Animals" (Boston) is an illustrated monthly of special educational value in a family. 3. "The Review of Reviews," "The Popular Science Monthly," "The New World," and "The Missionary Review of the World." 4. The only way to find out is to take a vote by postal card.

On Easter Sunday, April 2, 1893, Dr. Abbott preached from the text, "If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead" (Phil. iii., 11), taking the ground of conditional immortality. Is it fair to make this text look in that direction, when we know from other passages (*e. g.*, Acts xxiv., 15) that Paul believed in "unconditional" immortality, or the immortality of all men? A. S.

Entrance into life after death is resurrection. This is what Paul's saying in the Acts is limited to. Continuance of life after resurrection is immortality. This Paul never refers to as unconditional. Such continuance of life most probably depends on power to live, and this depends on living obediently to the divine laws of life. The effort to "attain unto the resurrection," which Paul makes, has regard to something more than man's natural survival of death. Paul is striving for "the resurrection of the just," in that soundness of spiritual life to whose immortal continuance thought can set no limits. This idea is indicated by the peculiarly emphatic word he uses (*exanastasis*), whose intensive signification we can hardly reproduce in any one English word.

1. Please give me the name of an able book—not a large work—on theology from the standpoint of the school of theology known as the Progressive as distinguished from the Conservative. Would prefer a book by a Congregationalist, and by a moderate, rather than a radical or extremist. 2. Is there a book by Dean Stanley called "The Body and Blood of Christ," and, if so, by whom published and at what price? L. P. A.

1. See the essay on "The New Theology" introductory to Dr. Munger's volume, "The Freedom of Faith." 2. See chapter on that subject in Stanley's "Christian Institutions" (Scribners, New York).

Can you tell me the proportion of the population of the large cities who are regular or occasional church-goers? Also the classes which are most negligent in this respect. I. S.

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There are no statistics available. Canvasses of particular cities are occasionally made and the results published in the newspapers at the time, but that is all.

What is the authority for Unitarians to affirm that the doctrine of the Trinity as now formulated was unknown till the second or third century after Christ?

A SUBSCRIBER.

All church historians agree that the first Trinitarian creed (though some orthodox writers call it only semi-Trinitarian) was formulated by the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325.

We are very glad that the following has been called out:

In your issue of April 11, page 683, in a notice of Tufts College, it is stated: "We doubt if there is another college in America, at least in the Eastern States, where it is possible for a student to take up the study of Greek after admission." I desire to state that from my own very limited observation there are two (at least) Eastern colleges where a student can take up Greek after admission; viz., Bryn Mawr College of this place, and Haverford College, within a mile of my house. In the former institution the "Beginning Greek" class is a regular course, and at Haverford such a course is always given when requested by three or four students.

C. J. R.

Please tell who wrote the eighteen lines beginning:

"O that mine eye might closèd be
To what becomes me not to see:
That deafness may possess my ear
To what concerns me not to hear!"

I have just met the lines alluded to in a manuscript written about 1809. That writer attributed them to Dr. Ebenezer Gray, who lived from 1697 to 1773. I suspect that Dr. Gray quoted, and the author of the manuscript made a mistake. I should very much like to know. E. S.

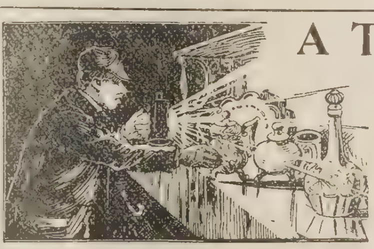
Where can I find the lines ending

"But in the ways of men I find him not"?

I think they are by Tennyson. A. P. A.

I want to know of the services of Romaine's Battery, from New York State, War of 1812. Can any reader refer me to a history or records that will give this information? A. R. A.

H. E. B.—I refer you for a history of the "Doomed Man" to the "Life of Dr. J. Addison Alexander," Chapter XIII., p. 415, and to "Forty Years' Familiar Letters of J. W. Alexander, D.D.," Vol. II., p. 285, edited by my father, the Rev. Dr. Hall, Trenton, New Jersey. C. K. J.



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The Spectator

The Spectator saw it stated in a paper the other day that there is an English "Society for the Prevention of the Desecration of Rural Scenery by Advertising"—or a society with that object, whether or not it is actually known by this cumbrous name. It is a most worthy society, certainly. The Spectator only wishes that it would establish a branch here in America, where there is a field for its activity as wide as the continent. But why, asks the Spectator, should this English society be exclusively "rural"? Certainly no city in the world is more obtrusively afflicted with the nuisance of staring advertising than is the city of London. "'Buses," for example, are so completely covered with placards in the interests of various shops, shows, nostrums, and wares that it is next to impossible to make out their destination. Again, in traveling by the Underground, the stations seem to be filled with announcements of everything conceivable except their own names. One is at a loss where to get out unless one has learned the trick of looking at the lettering of the small globes of the inconspicuous station lights. It struck the Spectator, fresh from a recent visit to London, as typically English to start a society to save rural scenery from vulgar advertising, but to grant to that same vulgar advertising the unrestrained license of excess in London, apparently without protest.

⁂

The English objection, then, is not to vulgar advertising in itself, but to vulgar advertising in certain places and under certain conditions. This explains to the Spectator, apropos of certain current comments he has noticed on the striking difference in head-lines between American and English newspapers, why it is that English journalism has failed to develop that end-of-the-century development of American journalism, the "head-line artist." English newspapers are ready enough to advertise their special "attractions" by all sorts of staring placards—like those which advertise shops, shows, nostrums, and other wares. Indeed, they do this more generally than do American newspapers. But they practice a commendable self-restraint in "heading up" these attractions in their own columns. In short, English newspapers do not take advantage of their own advertising space. This kind of self-puffery is apparently regarded as "bad form." It has been truly said that the absence of the American kind of head-line in English newspapers has much to do with their non-sensational character. This difference, the Spectator may note in an aside, has also much to do with the complaint of Americans in England that they can find "no news" in English newspapers. Missing the familiar signboards on which they have learned to rely, they cannot pick their way intelligently through long columns of type.

⁂

To illustrate the difference in sensational effect due to the difference in head-lines, the Spectator ventures to relate a little experience of his own. While in London he stumbled upon (such an "item" or "story" would never have been "stumbled upon" in an American newspaper) the evidence in a divorce suit brought by a well-known woman, a novelist. The head-line over it was of the most conventional sort: "Divorce Court; Blank, Judge; So-and-so vs. So-and-so." The fact that the plaintiff was a public person, at least a person in whom the public took an interest, was simply mentioned incidentally in the body of the article. On the other hand, the abhorrent details of the woman's unfortunate married life were given with a brutal frankness of speech impossible in any American newspaper of the same class. They might, perhaps, have appeared in a medical or sociological journal. Hardened by the American habit of taking newspaper horrors with his breakfast, the Spectator was able to digest these details without a qualm between chipping eggs, munching muffins, and drinking coffee. At the next table to his in the Metropole sat a clergyman and his daughter, a young woman of about twenty. Before them lay, spread open, a copy of the same paper. Between glances at his own copy the Spectator glanced occasionally at father and daughter. He pictured to himself the shock that good man would experience could the conventional British head-line over that divorce suit be suddenly changed into a "spicy" American head-line—to attract to it the daughter's attention.

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"The truth of the matter is," said the journalist with whom the Spectator was discussing the subject, "that few people, even among newspaper men, appreciate the extent to which its head-lines determine the character of a newspaper, or how largely newspaper reform is a matter of reforming head-lines. Of course everybody of refinement is shocked by a vulgar or coarse head-line, whose words are startlingly shameless. Their obtrusiveness challenges attention. I recall a case of only the other day, where the death of a well-known college president was announced in his home paper by a 'scare head' reading 'He Has Gone Above,' and running across a double column at the top of the page. But there are many other examples of misused head-lines by no means so obvious. For, as pose and arrangement of drapery make the difference in painting between the 'naked' and the 'nude;' as the art of suggestiveness determines in writing the degree of lasciviousness; so the skillful use of head-lines in newspaper editing predisposes to a certain point of view and subtly instills a bias before a single word of the article is read." And then the journalist paused and gave the first two examples which came to mind.

⁂

Said a man well known in public life, in speaking of an editor of his own party with whom he had quarreled: "He never 'heads' me but to be-head me." The point of the matter was this: The editor always gave the public man "his say," printing his letters of protest, but seldom deigning to reply to them editorially. The editor's answer, an all-sufficient one, was the head-line that "beheaded." "Let me wield the scissors of a newspaper, and I care not who writes its editorials," is the dictum of an influential metropolitan editor. By "scissors" this editor is far from referring solely to the selection of articles to be reprinted. He includes as well the form of their reappearance, the head-lines introducing them. "The evolution of the head-line peculiar to American journalism," said the journalist, resuming the thread of his comment, "is entirely—one might almost say inevitably—the result of the evolution of the news page itself into what we know it to be to-day—so well described by Max O'Rell when he said, 'The American newspaper is a huge collection of short stories.' As you know, everything is called a 'story' in newspaper slang, however important, however serious, from a funeral to a murder trial. This word 'story' is more than a bit of exaggerated slang, for it states a fact. The 'story' quality dominates all others in American newspaper-writing. The American head-line adds the artistic finishing touch. The completed whole accentuates the deeply truthful comment of an observing philosopher—Balzac, was it not?—that 'there are in the newspapers no such things as principles—there are only events; there are no such things as laws—there are only circumstances.'"

⁂

The Spectator entirely agreed with the journalist in his serious view of the significance of the head-line. For himself, he confessed, however, to a weakness for American head-lines. He said that he should miss the occasional cleverness and humor of the "head-line artist" were the American head-lines reformed to conform to the staid English pattern. Especially did the Spectator recall a certain hearty laugh he once had over the ingenuity of this head-line: "875 Tongues Short." It introduced the account in a Monday's paper of a service in a once famous church whose congregation had been reduced to a handful by quarrels over the pastor—the account beginning something like this: "A congregation of just 125 worshipers opened their service yesterday morning in the Rev. Dr. Blank's church by disconsolately singing the hymn, 'O for a thousand tongues to sing!'"

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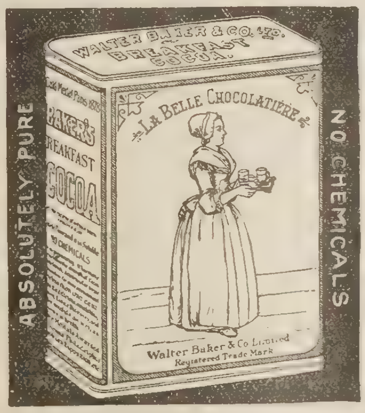

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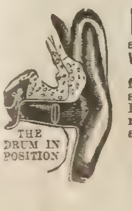

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The Business World

The Official Crop Report Last week the Weather Bureau issued its first weekly telegraphic crop report of the season. It states that cotton-planting is now quite general in the northern portion of the Cotton Belt, is well advanced in the southern portion, and the early planted is coming up; in Florida planting is nearly finished. Winter wheat is reported as in excellent condition in Nebraska and eastern Kansas, and is much improved and looking well in Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, and northern Illinois. Less favorable reports are received from Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and portions of New York, in some of which States it has been badly winter-killed, and is generally in poor to fair condition. No corn has yet been planted north of the Ohio River. In the Southern States corn-planting is practically completed.

Trade Conditions The reports of last week show a natural spring increase in general trade and a distinct gain in sales over the previous week. Imports are smaller and exports much larger than a year ago at this time. In the West the volume of business done is encouraging. The bank clearings are 6 per cent. larger than last week. The expected activity in iron and steel to follow the recent combination of manufactures has not yet come. There has been a slight general rise in the price of staples. Dun's Report quotes the Silk Association as stating that 40 per cent. of the machinery and hands in the country are idle, partly because of increasing Japanese competition. It adds that several more woolen-mills have shut down and some have reduced wages 10 per cent., while many are working only half-time, but recent advances by appraisers not only disclose heavy undervaluations in the past, but tend to check future imports. There is a slight decrease in the number of business failures as compared with the corresponding week of a year ago.

The Stock Market The week saw a considerable activity in the New York Stock Exchange dealings, with a general upward tendency varied by fluctuations. In part this was doubtless due to evidence of a better feeling about American securities in the London market and increased orders from English investors. The money market was decidedly easier, and the shipment of some gold to Europe had little or no disturbing effect. The sensational feature of the week was the rapid advance of sugar stock from 119 to 125⅞. This was all speculative, based on rumors of increased dividends and advances in price. There was a marked decline in General Electric stock. In the railway stocks, the St. Paul, Louisville, Manhattan, and Missouri Pacific shares all rose noticeably.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's Centennial A noteworthy event in the history of railroading in this country was the celebration last week of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At the commemorative exercises held in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on April 13, addresses were made by President Roberts, Governor Hastings, Mayor Warwick, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, and others. The growth of this railway system has been extraordinary even as compared with the enormous general expansion of railways throughout the country. It now operates or controls about 9,000 miles of road, and the many different companies it controls have in the aggregate 834 million dollars of capital and a revenue of about 133 million dollars. These roads employ about 97,000 men, have a pay-roll of $36,000,000, and possess 3,400 locomotives and 141,000 cars—enough, as an exchange points out, to make a solid train of cars extending from New York to beyond Chicago. The wonderful material prosperity of the Pennsylvania road has followed sound business management and a high standard of service to the public. Its bonds have always been eagerly sought by investors; and stockholders and bondholders alike have received fair and liberal treatment from the directors. The management of the road is entitled to praise for the high standard maintained in equipment and service, for the care shown as to the safety and comfort of patrons, and for the financial conduct of the immense interests involved.

The Elevated Railroads and the Brooklyn Bridge The "Engineering News," of New York, makes the following shrewd and pertinent comment on the proposed lease of the Brooklyn Bridge railway to the elevated roads:

> So much public approval has been expressed of the proposition made by the Brooklyn elevated railways to lease the Brooklyn Bridge railway and run their cars over it that the promoters of the scheme have been encouraged to propose terms for the lease, which ought by no means to be granted, and will not be, if ordinary business principles are followed by those responsible for protecting the cities' interests. The bill to enable the lease of the Bridge to be made, as introduced in the Legislature, provides that the lease shall be for the term of fifty years, and may be renewed for the same length of time. The annual rental is to be a sum equal to the average net earnings of the Bridge railway for a period of three years preceding the date of the lease.
>
> That is to say, the cities owning the Bridge are asked to turn it over to these companies to operate for what it is now earning, regardless of the fact that the growth in the cities of New York and Brooklyn is absolutely certain to increase the traffic over the Bridge railway; so that the average traffic during the life of a fifty-year lease would probably be at least double that on which the rental is based. Moreover, doubling the traffic, as every railway manager knows, will far more than double the net receipts. It is an axiom of railway operation that it is additional traffic that pays profits. The expense of operating the Bridge railway will not be very much greater when it is used by 90,000,000 passengers per annum than at its present rate of about 45,000,000 passengers per annum. The gross receipts, however, will be practically doubled.
>
> The fact is that not one valid reason can be assigned for leasing the Bridge for any such long term. Who is competent to say to-day what New York and Brooklyn will be fifty years hence? Were the New Yorkers of 1846 as good judges of the needs of the New York of to-day as are the present residents of the city? As a matter of fact, it is not a score of years ago since New Yorkers were giving away for a song valuable public franchises which, if their term had been limited, as it should have been, would to-day be returning the city millions of dollars of revenue.

Platinum The development of precious minerals in Alaska during the past few years has directed the attention of many pioneers of commerce and industry to that region. Just now the interest centers in gold, but it may be remembered that another source of wealth also exists there which will probably be an important factor in the development of our great Territory. It has long been known that platinum exists in Alaska, but it is only recently that any serious attention has been given to the matter. Platinum is generally found associated with free gold. At present the best known sources of platinum are in the mines of the Ural Mountains. Four-fifths of the world's production comes from this source. Three-quarters of the remainder comes from the gold-washings of the Pinto River in Colombia. The very great advance in the manufacture of chemical apparatus and of incandescent electric lights gives an increased use and value to platinum.

Cocoa, Tea, and Coffee For the past five fiscal years the average imports of crude cocoa have been about 20,000,000 pounds; of imported prepared cocoa, 2,250,000; and of chocolate, more than 500,000 pounds. It has been estimated that the present consumption of cocoa, taking one pound as producing one gallon, is about 22,000,000 gallons; as against 540,000,000 of tea, supposing one pound to produce six gallons, and a consumption of 930,000,000 gallons of coffee, supposing one pound produced two gallons. The rate of increase, however, is wholly in favor of cocoa, its consumption having been doubled during the past decade. The use of cocoa is constantly increasing, and as a result its cultivation has been much extended, Central and South America feeling the benefit. The tree blooms almost continuously, and yields two crops annually. The beans are removed from the pulp and are then fermented by being piled under sheds or buried in trenches before they are dried in the sun. This fermentation is supposed to remove the natural bitterness of the bean. The greatest use of the cocoa-bean of the finer sort is in the manufacture of chocolate.

Competition Between China and Ceylon Tea The "London Grocer" says that the tea trade at Canton is steadily declining. The export has been lowered from 10,000,000 pounds in 1891 to 6,500,000 pounds in 1893–4. This falling off is attributed, not to any deterioration in the teas themselves, but to the competition of Indian and Ceylon teas in the English market. So far there is not much competition in our own. The exports of Indian tea to the United States in 1893 are placed at 1,100,000 pounds; Ceylon tea, 900,000 pounds—not a very large proportion of the 93,000,000 pounds imported into the United States, of which China furnished 50,000,000 pounds, and Japan 8,000,000 pounds. Thus the American consumer prefers the tea of China, with less tannin to that of India and Ceylon. In these latter countries it is estimated that $130,000,000 of British capital is invested in the tea industry—$75,000,000 in India, $55,000,000 in Ceylon. The question now is, Will English enterprise be as successful in displacing China and Japan tea in the United States as it has in the United Kingdom? In this connection it is interesting to note that we consume annually only about one and a half pounds per head, while Great Britain takes five and one-half.

The Utilization of Aluminum Aluminum launches are to be tried in the French navy. An order has just been given by the Government to the Aluminum Company of Neuhausen, Switzerland, at present the largest manufacturer of the metal in the world. The utilization of this lightest of metals in the construction of small craft is steadily expanding. The two great drawbacks are, first, its cost, and, second, its liability to corrosion. The production of the metal has increased at a remarkable rate during the past decade—namely, from 150 to 340,000 pounds. The price in this time has fallen no less remarkably—namely, from $9 to 75 cents per pound.

Old Prices and New There has been a great change in the steel business from the time when, thirty years ago, Sheffield steel made from Swedish iron cost $250 a ton. Now, owing to the Bessemer process, it costs $25 a ton. In 1868 the price paid for paper in New York City was from twelve to fourteen cents per pound. To-day it is two and a half cents—a reduction due almost entirely to the introduction of wood in paper manufacture.

Electric Power on French Canals In the application of electric power to canals France leads the world. The latest successful trial has been on the boats of the Havre, Paris-Lyons Company. In these boats a transferable electric motor and rudder is used, while the motor is driven by current from storage batteries. The result has been an increase of two-fifths over the speed formerly attained with two horses.

Ship-Building The Cleveland "World" is authority for the statement that the year 1896 promises to be one of the greatest in the history of ship-building on the great lakes. The lake ship-yards will, in 1896, turn out over $9,000,000 worth of new tonnage of all sorts. These crafts vary in size from a seventy-five-foot tug to a 438-foot freighter. The greatest number will be of the largest sort.

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"Ought All to be Paid Alike?"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your correspondent "T.," in The Outlook for March 21, has been "delivered from a very subtle and dangerous fallacy" only to fall into a greater one. He says, "Each man is entitled to receive the product of his labor, or its equivalent."

All life consists of a balanced receipt and expenditure of energy, physical or psychic. If the two be not balanced, the life is imperfect. The expenditure is as essential as the receipt. The rejection of carbonic acid gas from the lungs is as necessary as the supply of fresh air to the nostrils. Excretion is as wholesome as accretion; congestion as dangerous as starvation. Life cannot but breathe out activity; otherwise it chokes.

Labor is a vital necessity, to free the system of accumulated energy. Too little activity is as bad as too little food. The nation's danger lies in its unemployed more than in its overworked or its underfed. The tramp and the idle rich, instead of lying at the extremes of social difference, constitute a single class; occupation would be a boon to either alike.

Next: for a man to attempt to retain the results of his own labor, of the activity which he has just rejected, is as a dog returning to his vomit. Christianity and biology agree in proclaiming it unwholesome. All schools of morality teach that labor can bring the laborer happiness only when he is indifferent as to who may derive the benefit from it. Consider the lilies of the field, how they must continually reject what is food and breath for us, and how they thrive on that which, if insanely retained in our own organisms, must lead to convulsions and death.

This is the law of Life and Love, of beauty and strength, individual and national—that we must labor or suffocate; that when our activities are freely distributed to those about us, they bring happiness and repose, that when they are selfishly hoarded their nectar turns to gall upon the lips.

We all agree to this as abstract truth. Socialism dares to adopt it as a concrete policy of social law; for it is plainly true to-day that the choice between idleness and industry, or between wholesome and pernicious activity, is not free to the individual.

So, as long as we attempt to have a wage system at all, on whatever scale, we shall have pecuniary temptation to unconscious suicide by economic constipation; just so long we shall have wide questioning as to the goodness of life, convulsions individual and national, and final death. Wholesome national life we shall have only when its katabolism is unimpeded, when the Nation spreads before its members its store of riches in the same way that a university offers to its students, without fear of loss, its great treasure of knowledge, or as Nature arrays before her children her bounty of foods and poisons—for each to take free choice therefrom, to absorb what he may, and to live or die in consequence. And we shall then find, as nature and the universities have already found, that every abstraction increases the store, and that there is no temptation or possibility of the substitution of individual abuse of the privilege for the present incalculable waste of wealth and opportunity through strife, ambition, and the worst passions engendered by the tension between gluttony and starvation side by side.

This is scientific socialism. S. A. R.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

If the suggestion given by your correspondent "T." in your issue of March 21 delivered him from the "subtle and dangerous fallacy" of the doctrine of equal wages, I must say that his mental processes are beyond my comprehension. In the highly specialized labor of modern society it is manifestly inconvenient that each should have the product of his own labor. The products of the labor of President Cleveland, Dr. Storrs, or Dr. Calomel, undoubtedly would not prove nourishing for a daily diet. And it is in the settlement of the equivalents of labor product that the whole question rests. Society settles this, the Socialist believes, unjustly. What honest work is superior to other honest work? The object of all honest work is the good of society. The good of society rests upon physical well-being, and without this there can be no other good, intellectual, moral, or spiritual. It is therefore evident that the laborer who repairs a sewer, the surgeon who sets a broken bone, the college professor who imparts knowledge, and the clergyman who converts souls, are equally working for the good of society, and the labor of one is equivalent to that of another. There is no superior or inferior work, and if education were more widely diffused than it is this would be readily seen.

M. B.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your correspondent "T." says, in issue of March 21, regarding the question whether all honest endeavor should receive the same wage, "Each man is entitled to receive the product of his labor or its equivalent. To give him more is charity; to give him less, robbery."

Let me ask: Under a Socialism based on the brotherhood of man, would not those incapacitated for work, the invalids and injured, receive their share of the total product as a right, not as charity? If so—and the thought of the true relation of members of a family shows the reasonableness of such provision—would not the mentally unsound be similarly treated? Then why not the man who does his best, even though he be not so gifted as his neighbor? Again, the farmer whose efforts have been brought to naught by a hail-storm, for example, according to "T." should receive nothing but charity. Certainly this is unfair.

It should be remembered that the accompaniments of superior ability under Socialism would not be material in their nature. The incentive to improvement and the best work would be such as secure the best work now—viz., promotion in accordance with proven ability. There would be an increase in responsibility and scope of work required of those able to take higher rank. C. H. L.

Pomona, Cal.

An Appeal

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Many, if not all, of your readers doubtless know of the Jerry McAuley Cremorne Mission, which for over fourteen years has been located at 104 West Thirty-second Street, New York. For the past four years the Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Ballou have been the superintendents in charge, and a nobler work was never undertaken or more faithfully prosecuted than by these two consecrated people. For many years I have been deeply interested in this Mission, and for a year have been one of its trustees, and am now its treasurer. Prevailing "hard times" have seriously affected its finances, and the necessary income to maintain the work is most difficult to obtain. I write you in the earnest hope that you will give the letter a place in your valuable paper, and that it will be read by those whose sympathy will be stirred, and generous donations made.

Time or space will not permit me to give a detailed account of the results of the work. Suffice it to say that great numbers of men and women have been helped, uplifted, and saved. Characters wrecked by dissipation have been purified, and untold blessings received. Who dare affirm that this is not God's work? Unless Christian men and women aid in its support, the work will be seriously crippled, and may have to be given up, so I make this appeal through The Outlook, knowing the interest it takes in all practical work, and believing that help will be given.

Donations may be sent to the following address:

CHARLES M. JESUP, Treasurer,
37 Wall Street, New York.

The Single Tax

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I protest against The Outlook's allowing a contributor to inform its readers about the single-tax campaign in Delaware, who is capable of saying that the "main proposition" of "the single-tax doctrine," "as expressed in its own newspaper, 'Justice,'" is this: "In round numbers, about $1,300,000 is raised in Delaware by the present system of taxation. The United States census gives the total valuation of Delaware real estate as $129,182,087. As a rule, it has been found that land values are about equal to the value of the improvements, and therefore Delaware land values amount to about $65,000,000. A tax of 2 per cent. on the land values of Delaware would, therefore, raise $1,300,000, which is almost exactly the amount raised under the present system." This is not the main proposition of the single-tax doctrine, and every one who reads "Justice" knows that it is not the main proposition of the single-tax doctrine as expressed in "Justice."

A true statement of the main propositions of the single-tax doctrine, as expressed in "Justice" and elsewhere, might run somewhat as follows: Taxes on personal property discourage industry and saving, besides encouraging dishonesty and perjury. Taxes on buildings and other improvements on real estate discourage building and improvement. A tax on the value of land discourages nothing but speculation. It tends to prevent the holding of valuable land idle, and to induce every landholder to put his land to its best use. Taxes on personal property and improvements diminish the demand for labor and make wages lower. The tax on land values tends to increase the demand for labor and to make wages higher. Moreover, all things which are produced by labor belong of right to the producer, and no part of them ought to be taken from him by force or by the power of the State. But the land, which the Creator provided, and which no man has made, belongs of right to no man, but to all in common; and out of the value of it justice requires that the common expenses be paid. C. E. E.

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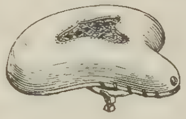

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The Manassas Industrial School

Mrs. Burton Harrison, who has for the past two winters been serving as treasurer in New York for the Manassas Industrial Schools, is to be succeeded in that capacity by Mrs. Henry E. Howland, 14 West Ninth Street, New York City, who has consented to take Mrs. Harrison's place during her coming absence in Europe. Mrs. Harrison reports for the work of 1896 in New York a total of $723.62 subscribed by friends of the schools, and passing through her hands to the treasurer in Washington. To bring this sum to one thousand dollars now would be to lift from the schools a burden of debt from which it is most desirable that they should be relieved in order to enable them to go on to their goal of independence, and any contributions sent to Mrs. Howland will be forwarded, as before, to the treasurer in Washington.

Books Received

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Mairet, Jeanne (Madame Charles Bigot). La Tâche du Petit Pierre. Arranged by Edith Healy. 35 cts.
Nodier. Le Chien de Brisquet, and Other Stories. Edited by L. C. Syms. 35 cts.

CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY PRESS, CHICAGO

Gilbert, George H., D.D. The Student's Life of Jesus.

CIVIC CLUB, PHILADELPHIA

Civic Club Digest of the Educational and Charitable Institutions and Societies in Philadelphia. Introduction by S. McCune Lindsay.

HENRY T. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Lillie, Lucy C. Ruth Endicott's Way. $1.25.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON

Cawein, Madison. Undertones. 75 cts.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Rod, Édouard. The White Rocks. Translated from the French. $1.25.

J. H. DEWEY PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Dewey, J. H., M.D. The Open Door; or, the Secret of Jesus. 50 cts.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Rutherford, Mark. Clara Hopgood. Edited by Reuben Shapcott. $1.25.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Stimson, F. J. (J. S. of Dale). Pirate Gold. $1.25.
Miller, Olive Thorne. Four-Handed Folk. $1.25.
Torrey, Bradford. Spring Notes from Tennessee. $1.25.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. Tom Grogan. $1.50.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. and Nora A. Smith. Froebel's Occupations. $1.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK

Ritter, Eli F. Moral Law and Civil Law. 90 cts.
McAllister, Agnes. A Lone Woman in Africa. $1.

GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Lewis, Rev. W. P., D.D. The Life to Come. 75 cts.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO

Lewis, Eugene C. A History of the American Tariff, 1789–1860. 25 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Hamlin, A. D. F. A Text-Book of the History of Architecture. $2.
Sewell, Elizabeth M. Conversations Between Youth and Age. 75 cts.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Vol. IV. (Field—Fish). 60 cts.
Carleton, William. Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. Edited by D. J. O'Donoghue. $1.50.
Channing, Edward. The United States of America. 1765–1865. $1.50.
Bishop of Ripon, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Dean of Canterbury, and Others. On Sermon Preparation. $1.
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. Idylls of the King. I. (People's Edition.) 45 cts.
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. The Brook and Other Poems. (People's Edition.) 45 cts.
Hume, Martin A. S. The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth. $3.50.

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO., NEW YORK

Kotzebue, August von. Die Deutschen Kleinstädter. Edited by Rev. J. H. O. Matthews and W. H. Witherby. 40 cts.
Souvestre, Emile. Le Chirurgien de Marine. Edited by Arthur H. Solial.

PRESTON & ROUNDS, PROVIDENCE

Rogers, Horatio. Mary Dyer, the Quaker Martyr.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD., NEW YORK

King, Rev. James. Dr. Jameson's Raid. 50 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Fisher, George Park, D.D. History of Christian Doctrine. $2.50.
Hoffmann, E. T. W. Weird Tales. Translation from the German. Biographical Memoir by J. T. Bealby. 2 Vols. $2.50.
Johnson, Samuel. Lives of the Poets. With Notes by Arthur Waugh. Vol. I. $2.50.
Locker-Lampson, Frederick. My Confidences. $5.
Goodwin, Maud Wilder. Dolly Madison. $1.25.
Hefele, Rt. Rev. Charles J., D.D. A History of the Councils of the Church. Vol. V. Translated and Edited by William R. Clark. (Imported.) $4.50.
Field, Eugene. A Little Book of Western Verse; A Little Book of Profitable Tales; Second Book of Verse; Poems of Childhood; The Holy Cross, and Other Tales.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK

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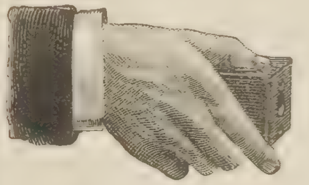

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About People

—It is stated in Royalist circles at Paris that the Pope will present the golden rose this year to the wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

—According to the latest official statistics, Herr Krupp, the gunmaker, of Essen, is the wealthiest Prussian subject. He pays taxes on a declared income of nearly $1,800,000.

—It is stated that King George of Greece said to one of the American athletes at the recent Olympic games that he lived in hope of visiting this country at a date not far distant.

—The last survivor of those who rode on Stephenson's first locomotive died recently in New Zealand. His name was Crawford Marley, and he was eighty-three years old. He was a small boy when the trial trip of the locomotive was made, and secured permission to ride as a reward for helping to carry water to fill the tank.

—Mr. Gladstone recently made a long speech at the opening of the North Wales and Liverpool Railway, which, though only fifteen miles long, for the first time connects Wales directly with Liverpool, running over the Dee and under the Mersey. He explained that though his doctors had strictly forbidden his speaking at public meetings, he did not consider the opening of a railway to be a public celebration. Hawarden is on the line of the road.

—Dr. Samuel Wilks, the new President of the Royal College of Physicians, is a clinical physician and pathologist of great repute. He entered Guy's in 1843, qualified in surgery in 1848, and was graduated M.D. in the London University in 1850. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society and a member of the Senate of the University of London. His lectures on diseases of the nervous system and his articles in the reports of Guy's Hospital are of world-wide celebrity.

—Manuel Garcia, the once famous singer, lately celebrated the ninety-first anniversary of his birth. Garcia was born in Madrid in 1805. With his father he went to Naples, where he became a pupil of the tenor Anzani. In 1825 he came to New York, where he sang, among others, the part of Figaro in "The Barber of Seville." Later he became professor at the Paris Conservatory, and also at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Jenny Lind was one of his pupils.

—As Queen Victoria was in France recently when the French census returns were taken, her name will be included among the residents of France. So, at least, it is asserted by a London paper, which points out that many other royal persons will also be registered in the schedules. Among them are the Prince of Wales, Princess Beatrice, the King of the Belgians, Princess Clementine, the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Czarowitz, the Grand Duke Michael, the Grand Duke Alexis, the Grand Duchess Olga, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, and several others.

—"Our readers will remember," says the "Westminster Gazette," "accounts that have appeared in this paper of 'Another Father Damien,' Don Unia, the lepers' chaplain at the lazzaretto of Agua de Dios. After partial recovery from apparently hopeless illness, he resumed his work among the lepers, again fell sick, and was sent to Italy, but only to die. He passed away peacefully a little while ago at the mother house of his order (the Salesians), at Turin, having lived, indeed, few years, but a superabundantly full life. He did not die of leprosy. He succumbed to a complication of maladies contracted in the arid and sorching mountains of Colombia."

—A writer in the "Youth's Companion" recalls a story that illustrates Bismarck's magnanimity in his earlier days. Count Rechberg called on him once to show him a dispatch from his Government instructing the Count to vote with Prussia at the next meeting of the Diet. Bismarck read the document and returned it to the Count, saying: "This is evidently a mistake." Rechberg, in his turn, looked at the sheet and changed color. Instead of the official letter, he had, by mistake, handed to Bismarck the secret instructions he had received concurrently, calling upon him, while openly countenancing Prussia, to use his utmost endeavors to cause the other German States to vote against the measure. For a moment both statesmen looked at each other in silence. Then Bismarck said: "Don't be upset! You never intended giving me the letter. Ergo, you never gave it to me; ergo, I know nothing about the whole matter."

—A recent unfounded statement that Jean Ingelow was at the point of death has brought out the following talk about her quiet life: She lives with her bachelor brother in a quaint little house in Kensington, where she indulges in her special passion and pastime—the cultivation of flowers. Although her home is minute in size, the conservatories attached to it are worthy a mansion, and the roses which bloom all the year round in the glass-covered summerland are unrivaled in splendor of color and beauty of growth. Another hobby of Miss Ingelow's is birds. She has an aviary built out of the conservatory, which in its turn opens into the drawing-room, and nothing delights the old lady more than to set the birds free among the flowers, and to watch them as she sits writing at her desk. Perhaps this taste for two of the loveliest things in nature has something to do with the freshness and youth that are characteristic of her most successful poems.

All Souls' Free Historical Lectures

The fifth annual series of Free Historical Lectures under the auspices of All Souls' Church (Brooklyn, N. Y.) are being given on Friday afternoons in April and May in All Souls' Church, South Ninth Street, near Bedford Avenue. The marked success of these lectures in previous years hardly need be recited. Large audiences of the children of the public schools have filled the church, and the admirable essays presented in competition for the prizes each year have testified to the impression made upon the young people. The subjects for the present year are as follows:

Four Early American Statesmen: Samuel Adams, by the Rev. S. A. Eliot; Benjamin Franklin, by the Rev. E. C. Bolles, D.D.; Thomas Jefferson, by Thomas G. Shearman; Patrick Henry, by the Hon. F. W. Hinrichs.

Scholars in classes averaging fifteen years and upwards are invited. Tickets are given to all who desire them. The acceptance of a ticket is a virtual pledge to attend faithfully all the lectures. A limited number of tickets to seats in the gallery will be furnished to adults at fifty cents for the course. At least three prizes will be offered this year to the scholars preparing the best essays on the subject to be announced. One of the prizes is offered by the Mayor of Brooklyn.

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Dr. Rainsford on Mission Work

A correspondent of The Outlook having sent us the following newspaper extract asking whether it correctly reported the views of Dr. Rainsford, we referred it to Dr. Rainsford himself, who has kindly made a statement concerning it which we gladly print herewith. We do not need to say that Dr. Rainsford and his parish are doing as much for the unchurched masses as any Protestant religious organization in New York. His opinion, with which we heartily agree, is that systematic work among the children and families with children is more important and more productive of good results for the same amount of effort than attention devoted exclusively to the lowest outcasts. In other words, it is better that the crowding into missions of the young and growing should exclude the most dissolute than that the attracting of the dissolute should crowd out those who have greater possibilities in them, and therefore greater needs. The extract is as follows:

> Unless strangely misquoted by the New York daily press, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford stands committed to a remarkable statement of facts. He is credited with declaring, at a recent meeting of philanthropic workers, that, after eight years of untiring mission work and the expenditure of thousands of dollars, he has not seen as the reward of his labor three men saved from the lowest strata of the slums. The immense machinery of the great and active parish of St. George's, the devotion of all its workers, lay and clerical, the money poured by rich men into its coffers for this especial end of saving and uplifting, not merely the poor and destitute, but the outcast and criminal as well—all these, he tells us, have been thrown away, and the only hope for the mission priest and worker in this deepest slough of all lies in snatching the children from its foulness while their minds are open and impressionable, and the habits of their environment not yet hardened into fixity.
>
> Surely this is a very terrible truth, if truth it be—a matter which moralists will do well to ponder seriously. But is it true that a hardened sinner cannot be saved from his evil life through the instrumentality of any machinery of church ordinances, or the prayers and self-sacrifice and passionate zeal of good men and women who love their neighbors as themselves?—*Leslie's Weekly*, February 13, 1896.

The following is Dr. Rainsford's letter:

The Editor of The Outlook has called my attention to the above quotation from "Leslie's Weekly" of February 13, 1896, which paper, no doubt without intention, does not state correctly what I said on the occasion it refers to.

For many years a part of the activity of my parish went to the maintenance and development of a Rescue Mission on Avenue A. At first the work carried on there was purely rescue work. We tried to reach the lowest class of "bums" and outcasts. Gradually the work of the mission underwent a change. The people in the immediate neighborhood began to come to the mission and their children to come to the Sunday-school, and as they came the waifs ceased coming, unless on those evenings when food was provided. I do not, of course, mean that all ceased to come, but that this class had very slight representation. We did not, however, at all cease our efforts to reach them. The methods we used I did not always approve of. They were largely the emotional methods still too much in vogue in rescue missions.

In the early years of my ministry in New York I felt the inadequacy of these methods. I feel it much more strongly to-day. I think the common plan of wringing testimony from supposedly saved drunken men is a terribly wrong and false plan.

However, I pass on to speak of results. This phase of our mission, as I said, grew less and less important. It is, therefore, quite inaccurate for any one to say that any considerable part even "of the immense machinery of a great and active parish was devoted to this special class of our poor neighbors." Still, we did devote to them a great deal of time and work, and money too. The details of working among them I had to leave to those who carried on that work. If you cannot do a work yourself, I always think the best thing you can do is to let those whom you employ to do it work their own way.

Year by year, I gathered together as well as I could such results as were obtainable among this class of destitute loafer, and grew increasingly dissatisfied with the whole business. I felt that, for me at least, duty lay in another direction. I must ask myself the question, Where could such work, such energy, such money as were at my disposal be used so as to produce the best results for Christ and his Church in our neighborhood? And I soon came to the conclusion that far more could be accomplished by working among those families who had passed away from church influence and whose very often neglected children—children forced to leave school too early, forced to work for their own bread—were all the time in danger of going to recruit the abandoned and outcast class.

Looking back on all our work in Avenue A Mission now, and summing it up, I would say that by far the greatest results obtained are among the young people who join the Sunday-school; next after this, among the fathers and mothers of the neighborhood. In this case several have been saved, I believe, from drink and from descending into the lower class of outcasts; and among the outcasts themselves and tramps and "bums" little or nothing of permanent good, so far as I can learn, has been done. Of course, when I say this, I do not for a moment mean that good has not been done; I merely mean that we are not in a position to judge of it. Once a man becomes a wanderer, it is terribly hard to stop the wandering propensity. Once he has let go of work, and the family tie exists for him no longer, he is a hard man to save.

Where the Rescue Mission is surrounded by carefully prepared machinery and by well-trained workers, whose whole attention is devoted to this class, of course better results may be hoped for. But my work in St. George's has been to reach a neighborhood in which very few of the working class—scarcely any, indeed—went to a Protestant place of worship.

W. S. Rainsford.

St. George's Rectory, New York City.

A Metal $10 Bill

Something quite remarkable came into the redemption division of the Treasury at Washington a short time ago. It was a thin plate of silver, about two feet long, into the surface of which a $10 silver certificate had been pressed in such a manner as to incorporate its substance actually with that of the metal. It was a brand-new bill, and in the process had been squeezed out to about twice its original size. Nevertheless, it was perfectly recognizable. A statement accompanied it to the effect that a workman in a silverware-factory had dropped the bill accidentally upon a plate of silver as the latter was passing through a rolling-machine. This explanation being satisfactory, a fresh $10 certificate was returned to the loser.—*Exchange*.

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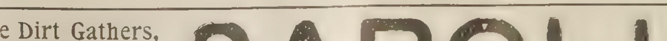

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A·Family·Paper

New Series of The Christian Union

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CORRESPONDENCE

NOTES AND QUERIES

In Aid of Armenia

Miss Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross, cables to the National Armenian Relief Committee as follows:

> Constantinople, April 17.
>
> Trask, New York. Hubbell in charge of the Red Cross Relief Expedition at Marash reports April 13: "Three thousand sick of typhus, including the English Consul." On the 15th he reports: "Sickness at Zeitoun increasing, with forty to fifty deaths daily. Great and immediate need for funds." General condition for relief work favorable. Barton.

The National Armenian Relief Committee in giving out this appeal from Miss Barton adds that it cannot refrain from reminding the American people, of all classes and sections, that Miss Barton undertook this sacred work of relief only in response to the urgent request of the public, and the assurance that the work would be generously maintained to the end. "Not one-fifth of the $500,000 needed to carry on the relief work, on the smallest calculation made, has yet been given, and yet the need and facilities for carrying on the relief are greater now than ever. In fact, unless the people are aided until the next crop is secured, all the money thus far spent through the various agencies will be practically thrown away, and thousands will inevitably perish of pestilence and starvation. The Christianity and honor of the American people are at stake, as well as the lives of the survivors of the massacres, most of whom are helpless and innocent women and children."

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A Friend, Englewood, N. J	5 00
M. F. B., Johnson, Vt	2 00
Senior Y. P. S. C. E., Durand, Wis	2 50
Junior Y. P. S. C. E., Durand, Wis	1 50
Miss C. N. T., Charles City, Iowa	10 00
Anonymous, Milwaukee, Wis	1 00
C. A. B., North Lansing, N. Y	1 00
Total to April 20	$6,265 73

Correction.—In our issue for April 4 we credited $5.00 to A. S. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.; it should have been A. S. L., Brookton, N. Y.

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St Paul	June 10, 10 A.M.
Paris (Sat.)	June 13, 10 A.M.
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If so, send 6 cents for postage, or call and get **free** at offices below the illustrated book, "Summer Homes." It gives list of hotels, farm and boarding houses, with

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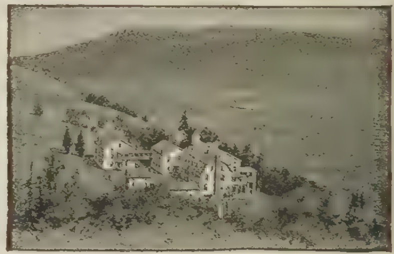

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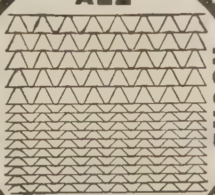

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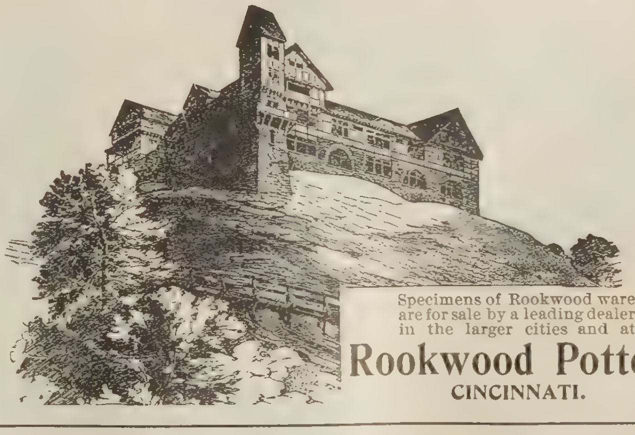

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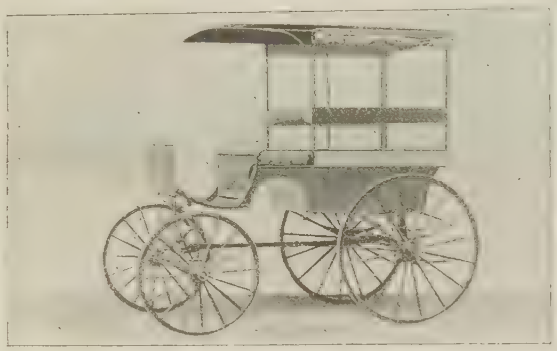

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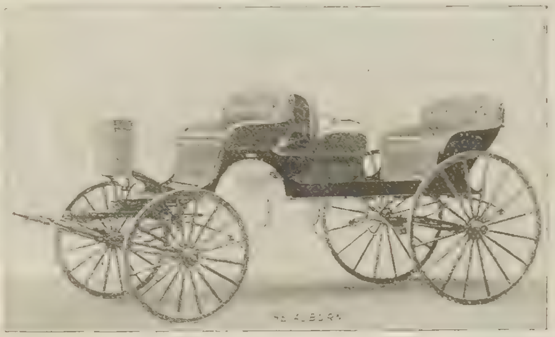

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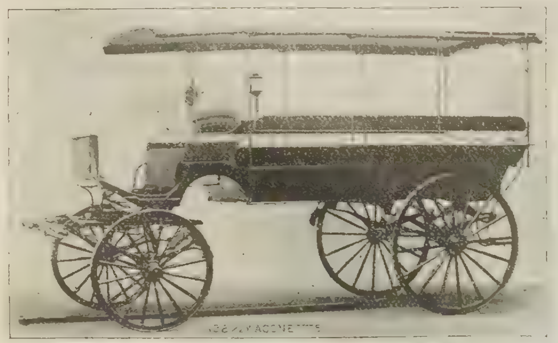

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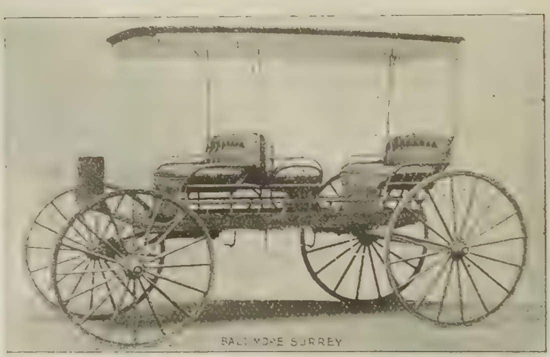

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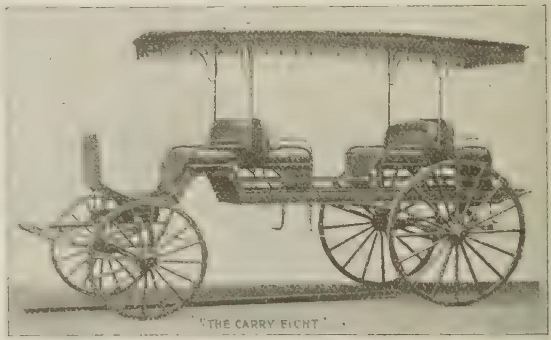

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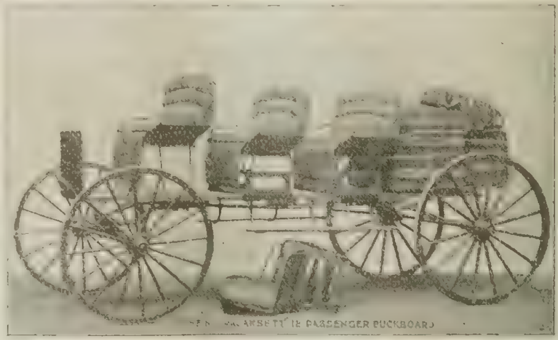

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to the General Manager of the Northern S.S. Co.

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Wishing you every success, I am,

Very truly yours,

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on this continent are offered by the Northern Steamship Company's *exclusively passenger steamships* "North West" and "North Land," plying between Buffalo and Duluth through Lake Erie, the Detroit River into Lake Huron, and thus to Sault Ste. Marie, where the steamers are lifted through the world-famous ship canal lock into Lake Superior. After a delightful sail through this great inland sea, Duluth is reached, where direct connection is made with the Great Northern Ry. for St. Paul and the Great West.

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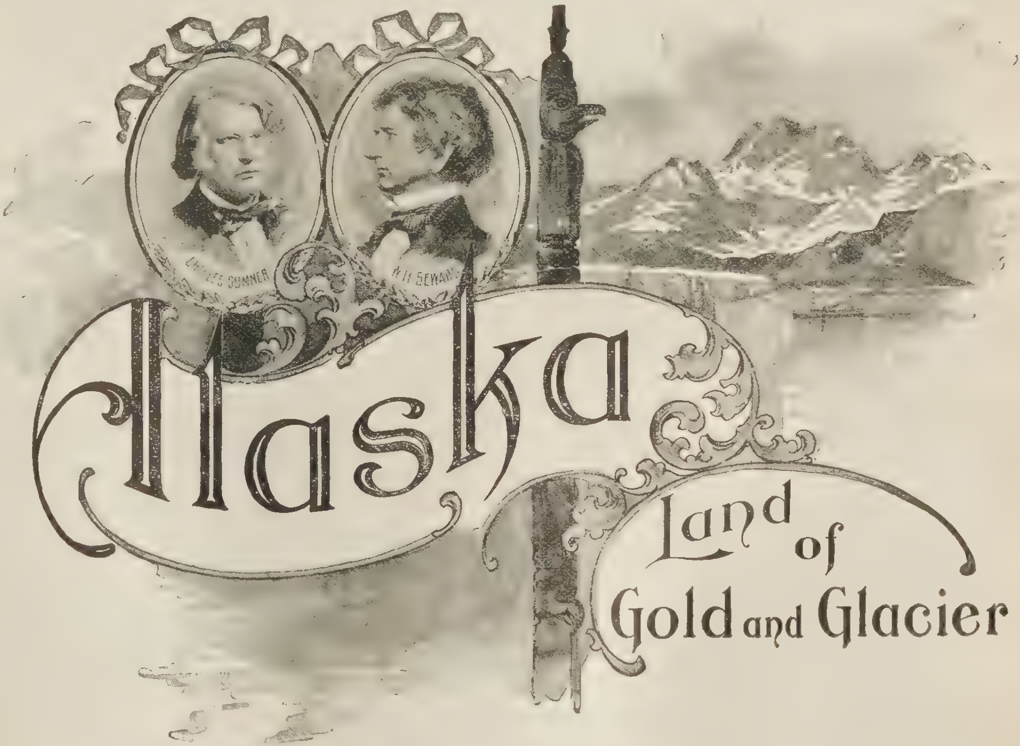

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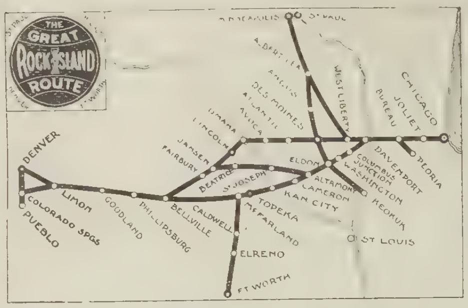

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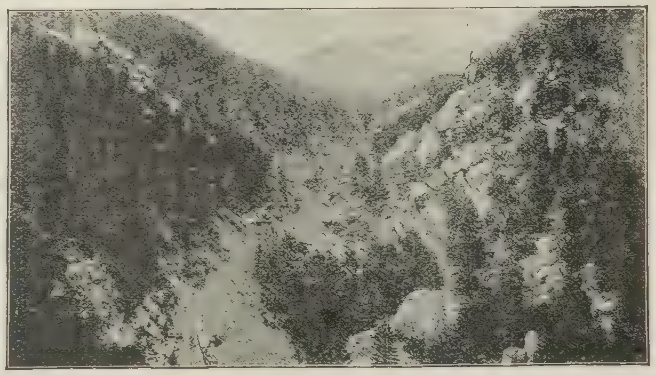

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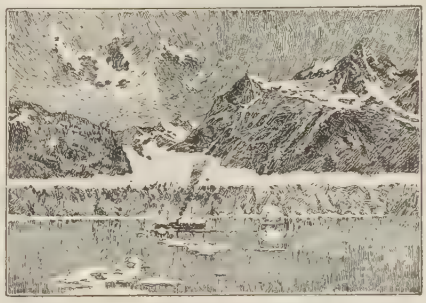
But while railroad companies can provide luxurious cars, can run their trains upon record-breaking schedules, they are precluded, from the very necessities of the case, from assuming charge of the arrangements and details of the entire trip, thus making it possible for the traveler to devote the whole time to pleasure. The company provides the means, but it is left to the passenger himself to attend to the methods of making the journey an agreeable one.

The Entrance to the Kiel Canal

It is just this point which has been so admirably solved by Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb that their names have become indissolubly associated with the luxury of travel. They have, by their perfect system of personal attention, so robbed travel of all its unpleasant features and cares as to leave the tourist nothing to do but seek pleasure unhampered by details and unannoyed by perplexities.



In Muir Glacier Bay, Alaska

And yet there is nothing of the "personally conducted" features so obnoxious to the majority of persons, about their tours. The traveler with one of their parties does practically as he pleases, goes and comes as he wishes, and is not hampered by objectionable requirements. It is true that he has fellow-travelers; so he does if he goes by himself, for there will surely be others on the train or boat. But in one case he is sure to find all his companions agreeable, in the other it is not so certain. In one instance, too, he has to look out for his own baggage and rooms upon arrival at his destination. In the other these things are arranged for him, and before he has reached his hotel he knows just the number of his room and is shown to it at once, his baggage following immediately without any attention from him.

In Picturesque Japan

And so it is about every little detail of the trip. The traveler need concern himself about none of the petty arrangements such as connections, which consume so much time and are a vexation to the soul. Raymond & Whitcomb parties travel in luxurious special trains, made up of the finest sleepers and dining cars, the schedules being arranged so as to pass through the most interesting sections of the journey by daylight. Competent officials and trained servants and porters accompany each party, from the start to the finish of the journey, and every wish and want of the members is anticipated and provided for. The single ticket which Raymond & Whitcomb issue covers all expenses of the trip, including railroad fare, hotel bills, and meals en route, even if it is across the continent and on to Alaska, China, and Japan. The various tours of the Company embrace practically all parts of the United States where excursions are seasonable, as well as Europe and the Orient.

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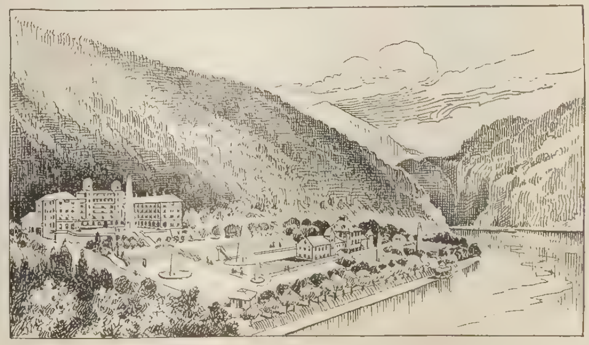

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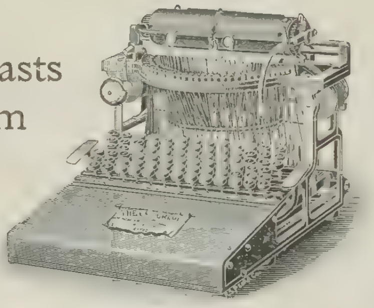

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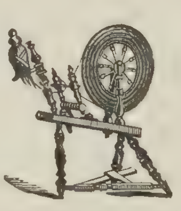

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The Outlook
A·Family·Paper
Volume 53 Saturday, 30 May, 1896 Number 22

DEMOCRATIC Conventions have now been held in eighteen States. In ten of these—Alabama, Colorado, Iowa, Mississippi, Missouri, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Washington, and Wyoming—platforms have been adopted demanding the free coinage of silver at the present ratio. In seven—Michigan, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and South Dakota—platforms have been adopted opposing this measure. In the remaining State—Nebraska—two Conventions have been held, the Bryan faction demanding the free coinage of silver, and the Administration faction demanding the maintenance of the gold standard. As regards States, therefore, the free-coinage element is decidedly in the majority; but as regards delegates the contest is as close as ever occurs. The Washington Convention, which declared for free coinage, failed to instruct its delegates, and five out of the eight are now counted upon by the Administration forces to vote with them. If these delegates are to be placed in the gold column, and the gold delegation from Nebraska is seated by the National Committee, there is, thus far, it is generally estimated, an exact tie between the two factions. Each has secured 167 votes. Of last week's Conventions, that in New Hampshire declared for the gold standard, and a tariff affording "incidental protection" to manufacturers; that in South Carolina declared for the free coinage of silver, an income tax, and a constitutional amendment to make the United States judiciary elective, and lessen its power to overthrow legislation; those in Iowa and Wyoming declared for the free coinage of silver and an income tax; and that in South Dakota for the use of silver, but against its free coinage at the old ratio. In South Dakota a free-silver declaration was confidently expected, but nearly every uninstructed delegate voted against silver, and several silver counties were represented in the Convention by Federal officeholders armed with "proxies" from the delegates chosen. In Iowa the recollection of last year's Convention led nearly every silver county to instruct its delegates and forbid representation by "proxy." The majority for free coinage was nearly three to one. The question as to which faction will control at Chicago now seems to turn upon the vote of Illinois, and the present prospects are that two opposing delegations will be elected from that State. Altogether, Senator Blackburn's prophecy that two Democratic National Conventions will be held seems not unlikely of fulfillment.

⁂

If the reports in the daily press are to be trusted, the Administration, in its eagerness to commit the Democratic party to a gold standard, is violating not only fundamental civil service reform principles, but the repeated pledges of the President. In the Michigan Convention, though nearly every county had adopted resolutions in favor of the free coinage of silver, the Federal office-holders were present in such force that they were able to elect an anti-silver delegation to Chicago. In the South Dakota Convention the same result was secured by the same means. It is reported that a number of delegates who had been instructed by their counties to vote for free silver, and had been elected on an implied pledge that they would so vote, repudiated both instruction and pledge in adopting the platform, which explicitly declared itself "not in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one." The Outlook is not in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. So far as it is possible for us to foresee the future, such free coinage of silver, it seems probable, would result in silver monometallism for this country, and the immediate perils, if not the ultimate disaster, involved in such a financial revolution would be very great. But the evils inflicted upon a country by financial blunders are not comparable with the evils inflicted by political immorality. The danger to American institutions involved in the use of the political patronage of the Federal Administration to determine the action of primary and nominating conventions is far greater than the peril involved in any financial legislation whatever. It would be better for the country to be commercially bankrupted than for it to surrender the right of local self-government and substitute therefor government dictated by a central authority at Washington, however disguised in democratic forms. Imperialism frankly acknowledged is better than a false pretense of democracy concealing real political dictation.

⁂

The Western newspapers are devoting more and more attention to the silver question. The interest seems to be least in the cities, but even there some of the great dailies are now reporting in full speeches on both sides of the controversy. Last week, for example, the Chicago "Times-Herald" (anti-silver) published a verbatim report of a speech an hour and a half long by Governor Altgeld in favor of free coinage. The same paper, in reporting the Iowa Democratic Convention, devoted fully three columns to the anti-silver speech of the temporary chairman, and about two columns to the free-coinage speech of the permanent chairman. In a similar way the Omaha "World-Herald" (free coinage) published in full a joint debate between ex-Congressman Bryan and Mr. Rosewater, of the Omaha "Bee." The report runs as follows: "Mr. Bryan's Opening" (two columns); "Mr. Rosewater's Opening" (two columns); "Mr. Bryan's Second" (two columns); "Mr. Rosewater's Second" (two columns); "Mr. Bryan's First Ten Minutes" (one column); "Mr. Rosewater's First Ten Minutes" (one column); "Mr. Bryan's Second" (one column); "Mr. Rosewater's Second" (one column); "Mr. Bryan's Third" (one column); "Mr. Rosewater's Fifteen Minutes" (one column); "Mr. Bryan's First Five Minutes" (a half-column); "Mr. Rosewater's First Five Minutes" (a half-column); "Mr. Bryan's Second" (a half-column); "Mr. Rosewater's Second" (a half-column); "Mr. Bryan's Third" (a half-column); "Mr. Rosewater's Closing" (a half-column); "Mr. Bryan's Closing" (a half-column). An immense audience listened to this succession of speeches with the most zealous attention, and the "World-Herald" seems to believe that a much larger audience of readers will follow it from beginning to end. Not since the days of joint debates on the slavery question has the West been so stirred as it is at this time.

❀

The bill prohibiting the further immigration of illiterates passed the House of Representatives last week by a vote of 195 to 26. The bill applies only to men, but the immigration of illiterate women whose husbands can both read and write or who are still unmarried is comparatively small. Children under sixteen and parents of persons already residing in the United States are properly exempted from the operation of the law. Before passage the bill was amended so as to prevent persons residing in Canada from engaging in manual labor in this country while retaining their Canadian residence. This amendment was conceived purely in a protective spirit, and may provoke retaliation from the Canadian Government. The original measure was chiefly urged in the interests of a higher grade of citizenship, although the interests of American labor were also kept in the foreground. Men who reject absolutely the idea that labor can be protected by the shutting out of imported goods almost uniformly took the position that it can be protected by the shutting out of imported labor. Imported goods, they held, are simply the payment for the goods we export; to shut them out, therefore, is simply to prevent our laborers from making beneficial exchanges with laborers abroad. The importation of labor, on the other hand, involves no exchange with other countries. It simply adds to the American supply of labor and intensifies the competition for employment. So long as there were vacant lands to furnish employment to the immigrants this tendency was not felt, but since the immigrants have more and more largely settled in the cities the effect of their competition has been more and more keenly realized. The support of the measure that has just passed the House came for a long time chiefly from the trades-unions. These bodies urged the educational test, because it is the uneducated immigrants who are the hardest to organize and the last to insist upon the American standard of living. This test appealed naturally to those who believe that the quality of American citizenship is threatened by the recent invasion from the east of Europe, and the two forces united secured the passage of the measure. The weakness of the opposition seems little less than amazing when we remember how few persons favored this legislation when presented less than ten years ago.

❀

The United States Supreme Court has decided that the sugar bounty appropriation must be paid. It will be remembered that Comptroller of the Treasury Bowler refused to pay the appropriation on the ground that Congress, according to a previous decision of the Supreme Court (Loan Association vs. Topeka) had no constitutional power to tax the mass of citizens for the enrichment of a particular class. The Court, in overruling him, refuses to decide whether the original bounty legislation was valid or not, but declares that the Government was under a certain moral obligation to pay the bounty to those who had proceeded with the manufacture of sugar in reliance upon an act "recognized by the officers of the Government as valid." "It is true," says the Court, "that in general an unconstitutional act of Congress is the same as if there were no act. That is a very different principle, however, from that which we think governs this case. The persons for whose benefit the appropriation was made are not asserting the existence of a legal and valid debt against the United States, which is at the same time based upon an unconstitutional act of Congress." On the contrary, they merely assert that "their claims, while they were not of a legal character, were nevertheless of so meritorious and equitable a nature as to authorize the Nation, through its Congress, to appropriate money to pay them."

❀

Municipal rapid transit in this city has received a severe blow in the decision of the Appellate branch of the Supreme Court that the Commissioners are not authorized to proceed with the construction of a road upon the plans agreed to by them and approved by the body of experts to whom the Court had referred it. The Court unanimously takes the position that the proposed road, instead of costing $50,000,000 or less, as estimated by the Rapid Transit Commission after a prolonged investigation, would be likely to cost more nearly $100,000,000, and force the city to exceed its constitutional debt-limit, or suspend all other public improvements. The fact that the engineers to whom the Court submitted the plans declared that they could give no opinion regarding the road's cost is held by the Court to be a conclusive reason why the Commissioners should not be permitted to proceed. Of course this decision is a disappointment to the great body of the people in New York. When the Chamber of Commerce Bill, placing the proposed work in the hands of an exceptionally strong body of business men, passed the Legislature, and the principle of municipal ownership was indorsed by the voters by such an overwhelming majority, a rapid-transit system owned by the public and operated for the public was deemed assured. When the present plans were agreed upon by the Commissioners, the work was regarded as well under way. The halt suddenly called by the Court seems at first to involve the waste of all the effort of the past, and to make almost hopeless further effort in the future. When, however, the exact position of the Court, and the possibility of a change of plan or a change of legislation, are considered, those who care for municipal ownership of municipal franchises feel that the contest must not be abandoned. This feeling is naturally strongest among the trades-unions, whose central body on Sunday passed resolutions calling upon the Commissioners to remain at their posts until a way should be found to carry out the will of the people. The same sentiment is also strong among all those who look upon cheap rapid transit as furnishing the only practicable solution to the overcrowding in the tenement-houses, and the evils attendant thereon. When the Rapid Transit Commission met on Monday of this week, there was a general disposition to give up entirely. Fortunately, however, in view of the importance of the work and the possibility of changed legislation, the Commissioners decided not to resign at present. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Commissioners will keep on with their work. If they find that the present plans cannot be modified so as to meet the objections of the Court, and that the cheaper deep-tunnel system of London and Glasgow cannot be advantageously adopted, we hope they will press for the legislative changes necessary to secure for the public the ownership of its rapid-transit system.

❀

The newspaper appreciations of the work of the late Henry C. Bunner have revealed an intelligence which would have given satisfaction to so thorough an artist as the author of "The Story of a New York House" and "Our Aromatic Uncle." Mr. Bunner had literary gifts of the most genuine kind, and he used them with the most artistic conscience. His humor, which was pervasive, light, and true; his sympathy with life, which was quick, generous, and real; his imagination, which was delicate and constructive; and his common sense, which was never confused by his feeling for beauty nor his enjoyment of humor, give his work, in connection with its artistic quality, not only charm but staying power. In prose and in verse his touch was light, graceful, and true. Even the trifles which came from his pen were finished. "The Way to Arcady," which opened his first collection of verse, admirably represents his delicate quality and his fine poetic feeling. His contribution to our literature was slight in bulk but admirable in quality. He was a workman reverential of his art and respectful to his readers in a time when a good many writers, by their slovenliness, show reverence neither for their art nor for their readers. As a man he was direct, honest, and frank. He hated shams, he admired competency, and he had a fine ideal of patriotism—a kind of patriotism which makes a man the irreconcilable enemy of all that is mean, base, and cheap in the public life of his country.

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We heartily commend the suggestion of Dr. Robert R. Booth, the retiring Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. "I venture," he says, "to submit the inquiry, irregular though it be at this point in our proceedings, whether it would not be possible to secure during the present meeting of the Assembly some kind of brotherly conference which might avail to throw light upon our present perplexities, and afford some clear indications as to what is desired in the way of an extension of Presbyterian liberty. It may be a dream, it may be a delusion; but, speaking as it were for the last time in such a place of public authority, I appeal to the sound Christian sense of this venerable Assembly to take some proper measures to ascertain what it is that divides us, and what is required for the abatement of strife and the reconciliation of parties at variance." It does seem a little extraordinary that the Moderator of a Christian Assembly, in this year of grace 1896, should think that a brotherly conference to settle controversies in a Christian Church could be regarded by anybody as a dream or a delusion. For eighteen centuries Christ's instructions have been before his disciples, and they are perfectly explicit. If a controversy arises in the church, he says in substance, let the contestants meet together and endeavor to settle the controversy amicably. If they fail, then let them submit the question to some third party in whom both have confidence, and abide by his decision. If this fails, then, and only then, does an appeal lie to the church. The attempt to settle a church controversy by a majority vote in a church meeting is always an un-Christian attempt, unless it follows an earnest and serious endeavor to settle the controversy by mutual agreement, or by the judgment of some disinterested tribunal. It is rather interesting and somewhat curious that a proposition for arbitration—for in another part of this address Dr. Booth suggests "that arbitration of differences which we have so highly approved as a method in international controversies"—should have first been urged upon the world by industrial organizations, then seriously taken up by laymen as a means of settling international controversies, and at last, in a hesitating and questioning spirit, suggested to the Christian Church from whose Master this method emanated.

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A National interest attaches to the celebration last week by the town of Andover of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement. This pleasant New England town has had an immensely wide educational influence through its Theological Seminary, its Phillips Academy, and its Abbot Academy. It is, moreover, essentially typical of New England life and New England institutions. Historically the town played an important part in the colonial and revolutionary days. Yet, as the orator of the day, Mr. Albert Poor, remarked, her true distinction lies in her educational renown. Andover has been a center of learning and scholarship, and for generations has exercised a dignifying influence on the culture of the country at large. We congratulate the town and its people on the honorable record of the past, and wish for it an increasing usefulness in the future. The anniversary exercises last week were enthusiastic and patriotic; they included, besides the oration referred to above, addresses by Governor Wolcott, Dr. Donald, Congressman Knox, and others, the reading of a poem written by Annie Sawyer Downs, the singing of patriotic songs by the school-children, and the presentation of historical tableaux.

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The long-continued costly and brilliant ceremonies which had been going on in Moscow for the past two weeks culminated on Tuesday of this in the actual coronation of the Czar and his Empress. The coronation, which is in progress as we write, will no doubt be remembered as the most elaborate and spectacular public ceremony of our times. The cost of the week's festivities has been estimated at from ten to fifteen million dollars. The crown to be used is valued at over a million roubles, and the scepter (containing the famous Orloff diamond) is still more valuable. The religious ceremonies are elaborate and impressive, the decorations and illuminations extraordinary, the fêtes and festivals for the common people lavish. There seems to be no serious fear of Nihilistic plots interfering with the general rejoicing, as it is believed that the Nihilists are still inclined to watch, for the present, the policy of the new Czar for signs of liberal political tendencies. Nevertheless, most extensive precautions have been taken to prevent possible attempts at assassination on the part of single fanatics or men of unbalanced mind who are always excited by such occasions of display. Generally speaking, the common people of Russia are intensely loyal, and have enough of childlike simplicity to be immensely pleased by the mediæval and almost semi-barbaric magnificence of the coronation week. Meanwhile the nations of the world are watching Russia's every move to learn her future policy in the great game of diplomacy in which she is surely to play a leading part.

⁂

The reorganization of the English Liberal party is aided by the practical disappearance of the Irish Home Rule question. It is the melancholy fate of the Irish, whenever they are within measurable distance of the things for which they have been working, to defeat their own purposes by a sudden outburst of irresponsibility. Those who are most friendly to the race can easily understand the doubt which the Englishmen entertain of their ability to govern themselves. It is not many months since Home Rule was almost within reach of Ireland, but when the agitation had arrived at its most critical stage the Irish leader suffered a calamitous moral collapse in the face of the whole world. There was a fierce and fatal division in the Irish ranks, Mr. Gladstone, the first English statesman who had attempted to do for Ireland what Ireland needed according to her own interpretation of her needs, was fiercely assailed, and the cause of Home Rule disappeared in an undignified and disgraceful squabble. Home Rule for Ireland has, by the action of the Irish themselves, been indefinitely postponed. The Liberals are naturally incensed by the support which the Irish members of the House of Commons are giving to the Education Bill, but even before this support was given Home Rule had ceased to be anything more than a ghost hanging about the outskirts of the Liberal programme. The golden moment which saw Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell working hand in hand for a common object, one of the first of English statesmen and the greatest of Irish leaders combining their forces, has passed, and such a happy conjunction of fortunate conditions is not likely to occur again in the life of the present generation.

⁂

The sentence to fifteen years' imprisonment to which the condemnation to death of the leaders of the South African Reform Committee has been commuted is generally regarded as unduly severe. The present action was taken, it is reported, against the advice of President Kruger by a vote of a majority of the Transvaal Council. The prisoners of minor importance will either be released at once or compelled to serve out prison sentences of from three months to a year in duration. It is said that the prisons are wretchedly managed and that some of the leaders sentenced for fifteen years would be most unlikely to survive to the end of that time; on the other hand, the British Colonial Office has received a telegram from President Kruger saying that the jail regulations would be immediately modified so as to increase the comfort of the Reform Committee prisoners. A further reduction of the punishment is thought possible. Mr. Chamberlain, in an address at the annual banquet of the South African Company, confessed that he was disappointed by the decision of the Transvaal Government regarding the sentence of the leaders of the Reform Committee, especially because he had always trusted in President Kruger's magnanimity, believing that he was never animated by vindictive feeling against men who, whatever their errors, had by their energy and enterprise created the Transvaal's prosperity. Of the Government's policy, Mr. Chamberlain only said, rather enigmatically, that it would not be changed.

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The campaign of the Canadian general elections is now in progress. Parliament has been dissolved, and polling takes place on June 23. The main issues are tariff reform and the Manitoba school question. The former involves either the retention or the overthrow of the present protective system; the latter, remedial legislation compelling Manitoba to restore the system of separate schools abolished by the Legislature of that Province in 1890. In regard to the latter issue, a recent restatement of opposing attitudes and intentions by the leaders on both sides has deepened the interest of the contest. The policy of the Conservative party, which favors remedial legislation, is now directed by the new Premier, Sir Charles Tupper, whose speeches on opening the campaign give no uncertain sound, and are without the faintest tinge of compromise. The Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal leader, advocates the appointment of a commission whose impartial investigation of facts may be expected to point a way out of the difficulty and facilitate the removal of the vexatious question from politics. Sir Charles Tupper insists vigorously that the question is really not one of separate schools so much as the carrying into effect of the provisions of the constitution under which the educational rights of Roman Catholic minorities were guaranteed protection. Mr. Laurier's position is that, according to the judgment of the Imperial Privy Council in 1892, no educational right or privilege was taken away by the Manitoba Public Schools Act of 1890, and that the subsequent judgment by the same tribunal in 1895 did not touch that point, but gave the Dominion Government the right of interfering, if it should choose to do so, upon an appeal to it by the Catholic minority—the judgment not indicating any particular line of action, in fact not recommending any action at all. There was no necessity of bringing the question into Dominion politics, and it might have been referred back to Manitoba for settlement with quite as well founded a hope of peace and satisfaction as may be based on any threat of coercion.

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A significant feature of the contest is the direct intervention of the Roman Church. Archbishop Langevin has been making vigorous efforts to influence the voters, and, presumptively under his influence, a "Bishops' Mandate," signed by all the Roman Catholic Bishops in the Province of Quebec, has been issued instructing Roman Catholics that it is their duty to vote for the Conservative Government which is pledged to restore to the hierarchy their separate schools. It remains to be seen whether clerical interference like this will be effective. Not long ago, in the county of Charlevoix, in the same Province, a similar episcopal interference was rebuked by the return of the Liberal candidate. In Ontario the Roman Catholic clergy have thus far given no sign of meddling with the civic rights and duties of their parishioners. There is greater probability of such interference in Nova Scotia, where a notable instance of some time ago caused much excited comment. It should not be forgotten that, even should the verdict of the elections be in favor of remedial legislation (though this may be looked upon as improbable), new embarrassments would quickly succeed the old. For, independently of the question whether Manitoba *ought* to be coerced, there is another far more perplexing, namely, how *can* she be coerced? The Province controls the machinery of educational administration within her own limits. Can the Dominion, against the wish of the Province, effectually put that machinery in operation? Or can the Dominion set up its own administration of educational affairs in the Province and collect the funds for the support of separate schools? Greater than all legal or technical difficulties of interpretation or compromise is the paramount one of enforcing upon this strongly opposed Province a system of public education which has been found antiquated and unsatisfactory by a very large majority of the people.

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The Italian campaign in Abyssinia has been ended by the surrender, on the part of the Abyssinians, of the Italian prisoners in their hands, and by the abandonment, on the part of the Italians, of Adigrat and the return of the troops to the Eritrean Colony, the territory on the Red Sea occupied since 1885, and from which the recent advance into Abyssinia was made. This territory extends from the sea to the base of the mountains of Abyssinia. In an evil hour, and under the temptation of the evil spirit of Jingoism, the Italians attempted to climb those mountains and invade the territory of a brave and warlike people. They have spent millions of money, sacrificed thousands of lives, and they have now retreated to the point whence they set out, with a very considerable national loss of prestige. A handful of savages have beaten a member of the Triple Alliance, have added greatly to the burdens of her people, have inflicted a serious blow to her military prestige, and have caused the overthrow of the Ministry of the most powerful statesman in Italy. Abyssinia has demonstrated her fighting ability; as for her cause, it was just and righteous from the start. Italy withdraws to the little green strip on the coast of the Red Sea, having paid well for her experience, and perhaps learned a lesson from it. Meanwhile, Abyssinia will have a breathing-space, but probably only a breathing-space, for sooner or later Africa will be divided between the Great Powers. The amended Budget recently submitted by the Italian Minister of Finance shows a better condition than was anticipated. A new loan at 4½ per cent. of 140,000,000 francs was subscribed for twenty-two times over, which is the best possible evidence that Italy still has faith in her Government. The Budget shows no anticipation of a deficit, and it is possible that the stoppage of the expenditures in Abyssinia may help the Ministers out in their attempt to deal with the financial situation.

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There is no question but that the late French Ministry owed its downfall in no small degree to the opposition to the income tax, and yet the income tax, as The Outlook reminded its readers at the time, is by no means a revolutionary measure. On the contrary, it has been adopted by such conservative countries as England and Germany, and is not considered in either country any more oppressive than other forms of taxation. It has seemed singular, therefore, to many observers that the income tax should have been regarded in France by Moderate Republicans and Conservatives of all types as a kind of badge of communism—a thing to be feared and opposed as revolutionary in its character. The Paris correspondent of the London "Times" throws some light on the situation. In his judgment, the income tax would not have excited the opposition which has arrayed so many influential groups against it, if it had not been felt by the classes upon whom it would have fallen most heavily that it was being pushed, not as a measure of financial relief or of financial justice, but as a political bait for the multitude. Small incomes were exempted under the proposed measure, and the burden of the tax was laid, with obvious intention, exclusively upon the few rich men. According to this observer, if it had been introduced as a part of a financial reform, and had rested upon all classes, the rich people would have cheerfully borne their share; but the attempt to saddle, without discrimination, the burden exclusively upon the rich and to lift it entirely off the poor gave the measure a demagogic character, and naturally excited the most intense opposition. The new Ministry has so far given an impression of quiet courage which augurs well for the future, but no one anticipates for it a long lease of life. Under the present conditions no French Ministry is likely to be able to keep in office long enough to impose a fixed policy upon the country.

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The new Shah of Persia has succeeded to the throne of his father without any revolution as yet, very much to the relief of the European diplomats. In fact, the acquiescence of the new Shah's brothers indicates the decline of vitality of which Persia has given so many evidences in late years. The eldest of these brothers is regarded by those who know him as one of the ablest and most energetic men in Persia. He is a man who would naturally be the center of any kind of revolt against the new Shah. Another brother is Minister of War. Probably one fact which gives steadiness to the situation in Persia is the fear of foreign interference. The Persians understand perfectly that Russia regards herself as a sort of residuary legatee, and they are not disposed to inaugurate a family quarrel at the risk of losing the family property. Whenever the opportunity comes, and Russia takes that step, she will stand face to face with England in the Far East. The "Spectator" points out in a recent number the fact that Russia and England are fronting each other at all points. Russia wants Constantinople, and England defends Turkey. She wants large concessions in China, and she has secured them, but England is protesting at every step. She wants Persia, but when she attempts to enforce her claim she will be met by English antagonism of the most pronounced kind. Under these circumstances, Russian watchfulness of English policy and Russian sensitiveness to English advance movements can hardly be wondered at. Sooner or later the two great Powers which have practically divided the East between them will have to settle the question of the primacy.

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Madame Clara Wieck Schumann, the widow of Robert Schumann, died at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, on Thursday of last week, in her seventy-seventh year. She was a remarkable musician herself, but her chief celebrity is due to the fact that she kept the present generation in living touch with one of the greatest musical spirits the world has yet known—Robert Schumann. She was born in Leipsic, and at a very early age displayed a genius which her father very wisely determined to train rather than to exhibit. She became while still very young a professional pianist of high standing and achievement, and leaves behind her the generally acknowledged reputation of being the greatest female pianist that has ever lived. She married Schumann when she was only about twenty-one, and was a support and stay to her husband in the struggles he endured while winning recognition as a musical master, and later she was his devoted nurse and attendant in the mental disease from which he finally died in 1856. Madame Schumann was not only a pianist but a student and composer. Her interpretation of her husband's compositions was her chief musical aim during her long widowhood, and although her own accomplishments and abilities were of the highest order, her name will always be inseparably associated with his.

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"Au Large"

These words, which Dr. van Dyke has so finely interpreted in that out-of-door classic "Little Rivers," have a magical music on the lips of the French Canadian guides and *voyageurs*. They signify the parting from the old, familiar, every-day surroundings, and the setting out with wind and tide for quest, adventure, and discovery. There is a world of poetry in the very sound of the words, so subtly suggestive—to the ear as well as to the mind—of escape from the bondage of custom, tradition, and commonplace, and of the fresh fields beyond the horizon, and the new experiences which await the adventurer. From the beginning of time healthy men have had the passion for wandering, for experience, for knowledge of life; a passion which has meant, not restlessness and incapacity to deal strongly and continuously with fixed conditions, but energy of will, vitality of nature, a deep-seated desire for growth, enlargement, and power. In the earliest myths the wanderer is a familiar and striking figure. He is no idler among busy men; no loiterer along the roads where others fail; he is, rather, an incarnation of the soul of man, with its divine thirst for fullness of life. He fares far and wide, seeing many countries, undergoing many hardships, meeting many men, drinking the cup of experience from many hands. He represents the greatness and range of human desire, the illimitable capacity of the human soul.

In this noble sense all men of mind and heart are adventurers; they stand loyally to their tasks, they are heroic workers; but the song of the sea is always in their ears, with its suggestion of space and danger and freedom; and the great world beyond the hills, with its mighty energies, its passionate aspirations, its magnificent opportunities, is always in their thoughts. A strong man steadies himself by steadfast devotion to the work of the day and to the relations in which he finds himself; but he gives his soul the freedom of the world, and his imagination the range of art and nature and experience; and so he keeps himself fresh in feeling, in spite of the routine of daily tasks, and original and creative in spirit in spite of conventionalities and the dead level of opinion about him. Every man must do his work and keep his freedom also; every man must care for his body, but he must keep his soul alive also. There is, for those who have learned the secret, no real schism in the order of life; a man may live wisely and well, at the same moment, in the little community where his home is and in the great world which lies about all communities. Over the toughest bit of stubborn soil heaven spreads its infinite blue, and over the most solitary worker in the loneliness of the night-watches the stars shine. Infinity is about us on all sides.

The release of the soul is peculiarly the service which nature offers us in this season of fresh and fragrant beauty. The morning whispers its "*au large*" at every window as it lies on a renewed and blossoming world. "Come out of yourself," it seems to say; "drop your books, your hobbies, your anxieties, and become once more a free man; wander in the fields, loiter in the woods, consult the stars." He is wise who accepts this invitation and drops his burden and becomes a child once more in open-eyed wonder and open-hearted delight. For no man is so great as when he forgets himself, nor so useful as when he brings to his tasks and his duties a fresh mind and a joyful heart.

A Great Opportunity

It has been intimated that New York City may perhaps be able to secure the services of Dr. D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, as Superintendent of Public Instruction in the city of New York. This constitutes a possible great opportunity for New York.

New York is the commercial metropolis of the United States, and is likely to remain so for many years to come. No city can ever be to the United States what Paris is to France, or London is to Great Britain; but no other city can be so much an object-lesson for good or for evil to America as New York. But while it has been the commercial metropolis, it has not been an intellectual or moral leader. Its press is no model for other cities; its government has been a warning, not an inspiration; its public schools have been far inferior to those of other cities possessing smaller population and less wealth. New York has been a great money-making center—that and little more. During the last decade there have not been wanting signs of a moral and intellectual awakening. It has made a vigorous and, on the whole, successful attempt at municipal reform. It is becoming, if it has not already become, a literary center. No city in the world issues from its presses a periodical literature which rivals in various excellence the monthly magazines edited and published in New York. The enlargement of the New York University and its removal to University Heights, the still greater enlargement of Columbia College and its natural development into a true university, and the corresponding though less rapid and notable development of the Polytechnic and the Packer Institutes in Brooklyn, give promise of a true educational life in the higher realm worthy of a great city. It will be long before New York has a public library to compare with the libraries of Chicago or the Public Library of Boston, but the Tilden bequest and the recent amalgamation of the Lenox, Astor, and Tilden endowments gives assurance of a provision in the next century generous beyond anything dreamed of in the past. The Pavey School Bill makes possible a reorganized school system, and the election of Daniel C. Gilman as the executive head of that system, provided he were given an untrammeled liberty and a cordial support, would insure a wise reorganization and a capable and efficient personnel. Without such a system thus officered and equipped, neither great universities nor a great public library can adequately serve the civic life ot the city.

The public-school system of America has grown up in a series of independent local experiments. There has been thus far a distinct advantage in this fact. To this system has been contributed the best intellectual life of many minds. If it is somewhat heterogeneous, it is not narrow; if it is somewhat crude, it is not so bound by its own traditions as to be incapable of further growth. But the time has fully come for an endeavor, on a large scale and under an able leader, to take up the results of experiments throughout the country, and, in the light of them and making full use of them, to organize a public system of education which shall be to the country in its primary and secondary grade the object-lesson which such universities as Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Cornell, Oberlin and Ann Arbor, have been and are in the collegiate grade. New York City is the city in which to undertake this work. It is the most cosmopolitan city on the continent. Boston is Yankee, Baltimore is Southern, Chicago is Western, New York is of no section. It is the most heterogeneous in its population, the most complex in the variety of its problems. It is at once American and foreign, Eastern, Western, and Southern, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Jewish and Gentile. It embraces the homes of wealth and poverty, culture and ignorance, and all the combinations which they afford, including wealth without culture and culture without wealth. It is the only city on the continent which has no local character of its own, because it is a collection of cities, each with its own distinctive character. This is its intellectual and social disadvantage, but is also its opportunity; this makes it a microcosm within which all educational problems are presented; permits it, by solving them, to proffer a solution valuable as an object-lesson to any American community from ocean to ocean.

And Dr. Gilman is, of all men on the continent, the man to undertake this work. He is not only an eminent educator, he is even more eminent as an organizer of educational life. He has proved his executive genius in the public schools of New Haven, in the University of California, and in Johns Hopkins University. He is a creator of educational institutions. It is not improbable that the question—if there can be a question—of his election will be decided before this editorial reaches the eyes of most of our readers. He ought to be elected unanimously, and by acclamation. That election ought to be urged if necessary, and, if prior urging is not necessary, indorsed, by such a spontaneous public meeting as will leave him in no doubt as to the support which will be given him if he accepts. And he should be given a free field, a large liberty, and a cordial support in the difficult task laid upon him—difficult under the best conditions—of organizing in the metropolis a metropolitan system of education worthy of the city, and worthy to be a model for all other American cities.

Flitting

Isaac Watts to the contrary notwithstanding, the busy bee is a dangerous exemplar for the Christian to follow. Flitting from flower to flower is not the exercise most conducive to growth. If the flitter were as eager to get the sweets from the flowers among which he flits, and as patient to digest them into honey, the bee might possibly serve as a suggestion, if not as a model. But, unfortunately, this the flitters are not wont to do. They are more curious than industrious, and more eager to get than assiduous to utilize.

There are not a few in our day who flit from church to church; who go wherever they can hear the last new preacher or the last new soprano; who crowd the aisles of one church on one Sunday, of another church on the next Sunday, and are possibly on their bicycles or reading the last sensational Sunday newspaper at home on the third Sunday. If they are not given the best seats in the sanctuary, they grumble at the inhospitality of the churches; if a contribution-box is passed, they drop a penny in, and wonder that the churches are always begging; and they go away from the church flattering themselves that they have rendered a distinguished service to the church and its preacher by honoring the one with their presence and the other with their attention. Such Christians grow as little as a plant that should be transplanted into a new pot every week. The soul is not like the aerial moss which thrives on the moisture in the air, and grows as it travels on the wings of the wind. It must be rooted if it is to be built up.

Of a similar fashion are men and women who flit from creed to creed. The Athenians survive in America, and they spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. That a conviction is old and tried, that it has passed through the fire of controversy unscathed, that it has come out assayed and proved, is to dub it uninteresting; and it is not truth but interest that the flitters seek after. Whatever is traditional they count as false; whatever is new—or they imagine to be new—has an irresistible attraction for them. Such men are like Pilate, of whom Bacon says, "He asked, What is truth? and went out without waiting for an answer."

In the olden time men were educated in creeds and believed them, not because they were true, but because they were traditional. The danger in our time is exactly the reverse: the danger of being educated in questioning and so to believe nothing which is traditional. The world wants not doubts and indecisions in business or politics; as little are they wanted in religion. The mind should have two compartments: an open one to receive the truth, a closed one to retain it. It is quite as important to hold fast that which is good as it is to prove all things. Men should question, not for the intellectual fascination of questioning, but for the solid satisfaction of securing a definite answer. The skepticism which leads only to an interrogation-mark leads nowhere. A positive conviction should be the object of all inquiry. It is far better to be a whole-hearted Roman Catholic than a half-hearted Protestant, or to be a Unitarian with intelligent convictions than a Trinitarian and not know what Trinitarianism is. It is better to believe in anything which has spiritual truth in it, than it is to question everything. Put a tree in poor soil and it will grow a little. Transplant a tree every morning from one good soil to another good soil, and it will not grow at all. We are to build our faith as men build a house. Settle one foundation truth; when that is settled, refuse to question it; build the next faith on that; thus lay a course of convictions, each on its predecessor, and lay them in cement. Refuse to let others' questionings or your own unsettle them.

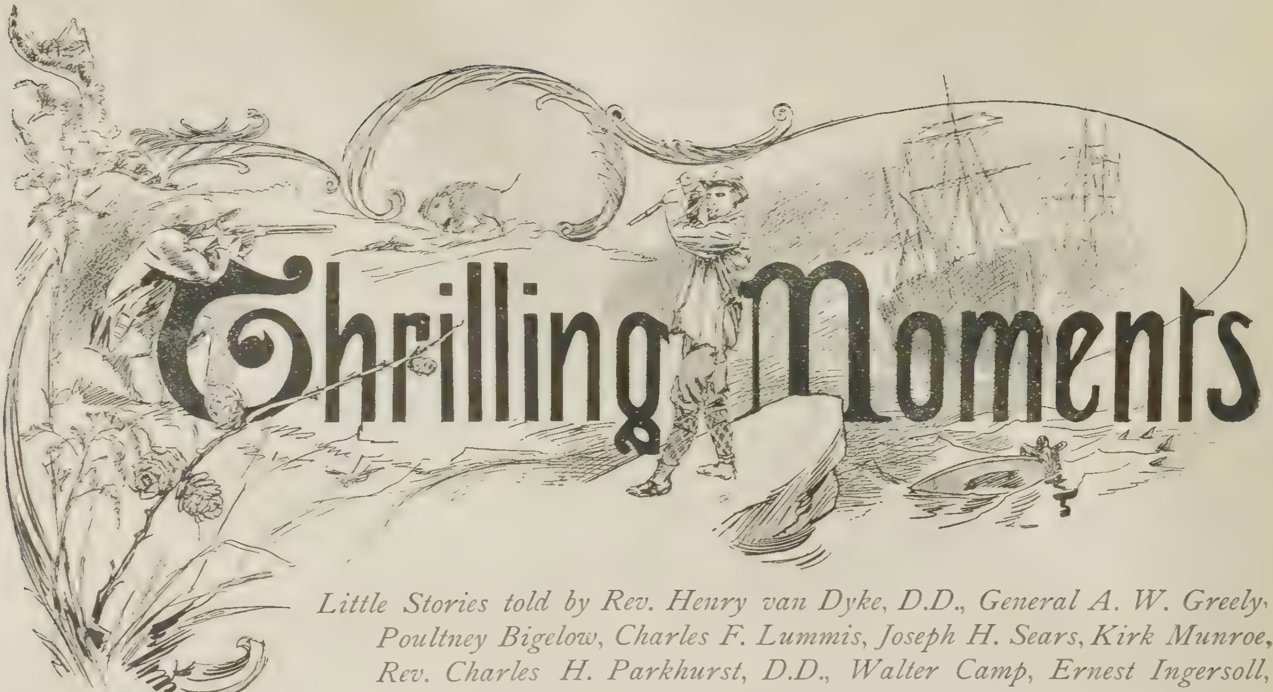
For instance:

The Gospel of Mark tells the story of a wonderful life, paints the portrait of a wonderful character. The life is a noble one, worthy of imitation; the character is a noble one, inspiring to every noble soul who reads it. This is what manhood ought to be, may be. This is an indisputable fact; a granite foundation.

This life and character presents an object for reverence and love. History furnishes no higher object. It is a revelation of an ideal, a disclosure in history of what humanity worships whenever and wherever it is perceived. This is a second indisputable fact; another granite foundation. And these are facts whether the story is fact or fiction, history or myth. In either case the life and character is an ideal humanity and a manifestation of divinity. These facts settled, on these further building is possible. To build on these is to begin a building on Christ. And any building is better than perpetual locomotion from tent to tent, put up to-day and taken down to-morrow.

From the Center

"Men give me credit for genius," said Alexander Hamilton. "All the genius I have lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly, day and night. It is part of me; I explore it in all its bearings; my mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; it is the fruit of labor and thought." These words disclose one of the secrets of the impression which a mind dealing with a subject with which it has filled itself always makes. Hamilton was a man of genius in spite of his disavowal; but genius cannot supply the place of information nor render unnecessary the thorough work which must precede mastery of any subject. A trained eye can always detect in print the difference between a treatment of a subject based on a thorough and profound study, and a treatment based on a rapid consultation of the encyclopædias. Many men have the power of picking up information rapidly, but the difficulty with this method is that the information so collected does not, to use Hamilton's phrase, "pervade the mind." It is only when a subject is mastered by exploration in every direction and by long meditation that the mind becomes imbued with its peculiar quality, is able to divine what it does not see at a glance, and in the end presents it from a fresh and individual point of view. The intellectual difference between men is much more important along the line of quality than along the line of mere information. There are a great many fairly well informed people who have practically nothing to say on any important subject; they know a good deal, but they have not mastered the subject, nor have they really entered into it. On the other hand, there are those whose information is comparatively limited, and yet who make positive contributions to a subject whenever they discuss it. There are those who touch everything on the rim, and there are those who see everything from the center. The first are always superficial, no matter how large their information; the second are always fundamental, no matter how limited their definite knowledge.



Thrilling Moments

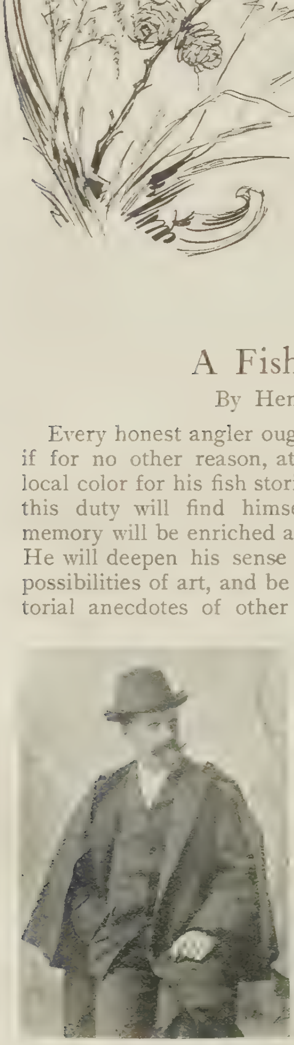
Little Stories told by Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., General A. W. Greely, Poultney Bigelow, Charles F. Lummis, Joseph H. Sears, Kirk Munroe, Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., Walter Camp, Ernest Ingersoll, Thomas W. Knox, Charles Ledyard Norton

With Illustrations by Dan Beard

A Fisher's Crisis

By Henry van Dyke

Every honest angler ought to go a-fishing now and then, if for no other reason, at least in order that he may get local color for his fish stories. The man who is faithful to this duty will find himself abundantly rewarded. His memory will be enriched and his imagination invigorated. He will deepen his sense of the realities of life and the possibilities of art, and be in a position to gauge the piscatorial anecdotes of other men. It was on one of these profitable expeditions that I fell in with the moment which, upon the whole, I consider the most thrilling of my life as an angler—that is to say, up to this point; for you know a true angler always hopes for something better than he has yet caught.



Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke

It was the last day of the ouananiche fishing in the season of 189–; a crystal morning in September, and all the little bushes which God created for no other purpose than to beautify burned lands were blazing crimson over the hills. Paul and Ferdinand and I had walked four tangled miles through the brush, and scrambled down a fierce gorge to a famous pool—*la Place de Péche à Beivin* on the Unpronounceable River—with large expectations and our fishing-rods unbroken. But the river was wild and high; the water was out over the rocks; and casting a fly was almost impossible. Paul climbed painfully and despondently down the stream a little way; Ferdinand solaced himself as usual with blueberries; and I was about to sit down and read a chapter of the "Amateur Angler in Dove Dale," when my mournful eye caught the transient gleam of a broad fish's tail just below the foam at the head of the pool. I said nothing to the others, for fear they might be disappointed, but silently resolved that, if it seemed good to an all-wise Providence, that fish should be the last of the year's catch.

The place was some distance away, and almost inaccessible. Cluttering over the slippery rocks, I found myself face to face with a perpendicular cliff rising from deep water. A crevice ran along it for some distance, and by this I edged along, hoping that the little shrubs to which I clung might be well rooted, until I came within leaping distance of a long log, balanced like a seesaw on a ledge of rock in the river. I made the jump; struck the log fairly; felt it settle down and turn; and ran along it just in time to reach the ledge before the log rolled into the current. If I had stayed on it the hundredth part of a second longer, this story would never have been told.

It was easy enough to get from the ledge to the place where the fish had risen. He was evidently lying in a swift narrow channel between two sunken rocks. I sent the flies over him as daintily as possible, again and again. But he would not stir. I tried a change of flies; a Professor, a Brown Hen, an Abbey, a Coachman, a Fairy—

From grave to gay, from lively to severe;

and, last of all, the lure which the guides believe no well-bred ouananiche can resist, "un Jocque Scotte, qui coutait cinquante sous à Quebec." Everything in my book was despised by that supercilious salmon. It was abominable—the last day of the season, and the biggest fish, too!

At that instant I heard behind me a voice of hope: the *kri-kri-kri-kree* of a belated grasshopper. He was fugacious, that sole survivor of his insect race, and agile beyond belief. I slapped at him on the rocks with my hat; but he was not there. I grabbed after him in huckleberry bushes; and found my hand filled with nothing but leaves. At last, just as he was poised on the edge of the stream, gathering his legs for a long flight to the other shore, I crept up behind him, trembling with emotion, and made one final, desperate clutch—successful!

When the fish saw that grasshopper, delicately attached to a slender leader, floating down stream towards him, he was surprised. He had thought that the grasshopper season was closed. The temptation was too much for him. He rose with alacrity; and in a moment I knew that I was fast to the best ouananiche of the year, a six-pounder, in a furious current, with a four-and-a-quarter-ounce rod, only ninety feet of line, and no net.

"Ferdinand! Hola, Ferdinand! Apporte la nette—une belle des belles! Dépêche-toi! Vite!"

The rocky gorge rang with the shouts. Ferdinand came plunging and crashing through the thicket. How long that quarter of an hour seemed while he was making his way around back of the precipice! The fish was darting and leaping all over the pool. The line was almost run out. Ten more whirls of the reel and he would be gone. It was the last chance; and a very little one. But just then he turned, and began to yield to the pressure of the rod. By the time he was reeled in, there was the panting, eager little Frenchman with the net close beside me.

"Carefully, now, very carefully! Take him head first. No slips!"

Ferdinand was on his mettle and ready to do his prettiest. There is no better master of the netsman's difficult art in all the woods of Canada. A gentle approach, a swift scoop, a sudden lift—and the handle of the net broke short off, just above the head. The ring went drifting down the stream with the exhausted fish inside of it. Lost!

But Ferdinand had a lightning stroke of inspiration. He seized a long, crooked stick from a pile of driftwood, leaped into the water up to his middle, reached the net with one last stretch, and hauled it in, fish and all. There he lay in a safe corner among the rocks, smooth and beautiful as old silver, the ultimate ouananiche. It was a thrilling moment.

"But which was the *most* thrilling moment?" says my Lady Greygown, as she looks over my shoulder. "You have told about several moments; and what I want to know is just where the deepest thrill came in."

She is right. She always is. Thinking the whole affair over, philosophically, I see that it all hangs together. The crude and hasty observer might suppose that the crisis of excitement was at the tilting of the log, or the rising of the fish, or the breaking of the net. But reason tells me that the real crisis, the turning-point of the whole adventure, was when the grasshopper stood poised on the edge of the stream, with his legs tucked under him for flight. Everything depended on the comparative speed of the reflex action of his neural ganglia and mine, at that particular instant. I was not conscious of it at the time. But looking back upon it now, I realize that this was certainly my most thrilling moment.

A man does not understand the real zest of fishing (nor of living) unless he feels the excitement and the importance of getting bait.

On the Matterhorn

By the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst

High work among the Alps is so full of crises and thrilling situations that it is difficult to make a single selection from among them all and christen it the supreme moment. As my mind, however, retraces its Swiss experiences, I find that it is exceedingly apt to gravitate toward the Matterhorn, and to a brief season of inimitable magnificence experienced on its upper slope on the morning of August 12, 1890.

My two guides and I had spent the night at a rude stone hut 5,000 feet above Zermatt and twice that altitude above the sea. We turned in early, and the hours dragged along cold and heavily. There grew up around us a quiet that was almost tangible, save as it was interrupted from time to time by a swift and cruel gust that blew across the cold face of the mountain, or by a crack of the ice, or a rolling stone dislodged by a moving glacier.

At one o'clock we were stirred from our cold nests of hay, and, peering out into the weird and solemn world around us, beheld the sky literally afire with glowing constellations. There is no such place on earth to scan the stars as from the tops and slopes of the high mountains. They glisten like diamonds through the thin, crisp air. The ordinary effect was at this time also vastly heightened by the fact that the sky was scored by the burning track of the August meteors. The enjoyment and memory of such scenes is worth more than all the picture-galleries of Europe. Art cannot touch them. Words of description sound hollow and sacrilegious.

We toiled out through the night and up over the rocks, closely tippeted, and with our steps directed by the light of a flickering candle carried by the forward guide. In the course of a couple of hours the stars began to fade a little. The eastern horizon away out in the direction of Austria was touched with a tinge of dawn. A new quality began

A CRITICAL MOMENT

to steal into the air. Even our bodies participated in the exhilaration of coming day. The valleys were still asleep. We three seemed alone in all the great and wonderful world. Even as I write this I can see again around me the yawning chasms, the paling stars, the wide fields of white, the somber shoulders of the massive Matterhorn, and the great amphitheater of mountains whose higher slopes were beginning to be tipped with purple and crimson. Imagination must supply the touches impossible to words. As the dawn crept slowly on, it seemed as though the world were being inundated by rolling billows of light, that silently chased one another across the landscape, pouring in between the mountains and slipping down their slopes and creating among all the hills little inland seas of brightness and transparency. And then ensued the supreme moment out toward which my heart had been going in almost aching expectancy, when a rim of gold flashed athwart the scintillant slope of Allalinhorn; and as the growing sun kindled into flame the few still clouds that hovered about the day's eastern gate, you would have supposed the Almighty was acting over again the old Creation Day when he said, "Let there be light; and there was light."

A War Experience

By General A. W. Greely

Youth is the age of thrilling emotions, and my thoughts turn at once to an episode of December 13, 1862, when the Army of the Potomac under Burnside crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. A boy of eighteen, scarcely recovered from wounds at Antietam, I had marched with the advance, serving as orderly sergeant, Company B, Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry, in Howard's division. The construction of pontoon bridges being prevented by Confederate sharpshooters, as a "forlorn hope" the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts crossed the river in pontoons, and I reached the south shore in the fifth boat. About forty men, under Captain Mahoney, rushed into the city as far as was possible, and were told to hold the enemy in check at any cost until the bridge was built. More than a third of our small command were killed or wounded before the order to withdraw to cover was given. It was hard to leave our disabled, before whom a Southern prison surely opened, but as our army had a foothold and our position was clearly untenable, the order was imperative. A brave soldier and stanch friend, George Dew, and myself were the last two to go, tarrying a moment to say good-by to our wounded comrades and fire a last shot, knowing full well that a gauntlet of fire lay between us and safety. Dew started some ten yards ahead, and we followed the main thoroughfare in order to turn down the next cross street to the river. Noting the retreat, the Confederates pushed forward, and, appearing at points that commanded the street, commenced firing rapidly at the squad in front of us. Dew and I now realized the extreme danger our delay had placed us in, and that escape under constant fire was barely possible. Suddenly a Confederate soldier emerged from a yard some fifty feet in front, and, not seeing us, fired and killed a man of our regiment at the very corner of the street ahead. Our rifles were unloaded, the cross street unattainable, and capture at least in prospect. Just then Dew espied a chance for escape down a yard, where the unsheltered path ended at a brick wall that promised safety. As we turned from the street we passed the body of Chaplain Fuller, formerly Sixteenth Massachusetts, who crossed as a volunteer in the same boat with us. Meanwhile our Confederate foeman, with his eye fixed on us, was reloading his gun—fortunately a muzzle-loader. We felt that the race down the path was one against death. Could we pass the wall before the gun was reloaded, and if not, who would fall? With a burst of speed born of desperation, I drew ahead of Dew, and, tossing my rifle over the wall, gave a leap and rolled head-first to the ground beyond. While I was in the air I heard the crack of a gun, the buzzing of a bullet, and a cry from Dew, "I am hit." Gathering myself up, half stunned, and clambering to the top, I helped my seriously wounded comrade over the wall, just in time to avoid another bullet from the gun of our persistent enemy.

General A. W. Greely

A Close Shave at Sea

By Joseph H. Sears

Joseph H. Sears

We were running across the end of the Irish Channel, making our way through the fog and rain into the British Channel. It must have been ten o'clock at night, and the thickness of the fog was something frightful. The Hooper was five hundred feet long, and carried five hundred live oxen, two thousand sheep, and several thousand tons of cargo. Her crew consisted of one hundred and twenty-five men, and there was one passenger—myself. Another fifty seconds had passed, and, standing on the bridge, I was in the act of pulling a whistle-cord to blow the other ten seconds, as I had been doing every minute for two hours, when the chief officer grasped my arm and held it.

Away off to starboard came a thin, squeaky whistle. It sounded like a feeble child not ten feet away. Then it came again, only louder. The captain sprang to the engine-room telegraph, and in a moment the thud of our engines ceased. Every sailor on board stood still, too. So did the oxen and sheep. So did everything; and we blew again. After our blast had finished echoing around in the fog, we heard the toot of our friends off abreast of us, and then a little later far astern. After that we went on sounding, whistling, listening, and giving opinions only when asked, and then in whispers. So for another hour.

Fifty seconds had just passed, and I was for the four thousandth time about to blow, when away off abreast on the port side came another high squeak. The time, the direction, the kind of whistle, were noted, and we kept on. One minute passed, and we whistled. Another, and we blew again. A third, and then— But at the fourth a loud, long blast blew off abreast of us in about the same direction, so near that it seemed we must see something. A moment later high above us three ghostly masts appeared nearly in a line.

Captain Murrell sprang to the telegraph, and almost instantly I could feel the quiver run through the ship telling that the engines were being reversed at full speed. Half a dozen sharp commands, calling all hands except the watch aft to clear away the boats, was all that was said. Then a long hull loomed up out of the fog.

"She'll strike us right amidships," said Mr. Costello, close at my ear.

Then the Captain cried out to her, "Port your helm! You go full speed ahead! We're full speed astern!"

Not a sound in reply.

"No, she'll catch us right abaft the cathead," whispered Mr. Costello.

I grasped the rail of the bridge with both hands, from an inane idea that the shock might throw me down. Then I distinctly remember laughing, Heaven knows why! I did not pass over all the events of my life. I did not think at all. I simply gurgled and watched her crawl upon us.

"We'll catch her on the starboard bow," murmured Mr. Costello, as the long craft pulled across our bows. No, right amidships! God help her—"

"All-l-l-l's clear by fiv-v-v-ve feet!" came a voice out of the fog from for'ard.

The chief officer turned to the Captain, who was wiping his forehead. "A close shave, sir!"

"It was the mercy of God, Costello!" said the Captain.

Instantly the crews of both vessels began to shriek curses at each other, and I turned round at a sound to see the Captain's wife on her knees on the bridge in the fog and rain, with her hands stretched high above her head, while

"A CLOSE SHAVE, SIR!"

the quartermaster, who had turned away from his wheel, stood facing her with his head bare.

To save my life I could not help that same queer, gurgling laugh again.

Winning a Football Goal

By Walter Camp

Walter Camp

Rain! How it rained! As we looked out of the hotel windows it seemed like one steady, unceasing downpour that would never end. We were all cooped up in a large room, supposed to be resting, preparatory to our football game with Harvard to be played that afternoon at the Boston ball-grounds.

"Let it rain," said L——, one of our big forwards. "What do we care! We've had practice enough in the mud, goodness knows!" evidently reverting in his mind to the November rains when the coaches sent us out daily, much to the disgust of the players, and especially to that of big L——. "It makes the game too much anybody's," growled our full-back. "Takes all the science out of it—one muff of a slippery ball and they're over your line for a touch-down."

But the rain kept on, and at two o'clock we were driving out to the grounds, and in a half-hour were lined up for the kick-off on a gridiron that looked like a lake surrounded by a thousand umbrellas. How we splashed and plowed through that mud and water for forty-five minutes, and then went into the dressing-room without either side having scored! As I looked the men over I could scarcely recognize them through the layers of mud. A few moments of exhortation from the coaches on the disgrace of not winning, and declaring that a tie was a defeat, and we all trooped out for the second three-quarters.

Our team had been generally accounted the stronger of the two, and we had certainly not expected to encounter any such desperate resistance. The more we called upon our men the more the Harvard team seemed to respond. The second half was more than two-thirds over, and we were as far from victory as ever. We had the echoes of the coaches' words regarding the disgrace of a tie still ringing in our ears. Watson and I were the half-backs, and we had been "sent" until we were ready to drop. Each had gone past the point where a bruise or even fatigue could be felt, but we were also far beyond anything like dash in our play.

During a moment's pause for one of the players to recover from a hard knock the referee came over and called out to the captains, "Five minutes to play!" Think of it! only five minutes, and the game we had so confidently counted upon winning would be ended in a tie! We were at their thirty-yard line, but we had been there several times before and had failed to get the ball over. I looked at Watson, and I saw that the run was all out of him, as I knew it was out of me. Then I determined to try a last resort, and I called Watson and our quarter together. There was a little mound a few feet to the right and four or five yards behind where the ball was resting, that stood up comparatively dry in the lake of mud. "Give us each a try at running, and we'll carry it as far as we can," said I. "Then, if we don't make it, I'll try a drop off that little spot," continued I to myself. We gained three yards in the two tries, and I gave the signal for the ball to come back to me for a drop. I was all but hopeless, and yet as I fell back behind the little mound the goal looked big. In another instant the ball was snapped, and our quarter turned and sent it heavily back at me. I remember to this day how like lead it felt as it came into my outstretched hands, and I had just time to think that I must let it get up off the ground on the top, or I should send it low, as it was so wet and heavy. I remember wondering, too, in the same second, if my forwards would hold long enough to give me the time; and before that thought had had time to really form I had let the ball go and my leg was swinging to the kick. I felt my toe fairly sink into the wet ball, but it rose nicely, clearing the heads and hands of the opposing rushers. Then, as it traveled on, it seemed to be going straight for the middle of the goal, but it would never get there! There was too much sag to the heavy ball! And just as I was giving up hope it reached the bar and cleared it by so narrow a margin that I couldn't see the daylight between! But it was enough: it was a goal, and the game was won. So jubilant were we, and so much did the change of spirits affect both us and our opponents, that we actually got the ball to their line again in the remaining few minutes; but, although the touch-down was allowed, we had no time to kick the goal, as in those days time was called at the exact minute, and no allowance made for kicking goals. I believe that was the most thrilling moment I have ever experienced in a game—that moment when I watched the ball just slip over the bar.

An Adventure in New Mexico

By Charles F. Lummis

Charles F. Lummis

"My most thrilling moment?" That is a difficult distinction to be made. So much depends upon the sort of thrill which is to be taken as the unit of measure. A sudden scuffle with our Gray Friend is not necessarily thrilling—then. Often there is no time for your mind to talk with you at all—if I may so put it. There needs all its suppleness and executive ability to be setting the muscles about their business; and only after the crisis is past can you sit down with your soul and find out what it all meant. Even in the slow, tense chess-game with danger, one often falls into the humor of it quite as a matter of course—pondering little except the next move, until the subsequent reaction.

Foolhardiness is the last thing I would sanction; but these curious studies in the soul's temper and sinew seem to me the most extraordinary pleasures within reach of the physical man, and therefore worthy of prudent pursuit. It has nowise dulled my respect for Death that I have come to count him, not an enemy, but a rival; not a mystery, but merely the difference between the turn of my wrist as I bid it turn and as it may turn if I have, after all, been somewhere at fault in its "bringing up." To me he is no more a fiend, but the pale last landlord—whose face and humor I would know better before we draw the irrevocable lease.

Perhaps the most insight of him has been through the meetings that were by appointment. Perhaps not. It is hard to judge. But generally it is easier to say what most thrilled me than what was most thrilling. Certainly no crisis ever so electrified my own consciousness (at the time) as some things dangerless have done. The thrill of death is not half so great as the thrill of life. Doubtless the most exciting moments I have known were those in which I witnessed my partial resurrection from the dead—the sudden return of speech after long dumbness, and the stupendous sight of a moving hand—the hand which in forty-three months had never known the quaver of a muscle nor the twinge of a nerve. But these were episodes interesting chiefly to myself.

Hunting takes more brains than any other outdoor sport, and pays larger dividends of thrill. Manfully and decently followed, it is also one of the most beneficial. It is good for self-control in patience (for it has a tedious side), and for self-control in the crisis. Not always; but I have found the last reckoning with a bull moose or a bull elk or a cinnamon bear or a cornered mountain lion

"TWO LOADS OF BUCKSHOT AT TWENTY YARDS"

about as exigent of the man in one as the thrill-seeker could reasonably ask.

Nevertheless, we go at it wrong-end-to. We hunt, not for discipline, but for excitement; and for genuine excitement hunting isn't a circumstance to being hunted. Aside from chance turning of the tables by wild game, I have known by more than a year something of what the game feels.

There was an honest District Attorney in the Second Judicial District of New Mexico, and he said one day:

"Very likely you know better than I how many murders there have been in Valencia County? Over a hundred, they tell me, and never a murderer legally punished. Now, there is the Barrett case, the most infamous and cowardly crime I ever heard of. Everybody seems to know who committed it—but what can I do? No one will stand by me. Everybody knows, and nobody will testify."

That pricked me, for I knew he knew what an Albuquerque life-insurance agent would say to his application for a policy if he were to introduce such innovations to his office: and I said:

"My dear fellow, if you really wish to follow Barrett, it shall never be said that you could find no one to help you. Go and premeditate a 'white' jury. I'll round up all the evidence you want."

Which was done. Enough to have hanged two assassins—somewhere else. Of course it did no good, except perhaps to teach Jackson the value of resignation. By a queer sarcasm of fate, I have the letter in which the murderer's father announces to his *hijo idolatrado* that "there is no more care. I have this jury composed."

All this supplemented Barrett. Gentle old Dumas Provencher was the penultimate of the murdered; and several of us learned what it felt like to have a secret price on our heads. We can understand the other side of still-hunting.

Several ambushes were set for me on lonely trails that year. Some I foresaw, and in some they were sorry marksmen, or had the "buck-fever." At best, a rifle is unfit for assassination.

At midnight of St. Valentine's Day, seven years ago, I stepped outside my bachelor adobe in the pueblo of Isleta to breathe the frosty moonlight a moment before bed. Just as my one live arm stretched overhead to supplement a yawn, the most beautifully perfect silhouette I have ever seen upreared from behind a wall sixty feet away, and hunched a shoulder along something that shimmered. Even as I saw two pink spurts, and heard a double roar, and felt a swarm of bumblebees, I was down in a wallow of blood. It was two loads of buckshot at twenty yards. I do not believe in miracles, but I never knew God to permit a scoundrel as steady nerves as a man's.

Now here is one of the curious things about thrills—consistent all through my own experience at least. That first moment was not particularly exciting. Before that sudden figure was half-way erect I knew its meaning as well as I do now. One thinks swiftly enough; but the sole fact that I could do nothing acted as a sedative. What use to butt one's head against the wall? It had come. So, even as the shotgun jumped to a level, a dry laugh was trying to quench my yawn—not in time, luckily, or I should have lost a jaw. It was too good a joke on me. More than a year of alertness—and now the gentleman had picked my one unready minute. It was good enough for me! This, you understand, was when I knew I was to be killed before I could lift a finger.

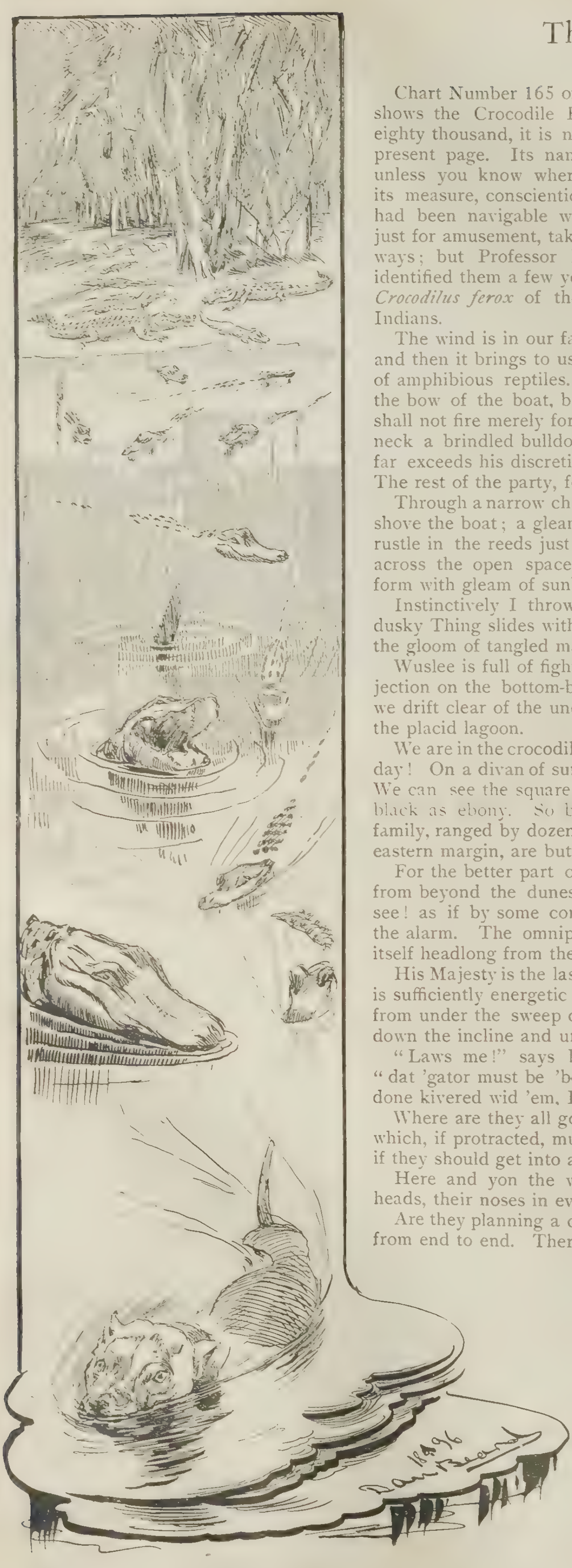
But upon the ground the surprise of feeling stung me. I could not be dead, or I should not know that the blood in my throat choked me and that other warm stickiness spread in my shirt. I rolled to an elbow and looked—and marveled that things are so slow beside the mind. The silhouette was just turning to run.

Then there *was* a thrill, of the wildest and deepest. But it may not be one to confess in cold blood—and bottled blood. So enough is said with saying that if I ran after my murderer till my eyes began to glaze, he ran with better legs, and was never caught; that friends stanched my leaks with ice-water; and that she who has seen me through other straits as narrow—and finally concluded that one so reluctant to be killed was worth marrying—nursed me back to life. Mr. Jackson came down post-haste to see me, and incidentally dug a dozen buckshot out of my door as keepsakes. We could not see that the hint diminished his zeal; but he had already been found too dangerous, and his office was officially gagged and handcuffed. So he presently removed to Oklahoma, where I sincerely hope he has been able to hang some one.

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Crocodile at Home

By Charles Ledyard Norton



IN THE CROCODILE'S LAIR

Chart Number 165 of the Coast Survey is the only map that I know which shows the Crocodile Pond. Drawn on the Government scale of one to eighty thousand, it is not more than half as large as a lower-case *o* on this present page. Its name is not printed on the chart, and you cannot find it unless you know where to look. But Uncle Sam's careful surveyors took its measure, conscientiously, years ago, and plotted it as accurately as if it had been navigable water. Probably they shot a few of the big saurians just for amusement, taking them for the common alligators of Florida waterways; but Professor Hornaday, now director-elect of the Zoölogical Park, identified them a few years later as a distinct species, quite a superior race—*Crocodilus ferox* of the scientists; the "mad alligator" of the Everglade Indians.

The wind is in our faces as we near the outlet of this secluded pond. Now and then it brings to us a faintly sickening odor of musk, the favorite perfume of amphibious reptiles. I am seated forward with a rifle across my knees in the bow of the boat, but this is merely a friendly call, and it is agreed that I shall not fire merely for fun. The Chief sits just behind me, holding by the neck a brindled bulldog whose bite is worse than his bark, and whose valor far exceeds his discretion. "Wuslee" is his name—Seminole for "big dog." The rest of the party, four in all, are astern.

Through a narrow channel among the distorted mangrove roots we stealthily shove the boat; a gleam of open water appears, and at the instant there is a rustle in the reeds just ahead and to one side; a swift, powerful rush, and across the open space directly in my line of vision there dashes a lithe gray form with gleam of sunken eye and savage flash of white teeth.

Instinctively I throw up the rifle, but remember the truce in time, and the dusky Thing slides with a swish of muddy water into the gloom of tangled mangroves.

Wuslee is full of fight, but he is choked into subjection on the bottom-boards, and with a final push we drift clear of the undergrowth and float out upon the placid lagoon.

We are in the crocodile's lair, and it is his reception-day! On a divan of sunny sand his Majesty reposes. We can see the square scales upon his broad back, black as ebony. So big is he that his numerous family, ranged by dozens and scores along the sandy eastern margin, are but pygmies beside him.

Colonel C. L. Norton

For the better part of a minute we drift unheeded. The thunder of surf from beyond the dunes is the only sound that disturbs the solitude. But see! as if by some common telepathic instinct, the hideous legion catches the alarm. The omnipotent fear of man has fallen upon it, and it launches itself headlong from the shore, as if by order of a commandant.

His Majesty is the last to awaken; royalty sleeps sound; but his awakening is sufficiently energetic to make up for the delay. The sand flies in sheets from under the sweep of his mighty tail as he straightens himself and drives down the incline and under the protecting shield of his watery fastness.

"Laws me!" says black Billy, turning ash-color, and shipping his oars, "dat 'gator must be 'bout fifty foot long! De whole bottom o' dis yer pond done kivered wid 'em, I reckon."

Where are they all going? They take to the water on converging lines which, if protracted, must bring them together under our very keel. What if they should get into a family quarrel there?

Here and yon the water boils suggestively. Here and yon are grizzly heads, their noses in every case pointed in our direction.

Are they planning a combined attack? What is that? The frail boat quivers from end to end. There is a rubbing and bumping underneath, but the water is thick with mud. I can make out nothing to shoot at, so reserve my fire.

This is nervous business. The crocodiles are in no hospitable mood. They are *ferox*, and resent our intrusion. We stamp and pound on the boat to frighten them.

"Don't shout!" says the Chief; "that draws them."

Billy is tugging heavily at his oars, and the clumsy boat surges forward at her best speed.

And now Wuslee makes the mistake of his life. Elevating his muzzle, he emits a defiant roar that rings across the water. Like the whistle of Roderick Dhu, it acts as a summons.

The lagoon is instantly alive with grim heads sweeping in curves toward a common center.

That center is Wuslee, for the Chief has slung him overboard with might and main, and he strikes the water ten feet away. We do not look to see what becomes of him. We have still twenty yards to go—ten yards, five! Hurrah! and I leap ashore with the painter, and, digging my heels into the sand, hold the boat fast while the others scramble out and tumble over me without waiting for any order of social precedence.

And Wuslee?—poor Wuslee!

Oh, he swam ashore, too, in a leisurely way, shook himself, sniffed suspiciously at the freshly disturbed sand, and then, turning about, freely offered in a loud voice to fight any crocodile that dared come ashore. The rest of us were guiltily glad that he did not suspect why he was thrown overboard.

And *Crocodilus ferox?* Well, for some inscrutable reason he had been seized with a panic and was no longer in evidence.

Between Sharks and Breakers

By Poultney Bigelow

Poultney Bigelow

We were camped in a snug little bay on the north side of St. Thomas, which, as every one knows, is a rocky little island of the West Indies belonging to Denmark. The sea was blue as blue could be; the savage mountains rose straight up behind us as though jammed up out of the bottom of the sea. I was sound asleep in my sailing canoe Caribee when Uncle Ned rapped upon her sides and called out:

"'Spec' we'd better get started, sah; de wedder looks squally!"

Now Uncle Ned was a negro well known in St. Thomas for his courage and skill in small boats; and when he heard that I intended a canoe cruise around the island, he begged me to take him along. So I gave him two dollars, with which he bought provisions for a whole week, and within an hour from the time we met our boats were under weigh. My canoe was fifteen feet long, thirty inches wide, twelve inches from deck to bottom-board; had folding centerboard and drop rudder, two masts, and leg-o'-mutton sails. I slept aboard, and carried abundant stores and clothing for a whole season's cruising.

Uncle Ned had a fishing-boat of his own, and took a friend along for the sake of company.

"If I drown," I sang out to him, "I'll wait for you to come fish me out!"

"Better not drown," he sang back; "de sharks am too hungry dese yere days!"

The first part of the voyage went well enough. Caribee sailed over the big Atlantic rollers as gracefully as an antelope bounds in and out of the high prairie grass, and Uncle Ned was soon left far behind, for though he did well enough in beating, he could not come near my canoe when the wind was aft.

But the last day was squally, as I soon discovered; and the squalls dead aft. It was lively work jumping from one side to the other as the little boom flew from side to side in the heavy seas. The bursts of wind came screeching down through the gullies of the mountain, and gave scant notice of their approach. I held on to my mainsheet until I thought the little sail would crack into shreds; and the tight little boat yawed about in the broken water as though trying to shake me out of her. Canoes have souls and think a great deal, but they cannot always make themselves understood. Caribee on this occasion meant to say:

"Do shorten sail, or I shall have to upset!"

But I could not do as she wished. I was experimenting with a new kind of boom attachment very strongly recommended to me by a canoe friend whom I will not here mention. It worked beautifully in a smooth sea and gentle breeze. Off St. Thomas, in a gale of wind, it was worse than useless—I cursed the day when I was beguiled into this novelty.

Suddenly bang came a puff which I dodged, but bang came a second which I missed, and before I could see how it happened Caribee was bottom side up, I was swimming with my double paddle in one hand, and the Atlantic Ocean seemed alive with every variety of article known to canoeists. Never before did I realize how many small things one canoe could conceal—hats, shoes, stockings, bread, bottles, shirts, spool of cotton, many pieces of clothing, bits of paper and several books and maps, and many more things that I cannot remember.

All my life spread itself before me like the figures in one of Edison's kinetoscopes: each year galloped past in the fraction of a second; and through it all I saw an imaginary shark with jaws like a cellar door ready to eat me up. Uncle Ned's parting words seemed to have been wise ones, and I could see no escape from either the sharks or the equally savage surf which smashed itself upon the rocks close to me. The sails of Uncle Ned's boat were far down on the horizon; he could not possibly know of my plight, and the sea

BETWEEN SHARKS AND BREAKERS

was flouncing up and down so furiously that I could not manage to get into my canoe. For I had not merely to contend with the swell rolling in from the Atlantic: Caribee had drifted so close to the rocks that there was a reflection of broken waves much akin to the water at Hell Gate when wind and tide meet.

So I sprang upon the bottom of Caribee and made up my mind to make what I could of the one chance left me—namely, to keep away the sharks until Uncle Ned should reach me, and that seemed to be a matter of many, many hours.

I trailed my long double paddle out between my legs, and kept wriggling it in the hope of frightening the monsters away. Every now and then I fancied I saw a spiteful black eye leering up through the angry waters—or something that looked like the horrid teeth of this heartless beast. But each time that I thrashed the waters furiously, these hideous sights disappeared, and I commenced to feel as though, after all, sharks were great cowards.

I had caught a big shark once in the Indian Ocean, when it required twelve able-bodied seamen to haul him aboard, and from that day on I had preserved a profound respect for this devilish fish.

But as fast as I recovered from my shark-feelings I lost heart at the way the wind and waves were forcing me closer to the black rocks, whose sides went hundreds of feet straight up out of the sea, and offered no chance of escape to the mariner who might be hurled ashore.

It was growing dark, and I commenced to wonder what would happen when I should lose the power to thrash about on my upturned Caribee, when suddenly out of the gloom rose up the sails of Uncle Ned, and a voice full of fear—"'Fore de Lawd—wha is you?" I shouted, and by my voice he bore down straight upon me, and caught my painter as he swept onward. He dared not jibe or come about, but kept straight on, dragging me and Caribee so violently that I feared another calamity.

Uncle Ned pulled me in over the side; Caribee was quickly righted; then I stowed her sails, baled her out, and when we arrived at the extreme western point of St. Thomas, which was close to us, I jumped once more into my precious canoe and paddled away for the harbor lights, none the worse for my bath amongst sharks and breakers.

Next day I was off on board the Brazil Mail, and left Uncle Ned with a reputation for gallantry at sea unequaled in the annals of West Indian chivalry.

In the Utes' Country

By Ernest Ingersoll

Thrilling moments are as various as human nerves and emotions. I heard a philosopher discourse for two hours once to demonstrate that all life was nothing but divers quivers. The phrase commonly applies to physical peril, but then the sensation is more likely to attack the spectator than the principal of the scene. Sometimes you may be both observed and observer, as once when I sat in a railroad train on a high bridge in the midst of a sudden hurricane. The bridge trembled, the cars tottered under the push of the gale, and few thought any of us would ever get ashore. I was one day riding on the pilot of a locomotive going fifty miles an hour when we rounded a curve, to find a car on the track a few rods in front of us; the future looked unpleasant to the man under the headlight! Pleasure and pain play on the same keyboard of nerves. One can experience much the same sensations as overtook me on that pilot from the sight of the mellow mingling and shifting of sunset lights flushing and paling upon a mountain peak when they usher in the night with a chorus of color. One day, twenty or more years ago, when the Colorado Rockies were still "Indian country," a party of us in Government work started to explore their southern fastnesses. In Middle Park we were halted by the Utes, who were assembled in considerable numbers. They were determined that we should not proceed, and "had a good mind" to annihilate us on the spot. We were equally resolved to overcome their objections and go ahead. The greatest circumspection was needed lest some spark should ignite the powder of war scattered thickly about us. I, for one, ran at top speed away from a malignant old squaw who chased me with a knife while the red mob applauded. On the second afternoon the crucial pow-wow was in progress in old Peah's teepee. The muffled dum-dum-dum of war-drums resounded here and there from other lodges, where eager young braves were making public opinion. One of the geologists and myself, to while away the time, began to measure the flow of Grand River, by sounding its depth and estimating its velocity. Marvin had gone up-stream a short distance and started a piece of wood which I was to time as it passed a certain point. I had squatted down, the better to observe this small float, when something caused me to glance up. Squarely opposite me, fifty yards away, knelt a powerful Indian, in paint and feathers, glancing along the barrel of a rifle pointed straight into my eyes. "Had the negotiations failed?" was my first thought, followed by I know not what others. But I kept them to myself, and, rising slowly to my feet, drew my revolver from my belt, and steadily brought it down to an aim as good as his. A moment later the redskin lowered his rifle and stalked away. We had to throw in a new chip; and it was some time before the ants ceased to travel up and down our spines, as the Poles say.

"Something caused me to stand up"

Ernest Ingersoll

Between the Pony and the Buffalo

By Thomas W. Knox[1]

Thomas W. Knox

My most thrilling moment was a good while ago, in the year 1860, when I was crossing the great plains between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, before the days of the railway. The wagon train was then the favorite mode of travel, and I was one of a party that had adopted that style of locomotion. Near Fort Kearney several of us embraced the opportunity to buy Indian ponies, being stimulated to do so by the report that buffalo were abundant a hundred miles or so further on. The ponies were said to have been trained in buffalo-hunting, and this circumstance gave them an additional value in our eyes. My finances did not justify my owning an entire horse, and I had to content myself with a half-interest in a pony, a friend of mine owning the other half.

As we neared the buffalo country the excitement grew, and when at last we actually saw a herd in the broad valley of the Platte River all our party were in a condition of feverish heat. It was late in the afternoon when we sighted the buffalo four or five miles away, and we went into camp shortly afterwards. Some of us wanted to go in pursuit of the animals at that hour, and would have done so had not the train-master issued orders to the contrary. We consoled ourselves by laying plans and making preparations for the morrow, so as to get an early start. My friend who shared the ownership of the pony with me proposed that we “toss” for the first buffalo hunt; I assented, and won the toss, to his evident chagrin and my great delight.

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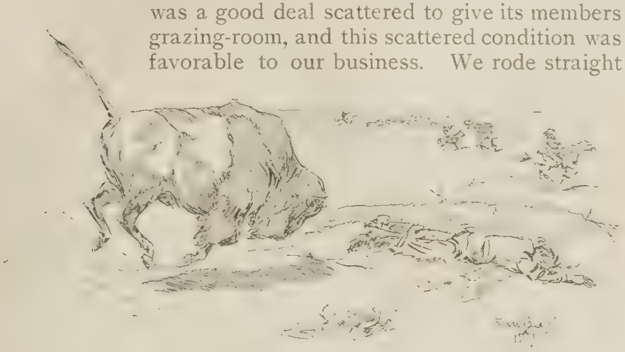
[1] This sketch was written for The Outlook by Mr. Knox a short time before his death, which took place on January 6 last.

Well, the hunting-party got off soon after breakfast, and went in the direction of the herd, which, disturbed by our proximity, had moved three or four miles further up the valley. We took an easy pace, so as to have our horses fresh, and when within a mile of the game we halted to take breath, tighten girths, get our weapons ready, and, in fact, make all preparations to “go in.” I was armed with a navy revolver—an excellent weapon for buffalo-hunting—and had in addition a cavalry revolver for use when the navy one was exhausted. Fixed ammunition was not much in vogue on the plains at that time, and nearly all firearms were loaded with loose powder and ball—an operation not at all easy to perform while on the back of a horse in pursuit of a herd of buffalo.

When all was ready, we mounted again and were off. The herd, which was composed of thousands of animals, was a good deal scattered to give its members grazing-room, and this scattered condition was favorable to our business. We rode straight among the buffalo, and each man singled out the object of his attack. I selected a young bull, turned my pony in his direction, and then dropped the reins on his neck, as I had been told to do by an experienced hunter.



“I came to the ground”

The pony took me alongside the buffalo, and not more than two yards away. I raised my revolver and fired, as nearly as I could guess, at the creature's heart.

The pony jumped sideways to avoid the charge which the buffalo generally makes when he has been hit by a bullet. I ought to have been clinging firmly to his sides with my knees, but I wasn't. I lost my seat, and as the pony made his sideway jump I fell from the saddle and came to the ground between my steed and the young buffalo bull!

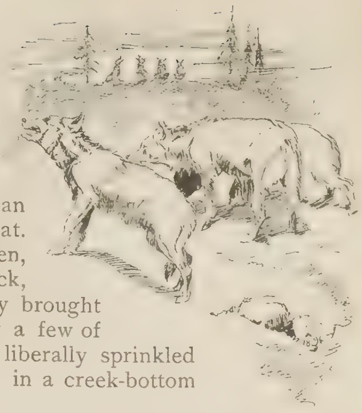
That was a thrilling moment, and in less than a second I lived my entire life over again. Everything I had ever done seemed to pass in review, especially those events on which I did not look with pride. I expected to be pierced by the horns and trampled by the hoofs of that infuriated beast, and could already feel his hot breath in my face. I closed my eyes to receive the shock and literally prepare for death.

The shock did not come, and I opened my eyes again. Looking around, I saw that the buffalo had regarded the pony as his assailant, and not the rider. He was pursuing the riderless animal, which was running in the direction of the herd, probably with the intention of gaining the other horses. I stood up and fired my revolver in the air, but nobody gave it the least attention till the hunt was over. Then somebody caught my horse and picked me up on the return to camp.

An Arizona Thrill

By Kirk Munroe

It was midwinter in the park-like pine forests of northeastern Arizona, and the nights were bitterly cold. Blankets were scarce and thin, but the prowling wolves that disturbed our shivering slumbers with their howlings were provided with thick fur robes that would keep us very warm if we only had them. We were a small party making a preliminary survey for the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, and our mission was so urgent that we found little time for hunting. Earnestly did my “bunky” Sam Wells and I discuss plans for securing one or more wolf robes; and finally, on discovering a small quantity of strychnine among our medical stores, we decided to adopt the one suggested by Serédro, our Mexican guide, and try poisoned meat. Our opportunity came when, by a bit of phenomenal luck, an elk was unexpectedly brought to bag, and that evening a few of the larger bits of offal, liberally sprinkled with poison, were strewn in a creek-bottom half a mile from camp.



The howling wolves had on thick coats of fur

In the early morning Wells and I, impatient to learn the result of our experiment, started off ahead of the slower-moving Serédro, who was pottering with numbed fingers over his gun. To our intense disappointment there were no dead wolves in the creek-bottom, though every bit of our poisoned meat had disappeared, and we decided to make a long circuit in opposite directions in hopes of finding either our game or our bait. As I completed my portion of this circuit and again approached the creek, much lower down, I discovered a thin column of smoke directly ahead. A minute later I was peering from a willow thicket at a score of Indians gathered near a small fire over which a couple of squaws were cooking some meat, and I knew at once who they were.

The powerful tribe of Navajos had recently been subdued, driven from their country (which was the one we were then traversing), crowded on a wretchedly small and inadequate reservation in eastern New Mexico, and there, according to the usual brutal policy of our Government, left to starve as speedily as might be. Rendered desperate by their condition, several small bands had broken away and returned to their former haunts. We had been warned at Wingate to avoid these bands, as any collision with them in their present reckless mood would certainly precipitate another Indian war.

Kirk Munroe

Remembering this, I was about to withdraw from so dangerous a vicinity as quietly as possible, when, to my dismay, I recognized in a little pile of meat near the fire several pieces on which I had rubbed strychnine only the evening before. At that moment one of the hungry squaws seized a bit of the half-cooked meat and raised it to her mouth. With a loud cry I rushed foward, snatched the deadly morsel from her, and flung it far to one side, where it was instantly seized and gulped down by a famished dog.

At my appearance the Indian men sprang to their feet and advanced toward me with angry faces, drawn knives, and leveled lances. They had no guns, for all firearms had been taken from them on the reservation, but they were sufficiently well armed for the purpose in hand. That moment was certainly one of the most thrilling of my life, and would doubtless have proved my last on earth had I attempted either to fight or run. Fortunately, I was spared the alternative; for, ere a decision was forced, there came a ringing shout, and in another instant Sam Wells, closely followed by Serédro, appeared on the scene. A few words explained the situation to them, and a few more from Serédro in the Navajo tongue explained it to the angry Indians. At the same time the Mexican's remarks were forcibly illustrated by the death-struggles of the unfortunate dog which had swallowed the poisoned meat; and an hour later a treaty of peace was concluded over a hearty breakfast furnished to the starving savages at our camp. Here they were found to possess a number of wolf-skins which they would gladly exchange for provisions, and one of these, which I still retain, serves as a reminder to this day of my first and last attempt at poisoning wolves.

Photography on the Heights

Switzerland—Greenland—The Far Northwest

Photographing in the High Alps

By Marie Gozzaldi

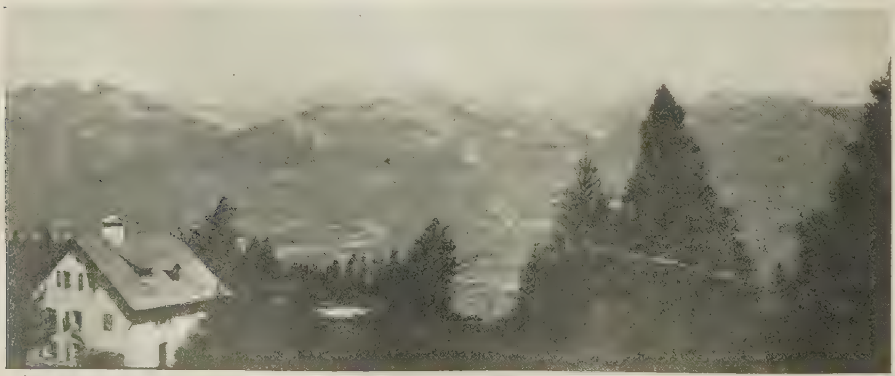
Delightful work, isn't it? Yes, and often disappointing too, and that is the reason that I turn to-day from camera and printing-frame to pen and ink. What is the use of piles of spoiled plates and three years' experience if one does not make some "footprints in the sands of time," that a brother seeing may avoid? As I look out on the mountain peaks that surround my chalet, I hear in imagination the click of innumerable kodaks, and see the black cloth of more ambitious cameras, and my heart grows sick as I think of the bitter disappointments lying in wait for the novice when all these plates and films are developed; and the worst of it is, the lovely views are gone never to come again.

The first great mistake that all make up here is over-exposure. It is incredible till one has proved it, the difference in the clearness of the light on the mountains as compared with the valleys. At three thousand feet a very slight exposure is sufficient; it is impossible to say how much, as it depends on the lens. But with my lens I find that one-half the usual time is enough.

Let us suppose that the mischief has been done, the plate has been over-exposed. Don't despair! There is still hope of saving it. You must develop with hydrokinone. I know professionals laugh at this developer, just as Turner used to at oil-painting—call it a plaything "fit for ladies." Still I must say I have had wonderful results from it. If you are doubtful of having the right exposure, make your bath weak: if the picture comes too fast, pour in a few drops of bromide of potassium, ten per cent.; if it does not come, pour off this bath and try a stronger solution of hydrokinone.

Beware of distant mountains; they are sure to come out low and disappointing. Don't try them unless you have a wide-angle lens, and then use a disk of yellow glass that can be screwed on. Put in your smallest stop (diaphragm) and use your most rapid plates. With the yellow glass you must expose longer than without, and the sky is never quite so bright, but it subdues the foreground and brings out the distance.

If a distant mountain must be taken, I find it helps to have a tall tree in the foreground or middle distance that comes against the peak; this serves as a kind of measuring-stick, and keeps the mountain its proper height. A glimpse between trees is often more satisfactory, besides being more picturesque, than a panoramic view.



MOUNTAINS OF CANTON BERNE, FROM THE RHONE VALLEY

After the plate is finished come the difficulties of printing, and here patience is necessary. Perhaps when the print comes from the frame it looks well, but the snow mountains fade out in the fixing-bath. Here I find a brush dipped in vermilion, ground with a little gum arabic, useful. With it just touch the tips of the snow mountains on the gelatine side, using it very dry, and keeping the outlines sharp and square, or before you know it your mountains will turn into clouds. The foreground may be masked by covering with paper or varnish on the glass side. Such negatives must never be printed in the sun.

My first photographic summer was spent at Faido, a little town on the St. Gothard, made familiar to many readers by Butler's charming book "High Alps and Sanctuaries." There I confined myself to *genre* pictures, religious processions, groups, etc. Here I first made the acquaintance of iconogen as a developer. Besides our party, there were two other amateur photographers there; one, a delicate little Milanese chemist, since gone to a better country. His chief fad was a fear of light. He always developed in the dark-room with the pan covered. Once he actually shut himself into a wardrobe to develop; at other times he got under the bedclothes; and on his wedding journey he borrowed his wife's white chuddah to cover the pan with; the result can be better imagined than described!

THE LITTLE CHAPEL IN THE WOODS, ABOVE SION, VALAIS

Built 1797

(This photograph "took itself," the cap having fallen off)

The other photographer was a Roman, a large, heavy-featured man with a tremendous voice, who had his camera for an inseparable companion. He it was who introduced me to iconogen. He had no patience in developing, and when in town always took his plates to a photographer, thus losing what to my thinking is the greatest pleasure of all, the gradual appearing of the picture. As there was no professional near, he soon pressed me into service to mix his chemicals and develop for him. I laugh when I think of that time; it was the blind leading the blind; and if any photographs came out it was a wonder. We used to mix a gallon of iconogen at once, and when the picture would not come he would get angry and bellow "*Io lo butta!*" which was his way of saying, "I shall throw it out the window!" When he came back there another summer the landlady wouldn't let him have a room at any price, so many had been our spills.

There was a wedding there that summer, and the Roman offered to "take" the wedding party. A room was secured for him in the priest's house opposite the church door, and there he set up his camera pointing out the window. The priest was in the chancel, the little boys who formed the choir were seated decorously outside, the guests were waiting in the front pews, a crowd of villagers in the back. The hotel omnibus and the one carriage of the place, that served to bring the wedding party, stopped at the door. All was expectancy. Suddenly a word of command rang out sharp and clear; dismay filled the guests; the priest rose to his feet; the small boys stampeded with a great clatter, as did also the villagers. What had happened? Could it be that the bridegroom had been arrested on the very threshold of the church? (Politics ran high, and we were on the verge of an *émeute.*) Nothing of the sort; it was only that Roman! He had obliged the happy pair to turn and face him at the door to be photographed, instead of waiting until they came out after the ceremony, as every one expected he would. I must confess he generally got good photographs when some one else developed.

The next summer I took to photographing the peasants, and from the amusing experiences it is hard to choose the funniest. The news soon spread like wildfire that we were at home one afternoon in the week, and that cabinet pictures, groups or single figures, would be taken for ten cents a copy, smaller portraits for five cents. Peasants came from far and near, the weak and the aged on mules; the space in front of our chalet looked like the outskirts of a country fair. The lads and lassies carried on mild flirtations while awaiting their turns. Sometimes they came in the morning, brought their dinners, and ate in the woods near, so as to be on hand early.

One old man told me he had brought all his family *to be telegraphed.* The girls brought their best Sunday costumes with them, and made a dressing-room of the woodshed, where they trimmed their hats. One old peasant woman begged the loan of a lace collar, and when she found I had none, she prayed for a string of beads! Even had I had them they would have ill accorded with her homespun gown and coarse chemise.

THE ARCTIC SAHARA OF THE "GREAT ICE"
(Before a blizzard)

They thought that "the painter" could do everything; several asked to be made beautiful; some wanted to be young; one thought that she would look much better if she had not held her head so high, and begged me, almost with tears, to paint her looking down, and she would take two copies, and pay me in fresh raspberries. "You will now, dear, won't you? Just looking down a little bit!" I was paid in all kinds of wares, eggs and butter being the favorites.

One copy of nearly every group was destined for the Americas; son or brother, uncle or aunt, had written for a photograph, and this was a chance not to be missed of getting a bargain. The work, besides being interesting in itself, brought us into touch with the people, and gave us a chance to study human nature as yet unspoiled by civilization; so that I count the summer I spent as a photographer among my profitable seasons, though the gains in filthy lucre were not large.

Photography on the Greenland Ice-Cap

By R. E. Peary, U.S.N.

There is probably no place on the surface of the earth where it is more difficult to pursue the art of photography than on the Sermiksoak, the "Great Ice" of interior Greenland.

A description of the photographer's environments is necessary for a clear understanding of his difficulties. Imagine a large, irregular island of continental size, with a range of ragged mountains from two to ten thousand feet in height rising along the shores throughout its entire circumference. Then imagine the entire area inclosed by this bounding mountain chain to be buried beneath the accumulated snow-precipitation of centuries, in a latitude where it does not rain and where there is practically no melting of the fallen snow, all of the valleys being filled completely by this accumulation, which, still increasing, has risen high above the summits of the highest mountains, till every indication of the underlying topography has disappeared, and the interior of Greenland has become simply a great plain of snow elevated from one to two miles above the surface of the sea, and at the edges rounding down like a flat dome to the inner sides of the coast mountains.

It is, in fact, a huge white glistening shield, some twelve or fourteen hundred miles in length and five hundred miles in width, resting on the supporting coast mountains.

Questions as to the characteristics of this unique terrestrial feature—among others, whether this enormous deposit of snow and ice is increasing or decreasing, or remaining practically stationary—are of special interest to geologists and glacialists.

It might seem, at first thought, from a statement made above, that the "Great Ice" was constantly increasing in depth; but there are causes at work inimical to such increase, and only investigations carried on through a period of years can determine whether the resultant of these causes is greater or less than, or just balances, the annual precipitation.

Principal among these causes are the glaciers and the winds. The former, which protrude through every deep valley in the coast mountains, discharge into the sea during the year an enormous bulk of ice from the lower strata of the "Great Ice" of the interior, in the shape of numerous fleets of icebergs.

The latter cause, however, is the only one affecting the subject under consideration. The wind is never quiescent on the "Great Ice." Day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out, this wind is sweeping down from the frozen heart of the "Great Ice" to the coast mountains, bearing with it the fine drift of snow. During gentle breezes this drift is of almost impalpable fineness, and extends but a foot or two above the surface. As the wind increases in force the particles of snow become coarser and the drift rises above a man's head; while in the savage blizzards of this frozen Sahara, this drift is a roaring, blinding, suffocating Niagara of snow, rising a hundred feet or more into the air—a drift which almost instantly buries any quiescent object, and in which it is almost impossible for the traveler to breathe.

This wind and its accompanying drift can be likened to a torrent of water rushing down the slopes of the "Great Ice" and following the most direct slope to the land, which, once reached, it goes rushing over the mountain summits, some of it sinking in whirlpools and eddies into the valleys, but much of it being carried on to the coast cliffs, over which it goes swirling into the sea or on to the sea ice. So constant and pronounced is this tendency of the wind to follow the most direct line to the land, that I could always determine the direction of the nearest land by the direction of the wind. This drifting snow is as penetrating as water.

There is no doubt in my mind that in the middle of the great Arctic night, in the center of this "Great Ice," a mile and a half or two miles into the frozen air that sweeps around the pole, separated from any possible effect from the earth's radiated heat by a blanket of ice and snow a mile or more in thickness, and distant fully two hundred and fifty miles from the possible ameliorating effect of the Arctic Sea, there is to be found the fiercest degree of cold of any spot upon the surface of the globe.

Four times has the writer crossed the northern part of this frozen dome of Greenland, the distance being nearly six hundred miles from the coast mountains. While making these journeys it is necessary to use the mariner's compass constantly and navigate the sledges by solar observations, as a ship is navigated at sea.

A second and very important peculiarity of the ice-cap as bearing upon photography is the intensity of the light. My journeys across the "Great Ice" have been made during the Arctic summer—that is, during the time that the sun is constantly above the horizon throughout the twenty-four hours, for a period of four months or more. The Arctic sun, in pleasant weather, is as brilliant as the sun of any southern latitude, and when this brilliancy is increased by reflection from an interminable and absolutely unrelieved glistening white surface of snow, lifted into the highly rarefied and perfectly pure upper strata of the Arctic atmosphere, the intensity of light is something that can be realized only by one who has actually seen it.

ON THE RETURN MARCH ACROSS THE "GREAT ICE"
7,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea

The pungent quality of this blinding glare is such that the strongest eye can endure it unaided for only a few hours. A man placed in the center of the "Great Ice" in midsummer would be as completely helpless at the end of a day as a blind kitten.

The traveler upon the "Great Ice" must keep his eyes constantly protected by goggles of heavy smoked glass, and even with this we frequently, when in camp and trying to sleep, were obliged to protect our eyes still further by a strip of fur tied across them to exclude the light which would otherwise penetrate the closed lids.

When, as frequently occurs, the traveler is shrouded in the clouds which sweep across this elevated plateau, the light, though less intense and of a different character, is even more trying to the eyes; the presence of the cloud results in such an equable distribution of the light, and so completely destroys all shadows and shade effects, that there results, in addition to the direct strain upon the eyes, a peculiar reflex mental strain.

One seems to be suspended and traveling in infinite gray space; the eyes are open and one feels the ability to see, and yet the range of vision does not seem to penetrate more than a few feet; the light in the zenith is precisely the same as that between one's feet, and the peculiar effect is noticed of being able to see one's feet and to feel the surface upon which one is treading and yet be unable to see it, the snow absorbing the perfectly diffused light which filters through the cloud, and, in the absence of all shadow, becoming indistinguishable from the cloud itself.

At such times one has only to advance a hundred feet or so from the rest of the party to experience the peculiar paradox of being in the broadest of broad daylight and in the full possession of all the senses and yet unable to see anything.

The third condition seriously affecting the work of photography on the "Great Ice" is that of the low temperatures. The low temperatures experienced on the inland ice would to most minds seem naturally to come at the head of the disagreeable features connected with photography, but I have intentionally placed them third on the list; for while temperatures of —40 and —60 degrees are fraught with terror to the ordinary mind, and, indeed, would be serious under ordinary conditions and with ordinary clothing, to the well man, properly fed and properly clothed in the impervious furs which alone are suitable for Arctic work, the effect of these temperatures is by no means pronounced, and does not seriously interfere with ordinary movements or occupations. The effect, however, of temperatures of —50 degrees and lower upon materials is very striking. The toughest of wood subjected to these temperatures becomes almost as brittle as glass, and the harder woods at these low temperatures begin (as the expression goes) to "burn" the skin in the way that is familiar in the case of metal. All mechanism in metal is affected by the excessive contraction, and the effect is seen at once in the sluggish action of such mechanism, and sometimes by its utter refusal to work.

Finally, the exigencies of inland ice-travel are such that not an extra ounce in weight or an extra cubic inch of space can be permitted in those things which go to make up what are known as the "constants" of sledge-weights—*i.e.*, things like the camera, the sextant, the sledge itself, etc., which must be carried from start to finish of the journey, and which do not diminish in weight from day to day, as do the provisions.

From what has already been said, it will be seen that the photographic equipment for work upon the "Great Ice" must combine the minima of weight and bulk and the maxima of simplicity of mechanism and effectiveness. The constant sweep of the wind, the ever-present possibility of a sudden rush of a half-starved dog, combined with the yielding character of the surface, render a tripod and time-exposures impracticable; while the rough usage to which the sledge and its load are subjected puts glass plates out of the question. The equipment, then, figures down to that camera which shall be lightest and most compact, which shall be effective and instantaneous in its action, and which shall use film negatives only.

In my trip of 1891 I carried two ordinary No. 4 kodaks, each charged with a roll of one hundred film negatives. These negatives were developed with the utmost care by Rau, of Philadelphia, while I stood beside him with my notes, giving him verbal information as to the precise conditions under which each exposure was made.

As a result of this careful treatment very satisfactory results were obtained, and an encouraging percentage of good pictures turned out, in spite of the fact that this was my first experience in photography.

In my 1895 journey I carried again the No. 4 kodak, which in respect to size, weight, and convenience for this particular work I did not think could be improved upon; but on this trip I had a special camera with modifications suggested by my previous experience—namely, metal parts constructed of aluminum, and a roll-holder carrying two hundred and fifty instead of one hundred negatives. In place of the second camera of the previous journey I carried simply an auxiliary roll-holder ready loaded with two hundred and fifty negatives; thus, with a trifle more than half the weight of my first photographic equipment, I had a capacity of two and one-half times the number of negatives.

Mechanically this camera was all that could be desired; but, unfortunately, either as a result of the low temperatures to which they were subjected, the quality of the films, or the length of time elapsing between their manufacture and their development, the negatives did not turn out as satisfactorily as on the previous journey, and the percentage of good pictures was considerably smaller.

The subjects available for the camera during the traverse of the "Great Ice" are necessarily limited: they comprise the members of the party, the dogs, the sledges, and the infinite expanse of wind-swept snow. The drifting snow and the intense light render a satisfactory result with the last-named subject almost an impossibility, though on one or two rare occasions a good representation of the surface of the Arctic Sahara was obtained.

There is a certain sameness about the members of the party which makes any considerable number of photographs of them not particularly desirable, and the interesting subjects for the camera figure down practically to the dogs—the faithful, noble, powerful brutes upon whom the brunt of the work falls. In my pictures I have them in all positions and under all conditions; now straining at the drag-ropes as they pull the sledges across the white frozen waste; now eager and alert at meal-times; now with drooping heads and tails as fierce head-winds drove the drifting snow in their faces; now almost completely buried in the drift, as they usually were at every camp; and now (but only on rare occasions this) sleeping comfortably in the brilliant sunlight, undisturbed by the rushing winds or drifting snow.

The care of the camera when not in use is of the utmost importance. The drifting snow, as I have already stated, is as penetrating as water, so during the march the camera must be inclosed in a water-tight bag, or at the end of the march it will be useless until after long and vexatious labor. No box will suffice, for the snow will find its way through the finest cracks; nothing but a bag tied tightly at the mouth will give satisfactory results. Then it must be carefully stowed upon the sled to prevent injury by the jolting or even capsizing of the sledge among the marble-like waves or *sastrugi.*

Arrived at camp, the camera must be taken into the tent and placed under one's head, in order to avoid any chance of rough inspection by a loose and predatory dog.

When the moment comes to take a picture, the opening of the camera must be shielded with the fur mitten from the drifting snow, else in an instant the lens and finder will be thickly coated. Then, when a momentary lull in the wind and snow occurs, the shot must be taken as best it can, and, if time permits, a second and a third, for in numbers only is there safety.

MOUNT ADAMS FROM SHADOW LAKE

During all this time care must be taken not to touch with bare hands any metal part of the camera, unless, as is quite likely to be the case, fingers and thumbs have already, by repeated thoughtlessness, been burned and calloused into insensibility by repeated contact with the freezing metal.

With the Mazama Club on Mount Adams

By W. D. Lyman

What? Where? First, the Mazama Club—Wild Goat Club (Spanish for wild goat); headquarters, Portland, Oregon; purposes, exploration of snow-peaks, especially those of the Pacific Northwest; the collection of scientific knowledge concerning the same, and the encouragement of annual expeditions to them. Organized on Mount Hood, Oregon, in July, 1894.

MOUNT ADAMS FROM TROUT LAKE

Second, Where? Mount Adams is in the State of Washington, forty miles north of the Columbia Gorge, where that "Achilles of Rivers" has cleft the Cascade

Mountains in sunder to make himself a way to the sea. Mount Adams is about one hundred and twenty miles northeast of Portland. It is the second in height of those fire-hearted, ice-robed volcanoes which sentinel the stupendous margin of uplift with which our continent fronts the greatest ocean.

Mount Adams was selected in 1895 for the general "meet and climb" of the Club. Arrangements were made for smaller parties to climb nearly all the snow-peaks of Oregon and Washington, and these parties were all to be provided with heliographing instruments in the hope that regular signals might be carried from peak to peak across the six hundred miles betwixt the northern boundary and Shasta, the great peak of northern California. Indeed, the plan at first embraced the magnificent conception of continuous flashes southward along the high Sierras until they lost themselves amid the deserts of Lower California—a zigzag chain of sun-lightning along wires of air, at an average elevation of twelve thousand feet, from British to Mexican border!

MOUNT ADAMS FROM THE SOUTHWEST, WITH THE KLICKITAT GLACIER ON THE LEFT

The mountain trips of the Mazama Club, and especially the heliographing project, excited a greater popular interest in our physical geography than has ever before been felt. In fact, it may be set down as the greatest claim to credit of our musically named club that it has awakened the people of these coasts to the wondrous possibilities of these mountains for scientist, sportsman, artist, and tourist. We have not hitherto half appreciated our heritage.

If, now, the amiable reader, before he sets forth with the "Wild Goats" to tread the snow kingdoms, will kindly glance at a map, he will get a clearer conception than is otherwise possible of the journey that is to be taken. He will see the great Cascade range running parallel with the coast-line across the entire breadth of the States of Oregon and Washington. This range is practically a section of the Saint Elias Alps of Alaska and of the Sierras of California, though the continuity is more or less broken. Along the range are lifted at intervals gigantic peaks of basalt, monuments of a volcanic age, all even now in various degrees of volcanic activity. These peaks range in elevation from about ten thousand feet to fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-four—the last being the height of Rainier or Tacoma. The other peaks of Washington are Baker, Shuksan, Index, Stuart, Saint Helen's, and Adams; while in the sister State across the Columbia are Hood, Jefferson, Three Sisters, Diamond, Scott, and Pitt. Among these mountains are numerous lakes, and the head-waters of many rivers cluster about them. The map does not show the innumerable springs, glades, falls, cañons, caves, lava-beds, and glaciers distributed throughout that vast strip of elevation, five hundred miles long and sixty miles wide.

The tenth of July was set for the ascent of these peaks. Parties went to the various ones from the towns nearest, while the general gathering on Adams was composed of representatives from a dozen or more places, the great majority being from Portland. A steamboat ride of ninety miles up the Columbia to White Salmon, Washington (itself one of the grandest scenic routes in America), brought the Portlanders to the beginning of a thirty-mile stage-ride to Trout Lake, a pond rather in size, but beautiful in surroundings, and full of trout, gamy and toothsome. There the party or parties rested rendezvoused, ate, gazed, and greeted new arrivals.

Trout Lake is not disfigured with hotels, guides, railway stations. It rejoices in a magnificent view of the great mountain, cloud-like and etherealized in the pure upper air and in the rich pine-grass, with long sweeps of verdure amid the park-like vistas of giant evergreens. Besides the piscatorial and scenic charms of Trout Lake and Creek, the whole region is rendered interesting by the caves for miles about. The entire region is a perfect honeycomb of lava. Most of these caves are small, the largest thus far discovered being about a mile long, but it seems to have extensions connected by narrow shafts, and, with fuller examination, may sometime be found to rival the great cave of Kentucky. The lava formations in this cave, moss-like, grape-like, wreath-like, delicate tracery left by the hot fingers of volcano-sculptors, are numberless and beautiful. Some of the smaller caves are called "ice-caves," for in them may be found great pavements of ice and glittering stalactites and stalagmites, which, with a torch on the farther side, seem like illuminated organ-pipes. In July wild strawberries grow in profusion about the mouths of these caves, while multitudes of gorgeous wild flowers hang over, as if to catch the cold air which issues in gusts from the frosty receptacle. By the time we have visited the lake and caves, eaten fish from the former and made ice-cream with ice from the latter, the time has arrived for transferring baggage from wagons to pack-trains, and travelers from seats to feet, or, in some cases, to saddles. Trout Lake is practically at the foot of the mountain, though the lower benches are very gradual in ascent, and the distance, up, up, up, is about sixteen miles to the snow-line, and thence to the summit six or seven more.

Camp had already been selected on a sightly knoll, and there for three days the hungry pedestrians gathered after their walks through the enchanted glades and lawns with which nature has wrapped around the majesty of the mountain. It was beautiful and pleasant to look down the long descent and see the weary plodders slowly toiling up to the goal, or to hear the tinkling bell of the cayuse pack-train and then see it winding laboriously up through the shining balsams.

By the evening of July 9, eighty-three persons were gathered in the various flower-bordered and grassy glades that surround the camp. Preachers, lawyers, teachers, photographers, and business men were in the company. Nearly half the number were women—clad, of course, like sensible people, in bloomers or abbreviated skirts.

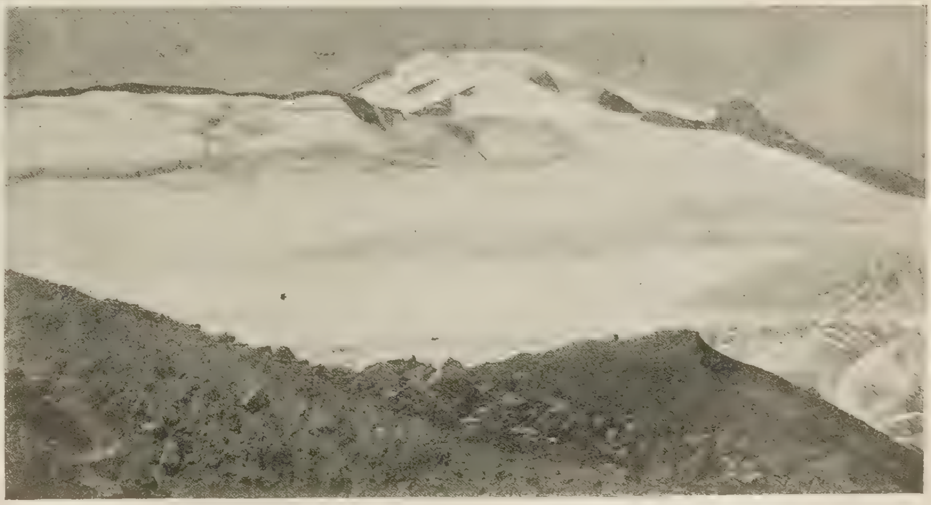
In this "meet" were some of the most noted of the "high climbers" of the Northwest. The "meet" promised to be felicitous and interesting beyond precedent, and so it was but for one untoward circumstance. On the 8th, the experienced ones, looking out over the vast plains of the Columbia Basin, as they palpitated in the summer heat, detected signs of an approaching "northeaster," and, sure enough, that night it came, raging and howling as if to punish the audacious climbers for daring to invade the solemn recesses of the "thunder-birds" which the Indians say inhabit this mountain, and which they think swoop down on invaders of their domain and create storms and thunder. On the 8th, 9th, and the morning of the 10th, this simoom swept from Montana to the sea, withering the grain-fields below and bearing all the loose dust and smoke across five hundred miles to the summits of the highest peaks. To the dismay of the climbers, the whole vast landscape, which just before had lain clear and luminous below their eyrie, vanished in haze. One great object of the trip, the grand and varied view, was lost.

Nevertheless, at three o'clock on the morning of the appointed day the bugle sounded, lights began to twinkle, hurried breakfasts were swallowed, Alpine "toggery" donned, and by six o'clock over forty persons were away for the beetling snow-fields above, and about half of them reached the summit. But we will just here detach ourselves from this party and join a smaller one which, under the guidance of the writer, decided to defer the ascent a day in the hope of clearer skies, and to visit instead the two great glaciers on the southern flank of the mountain. With boots spiked and eyes goggled and alpenstocks in hand, we set forth through the groves of sub-alpine fir and mountain pine which are perpetually contending with the ice-king for supremacy, through the "Avalanche Valley," where the desolated forest and eroded hill-points tell of tons of snow in furious descent in some recent winter; across foaming streams, which gush from beneath fantastically sculptured ramparts of snow; up shining snow-fields, around dizzy promontories of basalt, where the stunted trees writhe in the bitter wind, yet, with claw-like roots worming into the crevices, defy frost and blast; then across an icy shoulder of rock, where toes and fingers, as well as staff, are needed to prevent a slide far below—and then we find ourselves, six miles and four hours from camp, just above the green crevasses and the rainbow-ringed ice-wells of the Mazama Glacier, thus now christened in honor of the Club.

But now, to the dismay of some of the company and the delight of others, we find that we have a snow-bank at an angle of about fifty degrees to descend. Either that or a weary climb of half an hour. For pure exhilaration, commend me to coasting on a snow-peak. The guide braces himself against his alpenstock, leans back till his head almost touches, spreads his feet apart, commits himself to Providence and gravitation, and lets go. Whiz! At the bottom, just short of the rocks! Encouraged by the successful example, the rest follow one by one, some standing (which is the only scientific way), some sitting, some feet first, and some head first, without casualty, though one young lady loses control of herself and is coasting head first with dangerous rapidity toward a pile of rocks when a strong hand is interposed in time to stop her. And now we find ourselves upon the lateral moraine of the Mazama Glacier.

As we pick our way across its loose and uncertain footing we discuss glaciers. A glacier represents more of the forces which carve and distribute the crust of the earth than any other natural agency. The elemental fires have prepared the lava-bed in which it moves. The clouds have given their treasures of snow. The winds have drifted those tons on tons of whirling congelation into the sheltered cañons, and there the monstrous weight of the thousands of acres of drifted snow has gradually transformed the flakes of frozen cloud into the river, or, as it rather seems, the mountain, of solid ice. For it seems an immovable thing, a very type of fixedness. But the ice-river is at rest no more than the clouds from which it came. Bending and twisting, it slowly descends the narrow cañon. And as it moves it dips deep down and scoops up tons of shattered rock, enough to build city after city, its lateral moraines becoming huge ridges over which we toil for hours, while its terminal moraine, descending far into the valley, sends forth avalanches of snow and rock to plow the slopes and crush the trees. Fire, cloud, wind, frost, pressure, grind, avalanche—but by no means are these all the forces bound up in the river of ice. From the melting corridors and galleries of the ice-city the gathered waters descend here and there into "glacial wells," across whose slippery rims myriads of rainbows seem to have been broken. In the monstrous mortar and pestle at the bottom of these wells the rocks are ground to pulp, and those streams which descended from above as clear as crystal issue from the terminal moraine as thick as soup, white or red with sediment, to astonish the dwellers far away with the sudden turbid color, or to spread a fertilizing film on some irrigated garden, or, more remotely yet, to leave glittering particles of gold on the margin of the great river or even in the black sand of the ocean beaches. The glaciers of Mount Adams have never yet been all explored and mapped. No one, so far as we know, has yet circumnavigated the mountain. Three great glaciers, from one of which issues the White Salmon River, and from the others of which come the sources of the Klickitat, lie on the southern side, and these have been more or less examined. But in the great circuit of fifty miles which the huge bulk occupies there are five or six more whose wonders are yet to be revealed.

Across the vast irregular mass of the Mazama Glacier we pick our way cautiously for three miles, several of the party giving out on the way and finding a warm cranny on the moraine to rest in, and at last, stepping off the northern moraine, climb painfully over a ragged ridge of rock, one of the former favorite haunts of the wild goats and "bighorns." We see that we are nearing the grandest scene which any one has yet discovered on this mountain, and which the tourist might well cross the continent to see. This is the great glacier of the Klickitat. Imagine a cañon a thousand feet deep, with perpendicular walls of red, black, purple, and saffron rock, in which lies a gashed, contorted mass of ice a mile wide, with rents and crevasses into which whole cities might be poured and lost.



MAZAMA GLACIER

Formerly "Hell-roaring" Glacier, Mount Adams

Tired but exultant after our tramp of fifteen miles, we enter camp just at sunset, there to meet the climbing party from the summit, and to learn that, though the gale had subsided and the ascent had proved reasonably easy, the smoke had obscured the entire country, and that, with the exception of an interchange of signals from Mount Hood, the long-cherished heliographing scheme had failed. The fact, however, that there was even one success under such unfavorable circumstances shows the entire feasibility of long-distance signaling by sunlight, and may lead to valuable practical results.

On the next day the party of which we were members climbed to the summit; and the day after that still another party succeeded. In all, about forty of the eighty-three there succeeded in this great test of strength and pluck. But the pall of smoke still hung over all, and, therefore, to give any clear description of the scene from the peak we shall have to draw upon previous climbs under fairer skies. And, first, let us hang in the air a moment before we start, and outline for you the zones which compose the long ascent of one of our great Western mountains.

Mount Adams may be said to begin at the crossing of the White Salmon, half a mile beyond Trout Lake, at an elevation above sea-level of eighteen hundred feet. The entire distance from here to the summit is about twenty-two miles. The first ten miles has a very gradual grade of about two hundred and fifty feet to the mile—the natural slope of the slowly stiffening lava, whose outflow originally created the mountain. This first zone has a north temperate climate; for prevailing vegetation, the giant pine, the pine-grass, the wild strawberry, the tiger-lily, and the wild cherry; while for travel it is the ideal region for the saddle-horse, and even in most parts a carriage could be driven right through the fragrant pine-woods. It takes us to a little over four thousand feet above sea-level. Then comes the zone of the larch and balsam fir and quaking aspen, the huckleberry and fragrant laurel and scarlet mimulus, phloxes of many colors, and "squaw-grass," with its snowy tufts. Here, too, is the rhododendron with its masses of rich red, lately adopted as the State flower of Washington. In this zone the snow falls in October and lies till May. It is the zone also of the summer sheep-range, and, as a natural consequence, of the prowling cougar or more dreaded puma. Here formerly ranged the deer and elk, in spite of their predatory foes, but they are no longer able to withstand the competition of the sheep. This is the zone of alpine glades and natural lawns and crystal streams and foaming cataracts and lakelets, all forming a combination so entrancing that one thinks it to have been made as a pleasure-ground of the gods. It rises just into the edge of the frigid climate, at a grade of four or five hundred feet to the mile, to an elevation of about six thousand feet. At the upper margin are the favorite summer camping-places. The horse can still be used here, though one's feet are often more speedy and convenient.

The slope of the mountain is growing continually steeper, in true volcanic type, and we enter more quickly upon the third zone, one of a different character—the zone of the avalanche and the glacial moraine. All softer vegetation has vanished. The beautiful sub-alpine fir and the twisted mountain pine are the only trees left to defy the eternal frost above. But in the sheltered nooks the blue bunch-grass grows rank, and alpine flowers of many hues warm the dark crags. In this zone the snowbanks linger all summer in the cañons, and the furious gusts which even in July sweep down from the perpetual winter above powder its exposed points with snow. On the polished ledges of rock are innumerable glacial grooves and scratches, telling of the epoch when glaciers completely enswathed the peak and descended far into the valleys. Hands and feet are the only means of transportation in this zone. The only denizens are wild goats and mountain sheep and the beautiful white-and-black ptarmigans, with an occasional eagle or hawk.

The climber through the ever-steepening ascent of this belt goes four or five miles further to the dizzy height of nine thousand feet. But he is yet a long way and many a hard gasp and leg-strain from the solemn white dome. For now begins a last zone, one of perpetual snow, the climate of the North Pole. Vegetation has ceased entirely. Animal life has vanished, except, strange to say, grasshoppers and butterflies, which hop and fly, higher and higher, till they die. They can be seen by hundreds lying dead almost on the summit. Up this two miles of arctic zone the traveler climbs, hands and feet, pike and rope, at a grade of two thousand feet to the mile, panting with the thin air, sickened by the sulphurous smell, almost blown from his footing by the fierce wind which usually blows, with face and neck slowly scorching in the glaring sun which can burn but not heat.

But now for our climb. Somebody is stirring at three o'clock—in fact, has been awake most of the night. Shouts echo through the pine grove, lights twinkle, camp-fires blaze, coffee and ham are hastily swallowed, we shiver a moment in the cold air, and then are off, just as the streaks of sunrise strike the cold white dome into life. Distances are very deceptive here. We say, "Oh, it looks easy! Just reach the little bluff yonder and we are on the first summit, and it is only a little way further." But somehow that little bluff keeps getting further and further. Long ridges and unseen "saddles" and slippery snow-fields intervene.

Hour succeeds hour, morning grows into noon, and still that imperturbable bluff looks down upon us. We stop to rest and lunch. The chunk of ham and camp-bread, washed down with ice-water from a snow-well, are wondrously refreshing; but it will not do to stop long. We would grow stiff and cold as icicles. Momentum is everything in mountain-climbing. Frequent resting blunts the ambition and the moral purpose. Up the gigantic rock-stairway which ends in the first summit, and at last, seven hours from camp, we draw ourselves up a huge wedge of phonolite and stand panting on that "little bluff" which had looked so near—the first peak!

But now, vast and steep, muffled in white silence, rises the great central dome, majestic to the eye but discouraging to tired legs and lungs. A few straining steps at a time, with frequent pauses, the stronger helping the weaker with ropes, and the crusted and hummocky snow of the last and hardest tug is traversed, and at about two o'clock we see nothing above us but the sky.

The next step is not a step at all, but a lying flat on the snow, with eyes skyward, breathing only. Ten minutes' rest suffices, and then look! First down. We crawl cautiously to the very verge of the great eastern wall above the Klickitat Glacier, held by ropes behind, and peep over. But how convey to one never having experienced it any conception of the sensation of looking down almost a mile of nearly perpendicular distance! Imagine that you are looking down a dozen Trinity Church spires, set each to each, or seven or eight Washington Monuments, or four or five Eiffel Towers. A pavement of ice lies at the bottom. Juts of dusky crag stand out and eye us darkly. A faint murmur rises from a white thread moving off amid the rocky desolation. It is the Klickitat River. That is almost the only noise. Sound seems lost. Even the rocks which we start from a wind-swept point give only one reluctant clank as they grind the edge of the precipice, and then they vanish, soundless, into the abyss.

Having looked down, let us look around. North, east, south, west—everything is below our level, except the triple-crowned majesty of Mount Tacoma, eighty miles northward. A domain for an empire, a circle whose diameter is five hundred miles! Shuksan and Baker on the northern rim, Diamond and the Three Sisters on the southern, Puget Sound and the Lower Columbia with the blue forests of the Coast Range on the western, and the limned purple of the Cœur d'Alênes and Blue Mountains on the east; a maze of mountains and yellow plains and threading streams and sunken lakes! Human habitations are too remote and inconspicuous to be seen, unless that little whitish blur 'way to the southwesterly be Portland.

But now the westering sun and the chill north wind, suddenly rising to whirl the dry snow in our faces, warn us that it is time to descend. Mount Adams is a magnificent coasting-ground. Long snow-fields, mainly ending in easy grades where we can stop without danger, entice even the timid to lean back on their pikestaffs and let go. How we whiz down the steep roof of snow, with alpenstock for rudder and brake, and how the thin wind cuts past us! Only one serious accident has ever happened on this mountain. For pure exhilaration coasting has no equal. In an hour and a half we descend what took eight hours to ascend. And, to crown all, the rest and feast after the toil and triumph!

The Olympic Games

By Miss Maynard Butler

STATUE OF AVÉROFF, THE GREEK BANKER OF ALEXANDRIA, WHO GAVE THE MONEY FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE STADION

Unveiled April 5, 1896, by the Crown Prince Konstantine of Greece

"O King!" said the Crown Prince Konstantine, in his address the opening day of the Festival in Athens, "the International Convention, held in Paris, decided that the Olympic Games should first be celebrated in the land in which they originated and in which they reached such excellence"—therein is contained the history of the Premiers Jeux Olympiques Internationaux. To bring together the strong, the active, the skilled men of all nations, upon the common ground of physical perfection, and to have the first of the friendly contests take place in the chief city of the country from which the ideal of that perfection was derived, was the aim of Coubertin and Bikélas. Through labor and discouragement, led by their President, the Crown Prince Konstantine, the Committee has reached its goal, and may congratulate itself upon a great success.

Well might the London "Times," in a leader some time before the Olympic Festival, say: "We are sorry that in this revival England, and especially Oxford and Cambridge, will not be well represented. For most of the contests we could send competitors whom we could trust, and in some of them, as in cricket and boating, we might fairly expect to hold our own against the world. Possibly on the next occasion, in 1900, when the Games are held at Paris, we shall make a better show, but it will poorly compensate us for having missed the first chance. Olympic games at Paris will have a local color of their own, but it will not be that of Olympic games in Greece, and, as Bacon says, the first precedent, if good, is seldom attained by imitation."

The quiet of Holy Week, preceding the seventy-fifth anniversary of the expulsion of the Turk from Greece, intensified the joy natural to the national celebration. The streets of the city on Good Friday night were densely crowded with the processions of the different parishes, and, unless one had come within doors before nine o'clock, it was impossible to walk from square to square. Squads of boys and men preceded the four, sometimes six and eight, priests who held extended above their heads a rectangular V-shaped cloth of silk, upon which the figure of the Saviour, done in embossed work, lay. Each priest carried a large altar-taper, and the men, women, and little children who followed, candles. The figure thus carried, typifying the bier of the Lord, and the funeral marches played by the bands, with the hymns and cries of "Kyrie eleison! Kyrie eleison!" in a weird, half-chanting tone, presented an extraordinary scene. As every such bier passed, the people on the pavements crossed themselves in the waving manner evidently customary here, unlike the fashion of the Roman Catholics, and rather grand than otherwise. Portions of regiments with reversed arms (as for funerals), schools, and choirs passed in endless numbers, and not until two o'clock was Athens quiet. As one looked over the balcony of the Hotel Angleterre, a diplomat pointed out her Majesty Queen Olga, clad in black, walking incognito and in the very closest crush of the untidy but quietly devout throng, leaning upon the arm of her relative, the Grand Duke Georgius of Russia, betrothed of the Princess Marie. The perfect simplicity and evident unconsciousness of the act quite won one's heart.

Saturday the church bells were tolling, at intervals, all day, and the shops were closed. But the streets seemed to grow fuller and fuller. Easter is, in the Greek Church, rather more than in the Roman, a time of especial demonstrations of joy, and the week ushered in by it this year, having the gayeties of the Independence Day and the opening of the Stadion added to it, was exceptionally full of excitement. At twelve o'clock Saturday night the fast of the forty days—no mere form in this country—was over, and in every true Athenian house a meal was prepared upon the return from the services. Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, but, with a rapidity not equaled even by the changes of the New England coast, clouds had gathered by ten o'clock, and it became evident that the ceremony of the unveiling of the statue of Avéroff would have to take place in the rain. But it was nevertheless an interesting event, the effect of which was singularly heightened by the fact that the man whom the Athenian sculptor Brutos had molded is still living, at the age of eighty-two, and had intended to be present. His great age, and the strain of emotion unavoidable upon such an occasion, however, induced him to follow the advice of his physicians and remain in Alexandria. The address of Mons. Philemon, General Secretary of the Olympian Games and a former Mayor of Athens, reviewed the benefactions of the patriotic banker, and formally presented the statue to Athens. It was received by the Crown Prince in a few dignified words, in which he laid stress upon the latest gift of Avéroff—the restoration of the Stadion. Monday morning was beautiful, and the Te Deum in the metropolis, in commemoration of the deliverance from the Turkish invaders, drew great masses of people about the doors and the streets leading to the church. The fine voices of ten men and boys rang out from the choir, without accompaniment, as the royal family entered, the body of the church being filled with a mass of officers, guards, ladies, and servants, men and small children of every class, all standing—Greek churches affording no seats. The chanting of the Chief Priest in this, as in the three other Greek services I have heard, was not pleasant, the tone adopted being thick and rasping in quality, and the pitch, though well maintained, being too high for musical effect. The responses of the choir were in every case absolutely pure in quality, and the shading of the voices well managed.

QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE

And now excitement in the town reached an intense point: in two hours and a half the long-talked-of moment would arrive, the magnificent Stadion be opened and the Games begin. In the chief hotels and cafés people scrambled for places, and in a large number of private houses breakfasts were being given and parties arranged to go to the great horseshoe-shaped inclosure.

Only the carriages of the Ministers, Committee, and the officers of state are admitted over the line drawn by the police, and the occupants even of these are obliged to alight before the gate is reached. M. Mataxas, the architect chosen by Avéroff to make the restoration, is, as is fitting, also a Greek by birth. He has spent infinite care and thought and research upon his work, and the result is superb. The sweep of the semicircle, the tiers upon tiers of seats, the double-faced statues, found while

SPYROS LOUIIS
Winner of the Marathon Race

the work was going on, the marble chairs for the King and Queen, in the ancient shape, the hills rising up either side, and now covered with people—make a picture beyond the fancy of the foreigner. Seats are found with little difficulty, those provided for foreign correspondents and the honorary members of the Committee being generously chosen from among the best. The Royal Family enter, the "Olympiode Ymnoe" begins, the composer Samaras directing; the Crown Prince formally presents the Stadion to the King, and requests him to declare it opened. The King replies: "I proclaim the opening of the First International Olympic Games in Athens. Long live the nation! Long live the Greek people!"—and the Games begin. Across the field, in answer to the Herald's trumpet, come two Hungarians, a Chilian, a Frenchman, a German, an Englishman, and an American, to run the 100-meters race. Lane, of the United States, must have felt a sense of responsibility as he took his place, and, if silent sympathy is conveyed in the air, he must also have been impelled by the hopes of his countrymen, who believed in him—and not in vain, for it is the American who arrives first! Cheer upon cheer resounds, in which the Greeks join heartily, for our nation is popular here, thanks to its genial representative at the Court. The starter's shot is fired for the second heat; again it is an American, Curtis, of the Boston Athletic Association, who outdistances a Greek, an Englishman, two Frenchmen, a Dane, and a Hungarian. The third heat, and Burke, of the same Association, wins over a Swede, two Greeks, and three Germans. His time is 11¼ seconds; Lane's, 12⅕; Curtis's, 12⅕. The first event is over, and the victory in each heat belongs to the United States. The time is posted and the flag unfurled, and American's examine their list of the day's sports eagerly. The hop, skip, and jump, contested by two Frenchmen, four Germans, one Greek, and by Connolly, of the Boston Athletic Association, is won by Connolly, who makes a distance of 13 meters and 71 centimeters, leaving behind all his fellow-competitors, in amazement, and filling the hearts of his compatriots with joy. He leaves the field amidst a storm of applause, and a little son of an American professor residing in Athens is unable to repress his delight, and hurrahs in his young voice again and again. In the 800-meter run, next announced, a most beautiful stride is exhibited by the Australian Flack, who wins in 2 minutes 10 seconds in the first heat, and Lermusiaux, of the Paris Racing Club, called a famous runner in France, takes the second, in 2 minutes 16⅗ seconds. No Americans appear in this event. Then comes the throwing of the disk, in which Grisel, of France; Paraskeropulos and Verses, of Greece; Robertson, of England, the well-known thrower of the hammer; Jensen, of Denmark, Sjoeberg, of Sweden, and Garrett, of the United States, are entered. As Garrett arrived in Athens only the night before, and the two Greeks are popular heroes in this national sport, Americans tremble for their country. But unnecessarily. The accustomed cunning of the skillful shot-putter does not forsake him. His second throw rectifies the swerve of his first, and with his last he leaps past the marks of the Greeks and is the winner. Frantic though the enthusiasm of the Princeton and Boston athletes is, proud as are the old and young Harvard men who rush down to the "cave" to greet Garrett, every foreigner feels with the Greeks, who cannot but be keenly disappointed. There is, for a moment, an uncomfortable silence, and then, with their accustomed politeness and never-failing kindliness, they join in the cheers. Let every nation represented at this first international contest in 1896 remember this lesson in courtesy taught them by the Greeks.

"I couldn't have congratulated my opponent if he had beaten me on my own ground, as a Greek fellow down in the cave did me," said an American athlete a few days afterward—"and it was a mighty fine thing to do." It was indeed.

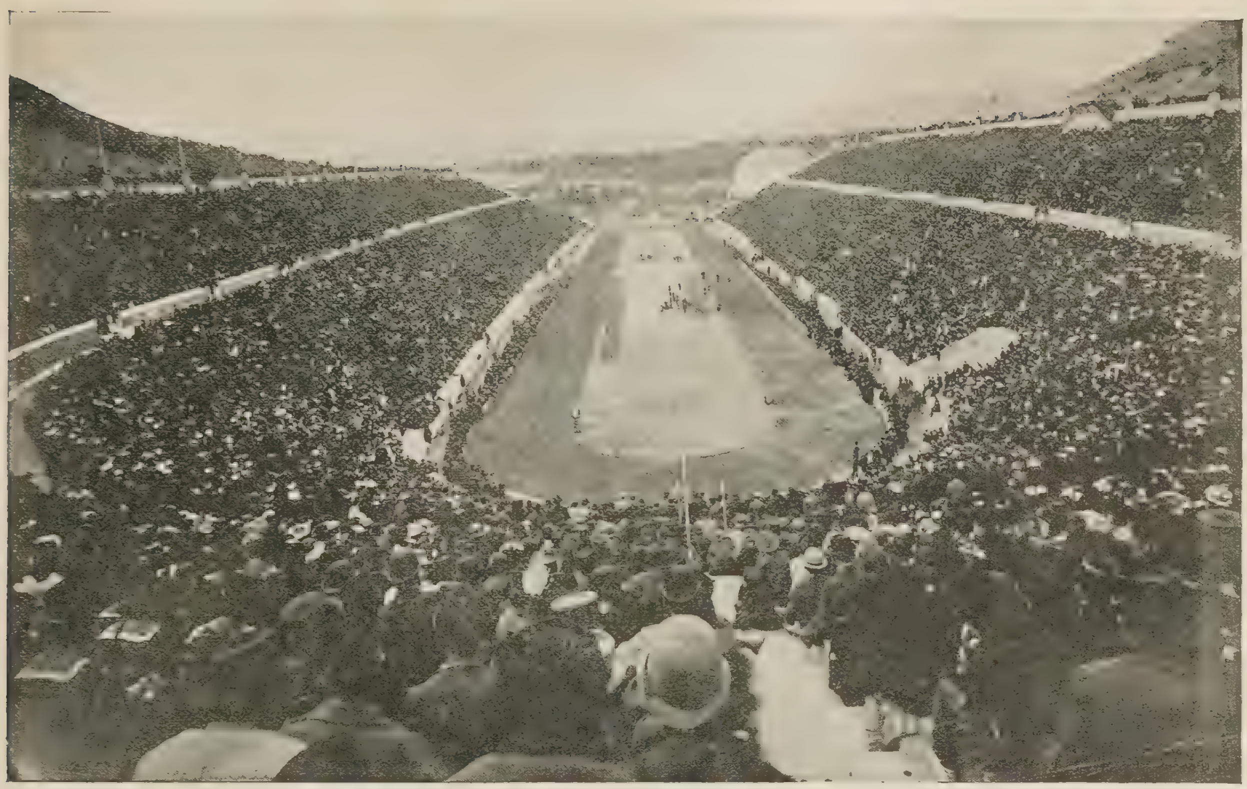
PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE
Her betrothal to the Grand Duke Georgius of Russia was announced to the Army by the King on the opening day of the Olympian Games

Jamison, of Princeton, and Burke again, add to the list of victories and complete the events of the day. Great excitement prevails in the streets all the evening, and timid attempts at an imitation of the college rah-rah-rah are made by the Athenian youths. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning are occupied by shooting and fencing contests, the former being opened by the Queen, who fired the first shot. Tuesday afternoon at the Stadion included a hurdle race, run in two heats, won respectively by Grantley Goulding, of England, and Curtis, of the United States, the deciding heat for the prize to be run on Friday. Clark, of the Boston Athletic Association, won the long jump in a distance of 6 meters 35 centimeters, his Greek fellow-competitors showing great possibilities, which all athletes agree will make them formidable in 1900. Putting the shot was Garrett's second victory, his distance being 11 meters 22 centimeters; Gouskos, a superb Greek thrower, being second. The double-hand dumbbell lifting

R. GARRETT, OF PRINCETON
Winner, Throwing of the Disk

W. W. HOYT, BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
One of the Hurdle Race Winners

A. C. TYLER, OF PRINCETON
Winner of High Jump



THE STADION ON FRIDAY, THE DAY OF THE MARATHON RACE

was won by Jensen, the Dane, who put up 111½ kilograms; and the single-hand by Elliot, of London, who put up 71 kilograms.

Then came the first and only American loss, their man Blake, the well-known long-distance runner, being second to Flack, the Australian, who did the 1,500-meter race in 4 minutes 33 seconds. Flack's rhythmic swing of arms and feet was a pleasant sight, and his stride, the American athletes say, is like Kilpatrick's, the New York winner.

The day closed with America the victor in four out of seven events. On Wednesday morning the contest with foils was won by Gravelotte, a Frenchman, and in the afternoon, at the Velodrome, at Phaleron, a Frenchman also came first in the bicycle race. The ride, a distance of 100 kilogrammes, was done in 3 hours 8 minutes 19 seconds, by Flameng, who was pluckily followed by two Greeks, one of whom, Kolettes, persisted to the end, though his bicycle broke twice during the course.

Thursday was occupied with swimming matches, in which many fine exhibitions were made, especially by the Greek sailors and the Hungarians; by exhibitions on parallel bars, with rings, etc., at the Stadion, and by a concert in the evening. On Friday, the day of the Marathon race, the crowds from all the provinces increased, and the struggle for food in the hotels and cafés became so uncomfortable that for an hour the doors of the most popular ones near the palace were locked, that those already within might be served. The final course in the hurdle-jumping, the first of the events of the afternoon, was won by Curtis, of Boston, over Goulding, of England; leaping with a pole, by Tyler, of Princeton, over Hoyt, of Boston—the other competitors, Greeks and Germans, retiring before them; the wrestling by Schumann, of Germany. The runners from Marathon were to leave that place, twenty-four and three-quarter miles away, at exactly two o'clock, and by half-past four the strain of curiosity as to the man first on the road was raised to an unbearable pitch by the rushing of an orderly along the path to tell the King who was first. "Is it a Greek?" the crowd began to shout, and a representative of the chief Athens morning paper left his seat, determined to find out. He returned in about five minutes, his brown eyes dancing, and said, "A Greek, a Greek!" and then arose a tremendous sound. Not even the runner of old who fell dead at the feet of the King was awaited with keener interest; and as he came up to the gates, a brown-faced, white and blue clad figure, making the countryman's sign of greeting to his Princes, the whole sixty thousand people within and the forty thousand without the gates joined in a loud cry. Either side of him, as he approached the seat of the King, ran the handsome Princes, and as he made his obeisance each flung an arm about him. Greece had indeed won, and every stranger rejoiced with her. There will not soon be a scene like that again. An officer of the war-ship San Francisco, familiar with many lands and who has seen many strange sights, was heard to say that he knew nothing comparable with it. Long may the spontaneous, courteous country live, and long the noble, generous, manly family at its head! May its political life be unified, its resources be developed, its incomparable art treasures be preserved! May it come more closely into touch with the nations of western Europe and America, yet retain untouched its own peculiar character!

And now, what have American athletes learned from this first International Olympic contest? Much. They return undoubtedly the first among the twelve nations represented. They have done their work well and have received the unaffected admiration of their fellow-competitors. They have been charmingly entertained by the Athenians, and more than graciously received by the heads of the Committee, the Crown Prince Konstantine, and Prince George, whose unflagging attention to their duties might serve as a model of faithfulness. And from this success, attention, and graciousness they will, as observing Americans, learn two things: one, that as athletes they must look to their laurels in long-distance running; and the other, as men, that they must remember in 1900 and 1904 the pattern of generosity in defeat set them by the Athenians in 1896.

The prizes, diplomas, olive branches, and special vases, cups, etc., were distributed to-day by the King. An ode, in ancient Greek, upon the Olympic Revival was read by Robertson, of Oxford, and several wreaths of laurel were presented by Germans, Hungarians, and Danes to the Crown Prince as President of the International Committee. This evening a soirée is held in the Hotel Grand Bretagne, in honor of the athletes and foreign correspondents—and the great festival of joy will be over.

Athens, April 15.

The Real Broadway

By Henrietta S. Lathrop

HIGH STREET

If you would know Broadway as it really is, and as it has been for hundreds of summers and winters, rid yourself at once of every association connected with the name, forget utterly every sort of noisy car and truck, sky-scraping building and hurrying crowd, and instead of all these let your mind's eye rest upon the green slopes of the Cotswold Hills, and stretching over them from the westward "the broad and high way for the shepherd's cottes on the mounted wolds, down to the most fruitful vale of Evesham."

The name of this old "bradweia" is now attached to that particular part of it, dipping from the heights upon a wide table-land, whereon clusters the quaintest and most charming of tiny English villages—a genuine bit of Shakespeare's England that has survived precisely as the eyes of the poet may have looked upon it, just by virtue of its own sweet unobtrusiveness. Some of our own artists and great folks have found it out, to be sure, but they share it only with their own elect. The Tourist positively knows it not.

The railway is six good miles behind you when you enter Broadway at the village green, and the wide, smooth trackway stretches up and across the hills before you, whose connection with the life of the people is more vital than the evident one of forming the prettiest possible background for the gray old houses. The limestone for the buildings came from their own quarries, and enters as well into some of the finest abbeys and cathedrals for miles around; and the water of their clear eternal springs is led into hydrants on the village streets, so numerous as to be within the reach of every inhabitant.

Little remains to tell of the days when it all belonged to the demesne of the Mercian kings, but up on those heights you may find the ruins of more than one British camp, and, climbing to the feudal-looking tower which marks the highest point of the Broadway Beacon, it is easy to picture the scene when bonfires flashed from every peak, one military post taking up the signal from another, and passing it on to the next till

Twelve fair counties saw the blaze
From Malvern's lonely height.

A rich gift was this for the old monks of Pershore Abbey, to whom Edgar granted the lands by Royal Charter as long ago as 967, and whose abbots from that time ruled as Lords of the Manor until the monasteries were dissolved. Fragments of their buildings still remain—here a corner of the prior's house, next to Mr. Burge the saddler's shop, and down at the foot of the hill, near the green, the priory itself, built, they say, by Randulph de Evesham not far from the year 1200, and now saved from destruction by Mr. Frank Millet, who has annexed it to his garden and taken a part of the building for a studio. It is an odd trick of time to have turned the little oak-paneled oratory, with its traceried window still holding bits of the original painted glass, into this modern workshop, where a scroll of music, a lute, and a broidered gown flung over an ancient carved chair are materials which it would seem an easy thing for any of us to turn into a pretty picture, if, as Gail Hamilton observes, we had only been brought up to it, and had the proper tools! Next to this is the Abbot's private room, the wall of which still retains his "squint," a slit in the stone widening towards the room, through which one may completely overlook the great refectory below. Little by little Mr. Millet is restoring the whole building to its original condition, tearing down false partitions erected in these latter days, scraping whitewash from the oaken timbers, renewing weakened points, and thereby doing good and real service.

More charming than all is the garden outside, in which the priory forms a pretty incident. In that day when my wishes all come true I shall have a garden just like Mrs. Millet's, where every pretty, old-fashioned flower runs riot, tall poppies nod along the paths by hundreds as you pass them by, roses bloom sixty dozen at a time, and, poet or not, you could not but be glad in such a jocund company. One creamy rose has climbed up to peep in at the Abbot's window, but the great company of them are in the more private and secluded precincts of the high-walled garden that surrounds Russell House—the artist's home. Here came Mr. Abbey to end his quest for the Holy Grail; and here Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir Henry Irving, and men and women whose names are conjured by, gather together for what looks to be a charmed existence. The cricket-field is a few paces distant; the tennis-court a little further away, near the kennels of the Broadway hounds; the golf links are easily reached; the lower roads invite to bicycling, and lead to various points of interest, from the ancient tomb of the Washingtons, six miles away, to the healing waters of the Hermit's Spring, and every rod of ground teems with subjects for the painter.

THE PRIORY

There are perhaps half a score of old Tudor mansions in the village, in the style of Russell House, built of gray limestone, with broad, mullioned windows, pointed gables topped with great balls or carved ornaments of stone, and label moldings and door-heads of true Elizabethan fashion. One of these is the Lygon Arms, an inn since the time of

Edward VI., and well imbued with the true spirit of hospitality. Let us be glad that a few such are still standing in these days of brewery ownership and rule of the wayside hostelries. The Lygon is not too far from Worcester to make it credible that in its Cromwell room in the east wing that great soldier really slept, and that in another Charles I. met one of the Royalist supporters, Sheldon of Broadway Court, on March 10, 1645.

But I find the cottages even more interesting than the fine houses. Their tiny lattices, with the ancient panes of greenish glass infinitesimally small, their curious bulging bow windows, their roofs of thatch or mossy stones, their floors of clean flag, the fires blazing on their hearths, and the bright blossoming plants that fill every casement, however small, though never to the exclusion of a fresh white muslin curtain, are at once so picture-like and so cozy that they win my heart. One sees at once where Mr. Abbey has drawn his illustrations for the old English comedies. You almost seem to be turning his pages as you walk through the streets.

By some convenient arrangement every house and cot has a sunny wall, whereon pears and apricots are trained to the very chimneys and hang full of fruit, the leaves being cut away as the season advances, to let in more and more sunshine. As for the great Gloire de Dijon roses, they apparently flourish wherever you please to plant them, climbing rampantly over the house-fronts, and sending out great fragrant clusters of roses to lay their soft pink-tinted yellow petals against the deeper tones of the limestone, or to mix with the royal purple of the clematis.

THE ROAD TO SAINTSBURY

Here they follow the good old tradition of the Bradweia, and charming footpaths criss-cross the fields in all directions, making thoroughfares far more popular than the dusty roads. The bristling hawthorn hedges are pierced with frequent stiles, whose architecture might form a pleasing study in itself. Now it is a thick flat stone, deeply embedded on its edge, the top worn to a smooth hollow by the travel of generations; then it may be a picturesque arrangement of lichened logs, or even a smart bit of carpenter's work, with rails and step, but always the stile is planned for a people of mighty limb.

Looking down from the hillside of a Sunday afternoon, you shall see the tidy farmers' families wending through these fields from all directions toward old St. Eadburgha's Church, while the merry clanging jangle of her bells comes up from the hollow a mile away.

Walk "through the coppice," by a grassy path that will lead you over four moss-grown stiles, up a steep hill that rewards you with a far-stretching outlook over the vale to the Malvern Hills, through beech woods and blackberry-bushes and down a hill stiffer than the first, and you shall come upon a village in comparison with which Broadway appears a commercial center. Buckland has absolutely no thoroughfare. One road, it is true, leads into it from nowhere in particular, but this thread-like path is its only connecting link with its nearest neighbor, yet intercourse is considered neither infrequent nor difficult.

I can think of nothing more absolutely restful, of no spot where the hurry and unease of the big world so dwindle to proportions of such utter foolishness, as in the churchyard of Buckland on an August afternoon. How the warmth of the sunshine sinks into the old gray stones, where the memory of just and unjust is kept green by the softly creeping moss that spells out the rude lettering of their names; and the rooks circle sleepily about the square stone tower with its ancient dial, and only the sweet, subdued sounds of the voices of children and other happy young creatures mingle in the still, hazy air!

What keeps these dear old parish churches firmly planted through the changing centuries? Do their congregations ne'er break up, their centers of population never shift?

Almost as quaint is Child's Wickham, another of Broadway's outlying dependencies, which until I saw Buckland seemed to me the least able to account for its own perpetuity of all the fascinating little hamlets I had known. But one little rhyme, wrongly scheduled as nonsense, accounts for many things in Our Old Home. "'Tis because they choose to do just what they used to do" that many places, many things, and many customs are maintained there which would be quickly lost among a people less conservative—which means preservative as well.

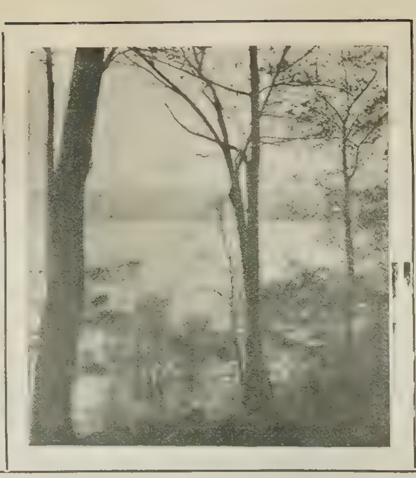
Any one who has been so fortunate as to be present at the annual School Treat in Broadway will be in no fear of its speedy depopulation. Two hundred school-children marched in line, with banners flying, as sturdy little specimens as one could ask to see, and, after a service in the church, scrambled under the trees for sweets, scattered by the rector's liberal hand. And these were only the Church children, the Roman Catholics turning out in good number on the following day.

"Oh, there be the lady that painted we!" cries one delighted youngster, in the favorite grammatical idiom of the locality.

For "inside" information as to the history and manners of the place, in default of any local guide-book, or any but a passing allusion by Baedeker, the most interesting source is the Old Curiosity Shop, outside of which stand inviting rows of beds and tables, stools and candlesticks, gathered from every auction sale within a radius of twenty miles. To its proprietor (I assert it on no less authority than his own word) is due the success of most of the artistic work accomplished in his village. He shows you, with natural pride, photographs of certain well-known pictures, and produces forthwith the very tables, chairs, and sideboards that appear in them.

"Oh, it's the *setting* that does it," he observes, with the air of experience; adding, "I furnish the settings!"

Grant's Tomb



Through the Trees

The New Tomb

ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

The Spectator Awheel

A Bit of Good Road

One of the great features of wheeling is that it enables a person to get well acquainted with his own environment. The Spectator knew very little about upper New York before his wheeling days began, and nothing of New Jersey and Long Island except what he saw from an occasional car window. Now the suburbs of New York are becoming as familiar as Madison Square. There is as much delight in discovering a new macadamized road as Hendrik Hudson found when he first sailed up the river which bears his name. To be sure, other people may have known that macadamized road intimately for many years; but red Indians had been paddling over the Hudson River for centuries before Hendrik was born, and doubtless visiting cave-dwellers were familiar with its waters æons before the days of the red Indian. Discovery is a personal matter: when you discover a thing, it begins to exist. The Spectator has never had an ambition to be "the first white man" to do anything. Let other white men go on ahead and cut their way through the forest, and still other white men follow them and construct comfortable hostelries—*then* the Spectator is ready to appear on the scene.

The Hudson County Boulevard, running for fourteen smooth, delightful miles from Fort Lee to Bergen Point, N. J., is one of the Spectator's discoveries which he advises every New York wheelman to make his own as soon as possible. The builders of that road have made themselves a monument as enduring as brass and about as hard. It was a pleasant Saturday afternoon in early spring when the Spectator took the 3:15 boat at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, with the intention of discovering this new boulevard, opened only a few months before. As the boat neared the landing he asked a nice-looking young wheelman if he could direct him to the nearest way to reach his Mecca, and the young wheelman said he was going there too, and if the Spectator would follow he would guide. The Spectator has never yet found anything but courtesy among wheelmen. We turned to the left at the ferry landing and skirted the river for a mile, then climbed the hill (not a long climb at this point), went on for another mile, making several turns where the Spectator was very glad to be guided, and soon the broad, winding Hudson County Boulevard was under our tires and we were speeding on at a twelve-knot rate. The young man was on his way to Forty-second Street in New York; he was to cross the ferry at that point (think of it, you who are not yet numbered with the wheelmen: a person who wishes to go from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street to Forty-second will *cross the river*, just for fun and a good road, and go down on the other side! Do you do that with your horses?) He seemed to like company, however, and when the Spectator said he proposed to see the other end of that boulevard before the sun went down, the young man agreed to go along, and we rolled on and on till Bergen Point appeared, and we alighted for Apollinaris lemonade where the road ended, and Staten Island was close at hand across the bay. A half-hour's rest and we were on the way back, going down the hill to the Weehawken ferry with the Western sun transfiguring New York as if it were really a reformed city. "And so, home," as Mr. Pepys would say; but Mr Pepys never had a cyclometer which could click off thirty-five miles between three o'clock and seven.

The Bicycle-Stand at Claremont

The New St. Luke's Hospital—from a Corner of Central Park

One of the most delightful short trips around New York is the run to Throgg's Neck and Fort Schuyler. The only difficulty is in getting comfortably out of the city; but the Spectator is fond of doing a part of his day's wheeling with his bicycle in a baggage-car, and he elected to take a train to Mount Vernon. From there to Throgg's Neck, through Wakefield, Olinville, and Westchester, is a run of about fourteen miles, and the road is perfectly macadamized most of the way. The main road ends at the entrance to C. P. Huntington's place, but a branch takes one to the Fort and its picturesque fortifications. Round wooden bull's-eyes, painted to represent the ends of cannon, frown from its nice little walls, and one can imagine how a British man-of-war would tremble as it passed. Across the Sound there is another fortification—a much deadlier one, bearing in large letters the "scare-head," "Torpedoes—Don't Anchor." One is not allowed to take pictures in Fort Schuyler. The Spectator apologizes for showing a few which he took, but one group of soldiers within the fort consented to be photographed without a murmur, and it was only as he was taking his last picture that he was told it was against the rules. A reporter had been there recently, and he had taken pictures and written up a story which contained things that were not so—he must have made it out as a strong fortress with lots of big guns—and this was not to happen again. We leaned our wheels against the trees on the lawn outside the fort, and watched the schooners and the sloops sail by with all their canvas set and a spanking breeze blowing them out into the Sound. Far off at the left a hundred sail dotted the blue waters; and the grass was green and the sun shone—and it was good to be a wheelman.

It was only a very few summers ago that the Spectator gazed with mingled feelings of curiosity and scorn upon the pioneer wheelwoman of New York as she rode in Central Park with yellow leggins—the subject of a column "story" in the "Sun," and the object of as much attention as a circus parade. To-day there are about as many women as men on wheels, and the term "wheelman" is becoming more generic every month. Certainly there was never devised, in the history of the world, such a splendid out-of-door sport for women. The sunlight and the suburbs are theirs, and they can be as independent as they please—or they can make it a point to travel without a tool-bag of their own. Not every woman has learned to ride gracefully—nor has every man, for that matter. They are prone to sit too far back, and at a wrong angle from the pedals, and to work their machines with a knee motion that suggests the walking-beam. The skirtless bloomer-girl is going—if indeed she ever came. New dresses have been devised with mysterious straps in their insides, and graceful folds to hang over the rear wheel, with enough room for the knees in front. But The Outlook has already given space to this subject.

From the Lawn at Fort Schuyler

The Spectator has yet to find the first railroad man who bewails the passage of the Armstrong Bill, compelling the companies to carry bicycles as checked baggage. Perhaps it is because his acquaintance is more with the "hands" than with the managers. Mr. Depew may not like the bill, but the ticket agent who has had to write out a paper check in triplicate for every bicycle, and stamp each one of the pieces, is not tearing his hair over the new law in sight of the passengers. The Spectator asked a baggageman how the change affected him. "I didn't use to get any of the money, did I?" was the reply. The fact is that while it is quite true that bicycles are something of a nuisance in a baggage-car (they might be much less of a nuisance if the companies would bestir themselves enough to have hooks or racks for them), it should be remembered that the wheelman usually takes his wheel to the car and stands ready to take it off when the train reaches its destination. Through traffic is not seriously affected by carrying wheels. The picture which Mr. Depew drew of the Empire State Express having some day to refuse sixty passengers because there would have to be an extra car for wheels, is probably one of the genial railroad president's pleasantries. If there is any law which compels a railroad to carry baggage on the same train with the passenger, it is certainly broken often as to trunks, and the bicycler going from New York to Buffalo is not liable to be in costume and to demand his wheel immediately on arrival. The Spectator is very fond of doing half a wheeling trip on the cars. He has wheeled, many a morning, to Yonkers, Tarrytown, or Sing Sing, and returned by train. The railroad company may object to carrying his bicycle, but it certainly would not have carried *him* if it had not been for the wheel. He would hardly have gone up to Sing Sing by train just for the pleasure of coming back the same way.

A Riverside Drive Policeman

Part of the wheeling between Yonkers and Hastings may be made on the Croton Aqueduct, and if one does not mind dismounting about once in a thousand feet to go through a narrow stile, it is a very pleasant experience. The Spectator tried it once last autumn in a mellow November morning, with hazy sunshine in the air, and the Hudson sparkling through the half-bared trees. It is a lonely piece of road, and one not to be attempted on a dark night. It is great fun, by the way, to wheel at night if one is sure of the road; and the Boulevard, Riverside Drive, and Central Park are full of twinkling lights these spring evenings. Of course many wheel at night because they have no time for it in the day, but to the Spectator there is a special fascination about riding in semi-darkness. One goes faster, unconsciously, and really seems to pick one's way with less care than in the light of day. The mystery about it and the possible danger lurking just ahead seem to add to the fascination. The average country road, with ruts and stones, on a moonless night, would have few charms, for there is as yet no bicycle lamp that really illumines the way; but a smooth asphalt is a distinct pleasure. The novices are lurking in sheltered nooks, usually with a friend to support them, but the still more dangerous ice-wagons and coal-carts are hushed in sleep, and Colonel Waring's white angels have left a clean road for the wheelmen. And what a debt of gratitude we owe to that same Colonel Waring! By eleven o'clock the Park and the Drive are almost deserted, but the lights still glimmer on the Boulevard, speeding southward till midnight.

One of Colonel Waring's "White Angels"

A Boulevard Policeman

One February morning the Spectator had wheeled up to Washington Bridge, and as he leaned his bicycle against the parapet the sight that met his eyes made him glad he was a Spectator and that the fates had directed him to that spot. There was almost no fog in the air above, and the sun was half shining through the clouds; but under the bridge, and stretching away as far as one could see to the north and south, was a white and billowy mass of vapor, so thick that only the tops of the trees could be seen coming through like rushes along either edge. It was banked up against the hills on the sides, and flowed just under the arches of High Bridge, and the Harlem River was blotted out and the "Speedway" was gone (would that it would stay so!). It seemed as if one could throw one's self over the parapet and be borne up by the soft mass just below. Then a whistle was heard and a train rushed along, out of sight; and the white smoke, whiter than the fog, broke through and settled above it in a line that grew longer and broader as the train sped on.

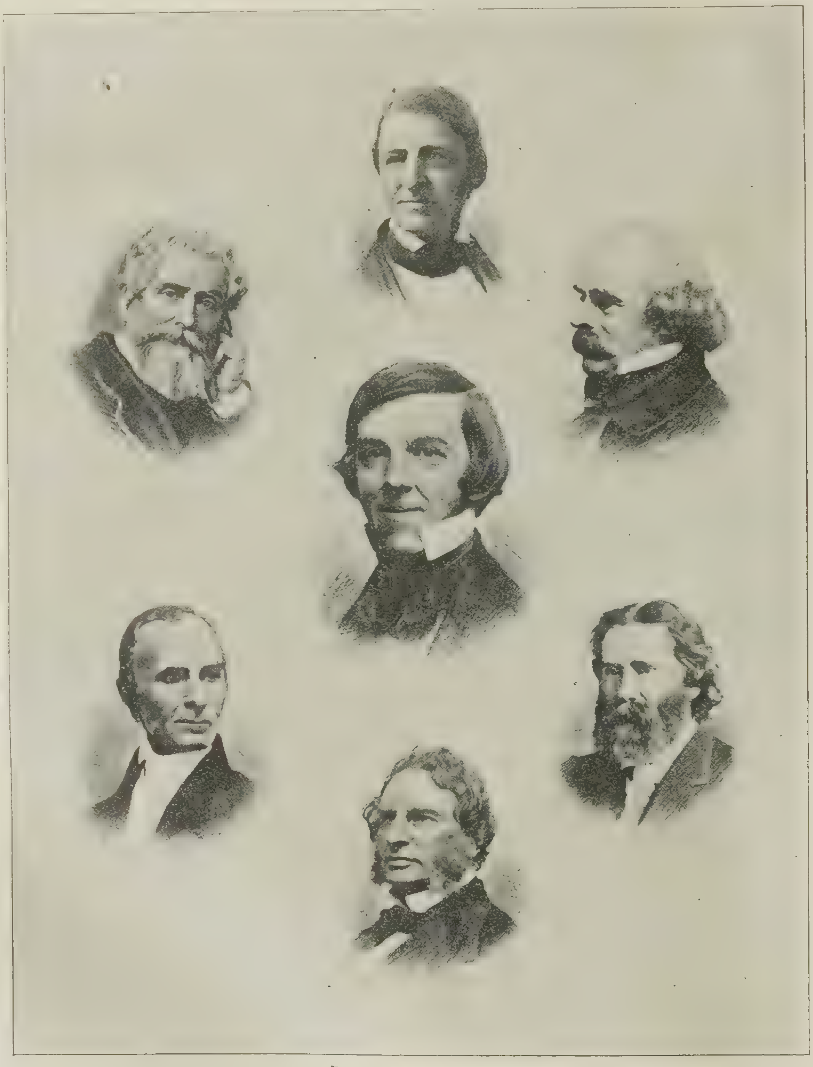
A Group of Colonel Waring's Men

AT FORT SCHUYLER

Books and Authors

A Model Biography[1]

A slight, fragile figure; alert, agile, light of foot and quick in speech—at eighty-four Dr. Holmes was still the gayest of companions and the most charming of talkers. The power of sustained work had, of course, sensibly diminished; the creative current had visibly ebbed; but the vivacity of temperament and of mind escaped the touch of time. Of the bluest New England blood and in the direct line of the strictest New England traditions, Dr. Holmes was the blithest spirit that ever came out of Puritanism. He was the child of his section, but he was utterly unlike the brilliant contemporaries who, with him, illustrated so conspicuously and in so many ways the temper, the spirit, and the ideals of New England. He had the cleanness of taste and life which have so long been typical of New England men of the best type; he had the keenness and agility of the New England mind, its swift observation, its rapid movement, its versatility; he had also the thrift of time and strength, the habit of industry which belong to his section. He was essentially a serious man, living a laborious life: but the ethical quality was not urgent and dominant in him. He did not struggle with the problem of sin like Hawthorne; he was not stirred by the National sin of slavery like Lowell and Whittier: he was not drawn to the higher vision of things like Emerson. The moral impulse, which energized the New England nature to such a degree that it went far to overcome the thinness and coldness of the New England temperament, and to give it artistic quality and power in spite of these limitations, was not the motive power in Dr. Holmes. He was of lighter build, of easier mood, of gayer temper. A New Englander to the heart, he interpreted New England as a section rather than Puritanism as a moral force. He cared everything for old Boston, with its well-defined social and intellectual conditions; he cared very little for the movements of the day. He was neither an abolitionist, a suffragist, nor a temperance reformer; but he was, in his way, the finest interpreter New England has ever had. His very narrowness made his typical quality more definite and effective. He was clean, pure, intellectual New Englandism incarnate. So far as his work reveals his interests and sympathies, the South and West had no existence for him. He was a great provincial, who has given us a charming and enduring picture of his province—a picture which will go into our National gallery as the work of a true artist.



MOTLEY
WHITTIER

EMERSON
HOLMES
LONGFELLOW

HAWTHORNE
LOWELL

Because his individuality was so marked and his world so near at hand and so sharply outlined, Dr. Holmes is by far the most thoroughly known of all our men of letters. He always talked about himself, but he did it without giving offense; he was vain, but his vanity was of that innocent kind which gives the impression of taking you into intimate relationship. He wrote about himself in a perfectly natural way, and his work is mainly a record of his observation, thought, and experience. He drew upon himself for literary material, and the supply was unfailing. He was the most friendly, genial, and informal of writers; to read the Autocrat is to sit at table with him, or to meditate "four feet on the fender." He loved scholars and scholarship, and his own knowledge was accurate and extensive; there is a flavor of learning in him which is always agreeable and never oppressive; but in his best vein he is simply and unaffectedly himself—a keen, wise, witty human spirit, vivacious, humane, and sincere. He takes us into his confidence with a frankness which is the most delicate compliment to our discretion and discrimination; he treats us as equals in wit and knowledge; and in those rare moments when he talks *ex cathedra* we are rather relieved than otherwise by the discovery that at heart he knows perfectly well that he is more clever than we. The reformers among Dr. Holmes's neighbors often did him injustice because he did not cast in his fortunes with this or that particular movement; forgetting that every man has his own work to do, and that, above all, he has a right to do it in his own way. In like manner, comparing Dr. Holmes's work with that of his more serious contemporaries, we are likely to mistake its lightness of method for thinness of substance, and to underestimate its enduring quality. As a matter of fact, the Autocrat was not only one of the most delightful of men, but he was also one of the most gifted. His work has both distinctness and distinction, individuality and charm. It is original in the sense that it does not grow out of other literary work, but is the expression of a typical man of genius; of genius not of the highest order, but of genius of a genuine quality.

A good biography was very essential in the case of Dr. Holmes, because the charm and power of the man were wholly personal; and such a biography Mr. Morse has given us: a record at once frank and full, and yet reticent at points where modern biographies have so often been garrulous; an estimate at once sympathetic, appreciative, and discriminating. Indeed, this biography is a model of loyal admiration and of sound judgment. The central figure is thrown on to the canvas with great distinctness, but the sense of proportion is never violated. A piece of work so intelligent, judicious, and interesting is an addition to our literature for which we ought to be grateful. It must be added that the publishers have given this admirable Life a form which is both beautiful and convenient.

The illustrations add greatly to the interest of the book by recalling faces and places inseparably associated with the history of American literature. We are enabled to print on this and the following page two of these illustrations, through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by whom they are copyrighted.

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[1] *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* By John T. Morse, Jr. 2 Vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4.

New Books

The Book of Job (Macmillan & Co., New York) is the latest in Professor Moulton's admirable series, "The Modern Reader's Bible." This book, which he fitly calls a dramatic poem framed in an epic story, is presented in its dramatic form with brief literary notes. We shall speak at an early date and at length of this series. It must suffice to say now and here that this pocket edition of "The Book of Job" will be to most English readers like the discovery of a new and great work.——*Eucharistic Conferences* is the title of the collected papers presented at the First American Eucharistic Congress, Washington, D. C., October, 1895. (The Catholic Book Exchange, New York.) The object of these Conferences is to promote greater devotion and a larger use of the Eucharist, as by a daily celebration of the mass, special preparations for it, explanation of its meaning, and the like. The Protestant reader will find this a valuable treatise, if he desires to obtain the Roman Catholic point of view of the Holy Sacrament.

THE HOLMES HOMESTEAD, CAMBRIDGE

The Ideal of Universities, by Adolf Brodbeck, Ph.D., translated from the German and reprinted from the "Metaphysical Magazine" (The Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York), is a series of essays on the function of the university, the main value of which will be their suggestiveness to professional teachers and those who have some part in the framing of educational systems.——*American Orations* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) is a new and revised edition of this valuable work—valuable not only for the specimens of eloquence which it contains, but also for the current, vital, personal interpretation of historical events by the men who had so great a part in making those events.

Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) again makes good use of her intimate knowledge of Anglo-Indian life in *His Honour, and a Lady*. There is more than local color, humor, reproduction of official, social, and native manners and life; there is also a subtle study of character and motive. The novel is well worth reading. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)——Miss F. F. Montrésor has a singular gift for telling a pathetic story tenderly and without excess in expression. *Worth While* is such a tale. A second story in the volume is fairly good. The author will be remembered as having written "The One Who Looked On." (E. Arnold, New York.)——In *Mark Herron* Alice W. Bailey takes her characters through summer schools, theosophy, mind-cure, the glories of the Chicago Fair, Christian Science, Indian philosophy, and much else that is mysterious. The book is immensely interesting, not as a story (there is not much plot, and the reader cares little how the love affair terminates), but as a well-informed study of the waves of mental excitement which have followed one another in the last few years. The author does not argue, and the talk of her characters is not wearisome. There is an extraordinary amount of observation in the book, and it is acutely suggestive. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——A third volume has been added to the reprint of William Carleton's racy *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)——*A Mountain Woman*, by Elia W. Peattie (Way & Williams, Chicago), is a very tastefully made book which contains eight short stories, some of which have appeared in various magazines and journals. The stories are interesting chiefly because of a certain freshness of feeling in them and a certain note of promise. They are very uneven, and in one or two cases they are crude in construction, but the writer is dealing with real things in a genuine spirit, and her work is therefore worthy of careful attention. It contains the promise of better things. ——Mr. S. R. Keightley, the author of "The Crimson Sign," has selected the period of the English Revolution as furnishing material for his new story, *The Cavaliers*, a spirited novel of adventure. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——New editions of standard authors constitute a very large part of the current publication, and, it hardly need be added, a very valuable part. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (New York) send us a new volume, *The Unknown Masterpiece*, in their series of Balzac's translations, the work of translation being done in this case by Ellen Marriage, and Mr. Saintsbury, the general editor of the series, furnishing a preface. The further this series progresses, the more satisfactory become its qualities as a piece of tasteful and beautiful book-making.——The same publishers issue also Daudet's *Tartarin on the Alps* in the series commented upon in these columns last week.——*Across an Ulster Bog*, by M. Hamilton (Edward Arnold, New York), is a story of Irish life. With the memory of Jane Barlow's simple Irish stories in the reader's mind, "Across an Ulster Bog" is tame and colorless

A new and enlarged edition of Mr. Julius H. Ward's *The White Mountains: A Guide to their Interpretation*, has been issued; the new chapters are on The Gateway at North Woodstock, The Mountain Colors, Snow-Shoeing on Osceola, and The Winnipesaukee Region. We commented fully on this book when it first appeared, and need only say now that no lover of the White Mountains can afford not to read it. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)——Another delightful outdoor book from the same publishers is Miss Alice Brown's *By Oak and Thorn*, which is a record of "English days," largely in Devon and Cornwall. It is very much more than a book of travel; it touches literature and history at many points; it is written with keen appreciation of the charm and association of the places visited; in style it is admirable.

An important book of the week, one eagerly expected by many readers, is W. Fraser Rae's biography of *Sheridan*. It is printed in two large volumes, has a portrait, and is accompanied with an introduction by Sheridan's great-grandson, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. A great deal of material not before published is included. We shall, of course, give a review of the work at a later date. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Mr. Charles G. Leland has followed his first series of *Legends of Florence Collected from the People* (Macmillan & Co., New York) with a second series. Mr. Leland had very rich material to draw upon in these two volumes, and it hardly need be said that he is an expert collector and sifter of popular tradition. No American of our time has been a greater adept in the lore of the common folk, and especially of wandering folk like the Gypsies.——Mr. Richard Lodge's *Richelieu*, which bears the imprint of the same publishers, and which takes its place in the Foreign Statesmen Series, furnishes a compact account of one of the most adroit statesmen and one of the most picturesque characters in modern French history.

Mr. William Root Bliss, who has shown so much knowledge of things colonial and provincial in connection with Buzzard's Bay and the Old Colony, has prepared another book in the same vein on *Quaint Nantucket* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), a study of the town as it existed for two hundred years before the invasion of the summer boarder, the material being taken from the town and port records, sea-journals, personal letters, and private manuscripts of various kinds.

Professor Arthur T. Hadley's *Economics* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) is a survey of the entire field from the standpoint of a moderate individualist, who is generally but not invariably opposed to measures urged on behalf of the poorer classes. Professor Hadley's individualism is not that of Herbert Spencer, nor, indeed, that of his senior colleague, Professor Sumner. The labor measure he most heartily indorses is the legislation restricting the hours of women and children in factories, to which the older individualists were so strenuously opposed. It is in regard to monopolies that his individualism is most marked. He seems to cling to the belief that enlightened self-interest will persuade natural monopolies and trusts to reduce rates to the level demanded by the public interest, and secured in other branches of industry by the presence of competition. In regard to railroads he even seems to feel that there is danger of too great competition, and recommends the permission of "pooling" contracts to prevent their competing with each other in the unrestricted way necessary for merchants and farmers. On the question of taxation Professor Hadley is thoroughly in sympathy with the principles of free trade, and somewhat in sympathy with the principle of progressive taxation. On the question of currency he is entirely out of sympathy with the bimetallist movement. He even maintains that the success of France in maintaining silver and gold at the legal ratio was limited to "the first half of the present century," when "the production of both gold and silver was slow and equable." As a matter of fact, the relative production of gold was trebled during this period, and the greatest triumph of the French law was during the decade following 1850, when the production of gold was again and suddenly trebled without a sensible change in the relative value of the two metals. Still more unjustifiable is Professor Hadley's argument that an increase in the currency injures labor. He bases this upon the

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KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—IN THE GLOAMING

August is our summer-time in the north, and Carmichael found it pleasant walking from Lynedoch bridge to Kilbogie. The softness of the gloaming, and the freshness of the falling dew, and the scent of the honeysuckle in the hedge, and the smell of the cut corn in the fields—for harvest is earlier down there than with us—and the cattle chewing the cud, and the sheltering shadow of old beech-trees, shed peace upon him and touched the young minister's imagination. Fancies he may have had in early youth, but he had never loved any woman except his mother and his aunt. There had been times when he and his set declared they would never marry, and one, whose heart was understood to be blighted, had drawn up the constitution of a celibate Union. It was never completed—and therefore never signed—because the brotherhood could not agree about the duration of the vows—the draftsman, who has been twice married since then, standing stiffly for their perpetuity, while the others considered that a dispensing power might be lodged in the Moderator of Assembly.

This railing against marriage on the part of his friends was pure boyishness, and they were all engaged on the mere prospect of a kirk; but Carmichael had more of a mind on the matter. There was in him an ascetic bent, inherited from some Catholic ancestor, and he was almost convinced that a minister would serve God with more abandonment in the celibate state. As an only child, and brought up by a mother given to noble thoughts, he had learned to set women in a place by themselves, and considered marriage for ordinary men to flavor of sacrilege. His mother had bound it as a law upon him that he was never to exercise his tongue on a woman's failings, never to argue with a woman unto her embarrassment, never to regard her otherwise than as his superior. Women noticed that Carmichael bore himself to them as if each were a Madonna, and treated him in turn according to their nature. Some were abashed, and could not understand the lad's shyness; those were saints. Some were amused, and suspected him of sarcasm; those were less than saints. Some horrified him unto confusion of face because of the shameful things they said. One middle-aged female, whose conversation oscillated between physiology and rescue work, compelled Carmichael to sue for mercy on the ground that he had not been accustomed to speak about such details of life with a woman, and ever after described him as a prude. It seemed to Carmichael that he was disliked by women because he thought more highly of them than he ought to think.

Carmichael was much tried by the baser of his fellow-students, especially a certain class of smug, self-contented, unctuous men, who neither had endured hardship to get to college, nor did any work at college. They were described in reports as the "fruits of the revival," and had been taken from behind counters and sent to the University, not because they had any love of letters, like Domsie's lads at Drumtochty, but because rich old ladies were much impressed by the young men's talk, and the young men were perfectly aware that they would be better off in the ministry than in any situation they could gain by their own merits. As Carmichael grew older, and therefore more charitable, he discovered with what faulty tools the work of the world and even of kirks is carried on, and how there is a root of good in very coarse and common souls. When he was a young judge—from whom may the Eternal deliver us all—he was bitter against the "fruits," as he called them, because they did their best to escape examinations, and spoke in a falsetto voice, and had no interest in dogs, and because they told incredible tales of their spiritual achievements. But chiefly did Carmichael's gorge rise against those unfortunates because of the mean way they spoke of marriage; and on this account, being a high-spirited young fellow, he said things which could hardly be defended, and of which afterward he honestly repented.

"Yes, religion is profitable for both worlds," one of them would exhort by the junior common-room fire, "and if you doubt it, look at me; five-and-twenty shillings a week as a draper's assistant was all I had, and no chance of rising. Now I'm a gentleman"—here Carmichael used to look at the uncleanly little man and snort—"and in two years I could ask any girl in religious society, and she would take me. A minister can marry any woman, if he be evangelical. Ah," he would conclude, with a fine strain of piety, "Gospel is its own reward."

What enraged Carmichael as he listened in the distance to these pæans of pharisaism was the disgusting fact that the "fruits" did carry off great spoil in the marriage field, so that to a minister without culture, manners, or manliness, a middle-class family would give their pet daughter, when they would have refused her to a ten times better man fighting his way up in commerce. If she died, then this enterprising buccaneer would achieve a second and a third conquest, till in old age he would rival the patriarchs in the number of his wives and possessions. As for the girl, Carmichael concluded that she was still under the glamour of an ancient superstition, and took the veil after a very commonplace and squalid fashion. This particular "fruit" against whom Carmichael in his young uncharitableness especially raged, because he was more self-complacent and more illiterate than his fellows, married the daughter of a rich self-made man, and on the father's death developed a peculiar form of throat disease, which laid him aside from the active work of the ministry—a mysterious providence, as he often explained—but allowed him to enjoy life with a guarded satisfaction. What Carmichael said to him about his ways and his Gospel was very unpleasant and quite unlike Carmichael's kindly nature, but the only revenge the victim took was to state his conviction that Scotland would have nothing to do with a man that was utterly worldly, and in after years to warn vacant churches against one who did not preach the Cross.

After one of those common-room encounters, Carmichael used to fling himself out into the east wind and grayness of Edinburgh, fuming against the simplicity of good people, against the provincialism of his college, against the pharisaism of his church, against the philistinism of Scottish life. He would go down to Holyrood and pity Queen Mary, transported from the gay court of France to Knox's Scotland, divided between theology and bloodshed. In the evening he would sweep his table clean of German books on the Pentateuch, and cover it with prints of the old masters, which he had begun to collect, and ancient books of Catholic devotion, and read two letters to his mother from her uncle, who had been a Vicar-General, and died in an old Scottish convent in Spain. There was very little in the letters beyond good wishes and an account of the Vicar-General's health, but they seemed to link a Free Kirk divinity student on to the Holy Catholic Church. Mother Church cast her spell over his imagination, and he envied the lot of her priests, who held a commission no man denied and administered a world-wide worship, whom a splendid tradition sanctioned, whom each of the arts hastened to aid; while he was to be the minister of a local sect and work with the "fruits," who knew nothing of Catholic Christianity, but supposed their little eddy, whereon they danced like rotten sticks, to be the main stream. Next day a reaction would set in, and Carmichael would have a fit of bohemianism, and resolve to be a man of letters. So the big books on theology would again be set aside, and he would write an article for "Ferrier's

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

Journal," that kindliest of all journals to the young author, which he would receive back in a week "with thanks." The Sunday night came, and Carmichael sat down to write his weekly letter to his mother—she got notes between, he found them all in her drawers, not a scrap missing—and as he wrote, his prejudices and petulances and fancies and unrest passed away. Before he had told her all that happened to him during the week—touching gently on the poor revivalist—although his mother had a saving sense of humor, and was a quite wonderful mimic—and saying nothing of his evening with St. Francis de Sales—for this would have alarmed her at once—he knew perfectly well that he would be neither a Roman nor a reporter, but a Free Kirk minister, and was not utterly cast down; for, notwithstanding the yeasty commotion of youth and its censoriousness, he had a shrewd idea that a man is likely to do his life-work best in the tradition of his faith and blood. Next morning his heart warmed as he went in through the college gates, and he would have defended Knox unto the death, as the maker of Scotland. His fellow-students seemed now a very honest set of men, as indeed they were, although a trifle limited in horizon, and he hoped that one of the "fruits" was satisfied with his Sunday's work; which shows that as often as a man of twenty-one gets out of touch with reality he ought straightway to sit down and write to his mother. Carmichael indeed told me one evening at the Cottage that he never had any mystical call to the ministry, but only had entered the Divinity Hall instead of going to Oxford because his mother had this for her heart's desire, and he loved her. As a layman it perhaps did not become me to judge mysteries, but I dared to say that any man might well be guided by his mother in religion, and that the closer he kept to her memory the better he would do his work. After which both of us smoked furiously, and Carmichael, two minutes later, was moved to remark that some Turkish I had then was enough to lure a man up Glen Urtach in the month of December.

The young minister was stirred on the way to Kilbogie, and began to dream dreams in the twilight. Love had come suddenly to him, and after an unexpected fashion. Miss Carnegie was of another rank and another faith, nor was she even his ideal woman, neither conspicuously spiritual nor gentle, but frank, outspoken, fearless, self-willed. He could also see that she had been spoiled by her father and his friends, who had given her *carte blanche* to say and do what she pleased. Very likely—he could admit that even in the first blush of his emotion—she might be passionate and prejudiced on occasion, even a fierce hater. This he had imagined in the Tochty woods, and was not afraid, for her imperfections seemed to him a provocation and an attraction. They were the defects of her qualities—of her courage, candor, generosity, affection. Carmichael leant upon a stile, and recalled the carriage of her head, the quick flash of her eye, the tap of her foot, the fascination of her manner. She was free from the affectations, gaucheries, commonplaces, wearinesses of many good women he had known. St. Theresa had been the woman enshrined in the tabernacle of his heart, but life might have been a trifle tiresome if a man were married to a saint. The saints have no humor and do not relax. Life with a woman like Miss Carnegie would be effervescent and stimulating, full of surprises and piquancy. No, she was not a saint, but he felt by an instinct she was pure, loyal, reverent, and true at the core. She was a gallant lass, and . . . he loved her.

What an absurdity was this reverie, and Carmichael laughed aloud at himself. Twice he had met Miss Carnegie —on one occasion she had found him watering strange dogs out of his hat, and on the other he had given her to understand that women were little removed from fools. He had made the worst of himself, and this young woman who had lived with smart people must have laughed at him. Very likely she had made him into a story, for as a raconteur himself he knew the temptation to work up raw material; or perhaps Miss Carnegie had forgotten long ago that he had called. Suppose that he should call to-morrow on his way home and say, "General Carnegie, I think it right to tell you that I admire your daughter very much, and should like your permission to pay my addresses. I am Free Church minister in Drumtochty, and my stipend is £200 a year" . . . his laugh this time was rather bitter. The Carnegies would be at once admitted into the county set, and he would meet them only at a time . . . Lord Hay was a handsome and pleasant young fellow. He would be at Glen Urtach House for the shooting in a few days . . . that was a likely thing to happen . . . the families were old friends . . . there would be great festivities in the Glen . . . perhaps he would be asked to propose the bride's health . . . It really seemed a providence that Saunderson should come along the road when he was playing the fool like a puling boy, for if any man could give a douche to love-sickness it was the minister of Kilbogie.

Carmichael was standing in the shadow as Saunderson came along the road, and the faint light was a perfect atmosphere for the dear old bookman. Standing at his full height he might have been six feet, but with much poring over books and meditation he had descended some three inches. His hair was long, not because he made any conscious claim to genius, but because he forgot to get it cut, and, with his flowing, untrimmed beard, was now quite gray. Within his clothes he was the merest skeleton, being so thin that his shoulder-blades stood out in sharp outline, and his hands were almost transparent. The redeeming feature in Saunderson was his eyes, which were large and eloquent, of a trustful, wistful hazel, the beautiful eyes of a dumb animal. Whether he was expounding doctrines of an incredible disbelief in humanity, or exalting, in rare moments, the riches of a divine love in which he did not expect to share, or humbly beseeching his brethren to give him information on some point in scholarship no one knew anything about except himself, or stroking the hair of some little child sitting upon his knee, those eyes were ever simple, honest, and most pathetic. Young ministers coming to the Presbytery full of self-conceit and new views were arrested by their light shining through the glasses, and came in a year or two to have a profound regard for Saunderson, curiously compounded of amusement at his ways, which for strangeness were quite beyond imagination, admiration for his knowledge, which was amazing for its accuracy and comprehensiveness, respect for his honesty, which feared no conclusion, however repellent to flesh and blood, but chiefly of love for the unaffected and shining goodness of a man in whose virgin soul neither self nor this world had any part. For years the youngsters of the Presbytery knew not how to address the minister of Kilbogie, since any one who had dared to call him Saunderson, as they said "Carmichael" and even "MacWheep," though he was elderly, would have been deposed, without delay, from the ministry—so much reverence at least was in the lads—and "Mister" attached to this personality would be like a silk hat on the head of an Eastern sage. Jenkins of Pitrodie always considered that he was inspired when he one day called Saunderson "Rabbi," and unto the day of his death Kilbogie was so called. He made protest against the title as being forbidden in the Gospels, but the lads insisted that it must be understood in the sense of scholar, whereupon Saunderson disowned it on the ground of his slender attainments. The lads saw the force of this objection, and admitted that the honorable word belonged by rights to MacWheep, but it was their fancy to assign it to Saunderson—whereat Saunderson yielded, only exacting a pledge that he should never be so called in public, lest all concerned be condemned for foolishness. When it was announced that the University of Edinburgh had resolved to confer the degree of D.D. on him for his distinguished learning and great services to theological scholarship, Saunderson, who was delighted when Dowbiggin of Muirtown got the honor for being an ecclesiastic, would have refused it for himself had not his boys gone out in a body and compelled him to accept. They also purchased a doctor's gown and hood, and invested him with them in the name of Kilbogie two days before the capping. One of them saw that he was duly brought to the Tolbooth Kirk, where the capping ceremonial in those days took place. Another sent a list of Saunderson's articles to British and foreign theological and philological reviews, which filled half a column of the "Caledonian," and drew forth a complimentary article from that exceedingly able and caustic paper, whose editor lost all his hair through sympathetic emotion the morning of the Disruption, and ever afterward pointed out the faults of the Free Kirk with much frankness. The fame of Rabbi Saunderson was so spread abroad that a great cheer went up as he came in with the other Doctors-elect, in which he cordially joined, considering it to be intended for his neighbor, a successful West End clergyman, the author of a "Life of Dorcas" and other pleasing booklets. For some time after his boys said "Doctor" in every third sentence, and then grew weary of a too common title, and fell back on Rabbi, by which he was known unto the day of his death, and which is engraved on his tombstone.

The Rabbi was tasting some morsel of literature as he came along, and halted opposite Carmichael, whom he did not see in the shadow, that he might enjoy it aloud.

"That is French verse, Rabbi, I think, but it sounds archaic; is it from a Huguenot poet?"

"Assuredly," replied the Rabbi, not one whit astonished that a man should come out from a hedge on Kilbogie road and recognize his quotation; "and, as you suggest, a piece which I have good evidence Queen Mary used to read. It is you, John Carmichael." The Rabbi awoke from the past, and held Carmichael's hand in both of his. "This was very mindful. You were going home from Pitscourie and turned aside to visit me.

"It is unfortunate that I am hastening to a farm called the Mains, on the border of Pitscourie parish, to expound the Word; but you will go on to the Manse and straitly charge Barbara to give you food, and I will hasten to return." And the Rabbi looked forward to the night with great satisfaction.

"No, I am not coming from Pitscourie, and you are not going there, as far as one can see. Why, you are on your way to Tochty woods; you are going west instead of east: Rabbi, tell the truth, have you been snuffing?"

This was a searching question, and full of history. When the Rabbi turned his back against the wind to snuff with greater comfort, he was not careful to resume his original position, but continued cheerfully in the new direction. This weakness was so well known that the school bairns would watch till he had started, and stand in a row on the road to block his progress. Then there would be a parley, which would end in the Rabbi capitulating and rewarding the children with peppermints, whereupon they would see him fairly off again and go on their way—often looking back to see that he was safe, and somehow loving him all the more for his strange ways. So much indeed was the Rabbi beloved that a Pitscourie laddie, who described Saunderson freely as a "daftie" to Mains' grandson, did not see clearly for a week, and never recovered his lost front tooth.

"That," remarked young Mains, "'ill learn Pitscourie tae set up impidence aboot the minister."

"There is no doubt that I snuffed—it was at Claypots steading—but there was no wind that I should turn. This is very remarkable, John, and . . . disconcerting.

"These humiliations are doubtless a lesson," resumed the Rabbi as they hurried to Mains, "and a rebuke. Snuffing is in no sense a necessity, and I have long recognized that the habit requires to be restricted—very carefully restricted. For some time I have had fixed times—once in the forenoon, once in the afternoon, and again in the evening. Had I restrained myself till my work was over and I had returned home, this misadventure would not have occurred, whereby I have been hindered and the people will have been kept waiting for their spiritual food.

"It is exactly thirty years to-night since I began this meeting in Mains," the Rabbi explained to Carmichael, "and I have had great pleasure in it and some profit. My subject has been the Epistle to the Romans, and by the goodness of God we are approaching the last chapters. The salutations will take about a year or so; Rufus, chosen in the Lord, will need careful treatment; and then I thought, if I were spared, of giving another year to a brief review of the leading points of doctrine: eh?"

Carmichael indicated that the family at Mains would almost expect something of the sort, and inquired whether there might not be a few passages requiring separate treatment at fuller length than was possible in this hurried commentary.

"Quite so, John, quite so; no one is more bitterly conscious of the defects of this exposition than myself—meager and superficial to a degree, both in the patristic references and the experimental application; but we are frail creatures, John, and it is doubtful whether the exposition of any book should extend over a generation. It has always caused me regret that Mains—I mean the father of the present tenant—departed before we had come to the comfort of the eighth chapter."

The Rabbi's mind was much affected by this thought, and twice in the kitchen his eye wandered to the chair where his friend had sat, with his wife beside him. From Priscilla and Aquila he was led into the question of hospitality, on which he spoke afterward till they came to the Manse, where he stationed Carmichael on the doorstep till he secured a light.

"There is a parcel of books on the floor, partially opened, and the way of passing is narrow and somewhat dangerous in the darkness."

CHAPTER XII.—KILBOGIE MANSE

Ministers there were in the great strath so orderly that they kept their sealing-wax in one drawer and their string in another, while their sermons were arranged under the books of the Bible, and tied with green silk. Dr. Dowbiggin, though a dull man and of a heavy carriage, could find in an instant the original draft of a motion on instrumental music he made in the Presbytery of Muirtown in the year '59, and could also give the exact page in the blue-books for every word he had uttered in the famous case when he showed that the use of a harmonium to train MacWheep's choir was a return to the bondage of Old Testament worship. His collection of pamphlets was supposed to be unique, and were a terror to controversialists, no man knowing when a rash utterance on the bottomless mystery of "spiritual independence" might not be produced from the Doctor's coat-tail pocket. He retired to rest at 10:15, and rose at six, settling the subject of his next sermon on Sabbath evening, and finishing the first head before breakfast on Monday morning. He had three hats—one for funerals, one for marriages, one for ordinary occasions—and he has returned from the Presbytery door to brush his coat. Morning prayers in Dr. Dowbiggin's house were at 8:5, and the wrath of the Doctor was so dangerous that one probationer staying at the manse, and not quite independent of influence, did not venture to undress, but snatched a fearful doze sitting upright on a cane-bottomed chair, lest he should not be in at the Psalm. Young ministers of untidy habits regarded Dr. Dowbiggin's study with despair, and did not recover their spirits till they were out of Muirtown. Once only did this eminent man visit the manse of Kilbogie, and in favorable moments after dinner he would give his choicer experiences.

"It is my invariable custom to examine my bed to see that everything is in order, and any one sleeping in Kilbogie Manse will find the good of such a precaution. I trust I am not a luxurious person—it would ill become one who came out in '43—but I have certainly become accustomed to the use of sheets. When I saw there were none on the bed, I declined to sleep without them, and I indicated my mind very distinctly on the condition of the manse.

"Would you believe it?" the Doctor used to go on. "Saunderson explained, as if it were a usual occurrence, that he had given away all the spare linen in his house to a girl that had to marry in . . . urgent circumstances, and had forgotten to get more. And what do you think did he offer as a substitute for sheets?" No one could even imagine what might not occur to the mind of Saunderson.

"Towels, as I am an honorable man; a collection o towels, as he put it, ‘skillfully attached together, might make a pleasant covering.’ That is the first and last time I ever slept in the Free Church Manse of Kilbogie. As regards Saunderson’s study, I will guarantee that the like of it cannot be found within Scotland,” and at the very thought of it that exact and methodical ecclesiastic realized the limitations of language.

His boys boasted of the Rabbi’s study as something that touched genius in its magnificent disorderliness, and Carmichael was so proud of it that he took me to see it as to a shrine. One whiff of its atmosphere as you entered the door gave an appetite and raised the highest expectations. For any bookman can estimate a library by scent —if an expert, he could even write out a catalogue of the books and sketch the appearance of the owner. Heavy odor of polished mahogany, Brussels carpets, damask curtains and tablecloths: then the books are kept within glass, consist of sets of standard works in half calf, and the owner will give you their cost wholesale to a farthing. Faint fragrance of delicate flowers, and Russia leather, with a hint of cigarettes: prepare yourself for a marvelous wall-paper, etchings, bits of oak, limited editions, and a man in a velvet coat. Smell of paste and cloth binding and general newness means yesterday’s books and a man racing through novels with a paper-knife. Those are only book-rooms by courtesy, and never can satisfy any one who has breathed the sacred air. It is a rich and strong spirit, not only filling the room, but pouring out from the door and possessing the hall, redeeming an opposite dining-room from grossness, and a more distant drawing-room from frivolity, and even lending a goodly flavor to bedrooms on upper floors. It is distilled from curious old duodecimos packed on high shelves out of sight, and blows over folios, with large clasps, that once stood in monastery libraries, and gathers a subtle sweetness from parchments that were illuminated in ancient scriptoriums, that are now grass-grown, and is fortified with good old musty calf. The wind was from the right quarter on the first day I visited Kilbogie Manse, and as we went up the garden walk the Rabbi’s library already bade us welcome, and assured us of our reward for a ten miles’ walk.

Saunderson was perfectly helpless in all manner of mechanics—he could not drive a tack through anything except his own fingers, and had given up shaving at the suggestion of his elders—and yet he boasted, with truth, that he had got three times as many books into the study as his predecessor possessed in all his house. For Saunderson had shelved the walls from the floor to the ceiling, into every corner, and over the doors, and above the windows, as well as below them. The wright had wished to leave the space clear above the mantelpiece.

“Ye ’ill be hanging Dr. Chalmers there, or maybe John Knox, and a bit clock ’ill be handy for letting ye ken the ’oors on Sabbath.”

The Rabbi admitted that he had a Knox, but was full of a scheme for hanging him over his history, which he considered both appropriate and convenient. As regards time, it was the last thing of which that worthy man desired to be reminded—going to bed when he could no longer see for weariness, and rising as soon as he awoke, taking his food when it was brought to him, and being conducted to church by the beadle after the last straggler was safely seated. He even cast covetous eyes upon the two windows, which were absurdly large, as he considered, but compromised matters by removing the shutters and filling up the vacant space with slender works of devotion. It was one of his conceits that the rising sun smote first on an À Kempis, for this he had often noticed as he worked of a morning.

Book-shelves had long ago failed to accommodate Rabbi’s treasures, and the floor had been bravely utilized. Islands of books, rugged and perpendicular, rose on every side; long promontories reached out from the shores, varied by bold headlands; and so broken and varied was that floor that the Rabbi was pleased to call it the Ægean Sea, where he had his Lesbos and his Samos. It is absolutely incredible, but it is all the same a simple fact, that he knew every book and its location, having a sense of the feel as well as the shape of his favorites. This was not because he had the faintest approach to orderliness—for he would take down twenty volumes and never restore them to the same place by any chance. It was a sort of motherly instinct by which he watched over them all, even loved prodigals that wandered over all the study and then set off on adventurous journeys into distant rooms. The restoration of an emigrant to his lawful home was celebrated by a feast in which, by a confusion of circumstances, the book played the part of calf, being read afresh from beginning to end. During his earlier and more agile years the Rabbi used to reach the higher levels of his study by wonderful gymnastic feats, but after two falls—one with three Ante-Nicene fathers in close pursuit—he determined to call in assistance. This he did after an impressive fashion. When he attended the roup at Pitfoodles—a day of historical prices—and purchased, in open competition, at three times its value, a small stack-ladder, Kilbogie was convulsed, and Mains had to offer explanations.

“He’s cuttit aff seevin feet, and rins up it tae get his tapmaist bukes, but that’s no a’,” and then Mains gave it to be understood that the rest of the things the minister had done with that ladder were beyond words. For in order that the rough wood might not scar the sensitive backs of the fathers, the Rabbi had covered the upper end with cloth, and for that purpose had utilized a pair of trousers. It was not within his ability in any way to reduce or adapt his material, so that those interesting garments remained in their original shape, and as often as the ladder stood reversed, presented a very impressive and diverting spectacle. It was the inspiration of one of Carmichael’s most successful stories—how he had done his best to console a woman on the death of her husband, and had not altogether failed, till she caught sight of the deceased’s nether garments waving disconsolately on a rope in the garden, when she refused to be comforted. “Toom (empty) breeks tae me noo,” and she wept profusely, “toom breeks tae me.”

One of the great efforts of the Rabbi’s life was to seat his visitors, since, beyond the one chair, accommodation had to be provided on the table, wheresoever there happened to be no papers, and on the ledges of the bookcases. It was pretty to see the host suggesting from a long experience those coigns of vantage he counted easiest and safest, giving warnings also of unsuspected danger in the shape of restless books that might either disappear from beneath one’s feet or descend on one’s head. Carmichael, however, needed no such guidance, for he knew his way about in the marvelous place, and at once made for what the boys called the throne of the fathers. This was a lordly seat, laid as to its foundation in mediæval divines of ponderous volume, but excellently finished with the Benedictine edition of St. Augustine, softened by two cushions, one for a seat and another for a back. Here Carmichael used to sit in great content, smoking and listening while the Rabbi hunted a passage through Scripture with many authorities, or defended the wildest Calvinism with strange, learned arguments; from this place he would watch the Rabbi searching for a lost note on some passage of Holy Writ amid a pile of papers two feet deep, through which he burrowed on all fours, or climbing for a book on the sky-line, to forget his errand and to expound some point of doctrine from the top of the ladder.

“You’re comfortable, John, and you do not want to put off your boots after all that traveling to and fro; then I will search for Barbara, and secure some refreshment for our bodies,” and Carmichael watched the Rabbi depart with pity, for he was going on a troublous errand.

Housekeepers are, after beadles, the most wonderful functionaries in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland, and every species could be found within a day’s journey of Drumtochty. Jenkins, indeed, suggested that a series of papers on Church Institutions read at the clerical club should include one on housekeepers, and offered to supply the want, which was the reason why Dr. Dowbiggin refused to certify him to a vacancy, speaking of him as “frivolous and irresponsible.” The class ranged from Sarah of Drumtochty, who could cook and knew nothing about ecclesiastical affairs, to that austere damsel, Margaret Meiklewham of Pitscourie, who had never prepared an appetizing meal in her life, but might have sat as an elder in the Presbytery.

Among all her class, Barbara MacCluckie stood an easy worst, being the most incapable, unsightly, evil-tempered, vexatious woman into whose hands an unmarried man had ever been delivered. MacWheep had his own trials, but his ruler saw that he had sufficient food and some comfort; but Barbara laid herself out to make the Rabbi's life a misery. He obtained food only as a favor, and an extra blanket had to be won by a week's abject humiliation. Fire was at times denied him, and he secured oil for his lamp by stratagems. Latterly he was glad to send strange ministers to Mains, and only his boys forced lodgment in the manse. The settlement of Barbara was the great calamity of the Rabbi's life, and was the doing of his own good nature. He first met her when she came to the manse one evening to discuss the unlawfulness of infant baptism and the duty of holding Sunday on Saturday, being the Jewish Sabbath. His interest deepened on learning that she had been driven from twenty-nine situations through the persecution of the ungodly; and on her assuring him that she had heard a voice in a dream bidding her take charge of Kilbogie Manse, the Rabbi, who had suffered many things at the hands of young girls given to lovers, installed Barbara, and began to repent that very day. A tall, bony, forbidding woman, with a squint, and a nose turning red from chronic indigestion, let it be said for her that she did not fall into the sins of her predecessors. It was indeed a pleasant jest in Kilbogie for four Sabbaths that she allowed a local Romeo, who knew not that his Juliet was gone, to make his adventurous way to her bedroom window, and then showed such an amazing visage that he was laid up for a week through the suddenness of his fall. What the Rabbi endured no one knew, but his boys understood that the only relief he had from Barbara's tyranny was on Sabbath evening, when she stated her objections to the doctrine, and threatened to walk into Muirtown in order to escape from unsound doctrine. On such occasions the Rabbi laid himself out for her instruction with much zest; and he knew when he had produced an impression, for then he went supperless to bed. Between this militant spirit and the boys there was an undying feud, and Carmichael was not hurt to hear her frank references to himself.

"What need he come stravagin' doon frae Drumtochty for? It wud set him better tae wait on his ain fouks. A licht-headed fellow, they say as kens; an' as for his doctrine—weel, maybe it 'ill dae for Drumtochty.

"Tea? Did ye expect me tae hae b'iling water at this 'oor o' the nicht? My word, the money would flee in this hoose gin a' wesna here. Milk 'ill dae fine for yon birkie: he micht be gled tae get onything, sorning on a respectable manse every ither week."

"You will pardon our humble provision"—this is how the Rabbi prepared Carmichael; "we have taken my worthy Abigail unawares, and she cannot do for us what in other circumstances would be her desire. She has a thorn in the flesh which troubles her, and makes her do what she would not; but I am convinced that the root of the matter is in her, and that her heart is right."

That uncompromising woman took no notice of Drumtochty, but busied herself in a search for the Rabbi's bag, which he had insisted he had brought home from Muirtown that morning, and which was at last found covered with books.

"Do not open it at present, Barbara; you can identify the contents later if it be necessary, but I am sure they are all right," and the Rabbi watched Barbara's investigations with anxiety.

"Maybe ye hae brocht back what ye started wi', but gin ye hev, it's the first time a' can mind. Laist sacrament at Edinburgh ye pickit up twal books, ae clothes-brush, an' a crochet-cover for a chair, an' left a'thing that belonged tae ye."

"It was an inadvertence; but I obtained a drawer for my own use this time, and I was careful to pack its contents into the bag, leaving nothing." But the Rabbi did not seem over-confident.

"There's nae question that ye hev filled the pack," said Barbara, with much deliberation and an ominous calmness; "but whether wi' yir ain gear or some ither body's, a'll leave ye tae judge yirsel'. A'll juist empty the bag on the bukes;" and Barbara selected a bank of Puritans for the display of her master's spoil.

"Ae slipbody (bodice), well hemmed and gude stuff—ye didna tak' that wi' ye, at ony rate; twa pillow-slips—they 'ill come in handy, oor ain are wearin' thin; ae pair o' sheets—'ill juist dae for the next trimmie that ye want tae set up in her hoose; this 'ill be a bolster-slip, a'm judgin'—"

"It must be the work of Satan," cried the poor Rabbi, who constantly saw the hand of the great enemy in the disorder of his study. "I cannot believe that my hands packed such garments in place of my own."

"Ye'll be satisfied when ye read the name; it's plain eneuch; ye needna gang dodderin' aboot here and there lookin' for yir glasses; there's twa pair on your head already;" for it was an hour of triumph to Barbara's genial soul.

"It's beyond understanding," murmured the Rabbi. "I must have mistaken one drawer for another in the midst of meditation;" and then, when Barbara had swept out of the room with the varied linen on her arm, "this is very humiliating, John, and hard to bear."

"Nonsense, Rabbi; it's one of the finest things you have ever done. Half a dozen journeys of that kind would refurnish the manse; it's just a pity you can't annex a chair;" but he saw that the good man was sorely vexed.

"You are a good lad, John, and it is truly marvelous what charity I have received at the hands of young men who might have scorned and mocked me. God knows how my heart has been filled with gratitude, and I . . . have mentioned your names in my unworthy prayers that God may do to you all according to the kindness ye have shown unto me."

It was plain that this lonely, silent man was much moved, and Carmichael did not speak.

"People consider that I am ignorant of my failings and weaknesses, and I can bear witness with a clear conscience that I am not angry when they smile and nod the head; why should I be? But, John, it is known to myself only and Him before whom all hearts are open how great is my suffering in being among my neighbors as a sparrow upon the housetop.

"May you never know, John, what it is to live alone and friendless till you lose the ways of other men and retire within yourself, looking out on the multitude passing on the road as a hermit from his cell, and knowing that some day you will die alone with none to . . . give you a draught of water."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—for Carmichael was greatly distressed at the woe in the face opposite him, and his heart was tender that night—"why should you have lived like that? Do not be angry, but . . . did God intend . . . it cannot be wrong . . . I mean . . . God did give Eve to Adam."

"Laddie, why do ye speak with fear and a faltering voice? Did I say aught against that gracious gift, or the holy mystery of love, which is surely the sign of the union betwixt God and the soul, as is set forth after a mystical shape in the Song of Songs? But it was not for me—no, not for me. I complain not, neither have I vexed my soul. He doeth all things well."

"But, dear Rabbi"—and Carmichael hesitated, not knowing where he stood.

"Ye ask me why"—the Rabbi anticipated the question—"and I will tell you plainly, for my heart has ever gone forth to you. For long years I found no favor in the eyes of the church, and it seemed likely I would be rejected from the ministry as a man useless and unprofitable. How could I attempt to win the love of any maiden, since it did not appear to be the will of God that I should ever have a place of habitation? It consisted not with honor, for I do hold firmly that no man hath any right to seek unto himself a wife till he have a home."

"But . . ."

"Afterwards, you would say. Ah, John, then had I become old and unsightly, not such a one as women could care for. It would have been cruel to tie a maid for life to one who might only be forty years in age, but was as seventy in his pilgrimage, and . . . fallen into unlovely habits."

Then the Rabbi turned on Carmichael his tender eyes, that were shining with tears.

"It will be otherwise with you, and so let it be. May I live to see you rejoicing with the wife of your youth."

So it came to pass that Carmichael first told his new-born love to this unlikely confidant, and was amazed at the understanding of the Rabbi, as well as his sympathy and toleration.

"A maid of spirit and of a firm mind—and that is an excellent thing; and any excess will be tamed by life. Only see to it that ye be agreed in that which lieth beneath all churches and maketh souls one in God. May He prosper you in your wooing as He did the patriarch Jacob, and far more abundantly."

Very early in the morning Carmichael awoke, and, being tempted by the sunrise, arose and went downstairs. As he came near the study door he heard a voice in prayer, and knew that the Rabbi had been all night in intercession.

"Thou hast denied me wife and child; deny me not Thyself. . . . A stranger Thou hast made me among men; refuse me not a place in the City. . . . Deal graciously with this lad who has been to me as a son in the Gospel. . . . He has not despised an old man; put not his heart to confusion. . . ."

Carmichael crept upstairs again, but not to sleep, and at breakfast he pledged the Rabbi to come up some day and see Kate Carnegie.

[To be continued in the June Magazine Number of The Outlook]

Noteworthy Gatherings for the Next Half-Year

THE recurrence of important meetings for intellectual, religious, and patriotic purposes during the summer and autumn of each year has become a marked feature in American social life. Most of the assemblages of the coming six months may be roughly classed as educational, scientific, religious, patriotic, or political in their distinctive aims, while some, of course, combine two or more of these characteristics. Let us note, first, some of the intellectual opportunities which the summer has to offer, beginning with the college commencement season, which is always a time of renewed stimulus to educational effort and interests. Following are the dates of most of the college and university commencements of 1896:

May 27, Leland Stanford Junior University.

May 28, Atlanta and Howard Universities, and Wake Forest College.

May 30, Hampton Institute.

June 2, University of Cincinnati.

June 3, Boston University, the Universities of Mississippi and North Carolina, and Evelyn College.

June 4, Case School of Applied Science, Bryn Mawr College, Rollins College, Teachers' College, New York University, and the Universities of Colorado and Minnesota.

June 5, Wittenberg College, United States Naval Academy.

June 9, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Pennsylvania.

June 10, Barnard, Earlham, Elmira, Hanover, Iowa, Racine, Roanoke, Tabor, Vassar, Washburn, and Wells Colleges; Butler, Columbia, Columbian, De Pauw, Fisk, Lake Forest, Princeton, Purdue, and West Virginia Universities; the Universities of Denver, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Tennessee, and Utah, and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

June 11, Carleton, Coe, Dickinson, Drury, Franklin and Marshall, Georgetown, Illinois, and Knox Colleges; Illinois Wesleyan, Kansas Wesleyan, Otterbein, and Upper Iowa Universities, and the Universities of Missouri and Wooster.

June 12, United States Military Academy, Hampden-Sidney and Monmouth Colleges, Johns Hopkins and Northwestern Universities.

June 13, Haverford College, Syracuse University.

June 15, Armour Institute of Technology, Catholic University of America.

June 16, Rutgers and Smith Colleges.

June 17, Antioch, Colorado, Delaware, Kalamazoo, Lafayette, Mount Holyoke, Norwegian Lutheran, St. John's, Tufts, Wabash, and Whitman Colleges; Brown, Lehigh, Notre Dame, Ohio State, Pacific, Vanderbilt, Washington and Lee, and Western Reserve Universities, and the Universities of Alabama, Georgia, Indiana, Rochester, and Virginia.

June 18, Cornell, Hillsdale, Kenyon, Lebanon Valley, Olivet, and Yankton Colleges; Cornell, Denison, Heidelberg, Lawrence, Washington, and Wilberforce Universities, Rose and Worcester Polytechnic Institutes.

June 19, Tulane and Colgate Universities.

June 23, Wellesley College.

June 24, Amherst, Beloit, Dartmouth, Oberlin, Ripon, South Carolina, Washington and Jefferson, and Williams Colleges; Harvard, Yale, and Wesleyan Universities.

June 25, Albion, Allegheny, Buchtel, Hamilton, Doane, Hobart, Middlebury, Park, Union, Trinity, and Wheaton Colleges; Alfred University, and the Universities of Wisconsin and Vermont.

July 1, Colby University.

August 6, University of the South.

Educational Conventions

In the last week of June will be held the annual Convocation of the University of the State of New York—an institution which cannot well hold a commencement of its own, but which succeeds admirably in promoting the timely discussion of important questions connected with secondary and higher education. The Convocation will begin this year on June 24, and continue three days. ——The great teachers' meeting of the year will be the annual Convention of the National Educational Association at Buffalo, July 7–10, under the presidency of Superintendent Dougherty, of Peoria, Ill. The names of leading educationists from all parts of the country will be found on the programme of this gathering.——At Bethlehem, N. H., July 9–13, will occur the meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, another important teachers' convention.——It is appropriate to mention in this connection a gathering of men and women whose lives are very largely devoted to education—the librarians of the country. The American Library Association will hold its eighteenth General Conference at Cleveland, September 1–4. John Cotton Dana, of the Denver Public Library, will preside, while Dr. Justin Winsor, of Harvard, Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Public Library, and other prominent librarians will participate in the discussions.

Summer Schools for Teachers and Librarians

For the systematic and technical training of teachers the opportunities are multiplying year by year. The long summer vacations are utilized by many teachers as periods of professional study. These teachers were among the first in this country to adopt the summer school idea and to make a successful application of it, as has been shown by the history of the famous schools at Martha's Vineyard, Glens Falls, and elsewhere.——The highest type of summer instruction in pedagogics will doubtless be found this year at Clark University, Worcester, Mass. (see The Outlook, page 904), from the 13th to the 25th of July.——The New York University also offers advanced courses in experimental psychology and the study of educational systems.——The New York Teachers' College will give instruction in manual training adapted to elementary schools.——The usual schools for language study will be conducted this year at Amherst, Mass., and Point o' Woods, Long Island.——The librarians have demanded summer schools for training in cataloguing and other branches of library work. Mr. W. I. Fletcher, the Amherst College Librarian, was the first to attempt to meet this want, and his school has been in successful operation for several summers. For the coming summer two similar schools are announced—one under the management of the New York State Library School at Albany, and another at Madison, Wis., to be directed by Miss Katharine Sharp, Librarian of the Armour Institute of Chicago.

Summer Schools in General

The facilities for higher education now afforded in the United States during the summer months, as compared with those of a decade ago, are quite remarkable. The best of advanced instruction in college and university branches is provided at moderate cost by the American Society for the extension of University Teaching, with headquarters at the University of Pennsylvania, in a four weeks' "summer meeting" during July.——Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Leland Stanford Junior, and most of the State Universities offer courses in various departments by members of their regular teaching staffs, while at the University of Chicago the summer quarter forms one of the four periods into which the academic year is divided, being equal in grade of work required and facilities afforded to either of the other three periods.——During July and August regular class work is carried on at the Biological Laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. This work is conducted by experienced instructors from Wesleyan and Johns Hopkins Universities and other institutions.——Among the numerous "assembly" schools of the Chautauqua type, the original Chautauqua still holds the lead. Among the distinguished guests at that retreat this year will be the Rev. Charles Aked, of Liverpool, Professor George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, and Professor Joseph Agar Beet, of Wesleyan College, Richmond, England. In the programme of instruction special emphasis will be laid on pedagogy. President Hervey, of the Teachers' College; Professor Butler, of Columbia; Professor Dewey, of Chicago, and other well-known specialists will give lectures.——The Catholic Summer School of America will hold its fourth annual session on the shores of Lake Champlain, meeting this year, for the first time, on the new assembly grounds.——The Columbia Catholic Summer School, at Madison, Wis., announces its second session.——The Bay View, Michigan, and Colorado Summer Schools, on the Chautauqua plan, present attractive programmes of instruction and entertainment. The special features at Colorado Springs will be geology and botany. At other Western "Chautauquas," also, the lectures will be of a high order—many of them given by Eastern college and university professors.——The Plymouth School of Applied Ethics omits its session in 1896. The Greenacre Assembly will be held again at Eliot, Me. This annual conference has attracted many persons interested in the religious, social, and scientific problems of the day.

Schools for Bible Study Of the various institutes devoted exclusively to Bible study, Mr. Moody's Northfield schools are the most famous. Similar Conferences are held each year at Lake Geneva, Wis., for the benefit of workers in the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A.——The American Institute of Sacred Literature is firmly established at the parent Chautauqua and several other summer assemblies. It is under the direction of President Harper, of Chicago, Professor Sanders, of Yale, and a number of able coadjutors.——The Baptists will this summer open a training-school for Sunday-school teachers at Jackson, Tenn.——We may note in this connection that the triennial International Sunday-School Convention, the body which appoints the committee to select the International Lessons used throughout the world, is to meet in Tremont Temple, Boston, June 23–26.

Great Religious Meetings First in point of attendance among the religious meetings of the year will be the Washington Christian Endeavor rally, July 8–13, which will probably bring 50,000 visitors to the Capital City. Unusual provision has been made for the comfort of these guests. Prominent men of all professions and of all religious denominations will address the great audiences.——The Baptist Young People's Union of America will hold its sixth annual Convention at Milwaukee, July 16–19. Arrangements are being made for the seating of audiences numbering 12,000 people.——At Jersey City, during the week of the Christian Endeavor meeting in Washington, the Young People's Christian Union, composed of the young people of the Unitarian and Universalist Churches in the United States, will assemble.——The eleventh annual Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is called to meet at Pittsburg, October 10. The attendance will probably number about one thousand laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is announced that Archbishop Boyd Carpenter, of Ripon, England, will preach the anniversary sermon.——The general secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. are to hold a Conference at Cleveland, June 5–9. Over 1,300 salaried officers of the Association in the United States and Canada will be represented.——The International Missionary Union, an organization composed exclusively of foreign missionaries belonging to evangelical denominations, will meet at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 10–17.——The Quadrennial Conference of the Methodists, the General Assembly of the Presbyterians, and the anniversaries of the Baptists and Unitarians have been held during the month of May.——The General Convention of the Christian or Disciples' Church will be held at Springfield, Ill., October 18–23, and will represent nearly one million communicants.——The Congregationalists have no general denominational gathering this year; the Congregational Home Missionary Society is announced to meet at New Haven, June 2. General O. O. Howard will preside; the annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Daniel Merriman, of Worcester, Mass. The American Board will meet at Toledo this year, October 6–9, and the American Missionary Association in Tremont Temple, Boston, October 22; Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, will speak at this latter meeting.

Political Conventions The most interesting political gatherings of the summer, of course, will be the Republican and Democratic Nominating Conventions to be held at St. Louis and Chicago, respectively, in the months of June and July. In the latter part of July, also, there will occur at St. Louis the Conventions of the Populist and Silver parties, meeting on the same date, July 22. On August 25 the Republican League of the United States will hold its Convention at Milwaukee, the League of Democratic Clubs meeting at St. Louis in the same month. These are all of the strictly political meetings of importance announced to be held during the summer. There will, however, be several occasions of a patriotic character. The memories of the Civil War will be revived by the Grand Army of the Republic in its National Encampment at St. Paul, September 3, as well as by the grand reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Richmond, Va., on June 30. The Sons of Veterans also are to hold an encampment at Louisville, Ky., in September.——Several important anniversary celebrations will take place during the summer and autumn. On the 1st of June the State of Tennessee will celebrate its admission into the Union. The Governors of other States have been invited to participate, and everything will be done to make the occasion a dignified and memorable observance of Tennessee's natal day. The exposition planned for this year has been postponed till May, 1897.——Another important centennial celebration will be that of the city of Cleveland, the exercises of which will extend from July 19 to September 10, and will be of a highly interesting character. An oration by Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, and an ode by Colonel Piatt, the Ohio poet, will be prominent features of the programme. Historical pageants and musical festivals, together with various forms of entertainment, will serve to mark the summer of 1896 in Cleveland's municipal history.——An effort will be made to celebrate the anniversary of one of the most celebrated of the Lincoln and Douglas debates at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., on October 7 of this year. The oration of the day will be delivered by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew

Philanthropy and Social Science The twenty-third National Conference of Charities and Correction is to be held at Grand Rapids, Mich., June 4 to 10. This will be a meeting of considerable importance, and will be attended by many of the leading penologists and workers in various forms of philanthropy from foreign countries as well as from the United States. Mr. A. O. Wright, of Wisconsin, is President of the Conference of 1896.——The American Social Science Association will meet at Saratoga in September.——The annual Convention of the Commissioners of Labor Bureaus will be held at Albany, N. Y., June 23. The municipal ownership of water, gas, and electric light plants will be one of the principal topics of discussion.——The meeting of the American Bar Association this year will be at Saratoga Springs from August 19 to 21. The President of the Association is Mansfield Storey.

Scientific Societies The American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its forty-fifth annual session in Buffalo, beginning August 24. The President of the Association for 1896 is Professor Edward D. Cope, of Philadelphia. Most of the universities and colleges of the country, as well as various scientific societies and institutes, will be represented on the programme of the meeting through their officers.——The American Institute of Architects plans to hold its thirteenth annual meeting at Nashville, Tenn., October 20. The examination of the buildings erected for the coming Tennessee Centennial Exposition will be an important part of the business of the Convention.——The Society of Civil Engineers will meet this year in San Francisco, probably on June 30.——The American Philological Association will hold its annual session at Brown University, Providence, R. I., July 7. Professor Francis A. March, of Lafayette College, will preside.——The International League of Press Clubs will meet in Buffalo, June 23, and remain in session one week. Many well-known newspaper men are members and officers of this organization, and women's press clubs are well represented on the governing boards and committees.——This year's meeting of the League of American Wheelmen will take place at Louisville, Ky., beginning on August 10 and lasting through the 15th. Reduced fares have been secured on the railroads, and a very large attendance is expected.

New Books

[Continued from page 1001]

fact that wages fell during our Civil War. War, as is well known, always reduces wages, just as it always increases interest. In Europe, where this disturbing element did not enter, the marvelous rise in wages during this general period was regarded by Cairnes as the one blessing to humanity coming from the exceptional expansion of the currency.——*A History of Modern Banks of Issue*, by Charles A. Conant (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is by no means strong on its philosophical side, but is nevertheless a valuable book. The author has investigated with great care the banking systems of every important nation, and has presented the results in an octavo volume of 573 pages, well indexed. The author rejects the theory of the English Bank Act that the volume of bank-note currency should be limited, and would, apparently, allow every bank to issue as much currency as its own interest impelled it to. The objections to such a currency he does not present in such a way as to convince his readers that he understands them. No one, at least, could learn from this volume why enlightened governments have denied banks their old liberty to inflate the currency during periods of over-confidence, and contract it during periods of panic. Similarly unsatisfactory is his treatment of the commercial crises of the present century. In describing the commercial panic in England at the close of the Napoleonic wars, he does not even note the practical doubling of the value of money consequent upon the return to specie payments. Yet this increase in the value of money was the omnipresent cause of the fall in prices and the bankruptcies. Similarly, in describing the depression in this country from 1873 to 1879, he does not mention the change in the value of money, due either to the rise in the value of gold or the rise of our paper money to par with gold. These criticisms, however, relate to the philosophical side of the book. On its historical side it is full of interesting and valuable information.

Early Long Island, a colonial study by Martha Bockée Flint, is a very valuable contribution to the history of New York State. By carefully investigating the social, religious, and political developments within a small territory, it contributes far more to a knowledge of the period covered than if a wider field had been chosen. The work is well done. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Extraordinary Cases, by Henry L. Clinton, is primarily a book for lawyers, but may reach a wider audience, by reason of its humor. The cases described are from among those in which the author has been engaged during his long and successful practice at the New York bar. Many of them possessed public importance, and all of them elements of popular interest, which the author has developed as only a natural story-teller can. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A Bad Penny, by John F. Wheelwright (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston). The story of a bad boy who by bravery partially redeems his life.

Cold Dishes for Hot Weather, by Ysaguerre and La Marca (Harper & Brothers, New York). A book of recipes for the summer season. Nothing remarkable or new is in the book.

Fairy Tales, by Mabel Fuller Blodgett, illustrated by Ethel Reed (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., New York), is a book of fairy tales that will charm away the deepest, darkest blues on a rainy day.

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The project of erecting a monument to the late German novelist, Gustav Freytag, at Wiesbaden, has been practically abandoned for lack of sympathy with the subject.

For the Little People

Hilda and the Procession

By Mary Allaire

"I do want to go; I will not get lost," muttered Hilda. There was a scowl between her eyebrows and a pout on her lips deep enough to frighten the good fairy who was sheltered beneath the white canopy—that big people call a toadstool—under the big tree by the gate. The fairy looked at Hilda earnestly, and in a soft musical voice, which Hilda could not hear, because she was so cross she did not notice the musical murmur in the grass at her feet, said, "It must be very uncomfortable to feel like that. I don't believe it pays."

"I'm seven years old, and I know how to get home," muttered Hilda, and the pout pushed her lips out further and made the scowl deeper. The flags were flying from the town hall and the buildings on the main street were decorated; there was evidence that everybody was celebrating. It was the day on which the town library was to be dedicated; everybody was very happy, it seemed, except Hilda. The procession of soldiers and firemen and citizens of the town and of the neighboring towns would pass Hilda's house, and her papa and mamma had decided that she was a fortunate little girl to be able to see the parade without getting in a crowd. Her papa was so busy that he could not stay at home to watch the parade, and her mamma was one of the ladies who were to prepare the lunch at the town hall for the visiting soldiers and firemen. Mary, Hilda's nurse, was to take care of three little friends of Hilda's, who were to take lunch with her and see the parade from Hilda's piazza. Mamma had planned such a delightful lunch, with a surprise for Hilda, but the knowledge of this did not send the pout away nor iron out the ugly scowl on Hilda's face.

"You could not go alone, dear. Mary could not go with you, for you have invited Carrie and Alice and Margaret to come here, and Mary must be with them."

"I could go alone," said Hilda, not at all politely.

"You would get lost, and what would mamma do?" said the loving mamma of a little girl who felt very naughty.

"I know every place," persisted Hilda. "Every single place."

"Hilda! you are to stay at home. You cannot go on the street to-day. You asked your little friends to come here, and you are to be the hostess. Good-by, dear, and be a loving little girl. Mamma will be very tired when she comes home, and she hopes you will meet her with a happy smile." Hilda's mamma kissed her and hurried down the steps and drove away.

There was a rustling in the branches of the climbing roses, and the morning-glories seemed to ring their bells. It was the fairies telling each other how lovely it was to have such a pretty, sweet, gentle mother. In fairyland there are kings and queens, and lords and ladies in waiting, but there are no mothers. In the land of fairies mothers are thought to be worth more than everything else. This it is that puzzles the fairies so when little children are impolite or disobedient to their mothers. To them it seems to be a terrible thing to have so great a gift as a mother and yet not be loving and tender and true always.

The fairies looked out sadly from under the buds, the leaves, and the flowers at the cross, impolite little girl in the doorway. At last they stole quietly away, for the sight was too painful, and they could not change the feelings of the little girl. All but one stole away, making a faint murmuring sound as they went through the leaves and through the grass on the lawn—all but one fairy, and she sat down beneath the big canopy (people called it a toadstool) under the tree by the gate.

Hilda heard Mary coming, and she hurried away as fast as she could down the steps and to the gate, where she hid under the lilac-bushes. "I would not get lost. I want to see the soldiers." Mary called and called, but Hilda did not stir nor answer.

A carriage was heard on the road; it stopped, in a few minutes, at the gate. Carrie, Hilda's friend, with her big doll Elizabeth, was helped down, and James, the man, took them into the house. Mary met them, and Hilda knew she was telling Carrie that she could not be found. Voices came up the street, and Alice and Margaret, each with her best doll, came through the gate. Then Hilda came out from the bushes and met them. They kissed her, but she did not seem very happy, and somehow the voices of the two little visitors grew more subdued; the glad light in their eyes was not so bright.

Mary hurried down to meet Hilda, and whispered: "Your dress is not clean, and your hair is tumbled; where have you been?"

Hilda jerked away her hand, and when she met Carrie her frowns were so forbidding that Carrie's smiles all disappeared.

Mary looked at the little girls, and felt so sorry for them that she took Hilda by the hand and into the parlor.

"You are not polite to these little girls. I know if they could they would go home. How can you be so naughty?" Hilda jerked her arm away and went out on the piazza, where the little visitors sat in a solemn row on the settee. Alice, who was only four, looked as though she wanted her mamma.

Hilda felt ashamed, and she drove away the frowns and hurried after Mary. Soon Mary came back with Hilda's tea-dishes and doll and some crackers and milk, and a chocolate-cream, one for each little girl, on a plate. Such delightful visiting, and trying on of each doll's jackets and hats; such attempts at making tissue-paper hats and dresses, as would have delighted you, were made on that piazza. The fairy who stayed, almost wished she was a little girl; would have wished so, if she had not known that she must be a fairy to weave lacework on the grass and shrubbery in the early mornings. The lunch-table was so pretty. Not a big table, but mamma's low, pretty sewing-table, with the four low chairs that mamma kept for Hilda and her friends. There were cold chicken, and baked potatoes, and rice with chicken gravy, and ice-cream and strawberries. Then Mary brought in four little boxes tied with ribbon. The little girls hurried so fast to untie the ribbons that they pulled them into hard knots. At last they were untied, and there were four china dolls in tiny tin bath-tubs. They lifted out the tubs, and under each of them was a whole suit of clothes for a tiny baby—dresses and petticoats that hung below their feet, and last of all they found tiny lace caps with strings to tie under the chin. Such laughing and trying on and measuring you never saw, and right in the midst of it came the sound of the drums and bugles, and the little girls rushed to the piazza. Mary saw that they could see the parade better from a settee under the big tree on the lawn. She carried one there, and then stood each on the bench. The dolls were turned so that they could see the men and the flags and the soldiers. The fairy who was under the canopy looked at them and murmured, "How sweet they are!"

On came the drums and the bugles. At the head of the procession rode Alice's papa, and when he passed the house he raised his hat and bowed very low to the four little girls. Then all the other gentlemen raised their hats, and the little girls blushed with pleasure; they felt as if they were part of the procession. The band broke out into a gay march, and the procession passed gayly on.

"Let us go after them," whispered Hilda. There came a frightened look into the little girls' eyes, and Alice's cheeks grew pale at the thought. The fairy under the canopy wished she was a giant, that she could hold the gate tight. Hilda jumped down, and all but Alice followed her. Just then there was a loud call at the gate, and Uncle Harry, Hilda's dear Uncle Harry, drove up in his carryall. "I thought perhaps you would like to see them once more. We will drive through to the other street. Come, Mary, bundle them in; take Alice on your lap."

Hilda blushed; she could not look at the other little girls. "Come, hurry, little woman, or we will miss it," and Uncle Harry lifted her in before she could speak. The carriage was driven rapidly to a corner where the procession would pass again, and all the gay soldiers and the music and the crowd delighted the little friends once more. Their cheeks were so like roses and their eyes so bright that Uncle Harry said they must go and call on grandma—that is, Hilda's grandma.

When the little girls left, she gave them each a large bunch of roses, Uncle Harry said to match those in their cheeks. She invited them to lunch with her the next Saturday, with all their families of dolls. Such planning and planning as to what they would do the next Saturday! The very top of the mountain of joy was reached when Uncle Harry said he did not propose to be left out of any such plan. He could invite if he were not invited. Would the young ladies go driving with him after lunch to Buttermilk Falls, and crown him King of the May? There was a shout of "Yes, thank you, Uncle Harry."

Hilda stood in the doorway watching for her mamma. Her face was happy, but as she looked down the road you could see she was anxious. When her mamma did come home, she found a thoughtful little girl with a rose in her hand waiting for her. All the history of the day was given, even the naughty whisper. Her mamma listened, and held her so close in her arms that the little girl knew how frightened she was at the thought, and her brown eyes filled with tears. When Hilda told of Uncle Harry's invitation, her mamma smiled. "King of the May! I never heard of one."

"No, mamma, dear, Uncle Harry said it was entirely new—'a nineteenth-century idea.' I'll tell you about it after I come home."

The fairy under the canopy by the gate hurried away to spread the news of the strange May party, for even in fairyland new ideas are welcomed.

The Religious World

The General Assembly The one hundred and eighth meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, North, was convened at Saratoga, May 21. A large number of the Commissioners appear to be new men, or men who have not been members of late years. Dr. J. L. Withrow, of Chicago, was chosen Moderator on the first ballot. We believe that Dr. Withrow lately voted with the majority of the Chicago Presbytery to admit Mr. Vrooman to membership, and in this column last week we reported the complaint to the Synod which ensued. Dr. Withrow was, however, nominated by Dr. Davies, of New York, in a very effective speech, full of assurances for the conservative interest, and it was understood that he had given ample pledges on that behalf. The liberals are said to have voted for him in large part, believing that he represents the great body of moderate men who are solicitous to compose the difficulties which have disturbed the Church since it met at Saratoga six years ago and initiated the ineffective movement for a revision of the standards. This note of reconciliation was also struck in the annual sermon by the retiring Moderator, Dr. Booth, of New York. His theme was "Christian Union and Denominational Loyalty," the latter being emphasized, at least, quite as strongly as the former. The feelings of the Assembly were evidently touched by the earnestness with which, while insisting on strictly orthodox positions, he urged such brotherly conferences as might remove misunderstandings and alienations that had become "inexpressibly painful." The most serious question that will have to be dealt with is the constitutional question, *i.e.*, whether the Assembly in its action at Pittsburg last May, enjoining the New York Presbytery (and by implication other Presbyteries) not to receive students coming from seminaries not approved by the Assembly, transcended its constitutional limits. This question has caused some division among those who on theological grounds had stood together against the teachings of Drs. Briggs and Smith. The Assembly was at once plunged into a warm discussion by the report of its special committee on the relation of the Church to the local Christian Endeavor Societies. Those who were disposed to break the solidarity of the Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor for the sake of a more denominational organization were quite outnumbered. The home rule principle triumphed in this matter, the Assembly adopting the view of the committee, that it rests with the session of the local church to see to it that their young people's society conforms to the usages and standards of the denomination. Next week we shall continue our account of the proceedings. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, South, is also in session at Memphis, and fraternal greetings have been exchanged between the two bodies.

Baptist Anniversaries We are living in the midst of religious anniversaries. The Presbyterians are at Saratoga, the Methodists at Cleveland, the Congregationalists the first week in June will be in New Haven, and the Baptists for the last week or two have been celebrating at Asbury Park. Almost if not quite all their societies have been holding their anniversaries at that city by the sea. The women have vied with the men in the meetings. It is impossible for us at present to do more than mention one or two of the items which were of peculiar interest. We turn to the report of the Missionary Union, which is the Missionary Society of the Baptist Church. The Foreign Secretary is Rev. S. W. Duncan, D.D. His report shows that the debt of the society has been reduced about $26,000 during the year, but the debt still remaining is $163,828. The sum is an enormous one when considered by itself, but not when compared with the wealth of the denomination. The donations for the year were about $296,000. The legacies were about $189,000, but we are not informed by the reports whether that is in addition to the other donations. The President of the Union for the ensuing year is Dr. Henry F. Colby, of Ohio. Another meeting of much interest was that addressed by Dr. MacArthur and the Rev. F. A. Remley. Dr. MacArthur spoke on the needs of foreign mission work, and illustrated his address by his recent tour around the world. Mr. Remley spoke on the unique subject "Are Missions Needed in Germany?" He argued very strenuously that Germany is essentially a heathen country—we do not quote his words, but summarize the spirit of his address. The facts which he gave are surely significant, whatever may be thought of his conclusions. He held that the Church is losing its grip upon the people and that the "Social Democracy" is opposed to the Church and hostile to Christianity. Among the other addresses which have attracted much attention in the press were those of Dr. Faunce, of New York, and Dr. E. H. Johnson, of Crozier Theological Seminary. Altogether the meetings seem to have been a success and to have excited great enthusiasm throughout the denomination.

Congregational Churches of New York The sixty-third annual meeting of the General Association of Congregational Churches of New York was held at Canandaigua, May 19–21. The Association passed temperance resolutions recommending the clergy to use their influence for the enforcement of temperance laws, especially those restricting the liquor traffic and those providing for temperance education in the public schools; they urged Congress and the President to guarantee protection to Christian missionaries in Armenia, and they approved the report of a committee recommending an alliance between the Congregationalists and free Baptists to increase the endowment of Keuka College in the State of New York, and bring it under the joint control of the two bodies. Of the papers and addresses presented, we speak here only of those which it was the pleasure of this writer to hear. Dr. Behrends's sermon on "Sowing and Reaping" was forceful, practical, and full of hope and inspiration to preachers and Christian workers; the Rev. S. E. Eastman's address on "The Errand of Jesus," which he defined to be bringing life into the world, was, especially in the latter half of it, one of great spiritual beauty; the Rev. H. N. Kinney, of Syracuse, showed by his paper on "The Training of Children" an expert's knowledge of recent investigations into child nature; the Rev. Lyman Abbott's address on "Christianity and Social Problems" was along the line of his sermons on this subject recently published in The Outlook; the Rev. W. B. Thorpe read a paper on "The Future of Congregationalism," notable for its clear-cut distinction between evangelistic missionary work and missionary work having for its purpose church extension—some of his practical suggestions are certainly well worth careful consideration by the Home Missionary Board; Dr. Griffis, of Ithaca, made a characteristically vigorous and dramatic address, broad in its comprehension of Congregationalism as something much larger than a mere ecclesiastical phase of Puritan life; President Booth, of Auburn Theological Seminary, spoke with a very different kind of eloquence, and with great simplicity and beauty, of Christian unity as distinguished from Church unity—the first he commended, the second not. Dr. Bradford's address on "Japan and its Religious Outlook" was delivered after the present writer had left the Convention.

Theology at Yale The Theological Department of Yale University celebrated its anniversary last week. The services began with the usual address before the Seminary, which was delivered by the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., on "The Unity of the Spirit: A World-Wide Necessity." One of the great attractions of the week was the presence of Professor George Adam Smith, the great Free Church scholar who is now visiting this country. A special reception was tendered to him by the Seminary. Yale numbers among its professors many of our strong men in the department of theology. The venerable Dr. George P. Fisher has no superior in the English-speaking world as a Church historian. Professor Samuel Harris has ceased his active service, but his books will long be read. His place has been taken by Professor George B. Stevens, who had already made a reputation in the field of New Testament Exegesis. His place in turn will be taken by the Rev. B. W. Bacon, D.D., of Oswego. Professors Curtis and F. H. Porter have proved their fitness for the departments respectively of Old Testament Exegesis and Biblical Theology. The department of Sociology is strongly filled by Dr. Blackman, while Dr. L. O. Brastow has the department of Sacred Rhetoric. No theological seminary in our country is better equipped or doing better service.

Open-Air Preaching There is far more open-air preaching in the Old World than in the New. It is no uncommon thing to see a group of people gathered round a preacher in Hyde Park, or in different parts of London, or in the various cities and towns of the Kingdom. Such sights are not common in this country. An attempt is now being made here to organize a movement for open-air preaching. It is largely under the leadership of the Rev. Edwin H. Byington, of Pilgrim Chapel, Brooklyn. At a conference held in the Hanson Place Baptist Church in 1892, Mr. Byington spoke on this subject with so much effect that a committee was appointed to form a National Association of Open-Air Workers. The Association was organized, and its third report will soon appear. The aim of the Association is to bring together all who believe in the efficiency of this kind of work. Among those specially interested we notice the names of Commander Ballington Booth, the Rev. J. S. Stone, D.D., of New York, the Rev. E. H. Byington, of Brooklyn, and the Rev. T. S. Hamlin, D.D., of Washington. The reports indicate that the movement has been received with much favor. The London Open-Air Mission, which was established by "Rob Roy" Macgregor in 1853, has fifteen hundred members. The London Mission has one hundred and twenty-nine special agents and preachers who visit race-courses and fairs and public parks and hold religious services. Meetings of this kind are said to have been successful in many country districts, in Philadelphia, in Syracuse, in New London, in Washington, and elsewhere, The experiment is certainly worthy of being thoroughly tested. Under certain circumstances we can see no reason why it should not result in great good. The writer has often studied those who gathered round the open-air preachers in Great Britain, and have felt that little benefit could be accomplished, because the preaching was so poor, consisting usually of the idlest exhortation. If, instead, there could be strong words from strong men, we believe that many would be reached who now care neither for churches nor for religion. Our advice to the Association, therefore, would be, Do not try to go too fast; do not think any one is good enough for open-air work. Remember that street preaching ought to be of quite as high a quality, and, of course, more popular in character, than that in the churches.

Changes in the Doshisha It is important that those who are interested in the cause of missions in Japan should have a true understanding of the changes which have recently taken place in the Doshisha. The great University was founded by the fidelity and ability of the late Joseph Neesima. As the result of the investigations of the recent Deputation of the American Board to Japan, it was judged that it would be best for all concerned if at the end of two years the appropriations should be discontinued. That judgment was reached without making any reflections on the management of the Doshisha. It was felt that the contributions of the Board were given for more distinctly evangelistic purposes. As a result of the condition in which the trustees found themselves, they have voted to declare their independence, and to receive no further aid, either in money or in men, from the American Board after the end of the year 1896. The trustees are rightly desirous of becoming independent as speedily as possible, and their efforts to do so have our hearty approval. Only one thing in their action we seriously regret. In the reorganization of their school they have placed at the head of the largest department Professor Utika; he is a man of unquestioned ability and an able instructor, but his writings, as they have been translated and circulated in this country, prove him to be anything but a clear thinker on religious subjects or a wise leader in religious affairs. We have no prejudice against Professor Utika; in many respects we admire him exceedingly, and believe that positions even higher than the one which he occupies he would greatly honor; but if the Doshisha ever expects to receive the co-operation of Christians in the United States, it must not have at its head men who feel called upon to denounce much of the faith for which Neesima lived and died, and to help to promote which the Doshisha itself was established. With the heartiest appreciation of all that Professor Utika has achieved in the field of scholarship, and with the fullest recognition of the fact that the Doshisha is an absolutely independent institution, we cannot forget that it owes its existence to evangelical Christians in the United States, and that the same class of people would be glad to assist it in the future. They will be willing to do so, however, only as they have assurance that it stands in Japan for a broad but reverent, a tolerant and yet positive type of Christian faith and life. We sincerely hope that it may yet so commend itself to the American churches that they will esteem it a privilege to aid it in the future.

A Tempest in a Teapot We mean no disrespect to the city of Louisville, and what we are informed by the "Christian Evangelist" is the largest Baptist Divinity School in the world, when we refer to the trouble over the recent "discovery" of Dr. Whitsitt as "a tempest in a teapot." Dr. Whitsitt is the President of the Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, and the successor of the late Dr. Broadus. He is described as a man of singular earnestness and candor, and on many points a High Church Baptist, but he has ventured to express the opinion that Roger Williams was sprinkled, and that the Baptists of that early day did not insist on immersion. It is said that these statements have caused great excitement in his own denomination, and that there is prospect of a trial for heresy. We doubt very much whether the trial ever occurs. We had supposed that Baptists rested their faith on what they believed to be the teachings of Christ rather than on the regularity of the action of certain of their brethren two or three hundred years ago. It looks a little as if certain people about Louisville were inclined to make the mistake of interpreting history according to preconceived theory instead of making their theories conform to facts. Like all tempests in a teapot, however, this disturbance will probably prove to be more the result of fuss than of energy.

Atlanta University Among the institutions which have been established in the South for the promotion of education among colored people none are more worthy of appreciation and support than Atlanta University, of which the Rev. Horace Bumstead, D.D., is the President. It is just closing its college year. The institution occupies a position of peculiar importance. It is situated in the midst of the old fortifications which surrounded the city; it has a noble equipment as to buildings, but, like many other educational institutions, is suffering much from the stringency of the times, and needs to be strengthened if its efficiency is to be continued. Colleges of this kind at the South are at a disadvantage. The colored people are not rich enough materially to aid them, while the majority of the white population does little if anything for their support. Institutions at the North have behind them usually a loyal and financially able constituency; not so with those for colored people at the South. And yet the work which they are doing is of surpassing importance to the country and the kingdom of God. Dr. Bumstead has not asked from The Outlook any recognition, but we are somewhat acquainted with the University and with the circumstances in which it is placed, and we believe that we are doing the cause of humanity a service by calling attention to its singular usefulness, and the great opportunity which it offers to those who are seeking for wise means of investing their money in the interests of their fellow-men.

The Methodist General Conference

From a Special Correspondent

The 530 delegates assembled in the General Conference represent every State and Territory in the United States; there are delegates from India, China, Japan, Mexico, South America, Italy, Germany, Norway, Switzerland, and Sweden. Thus the nations of the earth are assembled. All race distinctions are ignored, as white, black, and yellow are indiscriminately seated throughout the hall. The selection of General Conference officers has occupied the attention of the Conference for the past week. After the election of Bishops, the Book Concern agents for New York were chosen. Dr. Homer Eaton was re-elected by a practically unanimous vote. Dr. George P. Maines, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected as his associate. For the Western house at Cincinnati Dr. Lewis Curts was continued, and Dr. Henry C. Jennings, of Minnesota, was elected as second agent. A strong effort was made to put one layman in each of the New York and the Cincinnati houses. Mr. Charles R. Magee, of the Boston Methodist Book Store, polled a very large vote on the first ballot. Mr. George B. Johnson, for fifteen years the Secretary and Treasurer of the Cincinnati house, came near to being elected as agent.

Thus far the laymen have received nothing in the way of office from the Conference. These Book Concern offices being almost entirely secular, the laymen thought that only men of thorough business training should be put in charge, particularly as so large financial interests, reaching millions of dollars, are involved. The secular papers throughout the country seemed to get an erroneous impression of the purpose of Dr. Lannahan's recent book on "Frauds in the Book Concern." He refers to alleged frauds that occurred about twenty-five years ago, which were investigated and passed upon at the time. The affairs of the Book Concern are in good condition at the present time, and neither Dr. Lannahan nor any one else desires any investigation at this time.

Dr. McCabe being advanced to the Bishopric, Dr. A. B. Leonard was elected as the first Secretary of the Missionary Society. Dr. Leonard has been Secretary for eight years. Dr. A. J. Palmer, pastor of St. Paul's Church, New York, and Dr. W. T. Smith, of Des Moines, Iowa, were elected as the remaining Secretaries of the Missionary Society. The Secretaries for the Church Extension Society, Drs. Kynett and Spencer, were re-elected. The same was done with Dr. C. H. Payne, Secretary of the Board of Education, and also with Drs. J. W. Hamilton and J. C. Hartzell, Secretaries of the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society. Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut was continued as editor of Sunday-School Literature. Dr. W. V. Kelly was elected editor of the "Review." Dr. J. M. Buckley was by an almost unanimous vote continued for the fifth time editor of the New York "Christian Advocate." While more than two-thirds of the members disagree with Dr. Buckley upon the woman question, his commanding ability is recognized by his opponents. There are few men who can wield influence in a large legislative body equal with Dr. Buckley. He is a genius in parliamentary affairs, and a master in debate and on the platform. He was accorded a grand ovation on the announcement of his election by the great audience of delegates and visitors.

Dr. David H. Moore, the brilliant editor of the "Western Advocate" at Cincinnati, was re-elected. Dr. Jesse Bowman Lowry was chosen editor of the "Central Advocate," of St. Louis. Dr. Arthur Edwards, who for over a quarter of a century has been the editor of the "Northwestern Advocate," of Chicago, was re-elected. Dr. J. E. C. Sawyer, editor of the "Northern Advocate," of Syracuse, N. Y., was re-elected. The editor of the Pittsburg "Advocate," Dr. C. W. Smith, was continued. Dr. W. S. Mathews was elected editor of the California "Advocate." The editor of the "Christian Apologist" (German), Dr. A. J. Nost, was re-elected without an opponent. The Rev. J. B. Scott was elected editor of the "Southern Advocate." Dr. J. F. Berry was continued editor of the "Epworth Herald." F. L. Nagler was re-elected editor of the "Haus and Herd."

Much of the time of the morning sessions of the Conference during last week has been used in electing Bishops and officers of the Boards, but the afternoons were used by the various committees in considering the many subjects before them. Most of the committees have indicated that they are nearly ready to make their final report.

E. F. D.

Notes and Queries

Some of my friends and myself are much interested in Mr. Alden's books, "God in His World" and "A Study of Death." We would like some of the facts of his life. We feel that such a position as his amounts to little so long as it remains in the form of intellectual propositions. Such propositions are valuable only as exemplified in a life. The value of these books will appear when they are accompanied by the commentary which his biography will afford. W. F. T.

The conviction here expressed is correct. It holds true not only of Mr. Alden's position, but of every creed. The valuable part of any creed is that which is operative on the life of him who holds the creed with incentives to religion in righteousness. Mr. Alden, a native of Vermont, was graduated at Williams College in 1857, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1860. While in the seminary he made a study of Greek literature, which led to his giving a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, in 1863–4, on the "Structure of Paganism." Feeling himself unfitted to be a preacher by reason of an inadequate voice, he has devoted himself to a literary career, and has long been editor of "Harper's Magazine." Besides his recent books, "God in His World" and "A Study of Death" (the latter of which was lately reviewed by The Outlook), he is the author of a poem, "The Ancient Lady of Sorrow" (1872), and, in conjunction with Mr. A. H. Guernsey, of "Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion." Mr. Alden is a vestryman of the Episcopal church at Metuchen, N. J. One who could imagine his "Study of Death" to be the work of any but a truly Christian thinker would do well to revise his own conception of Christianity. Its dedication to his dying wife reveals, in a way unsurpassed in literature, both the idea of the book and the heart of the man.

1. Which of Professor Adolf Harnack's works would be the most helpful in (*a*) church history; (*b*) dogmatic history; (*c*) Biblical literature and interpretation? Are these fairly easy reading in the German? Where can I get them, and the price? 2. What do you regard the best single-volume German work on New Testament Introduction? Price, and where obtained? Is it translated into English? 3. What do you regard as the central thought and purpose of the Book of Jonah? Has it an essential place in the Scriptural canon? B. A. M.

1 and 2. Harnack's great work is his "History of Dogma," in three volumes. A translation of his "Outlines of the History of Dogma" is published in one volume, at $2.50, by Funk & Wagnalls (New York). We do not know any books of his on the other subjects, or any good single-volume German work on New Testament Introduction. Weiss's "Introduction to the New Testament" is the best, but is in two volumes; an English translation is published by Funk & Wagnalls at $4. Harnack is not very easy reading. For the price of German publications address B. Westermann, New York. 3. The wideness of God's mercy to the penitent—the essential lesson of the Gospel. Its right to be in the canon is incontestable.

What is the method of using the old style and new style in historical dates? I find in English history in the sixteenth and seventeenth century most modern authorities use the old style—*e. g.*, Harper's "Book of Facts"—but in some instances the modernized dates are used. Would the date of the destruction of the Spanish Armada be July 26 or August 6? Which would be more accurate? A. H.

The New Style, or Gregorian Calendar, was introduced in Roman Catholic countries in 1582; in Protestant Germany and Denmark, in 1700; in English lands in 1752. To reduce Old Style to New Style, unless it has been done for you by the book, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries drop ten days; in the eighteenth drop eleven. In Russian dates for the nineteenth century (the Old Style still prevailing in the Greek Church), drop twelve days. The Spanish Armada cast anchor in Calais Roads July 27, O. S., August 6, N. S. Two days later it suffered its decisive defeat. Its destruction was wrought by storms on its homeward voyage.

Please say (1) whether the Pope at the present time has a military or quasi-military "body-guard;" and (2) whether this body-guard exercises the functions of police in Rome outside the Vatican. G. E.

The Pope has such a guard, composed of Swiss, but its duties are limited to the Vatican, since the revolution, which incorporated Rome and the Papal Dominions with Italy in 1870, deprived the Pope of all political power.

Under the ordinary settlement (or hiring) of a pastor in the Congregational denomination, is it or is it not generally understood that the ministry of the pastor, in cases of sickness and death, at funerals of supporters of worship at the particular church, is included, or may the pastor ask for compensation in such ministries as for something outside his contract? X.

In all Protestant denominations, so far as we know, such services are regarded as part of the duty which the minister contracts to perform, and for the performance of which he receives a salary. Such services, however, are never thought of by any good minister as paid for. They are also very freely performed for a multitude of people outside of the church, who contribute nothing to the minister's support.

Please inform me what is the best chronology of the life of Christ, and where to get it. Would like simply the outline of the life in chronological order. W. R. C.

We prefer the one given in Andrews's "Life of Our Lord." Get the latest edition. For a mere chronological chart, we have recommended Kephart's, published by the Revell Company, Chicago, both on rollers and folded, $1.50, $1, and 75 cents.

The "Grave of Bonaparte" was sung many years ago by the Hutchinson family at their concerts, and the music was composed by L. Heath, and was published by Oliver Ditson, of Boston, at that time his music-store being at 135 Washington Street. I have a copy of the song myself, and should think one could now be obtained. C. E. W.

R. E. S.—In a cutting in my scrap-book, "Jesus the Carpenter" is credited to "C. C. Fraser Tytler." M. F. P.

F. H. N.—We may add to the helps already named for your Bible class Henry Ward Beecher's "Bible Studies," or Readings in the Early Books of the Old Testament. Though they are not studies in the higher criticism, they abound in suggestions of great value in ethical and other points.

In Notes and Queries for May 23, in the reply to J. M. E., "sacred" character should read *saved* character.

C. E. L.—Beside the "good books on pastoral work" recommended to you May 16, put Beecher's "Yale Lectures on Preaching," especially the second series. The three series are now published in one volume for $2 (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York).

—Steps are already being taken to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Melancthon's birth on February 16, 1897, at his birthplace, Brettin, in Baden. The Grand Duke of Baden has consented to act as patron of the enterprise, which was started and is being actively promoted by Dr. Nicholas Müller, professor of theology in Berlin. The foundation of a Melancthon Museum on the site of the house in which he was born, which is now occupied by a building of modest pretensions, is proposed. The site belongs to the Protestant community of Brettin.

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The Home Club

Some Home Books

For Plain Women Only, by George Fleming (The Merriam Company, New York, $1.25). This book was picked up from the desk by a gentleman who glanced at the title. A look of sorrow settled over his face—he is that rare combination, a successful and sympathetic writer of books. As he laid the book down, he said, "Too bad; it will never be bought. No man would be interested, and no woman acknowledge her need of it." There is hardly a page in the book that has not something wise and true on the subject of dress. Listen: "If I had my way, I would make it penal for a woman to live in a house unprovided by a pier-glass. . . . Can you not ascertain what your general effect may be upon the passing sensitive eye before leaving the shelter of your house? . . . Theodore, in the merciful name of nature, there *are* no plain women. There are women who dress badly; women who are dull-natured; women who take too much medicine; women who take too little food. But given fresh air, exercise, and the sane, contented mind which follows—given enough looking-glasses, Theodore—above all, large looking-glasses—and the most rudimentary instruction in form and color"—and so Aunt Lavinia proves conclusively there are no plain women. Is Aunt Lavinia quite right about the large mirrors? Are there not times when ignorance is bliss for one's self, though it may not be bliss for one's neighbors? May we not make a mental picture with one's self as the center? Alas! sight would make this impossible to so many thousands!

If there is such a thing as heresy in cooking, then *The Spirit of Cookery*, by J. L. W. Thudichum, is a heretical book. It is a most valuable book in spite of, or more truly because of, its heresies. The book is "a history of the science, practice, and ethical and medical import of culinary art." As a specimen of its practical value to the housekeeper who looks well to the ways of her household, the author tells us that to reheat meat for the table the cold meat must be heated by pouring boiling water, or gravy heated to the boiling-point, over it, the meat having been placed in a pan or vessel heated to the degree of heat that cooked the meat the first time. This experiment was tried, hot water being poured over some cooked beef that was being made into a stew. The result was much better than when the meat was allowed to simmer slowly through an afternoon. The cooking heresy in the book which will arouse the most comment is that which decries the value of bones in soup-making. We are told, in commenting on a recipe for soup in which bones were to be boiled for seven hours: "We know exactly the result of boiling bones under such circumstances; they lose nothing in weight, yield nothing to water; the result is *nil*; all the trouble, time, space, fire, etc., are absolutely wasted." The book deserves success, for it deals with the principles of cookery, and the few recipes are so worded as to compel a recognition of the principles on which they are based. (Frederick Warne & Co., New York. $2.) *Food Products of the World*, by Mary E. Green, M.D. (The Hotel World, Chicago), is a companion book for "The Spirit of Cookery." Together they give the history of the discovery of foods and the evolution of their use in sustaining and increasing the enjoyment of man.

Health in the Home, by E. Marguerite Lindley, is a series of lectures based on the theory which has given Miss Lindley prominence as a teacher of physical culture. The book is published by the author, and sold on subscription only.

The Art of Cookery, by Emma P. Ewing, needs no introduction to the attendants of the Chautauqua summer school, where Mrs. Ewing has made so great a success of the domestic science department. The directions for cooking are simple, and prepared with a view to economy. There are several pages of bills of fare. The book is carefully indexed.

The author of *The Feast of Autolycus*, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, wonders in her preface at the daring of woman in claiming equality with man. She may equal him in politics, science, and industry, "but in the cultivation and practice of an art which concerns life more seriously, woman has hitherto proved an inferior creature. For centuries the kitchen has been her appointed sphere of action. And yet here, as in the studio and study, she has allowed man to carry off the laurels." The author blames woman's want of discrimination in foods, her indifference to the pleasures of the palate, for her lack of highest success in this her special realm. "The Feast of Autolycus," she tells us, "is rather a guide to the Beauty, the Poetry, that exists in the perfect dish, even as in the masterpiece of a Titian or a Swinburne." The success of marriage, this writer believes, rests largely on the uniformity of taste between husband and wife. "Let man and woman look to it that at table delicious sympathy makes them one, and marriage will cease to be a failure." A delicate taste in food, delicate in selecting, not ignorant in rejecting, this author believes is a preservative of beauty. But, alas! as one turns the pages of this beautiful book, the sad truth is forced upon the reader that to follow its suggestions, alluring, attractive, artistic, one must live in a land where work is unknown, for to live by its principles one must have that priceless treasure—a treasure to-day beyond the reach of wealth—Leisure. The book is valuable, for it presents the ideal, the quality sadly lacking in much of our American housekeeping. (The Merriam Company, New York, $1.25.)

Flowers on the table, and a dish that may be called "A Dish of Sunshine," or a "Study in Green and Red," are possibilities according to the writer of "The Feast of Autolycus." But the sanitary expert would have us remember that these may be served in a house the atmosphere of which is laden with death. The first essential of all housekeeping is a knowledge of sanitary conditions and the intelligence to demand them. *How to Drain a House*, by George E. Waring, Jr., Street-Cleaning Commissioner of New York, should be in every household library—and in every home where intelligence governs there is a household library. "How to Drain a House" (D. Van Nostrand & Co., New York, $1.25) is a book of practical information for householders. The author places the responsibility of knowledge of sanitary conditions on women. He says: "The drainage system is, however, a trustworthy ally *only so long as the woman of the house* holds it under close and careful supervision." The principle of healthful living is concisely stated by the author: "Look out well for the health-rate, and the death-rate will lose its significance." The book is illustrated with practical drawings. The text is in clear and forcible English. It is a valuable contribution to a science hidden too often in technicalities that confuse the lay mind.

This century will be known in the ages to come as the century when homes dominated the world's greatest minds. Science and art are the servants of the home. Life and beauty are the products of this age. *Beautiful Homes*, by Louis H. Gibson (Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, $3), is a study in house-building. The author says in his preface, "There is no good reason for ugliness; it costs no more to make an artistic detail than to make an ugly one. . . . It is a question of direction by a trained artist." The book presents plans for house-building, and details for completing an artistic home. The book is beautiful in itself.

The Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling, by Mary Wood-Allen, author of "The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," is designed for home reading and for schools. The last chapters of the book are devoted to pointing out the evil effects of tobacco, alcohol, opium, and condiments; these are designated as "The Foe of the Household," "The Spicy Visitor," "The Deceitful Friend," "Treacherous Companions."

There has been issued a new edition of *The Woman's Club*, a Practical Guide and Handbook, by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. The book is indispensable to those who are about to form a woman's club. Even the club long established will find this handbook useful. (The United States Book Company, New York.)

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

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Foreign Bodies in the Throat

The difficulty of removing fish-bones and similar obstructions impacted at the lower end of the œsophagus is well known, and various mechanical measures and appliances have been invented to deal with the difficulty. One of the most simple, however, and, as reported, one of the most effectual, is to administer to the patient a pint of milk, and forty minutes afterwards an emetic of sulphate of zinc. The fluid easily passes the obstruction, and is, of course, rapidly coagulated in the stomach into a more or less solid mass, which, on being ejected, forces the obstruction before it and so effects its removal.—*Medical Times.*

Is It in the Air?

A little girl has given a new version of the creation, according to an exchange:

"A little girl in the Fourth (Dr. Hall's) Chicago Church has made a valuable contribution to the new woman literature. She told her mamma the story of Adam and Eve. 'Dod, He made Adam, and He put him in a big garden, an' Adam he was so, so lonesome; 'n' then He putted him to sleep, He did; 'n' then He took out his brains and made a woman of the brains, 'n' then Adam he wasn't lonesome no more.'"

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The Outlook Vacation Fund

The interest in The Outlook Vacation Fund is world-wide. The donations to it have been from all classes of society and from every civilized country. Last fall the following letter was received:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

> It has long been my desire to contribute something to the Vacation Fund for working-girls, and reading in your paper of to-day that no one need be afraid that "the smallest contribution is too small," I feel encouraged to send my offering.
>
> The handkerchief inclosed with this letter shows one of the industries of Paraguay. It was brought from there by a friend who has recently made the journey of 1,200 miles to Asuncion, and is the work of the women of that country. I should like it to be sold for the benefit of Cherry Vale, and think it ought to bring double the price it is worth here—namely, five dollars gold—thus covering the expenses for the vacation of some working-girl.
>
> The Paraguay hammock accompanying it, besides being "a thing of beauty" and an ornament to Cherry Vale, is most restful to the tired, as we South Americans have proved by experience during our seven years' residence in a foreign land. As the missionary is herself, in every sense of the word, a working girl, she knows how an easy corner is appreciated for a few moments' rest; and certainly the joy of Cherry Vale must be its rest. H. M.
>
> 1875 Rodriguez Peña, Buenos Aires.

The handkerchief was photographed in order that our readers might get a faint idea—for it can be but faint—of its exquisite fineness. An offer of five dollars was made for it at once by one of the editors, but it was decided to offer it for sale through the columns of the paper.

The hammock is beautiful. It is made of fine cord tied in a pretty pattern, with a valance with knotted fringe ten inches deep. The hammock is beautiful enough to be hung in a large room and filled with cushions. It is altogether too dainty to be hung under trees. The hammocks at Cherry Vale must be able to withstand the usage of a lot of frolicsome girls, and the ravages of weather. It was decided that the intentions of the giver would best be carried out by selling the hammock. One of the officers of The Outlook Company at once offered fifteen dollars for the hammock. The price was accepted conditionally that no higher price was offered.

The readers of The Outlook are offered this opportunity to buy these two articles, the money received to go into the Fund. The articles will be assigned to the highest bidder on June 20. Announcement will be made of the sale. If no higher bids are received, the prices already offered will be accepted: five dollars for the handkerchief; fifteen dollars for the hammock.

The need for money is very great. This week a house that would accommodate fourteen was refused because the Working-Girls' Vacation Society did not have money enough to equip and maintain it.

The connections The Outlook has established with the Working-Girls' Vacation Society place it in a position where it could use for the benefit of working-girls ten thousand dollars a year. A house should be kept open all winter where sick girls and girls out of work would find a home. This house should be used to train girls who need it, in the arts of home-making.

The opportunities of this Fund are limitless, for it is used for those whose hearts and confidences are opened to tell the needs and point out the remedies for many of the unnecessary burdens borne by the working-girls of a great city.

WORKING-GIRLS' VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged	$650 14
W. R. H., Minneapolis, Minn	4 00
S. A., Great Barrington, Mass	5 00
S. S. C., Minneapolis, Minn	2 00
The Asacog Club, Brooklyn, N. Y	140 00
Anonymous, Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
Total	$806 14

For "Tribune" Fresh-Air Fund:

S. A., Great Barrington, Mass	$5 00

In Aid of Armenia

The latest reports from Miss Clara Barton show that the work of relief is being carried on with admirable efficiency. One cable dispatch to the National Armenian Relief Fund says:

> Reports received from four expeditions to-day. Harris, at Marash and Zeitoun, reports that epidemics are under control. Wood, in the Palon district, states that 1,000 cattle are needed for forty villages. Winter, at Carsonjak, has distributed 2,000 garments, 800 bushels of seed, grain, cattle, and tools. Hubbell, at Arabkir, is giving quantities of clothing, bedding, seeds, tools, cattle, and lumber. Fevers are abating, but needs are extreme.
>
> CLARA BARTON.

In a letter to Secretary of State Olney, Miss Barton absolutely denies the rumors that her work has been interfered with by the Turkish authorities. We quote at some length:

> Sir Philip Currie has done and is doing splendid work in facilitating the labors and distributions of the heroic missionaries, the Anglo-American operations through consuls and missionaries, and in a general way our own efforts. But our greatest successes are due to the untiring efforts and sound judgment of our own Legation officers, through whom we are working, and also for the reason that both Palace and Porte have confidence in the singleness of our purpose and the integrity of our personnel. As the Turkish Government is thoroughly convinced that there is no political significance attached to our visit, that we have no sectarian interests to serve, and certainly no racial prejudices, there have been no requests which they have not granted, no suggestions which they have not acted upon.
>
> We have three expeditions in the field, two for general relief work, the third medical. The first, under Dr. Hubbell, is working along a route marked and recognized by the cities of Aintab, Marash, Malatia, and to-day is at Harpoot. The second, under Mr. Wistar, took the course indicated by the cities of Aintab, Gorfa, Diarbekir, and is to-day at Harpoot also. The men of both expeditions have done most of their work outside of the cities, as the cities through which they passed were being cared for by others.
>
> Our medical relief, under Dr. Ira Harris, is now in control in Marash and Zeitoun, where four distinct epidemics are threatening the extermination of the people. A fourth expedition will start this week, ordered and equipped by us, for the interior. This will be a medical relief also, which will divide at Aintab, part of the number going to Marash to assist Dr. Harris, the other part going to the relief of Arabkir, where typhus and dysentery are killing many people.

THE ARMENIAN FUND

Previously acknowledged	$6,911 92
Armenia	100 00
E. S. S., Washington, D. C	2 00
A Friend, Vernon, N. Y	2 00
Methodist Episcopal Church, Sidney, N. Y	36 25
S. M. C. L	5 00
Mrs. J. W. D., Colton, Cal	10 00
W. H. B., Salem, Ia	1 00
Anonymous, Pomona, Cal	10 00
R. A. B., New Castle, Pa	15 00
Current Topics Club, North Greenfield, Wis	5 00
Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, First Congregational Church, Santa Barbara, Cal	4 00
Total	$7,102 17

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The Business World

The Spanish Tobacco Edict

The prohibition of the export of tobacco from Cuba will have a serious effect on the business of American importers, and will particularly injure the Key West tobacco industry. Efforts are being made to procure an extension of the time at the end of which the order takes effect, but there is little reason to expect success. Only ten days were given to remove stock already purchased. General Weyler explains his action by stating that the destruction of tobacco-fields by the insurgents has so reduced the stock of leaf tobacco in Havana that the Cuban factories will soon have to shut down and drive 15,000 cigar-makers out of work, leaving their families helpless. Large quantities of the tobacco now in Havana belong to American manufacturers, and it is urged here that the edict practically confiscates this tobacco. Rumors as to the action of our State Department in the way of remonstrance are as yet unconfirmed. Some papers talk rather wildly of retaliation. It is feared that in time many American cigar-makers may be thrown out of work, though there are large stocks of Cuban tobacco now in this country, enough to supply the demand for the immediate present. Last year the United States imported over twenty million pounds of leaf tobacco from Cuba, valued at about $7,250,000.

Trade and Stocks

The dullness of the stock markets continues, though the fact that positive depression has not occurred is regarded as in itself a most favorable sign under the circumstances, and the end of the week showed a tendency to strength. In the general inactivity there was little of special moment to note in railway securities; in industrials Sugar and American Tobacco recorded rises in price. Gold shipments were smaller than in immediately previous weeks. It was made known that Mr. J. P. Morgan has partly concluded in London a large sale of Northern Pacific 4 per cent. bonds. The money market was as dull as the stock market; call money averaged about 2½ per cent. In trade reports the most favorable incident was the decided falling off in the number of business failures. "Bradstreet's" reports for the week only 216, as compared with 265 the previous week. The practical beginning of summer naturally leads to less activity in general trade; dealers also hold that the political situation has a deadening influence. Exports of wheat were about the same as the week before—1,906,000 bushels, as against 2,754,000 bushels a year ago at the same time. Prices of wheat, flour, oats, sugar, lard, petroleum, and pig iron are slightly lower. Crop reports are generally favorable; in the East the long drought has done some damage, but recent rain has fallen. Leather and shoes have been in active demand.

American and Foreign Bicycles

We have already mentioned some of the startling figures of the year's bicycle manufacture in this country. The business is one in which many millions of dollars of capital are engaged—one bicycle-maker says about $40,000,000 for bicycles alone, not counting in the manufacture of tubes, chains, bells, lamps, cyclometers, saddles, clothing, etc., etc. It is said that about 75,000 men are engaged in the actual manufacture, while a large army of agents, salesmen, teachers, and repairers are making a living out of the "bicycle craze." If the popularity of wheeling should suddenly decrease, something like a panic would follow; of this, however, there is certainly no sign at present. One interesting phase of the subject—that indicated by the title above—is pointed out in the New York "Herald," which says that "whereas a few years ago a great many bicycles were imported from England, and even from France and Germany, to-day at least one of the English manufacturing companies has announced its intention of abandoning the American field, and doubtless others will follow. More than this, and infinitely more important, American bicycles have been proved to be so immeasurably superior, in weight, perfection of mechanism, and general excellence, to the English, French, or German article, that they are being exported in large quantities to those countries, where they have a large sale, and are not only better but cheaper than the home-made article. As a result, or, better, a synchronous consequence, of this noteworthy condition of affairs, an immense new industry has been created in this country, which gives employment to hundreds of thousands of hands, mostly skilled artisans, in all parts of the country."

Growth of American Export Trade

The London "Iron and Coal Trades Review" says: "The growth of the American export trade is one of the factors with which Englishmen will have to reckon in the near future. The American trade and other journals are devoting a great deal more space to this subject than our own, although the issues involved are probably much more serious to our own country than to the United States. We cannot very well keep up our industrial and commercial supremacy without a large export trade, whereas the United States would still be great and prosperous and progressive even if they did not export a dollar's worth of produce, whether raw or manufactured, from year's end to year's end. But the growth of the American export trade of late years has been startling, and, in some directions, even portentous. The export of manufactured goods from the United States is now nearly one-third of the total exports of the country, which at one time, and that not so very long ago, consisted almost exclusively of food and agricultural products. A recent utterance by one of the largest exporting houses in the United States was to the effect that 'America will probably, in the near future, dominate all the markets of the world in the production of manufactured goods. The old-time supremacy of England is on the wane, and even in England itself many grades of American goods, particularly cotton goods, manufactured leather and iron, are sold more cheaply than the native products.' The Americans themselves argue, and not unnaturally, that they must continue to increase the export of their manufactured goods, since their exports of food and other raw products must inevitably decline. In the long run this is no doubt likely to be so, but it is a far cry to the exhaustion of the resources of the United States for the production of food supplies. The last half-dozen years alone have witnessed the bringing under cultivation of enormous tracts of virgin soil in Oklahoma, Indian Territory, and Texas, within a thousand miles of the greatest distributing center, after London, in the world—namely, the city of Chicago. It is not, therefore, because they are likely to cease to export wheat and maize and pork and other agricultural products that the Americans are increasing their exports of manufactured products, but because they are impelled thereto by their command of cheap raw materials and by highly effective if not nominally cheap labor, which enables them to produce a larger quantity of any given product with the same number of hands as compared with the older countries of Europe."

Canadian Exports and Imports

A bulletin put forth by the Secretary of Agriculture, embodying the reports of thirty of our consuls in the Dominion of Canada, shows that the total exports of that country increased during the past decade 33 per cent., and the imports 13 per cent. From 1888 to 1891 Canada's trade with us exceeded her trade with any other country, but since then Great Britain has taken first rank. An important fact to be noticed by citizens of this country is that much of the agricultural product going abroad from Canadian provinces consists of cereals and flour in transit from the United States. Last year the proportion was one-third.

New Canals

The great ship canal from Bordeaux to Narbonne is one of the coming public enterprises. The distance is 320 miles, and the cost is estimated at $150,000,000. Boats will be towed by fixed engines. The long and stormy stretch about the Spanish Peninsula will thus be saved. It is now proposed to connect Toronto on Lake Ontario and Collingwood on the Georgian Bay by a ship canal. The distance is sixty-six miles—a short route, indeed, in comparison with that around by Lakes Huron, St. Clair, and Erie to Lake Ontario.

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Correspondence

"Records and Pledges"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"Great pressure is being brought to bear on Mr. McKinley to make some utterance on the currency question. We hope that he will resist the pressure and maintain his silence." "Silence is not dishonest, double-dealing is always so." From the foregoing remarks contained in the editorial entitled "Records and Pledges," in a recent number of The Outlook, I desire to express my absolute dissent.

To my mind, Mr. McKinley is guilty of moral cowardice in refusing to make some utterance on the currency question. He is, through the managers of his canvass, seeking to secure the support of two antagonistic forces. Two distinct statements, directly opposed one to the other, are made by these managers. Influenced by one or the other of them, gold and silver men alike have pledged themselves to his support. But now it has dawned upon these enthusiastic gentlemen that there is only one McKinley, and therefore either California or New Hampshire must have been deceived. Brushing past the faithful body-guard officered by one Hanna, they ask the Major himself for a plain statement of his financial views.

Your editorial says that his record is sufficient. But those claiming to be in his confidence—and, whether this claim be true or false, it is not contradicted—have undertaken to explain this record. They tell us, however Mr. McKinley may have spoken and voted from 1878 to 1890, he has recently undergone a change of heart. But it would seem to a candid observer that not only has his heart been changed, but broken—one half seeking its rest among the silver barons of Nevada, the other half its asylum with the gold bugs of Wall Street. Therefore, in order that we may correctly interpret this record, we are asking him, not to pledge himself in the interest of any coterie of politicians as your editorial infers, but simply to inform us, the plain people of this land, how he believes the Government may rightly solve the financial problem now confronting the Nation.

This policy of silence is in very truth dishonesty, in that, as I think I have shown, it involves double-dealing.

I would suggest that Mr. McKinley read Browning's "Lost Leader," and study well its meaning. And possibly, though I hesitate to say it, the editors of The Outlook might with advantage do likewise.

A Reformed Bourbon.

Catskill Station, N. Y.

Ought All to be Paid Alike?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Three men go to pick berries in the field. Each is free to pick where he will, and to pick as many as he can. But one is stronger and quicker than the others. Besides, he judges better where berries are likely to be thickest. So he has thirty quarts at night, though the others have only fifteen and twenty. If the strongest says, "My brothers, I am more fortunate than you. But you also have worked faithfully, according to your strength and knowledge. We will share alike," that is love. But if the weaker ones say to the strongest, "You must divide with us," and if, when he refuses, they fall upon him, or compel him to yield by threats of violence, is there any love in that?

Two carpenters are laying shingles upon a village hall. One lays a thousand shingles in a day. The other is quicker of eye and hand, and lays fifteen hundred. The one gives as much to the community in two days as the other gives in three. If the community renders to him again as much in two days as in three days to the other, each man receives his own. If the more efficient says to the community, "It is true that I have produced more than my brother. But he also has worked faithfully, according to his ability. He also has a wife and children. He and I will share alike," that is love and it is beautiful. But if the community, without his will, returns to the more efficient only half the fair equivalent of the whole product of the two, it does not render his own to him, but robs him.

The question is not whether our present social machinery robs the many to enrich the few. To me, for one, it seems clear that it does. The question is not as to the validity of any assumption that one kind of work is superior to another, as Mr. Cleveland's or Dr. Lyman Abbott's to the carpenter's. It is not whether the product of Mr. Cleveland's work, or of Dr. Abbott's, is equivalent to the carpenter's who lays fifteen hundred shingles a day, or to his who lays a thousand, or is greater or less than either. My point is this: if the command, "Thou shalt not steal," has any meaning, the work of a man's hand is his own. Some men produce more than others, and wrong is done unless each man has liberty to retain what he has produced, or its equivalent. If each is permitted to retain his product, or its equivalent, the nation's store of riches, which your correspondent "S. A. R." speaks of, and which the nation should spread before its members to be enjoyed by all on equal terms, will contain just one class of things. They are the things the Creator has provided without men's work: the air and sunshine, the running streams, the surface of the earth where men must build, the fruitful soil, the minerals that lie beneath. To these things no man may claim a better title than any other.

I have no quarrel with my Socialist friends while they urge on each of us the high wisdom of working for others, and not for himself. But though I admit that I shall be a happier and a better man if I give my best to my brother men, it does not seem to me to follow that my brothers will do well to take from me forcibly some part of the berries I have picked or of the house I have built, because I have picked more than they, or built faster. Though it be admitted that the law of love is nobler than the law of justice, yet the law of love is beyond the jurisdiction of the State. The State is force. Force may do justice—it cannot compel love. Less than justice—injustice—will be done by him who shall try by the strong arm to accomplish more.

C. E. E.

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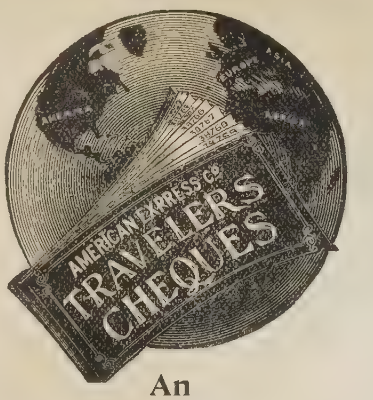

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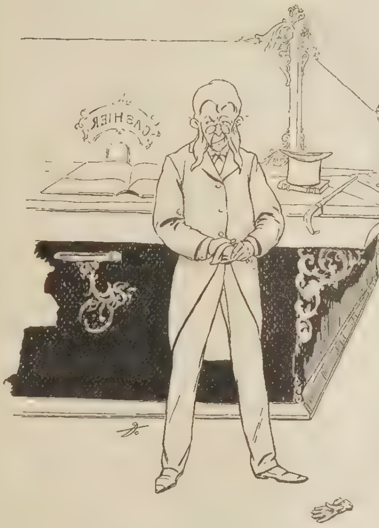

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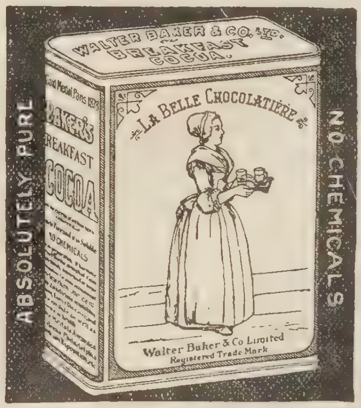

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Purchasers are cautioned to look for the Trade-Mark on the heel.

Do not be misled by trade-marks which are made to *look like* the "Ball-Bearing," but which are not the same. Insist on having "Ball-Bearing" bicycle shoes.

For Sale by all the Leading Dealers

If your dealer hasn't them, we will send you a pair prepaid on receipt of price.
Descriptive Booklet Free.

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A NEW BOOK
ENTITLED
"DELFT EMBROIDERY"

Giving the colors of silk to use in working all the different designs. There are **Engraved Illustrations** of six beautiful patterns, with full instructions as to working each pattern; also information as to cost of linens and silk, and where they may be obtained.

Sent postpaid to any address for 6 cents in stamps.

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HOME TREATMENT FOR

HAY-FEVER

WE OFFER

A Cure That Stays

Our constitutional treatment not only gives **relief,** but eradicates the cause of the disease and **cures to stay cured.**

OUR NEW BOOK—Thesis for 1896—with 2,000 other references whom you can consult, **now ready.** Sent on application with blank for free examination. **GET IT.** Read it. Think it over. Talk with these people or write them. Get ready to meet the season's attack, and **do it now.** Address

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8 Years Cured—W. L. WEDGER,
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7 Years Cured—J. L. TREVILLYAN,
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5 Years Cured—J. W. GILLESPIE,
Black River, N. Y.

5 Years Cured—WM. E. WELLER,
164 Cherry St., Burlington, Vt.

Bits of Fun

The charity which gives away that which it doesn't want is more inclined to vaunt itself than any other kind.—*Life.*

"Papa, what is a 'walk in life'?" "It is that profession, my boy, in which everybody has to run like mad, or get left."—*Chicago Record.*

Hoax—Does Sillicus know anything about music? Joax—No; he doesn't know the difference between a string orchestra and a rubber band.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mr. York—Don't you have trouble in keeping track of your city limits? Miss Chicago—Yes, but there is a strong movement on foot to abolish them altogether.—*Truth.*

"How did Swayzler came out in that little railroad deal he was working?" "It hasn't been settled yet. I don't see what else he can do but plead kleptomania."—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Proprietor (to Editor)—Well, the first number of our new paper looks well, but here is one thing I don't like. "What?" "Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

The "Interior" boasts of a subscriber with a subscription paid up to 1930. That man has taken from his posterity the privilege of using the argument, so dear to minds of a certain caliber, "Stop my paper."—*The Congregationalist.*

"I'm going to tell my pa on you," said Johnny Smithers, as the blacksmith pared some of the bone away from the horse's hoof. "Why? what have I done?" asked the blacksmith. "You ain't got shoes to fit Dobbin, an' you're whittlin' off his feet to suit those you have got."—*London Telegraph.*

We are told that Prince Talleyrand was suddenly awakened one night by the discharge of a firearm. Seeing his valet in the apartment, he asked him what he was doing there. "Prince," the man replied, with stolidity, "there was a mouse in the room, and, fearing it might disturb you, I shot it dead with a pistol."—*Le Patriote Normand.*

Customer—That meat that I bought here last, Mr. Cleaver, was frightfully tough. Butcher—Do you know, marm, that one reason why there are so many poor teeth nowadays is because they do not have enough exercise? Customer—But that steak couldn't be cut with a knife. Butcher—Yes, there is some mighty poor cutlery in the market now. Did you say five pounds, marm?—*Boston Transcript.*

A Career Started.—"I have been thinking for a long time," she said, with a serious expression which contrasted strongly with her usual airiness, "that I ought to have some serious purpose in life. So I have decided to go into literature." "You intend to pursue it seriously, do you?" "Yes, indeed. I've bought a lovely Louis XVI. desk, and I've got some of the most exquisite stationery you ever saw. Mother gave me a gold pen and a mother-of-pearl penholder, and I have just the prettiest silver inkstand!—all covered with filigree work, you know." "You are certainly well equipped." "Yes," she replied, serenely, "I've got a splendid start. All I have to do now is to sit down sometime and think up a piece to write."—*Washington Star.*

Doctors who are in the habit of using long words when visiting patients may take a hint from the following story: An old woman, whose husband was not very well, sent for a doctor. The doctor came and saw the old man. When he was departing he said to the old woman: "I will send him some medicine, which must be taken in a recumbent position." After he had gone the old woman sat down, greatly puzzled. "A recumbent position—a recumbent position!" she kept repeating. "I haven't got one." At last she thought, "I will go and see if Nurse Lown has got one to lend me." Accordingly she went and said to the old nurse: "Have you got a recumbent position to lend me to take some medicine in?" The nurse, who was equally as ignorant as the old woman, replied, "I had one; but, to tell you the truth, I have lost it."—*Scottish-American.*

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY	Pittsburgh.
BEYMER-BAUMAN	Pittsburgh.
DAVIS-CHAMBERS	Pittsburgh.
FAHNESTOCK	Pittsburgh.
ANCHOR	Cincinnati.
ECKSTEIN	
ATLANTIC	New York.
BRADLEY	
BROOKLYN	
JEWETT	
ULSTER	
UNION	
SOUTHERN	Chicago.
SHIPMAN	
COLLIER	St. Louis.
MISSOURI	
RED SEAL	
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JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS.CO	Philadelphia.
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Pure White Lead

(see list of brands, which are genuine) and Pure Linseed Oil. Don't be misled by trying something else said to be "just as good." Any desired shade or color may be easily produced by using NATIONAL LEAD Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

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A Drink That Satisfies . .

Do you realize that you can make a delightful summer beverage from . . . .

"IDEAL"
Root Beer or Lemonade
Tablets

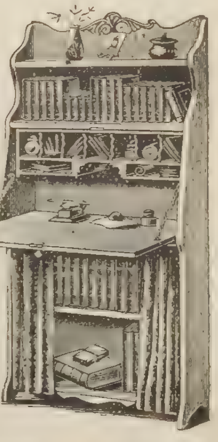
Add one "IDEAL" tablet to a glass of water and sweeten to the taste, no preparation necessary. QUICK and REFRESHING.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THEM

or send us 12 cents for a sample bottle.

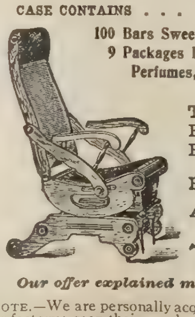
Prepared solely by BILLINGS, CLAPP & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Take a Combination Case of the
LARKIN SOAPS
and a "Chautauqua"
Reclining Easy Chair or Desk
ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.



CASE CONTAINS . . .

100 Bars Sweet Home Soap. 10 Bars White Woolen Soap.
9 Packages Boraxine. 18 Cakes Finest Toilet Soaps.
Perfumes, Cold Cream, Tooth-Powder, Shaving Soap.
If changes in contents desired, write.



The Soaps at retail would cost	$10.00
Either Premium is worth .	$10.00
Both if at retail . . .	$20.00

From factory to family, Both $10.

AND ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. IF SATISFIED, YOU REMIT $10.00; IF DISAPPOINTED, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Our offer explained more fully in **The Outlook Nov. 16th, 23d, and 30th.**

NOTE.—We are personally acquainted with Mr. Larkin, of the Soap Manufacturing Company of Buffalo: have visited their factory; seen their goods and premiums offered, and we know that they are full value. The only wonder is that they are able to give so much for so little money. The Company are perfectly reliable.—*The Evangelist.*

From *The Churchman.*—We have investigated the propositions in above advertisement, and are satisfied that the goods offered are worth more than price charged, and that the Company will do all they agree to.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Old Age

is usually another name for debility. Too much food, and improper food is eaten, overtaxing the impaired digestive organs; the kidneys do not properly carry off the effete products; the brain is sluggish. All these troubles are overcome by the use of

Freligh's Tonic

A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant

Digestion is improved; kidneys stimulated; brain brightened; new energy given. Absolutely harmless.

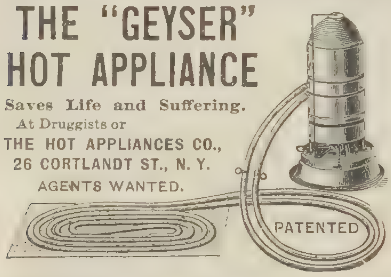
Prescribed by over forty thousand physicians for ten years past. Regular bottle, $1.00, 100 doses. All druggists, or by mail. Sample by mail, 25 cents. Concentrated, prompt, powerful. Descriptive pamphlet, formula, testimonials, etc., mailed to any address.

I. O. Woodruff & Co.,
Manufacturing Chemists,
106-108 Fulton Street, New York City.

Formula on Every Bottle.

THE "GEYSER" HOT APPLIANCE

Saves Life and Suffering.
At Druggists or
THE HOT APPLIANCES CO.,
26 CORTLANDT ST., N. Y.
AGENTS WANTED.



Throw away the cold, clammy poultices, wet cloths, hot-water bags, etc. They commence to grow cold as soon as applied, and therefore do more harm than good.

The Geyser Hot Appliance automatically supplies heat to any degree, uniform or gradually increasing, to any part of the body, producing results never before attained. Giving immediate relief and effecting cures in the following ailments, where all former methods have failed, viz.: pneumonia, pleurisy, neuralgia, sore throat, grippe, cramps, rheumatism, inflammation of bowels or kidneys, backache, carbuncles, and all other ailments when heat (wet or dry) is required.

Adopted by the leading hospitals and sanitariums and indorsed by all the medical profession.

It's easy to feed

some people, but proper nourishment for the invalid, convalescent and dyspeptic is hard to obtain.

Somatose

is a perfect Food and Tonic for the pale, thin anæmic, dyspeptic and overworked.

Somatose strengthens and nourishes; restores the appetite and increases the **weight.**

Somatose is for sale by all druggists in 2-oz., ¼, ½ and 1-lb. tins.

Somatose - Biscuit, palatable and strengthening.

Runkel Bros.' Somatose - Cocoa, for nursing mothers, invalids and convalescents. A pleasant and strengthening beverage for table use. **Runkel Bros.' Somatose - Chocolate** for eating and drinking.

All druggists. Descriptive pamphlets free of
Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

Kiamensi Home for Epileptics

A quiet rural retreat under the constant personal care and professional supervision of experienced specialists.
A home—not an Asylum.
For particulars address
Horace Bradley, M.D., Box 262, Wilmington, Del.

Best Fifty Books of 1895

A list of 306 of the leading books of 1895 was recently submitted by the Public Libraries Division of the University of the State of New York to the librarians of the State and others to obtain an expression of opinion respecting the best fifty books of 1895 to be added to a village library. The Director, Mr. Melvil Dewey, says in a circular: "It was necessary to disregard some lists returned because more than fifty books were marked; a few others reached the office too late to be included. From 139 lists that met the conditions, the following choice is indicated:"

RANK		VOTES
1	Burnett, Mrs. F. H. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. Scribner, $1.50	96
2	Kipling, Rudyard. Second Jungle Book. Century, $1.50	95
3	Maclaren, Ian, *pseud.* Days of Auld Lang Syne. Dodd, $1.25	94
4	Atkinson, Philip. Electricity for Everybody. Century, $1.50	85
4	Brooks, Noah. How the Republic is Governed. Scribner, 75 cts.	85
6	Coffin, C. C. Daughters of the Revolution and their Times. Houghton, $1.50	77
6	Stockton, F. R. Adventures of Captain Horn. Scribner, $1.50	77
8	Lodge, H. C., and Roosevelt, Theodore. Hero Tales from American History. Century, $1.50	72
9	Stedman, E. C. Victorian Anthology, 1837–1895. Houghton, $2.50	67
10	Crawford, F. M. Casa Braccio. 2 v. Macmillan, $2	64
11	Sherman, John. Recollections of Forty Years in the House, Senate, and Cabinet. 2 v. Werner Company, $7.50	63
12	Harris, J. C. Mr. Rabbit at Home. Houghton, $2	62
13	Mitchell, D. G. English Lands, Letters, and Kings. v. 3. Queen Anne and the Georges. Scribner, $1.50	59
14	Lippincott's Gazetteer of the World. New edition. Lippincott, $12	58
14	Walker, F. A. Making of the Nation, 1783–1817. (American Historical Series.) Scribner, $1.25	58
16	Zangwill, Israel. The Master. Harper, $1.75	56
17	Weyman, S. J. Red Cockade. Harper, $1.50	55
18	Clemens, S. L. Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson. American Publishing Company, $2.50	54
18	Henty, G. A. Knight of the White Cross. Scribner, $1.50	54
20	Wiggin, Mrs. K. D. Village Watch-Tower. Houghton, $1	52
21	Porter, L. H. Cycling for Health and Pleasure. Dodd, $1	51
22	Lowell, J. R. Last Poems. Houghton, $1.25	50
22	Maartens, Maarten, *pseud.* My Lady Nobody. Harper, $1.50	50
24	Arnold, Matthew. Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848–1888. 2 v. Macmillan, $3	49
24	Butterworth, Hezekiah. Zigzag Journeys Around the World. Estes, $2.	49
24	Davis, R. H. Princess Aline. Harper, $1.25	49
27	Ward, Mrs. E. S. P. A Singular Life. Houghton, $1.25	48
28	Balfour, A. J. Foundations of Belief. Longmans, $2	47
28	Crockett, S. R. Men of the Moss-Hags. Macmillan, $1.50.	47
28	Lang, Andrew. Red True Story-Book. Longmans, $2	47
31	Guerber, H. A. Stories of the Wagner Operas. Dodd, $1.50	46
31	Lang, Andrew. My Own Fairy Book. Longmans, $2	46
33	Crawford, F. M. Constantinople. Scribner, $1.50	45
33	Leypoldt, Mrs. A. H., and Iles, George. List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs. Lib. Bur., $1	45
33	Oliphant, Mrs. M. O. W. Makers of Modern Rome. Macmillan, $3	45
33	Weyman, S. J. From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. Longmans, $1.25	45
37	Wright, C. D. Industrial Evolution of the United States. (Chautauqua.) Flood, $1.	44
38	Brooks, E. S. Boy of the First Empire. Century, $1.50	43
38	Earle, Mrs. A. M. Colonial Dames and Goodwives. Houghton, $1.50	43
40	Bolton, Mrs. S. K. Famous Leaders Among Women. Crowell, $1.50	42
40	Davis, R. H. About Paris. Harper, $1.25	42
40	Farrar, F. W., and Others. Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals of England. Winston, $3.50	42
40	Mathews, F. S. Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. Appleton, $1.75	42
44	Greene, F. D. Armenian Crisis in Turkey. Putnam, $1	41
44	Jewett, S. O. Life of Nancy. Houghton, $1.25	41
44	Munroe, Kirk. At War with Pontiac. Scribner, $1.25	41
44	Willsey, J. H., *comp.* Harper's Book of Facts. Harper, $8	41
48	Shaw, Albert. Municipal Government in Continental Europe. Century, $2	40
48	Wiggin, Mrs. K. D., and Smith, N. A. Froebel's Gifts. (The Republic of Childhood. v. 1.) Houghton, $1	40
50	Scudder, S. H. Frail Children of the Air. Houghton, $1.50	39

The front wheel of a bicycle should be called "Pride," for often it goes before a fall.—*Philadelphia Press.*

3 Big Words

DIGESTIBLE
NUTRITIVE
PALATABLE

Rolled Into One

WHEATLET

A sensible breakfast food — supplies the right elements for nourishment and is delicious. Without the raw taste of oats and gritty foods.

Ask your GROCER for it to-day
THE FRANKLIN MILLS CO.
Lockport N. Y.

Health Springs from the Cocoanut

Pure and Wholesome

describes the new article of food just being introduced and for your health's sake you should investigate our

Cocoanut Butter

it is a superior article of guaranteed purity to be used in place of butter, lard or compounds in cooking. Requires only one-half to two-thirds the quantity used of other shortening. Endorsed by physicians for purity and by bakers and chefs for its economic value. Sold by all grocers. Write for free book about it.

THE PURE FOOD PRODUCT CO.,
544-554 N. Water St. CHICAGO

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN GERM-PROOF FILTER

An absolutely perfect sanitary filter. Filtering cylinder of porous rock, cleaned instantly by revolving against automatic rock cleaner—without opening filter. No other filter has or can have this device. Full description and prices of filters in a book that will be mailed free to you. Send postal for it. Also **Gravity Filters**—in which we use the Crystal Fountain Rock Tube.

The Geo. L. Squier Mfg. Co.,
Filter Dept. "*F.*" Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A

For the Promotion of Agriculture

The first society for the promotion of agriculture in the United States was established in Philadelphia in March, 1785. The men who were most interested in this committee were those who had no immediate connection with agriculture. Washington and Franklin were honorary members, but the larger proportion were men of mercantile pursuits. In 1894 the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York City determined to make a careful study of agricultural conditions in New York State for the purpose of ascertaining the causes of agricultural depression, and the reasons for the abandonment of farms. This study was one of the most careful which had ever been made, and its results were published broadcast in a special leaflet. Among the recommendations of the committee was that of an Agricultural Conference, which was held in New York City December 9, 1895, the principal speaker being George T. Powell, who discussed agricultural needs and conditions.

As a result of this Conference a Committee for the Promotion of Agriculture was organized, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt. Among the other members of the Committee were R. Fulton Cutting, William E. Dodge, Jacob H. Schiff, Mrs. J. S. Lowell, and Howard Townsend. At its first meeting the Committee elected George T. Powell Director of the Department of Agricultural Education, which was organized along the lines of university extension. The campaign was opened at Mount Kisco, in Westchester County. The speakers who presented the various topics at these agricultural institutes were men thoroughly familiar with their subjects, as was evidenced by the attendance and interest at the sessions. The work included Purdys, South Salem, Yorktown, Purchase, Pleasantville, and Brewster, a total of seventy lectures being given. These meetings were held largely in the milk-producing districts, where the industry has been very greatly depressed—so much so that farmers in some instances were going out of the business. At Purdys one instance was found where a farmer kept careful record of the milk produced by his cows, with the result that he was fairly well satisfied. He knew what his income was; he knew the production of his animals; hence he could calculate the profits. This careful collation of accounts was urged upon the farmers.

The work among children was not neglected by the institutes. Mr. Powell had the valuable co-operation of Mrs. A. R. Comstock, of Cornell University. She treated plant life and insect life in a manner that helped to interest both young and old. There was a large attendance of children from the public schools, and the notes which were taken by the children served as a basis for educational work later.

The following instance shows a fact which is worth all the time and effort of this movement:

At the close of one conference a farmer came to Mr. Powell with the request that he would accompany him home and spend the night, because one son and two daughters were contemplating leaving the farm for the city. Mr. Powell talked with the children that evening, and in the morning went over the farm with them. He found the soil was admirably adapted for the production of fruits and vegetables, none of which had been attempted. Mr. Powell told them how the farm might be improved, and gave them an object-lesson in the pruning of peach-trees, and told them how they could raise a fine quality of fruit. He also suggested that the farm was admirably adapted for strawberry culture. At the close of next day's session the young people told Mr. Powell that they had decided to stay upon the farm and not go to the city.

The evening sessions were instructive as well as entertaining, the co-operation having been secured of Dr. Curtis, of Columbia College, who gave illustrated lectures showing how plants grow, how they obtain their food, the effect of fertilizers, and the manner in which these should be applied. By this means the farmers were able to get an insight of the underground work of the farm. Another lecturer presented certain phases of city life, showing how the people live in the thickly populated tenement districts, how the labor market was overstocked, and the conditions surrounding men and women, with the low wages which they must accept.

The fact that this work has been carried on in Westchester County has led twenty-one other counties to apply to Mr. Powell for the same kind of work. Perhaps the following statement by Mr. Powell to the Committee is the best résume of what has been accomplished: "After several years of experience and special study of this kind of work, I may say to the Committee that this series of agricultural schools just closed has represented the best quality of work for the promotion of agriculture that I have ever seen done in this country."

Every Man His Own Poet

You build a sonnet on about this plan:
  Your first line ground out, take the next one—so—
  And make it rhyme with this one, just below.
Then, next, you match the first line, if you can.
Don't hurry the machine. The lines must scan.
  With steady motion turn the crank. You know
  'Tis not a sonnet if it limps. Go slow.
Now find the rhyme for "scan"—for instance, man.
As to the last six lines some latitude
  May be allowed. Take any word, as "grove."
Now hunt a rhyme for "latitude." Try shrewd.
  This line must end with dove, or love, or strove;
And this with mood, or prude, or crude, or dude.
  And there's your sonnet. Throw it in the stove.

—*Hartford Courant.*

Findings—

"The best, of course," you tell your dressmaker, and trust to her using the

S·H·& M·
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BIAS
VELVETEEN
SKIRT BINDING

Why don't you *tell* her to use it or, better still, buy it yourself?

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free. "Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c., postage paid.

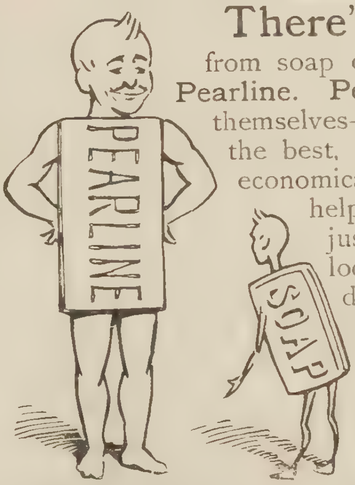
S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

Kitchen Furnishing

COOKING UTENSILS, MOULDS,
CUTLERY, CROCKERY, AND GLASS,
REFRIGERATORS,
HOUSE-CLEANING ARTICLES

LEWIS & CONGER

130 and 132 West 42d St., N. Y.



There's no help wanted

from soap or anything else, when you use **Pearline**. **Pearline** and water—all alone by themselves—that's everything you need for the best, the easiest, the safest, the most economical washing and cleaning. What help can soap add to it? You might just as well get a horse to help a locomotive. Anything that soap can do, **Pearline** can do better—and can do a great deal more besides.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 484

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Relieves Paralysis after a Failure of Hot Springs

The late Dr. P. S. Jones *of Virginia:* "Awaking from sleep in a current of cold air, I found that I had suffered **partial paralysis of my right leg**, which proved to be of a permanent nature, and affected my locomotion so far that **I walked with difficulty** with the aid of a cane. Afterwards I was attacked with hæmaturia. My appetite and digestion were impaired, and I was nervous and sleepless and greatly depressed in spirits. In this condition I made, without deriving benefit, two protracted visits to the Hot Springs of Arkansas. On returning from my last visit I determined upon an experiment with **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. **2**, which proved most happy in result. **After its use for some weeks, I am so improved as to be able to walk readily without my cane.** The hæmaturia is entirely relieved. I can eat heartily; my digestion is good; nervous symptoms gone. I sleep soundly; am attending to my business pursuits, and hopeful of a complete recovery, from the continued use of the water. I do not undertake to account for the action of this water in paralysis, but simply state a fact."

This water is for sale by druggists and grocers generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5.00, f. o. b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent **free** to any address. Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st.

Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va. **On the Atlantic & Danville Railroad.**

SAPOLIO

Like a Good Temper, "Sheds a Brightness Everywhere."

EDUCATIONAL

New York City

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY
Oldest and best known in U. S.
Established 1855. **3 East 14th St., N. Y.**

The Misses Ely's School for Girls
RIVERSIDE DRIVE
85th and 86th Streets, New York

Macy Manual Training High School
(For Boys and Girls)
Under supervision of Teachers College. Fits boys for Columbia College School of Mines in three years. Address
VIRGIL PRETTYMAN, Principal,
Morningside Heights, 120th St., West, New York City.

MRS. LESLIE MORGAN'S
Boarding and Day School for Girls, 15 West 86th Street, NEW YORK CITY. Thorough English from Kindergarten through College Preparatory. Miss Catherine Aiken's Method of Concentrated Attention in Mind Training a special feature; also conversational French and German. Home and Chaperonage for special students.

California

POMONA COLLEGE, Claremont, Cal.—Full College courses leading to degrees of B.A., B.L., B.S. Degrees recognized by University of California and other similar graduate schools. Thirty-five miles from Los Angeles. An Academic course. Preparatory school preparing for all institutions connected with the College. Address C. G. BALDWIN, President.

Connecticut

Brookfield Center, Fairfield Co., Conn.
The Curtis School for Young Boys
A strong life in school and out, full of normal activities and healthy conditions. A clean moral atmosphere, a loyalty, a high purpose—full of help for your boy's manhood. Home life: single rooms. $500. 22d year. A book full of suggestion. FREDERICK S. CURTIS.

The Housatonic Valley Institute Cornwall Conn.
Among the Berkshire Hills of Northwestern Connecticut. Home School for boys. Classical, Scientific, Business, Preparatory Courses. Thirteenth year.
H. B. MacFarland, S. B., L. W. Arnold, A. B., Principals.

The Misses Stowe Principals of the **HOMESTEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Greenwich, Ct.** A Family School for 12 Girls.

WOODSIDE SEMINARY
Reopens Sept. 24th, 1896. City advantages for culture and study. Rural surroundings.
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Chevy Chase French and English Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.—Half an hour from Washington, D. C., by electric cars. French the Language of the house. Reopens October 1, 1896. Address Mlle. Léa Bouligny, P. O. Station E, Washington, D. C.

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Lasell Seminary FOR **Young Women**
suggests to parents seeking a good school consideration of the following points in its methods:

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Resident Nurse supervising work, diet, and exercise; *abundant food in good variety, and well cooked;* early and long sleep, a fine gymnasium, furnished by Dr. Sargent of Harvard; bowling-alley and swimming-bath; no regular or foreknown examinations, etc.

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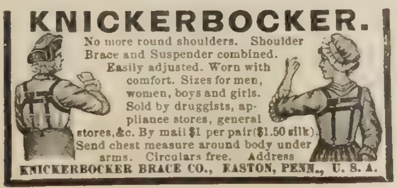

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Common Sense for Bicyclers

The advice given by the greatest of bicycle-riders, Zimmerman, is commended to the vain and silly people who prove that they don't know how to ride every time they get on a wheel.

Zimmerman says: "In riding, sit up straight. It is not necessary for you to stoop over." Every sensible man knew that before, but four-fifths of the boys and young men who ride use low handle-bars and stoop over. Why? Simply from childish vanity. They think it makes them look like "scorchers." That is the height of their ambition. Now, here is the prince of bicyclists, the most famous of wheelmen, who says: "Sit up straight." He means, of course, in ordinary riding. In racing a wheelman can sit on his spine, or on his stomach, or on his head, if he wants to. That is exceptional, and has nothing to do with street and road riding. Low handle-bars are the curse of the wheel. They are a menace to public safety. They deform the body. They injure the health. If they were essential to bicycling, the wheel itself should be abolished. But they are no more necessary than any other sporting device is on ordinary occasions. They belong to the race-track, and nowhere else. A man who would go to church with a pair of boxing-gloves on his hands would be escorted to the door by the sexton.

Another piece of good advice given by Zimmerman was not to rush up hill. The strain on the heart of a rapid gait up grade is tremendous, and in many cases dangerous.

Not one young person in a dozen of those who scorch along on bicycles really knows how to ride. A good rider must know something more than merely how to stick on and go at a three-minute gait. Gracefulness, health, consideration for the rights of others, and other points are essential to good riding, and a very large proportion of alleged bicyclists make no account of these things.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

—Mr. Charles H. Hackley, of Muskegon, Mich., has added $25,000 to his original gift for a manual training school in that town, making his total gift $155,000.

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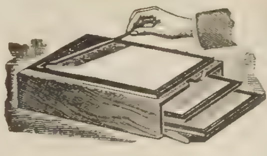

saves time and labor; money too—**100** letters, postal cards, copies of music, drawings, or typewritten copy, in almost no time, and exact copies at that, by using the **Lawton Simplex.** Requires no washing or cleaning, and saves its cost over and again in sending out notices. Costs but little ($3 to $10).

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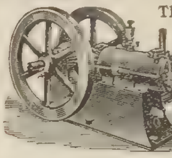

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A private house in a fine situation has been arranged by a physician to receive a limited number of ladies temporarily disabled through nervous diseases.

Those answering advertisements appearing in The Outlook will confer a favor upon the advertiser as well as the publisher by mentioning this publication.

The skeptic says: "If I really believed that letter I wouldn't hesitate a minute."

Thousands *do believe*, and are being cured of their Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh,

Hay Fever, Rose Colds,

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87 Elm Street, Lawrence, Mass., May 6th, 1896.

Dear Sir:—I have been troubled with Bronchitis for the last five years and never found any permanent relief until I commenced using "Hyomei." In January last I made application to one of our leading life insurance companies, but at the medical examination the examining physician said that he could not pass me as my lungs and bronchial passages were badly congested. Soon after, I commenced using "Hyomei," and improved so rapidly that in one month again went before the same medical examiner and this time passed without any further ceremony.

E. B. MOORE (with H. A. Buell & Co.).

Pocket Inhaler Outfit, Complete in Sealed Case (see cut), by Mail, $1.00, to any part of the United States; consisting of pocket inhaler, made of deodorized hard rubber (beautifully polished), a bottle of **Hyomei,** a dropper, and full directions for using. If you are *still* skeptical, send your address, and my pamphlet shall prove that **Hyomei** does cure. Are you open to conviction?

Hyomei Balm cures all skin diseases—25 cents.

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TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to **Box N.**

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Is it getting thin—lessening in volume? If so, I can help you. If totally bald do not write. Select family patronage for ten years. Send self-addressed stamped envelope to Miss RACHEL T. WYATT, Centerville, Mass.

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Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A house of twelve rooms in the village of Salisbury, Connecticut, with about two and a half acres of land connected, a barn, and ice-house filled. Supplied with spring water and corporation water; five minutes' walk from R. R. Station. For particulars address DARWIN WARNER, Salisbury, Connecticut.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate, desires position in Northern summer school, or as tutor during summer. Will teach grammar-school branches or prepare for college. English and Latin specialties. No objection to country. References. Address M. K. C., Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

HOME FOR AN INVALID.—An experienced nurse having an attractive home, half an hour from New York, will receive an aged person or invalid. Best references from New York physicians and families. Mrs. N., No. 1,190, care Outlook.

MASSAGE.—Experienced masseuse (Swedish system) would like position as attendant to ladies, individually or in parties, for the summer. Rheumatic and nerve troubles a specialty Best of references. Address No. 1153, care of The Outlook.

VACATION IN THE CATSKILLS.—I should like to take charge of a few good boys during the summer vacation. Instruction if desired. Unexceptionable reference required. Martin Bähler, Prin., Boys' School, Orange Valley, N. J.

FOR RENT OR FOR SALE, at Delaware Water Gap, Pa., a ten-room cottage with bath-room, fine piazza, etc., located on high ground and near mountain paths, post-office, hotels, etc. Address H. W. BRODHEAD.

AT EAST ORANGE, N. J.—An attractive furnished room, closets, bath, gas, large shaded grounds, with board if preferred. Three minutes from Brick Church Station. References. Address No. 691, care Outlook.

WANTED—Position as tutor during the summer by a Wellesley graduate of experience. No objections to country, seashore, or traveling. Best of references furnished. Address A. W., No. 539, care The Outlook.

AT NORTHFIELD—A furnished flat; six rooms and bath-room, twenty windows and three piazzas, at fifty dollars per month, for July and August. Table board near by. Address Box 106, East Northfield, Mass,

AN AMHERST JUNIOR wants situation during July and August as private tutor to young man or men preparing for college. Terms reasonable. References furnished. Address Box 639, Amherst, Mass.

CHARMING HOME for young ladies on Massachusetts coast with lady of wide experience in chaperoning. Delightful climate: fine bathing; social advantages. For particulars address No. 738, care The Outlook.

A REFINED YOUNG LADY, familiar with French and German, desires for the summer a position as governess or as companion. No objections to travel. Address 742 So. Beech St., Syracuse, N. Y.

TUTORING wanted by a young man, a teacher of two years' experience. Has done private work and traveled with boys. Best of references. Address THEODORE F. COLLIER, Englewood, N. J.

SUBURBAN HOMES can be bought direct from owners at an advantage to the buyers; also first-class plots for investment. Address GRANDVIEW LAND COMPANY, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WANTED—Two or three boarders in a pleasant home in a quiet country village of Western Massachusetts. For particulars address QUIET HOME, No. 1,217, care of The Outlook.

POSITION during the summer, as tutor in college or college preparatory work, by an Amherst graduate, class of '95, who is now teaching. Address Box 66, Becket, Mass.

About People

—A survivor of the Grande Armée, Joseph Roze, has just died at Aubigny, near Bourges, at the age of 102 years. He entered the army at eighteen, became a corporal, and received the St. Helena medal.

—Mr. Andrew Lang was asked recently to answer the question as to what "hymns had helped him most." He wrote in reply that he had derived most benefit from the Homeric hymns, especially those to Demeter and Aphrodite.

—Leo XIII. is the doyen of the Catholic episcopate. He received his episcopal consecration in 1843, and there is no Bishop living whose consecration is so old. It has rarely happened that the Pope was the oldest Bishop in the Catholic world.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury's choice of a third English Bishop for Japan—to be called Bishop of Hokkaido—has fallen on a Cambridge scholar, the Rev. Philip Kemball Fyson, Principal of the Theological College at Osaka, who has been in Japan since 1873.

—Lieutenant-General George Digby Barker, the new Governor of the Bermudas, is sixty-four years of age. He served in the Persian campaign of 1857, was at the relief of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny, and has commanded the British troops in China.

—Oliver Caswel, a blind and deaf mute, to whom Dickens devoted several pages of his "American Notes," died not long ago at Conanicut, R. I. When Dom Pedro visited Newport some years ago, he sent for Caswel and presented him with a gold souvenir.

—The Empress Frederick of Germany will spend a large part of the next two years in England. She will become, it is said, the tenant of Ditton Park, the late Duke of Buccleuch's beautiful old place near Windsor, now belonging to Lord Montagu, of Beaulieu.

—Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech to a gathering of his neighbors, said: "I am a Scotchman by blood. I am a Lancashireman by birth. I am a kind of Londoner by living so long there. I belong to most parts of the country, but my wife, as most of you know, is a good Welshwoman, and I think that to a great extent has infected me."

—The World's Proctor Memorial Association has announced that it will erect the largest observatory in the world on the summit of Mount San Miguel, near San Diego, Cal., as a memorial to the celebrated astronomer and author, Richard A. Proctor. The Association was organized some years ago in California, but it is proposed to make the observatory of an international character, and secure, if possible, the co-operation of the leading Governments of the world. The intention is to equip the institution with the largest telescopes ever constructed, the first one to have lenses five times the size of the Lick and four times that of the Yerkes telescope; if it proves a success, still more powerful instruments will be constructed on the sectional-lens principle, invented by Astronomer Gathman, of Chicago. Mount San Miguel comprises about 12,000 acres, and has an elevation of 3,600 feet.

—The "Christian World," of London, says:

> On Tuesday (April 21) Dr. James Martineau entered upon his ninety-second year. With physical powers hardly diminished, save for a growing difficulty of hearing, during the past decade, with undimmed spirits and intellect, and with unflagging interest in the questions which agitate his younger fellows, the venerable teacher becomes, perhaps, rather more averse than has been his wont to personal publicity; and his wishes on this head are, of course, implicitly obeyed by many friends and devoted admirers. He spent his birthday, as usual, quietly at home. During the day a quantity of beautiful flowers and many kind letters and messages of congratulation were delivered at 35 Gordon Square. Among the latter was a telegram sent, on the motion of Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, from a meeting of the Ministers' Institute, held at Manchester College, Oxford, on the same afternoon. Later in the day Principal Drummond received a reply from Dr. Martineau thanking the brethren for their "gracious remembrance and benediction."

False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

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When you see it on your wheel, you know you have the best

THE LIBERTY CYCLE CO
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STAMPED STEEL CEILINGS

DECORATIVE, DURABLE, AND BEST

for Dwellings, Churches, or Business Houses. Ceilings of any shape, old or new. Send for Catalogue.

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Always use

Cudahy's
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add a rich, delicious

FLAVOR

The Cudahy Pharmaceutical Co.
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A Painted Roof is painted **best** with **DIXON'S Silica Graphite PAINT.** Best results at least cost—lasts 15 yrs. Tell you more about it if you'll write us.

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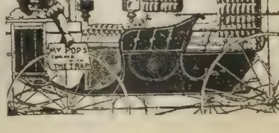

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Address Recreation Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, New York.

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THE KENWOOD MILLS, Albany, N. Y.

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St Louis . .	June 24, 10 A.M.
Ohio . . Sat.	June 27, 10 A.M.
St Paul.	July 1, 10 A.M.
Paris . . (Sat.)	July 4, 10 A.M.
New York . .	July 8, 10 A.M.
St Louis . . .	July 15, 10 A.M.
St Paul. . . .	July 22, 10 A.M.
New York . .	July 29, 10 A.M.
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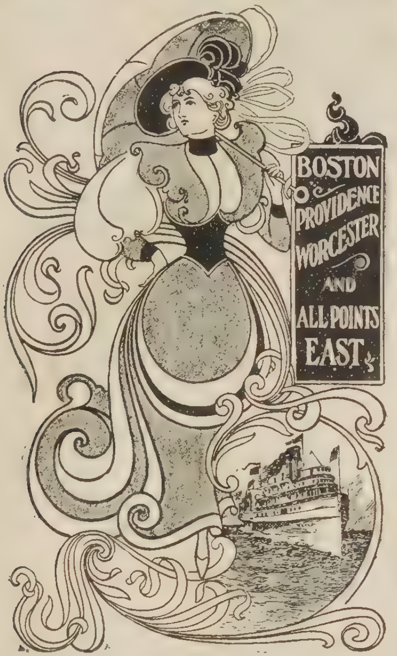

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New Hampshire

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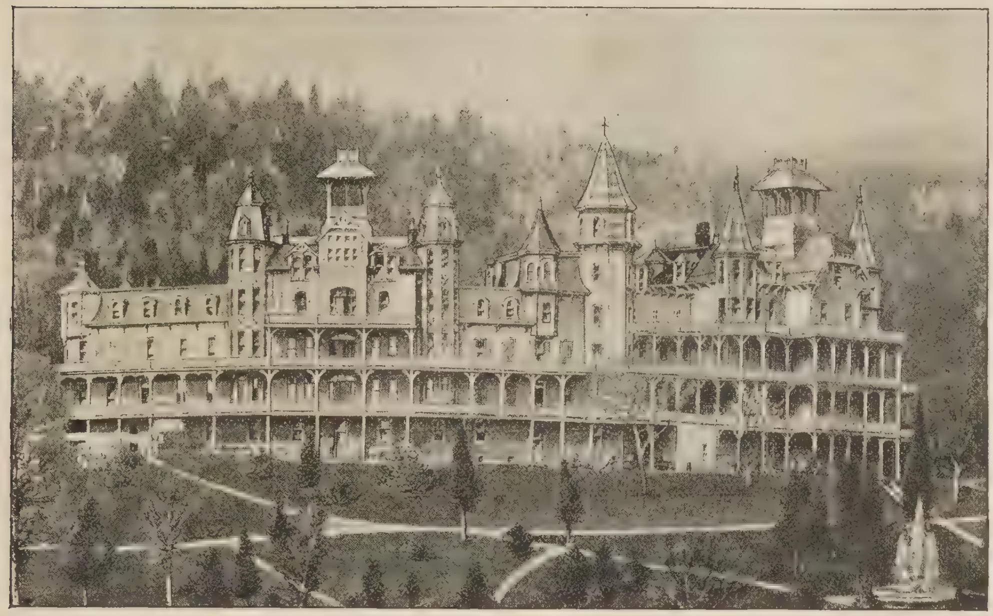

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Hotel St. Charles

OPENS JUNE 1st

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Beautiful scenery; good fishing and boating; pure running spring water throughout the house; bath-rooms, steam heat, old-time fireplace, and all conveniences. Fine drives. A quiet and restful retreat in the woods and mountains. Terms moderate. For full particulars and circulars write to W. J. AYERS & SON,
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Lake Kushaqua in the Adirondacks

Beautiful Resting Place

Direct Vestibule Limited. Opens June 20.

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Send for it.

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ADIRONDACKS

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At Lake Placid, N. Y.

WILL OPEN, JUNE 1st. Special Rates for June.
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Sullivan County, N. Y.

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New hotel, accommodates 250; newly furnished throughout; gas and electric bells, Welsbach burners; closets and bath on each floor; our own orchestra; bicycle room; photographic dark room; bathing, boating, bowling, fishing, tennis, etc.; more amusements, both indoor and outdoor, than any other house in the county. **Terms to suit the times.** Write for elegantly illustrated circular.
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Best location in the Adirondacks. Rooms in cottages. Thirty thousand acres of game preserve exclusively for guests. More deer than in any other section. Address CHAS. FENTON, Number Four, N. Y.

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Opens for the season June 20

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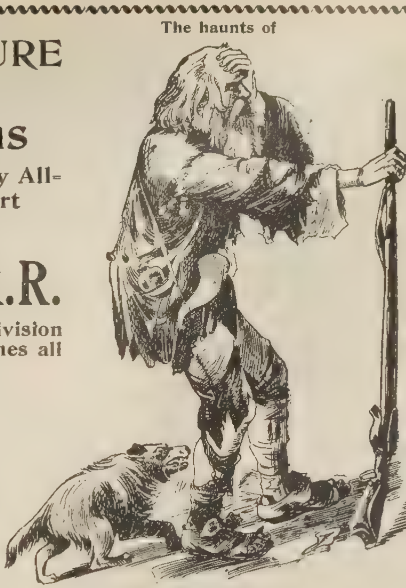

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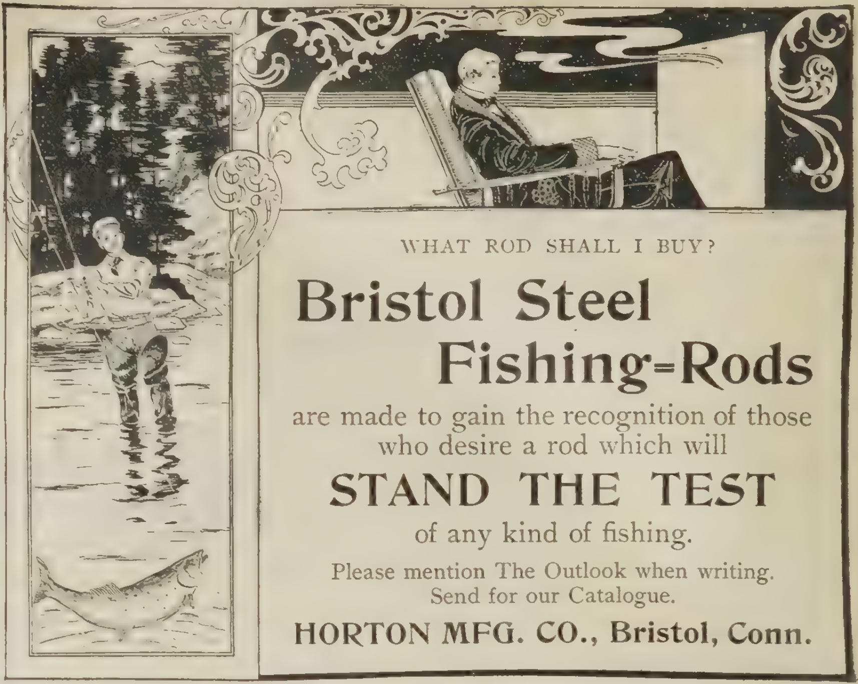

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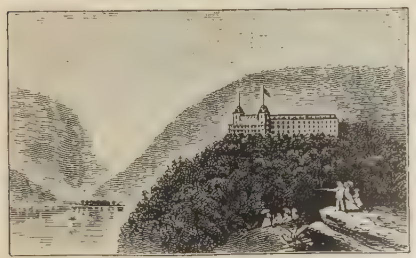

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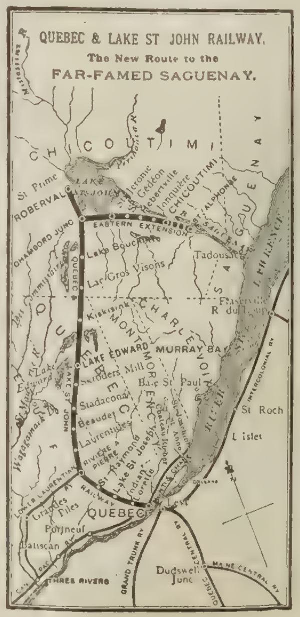

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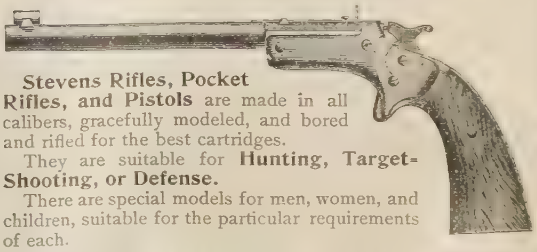

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Would you breathe the healthful air,
Would you flee from business care,
Would you listen to the birds amid the trees?
Would you hide from worldly strife,
Take another lease of life,
And revel in doing just as you please?

Would you hunt and fish and row,
With your heart and cheeks aglow,
Would you dwell 'mid vernal beauty bright and rare?
Then come, O come away,
And let God's sunshine play
Upon you ere you climb the golden stair.

Yes! come from care away,
Let's be merry and be gay,
Let's get a taste of heaven here on earth.
Come out and greet the Spring,
While its joys are on the wing,
And make the glad air gladder with your mirth.

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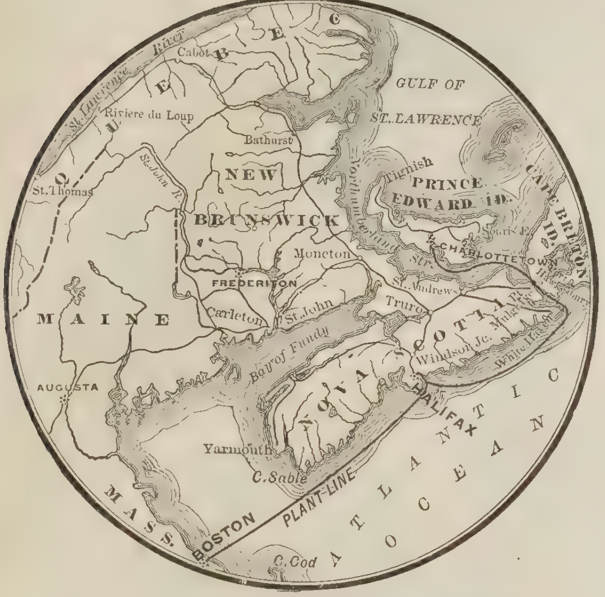

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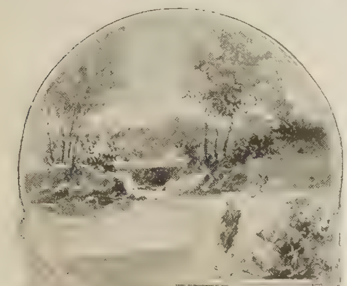

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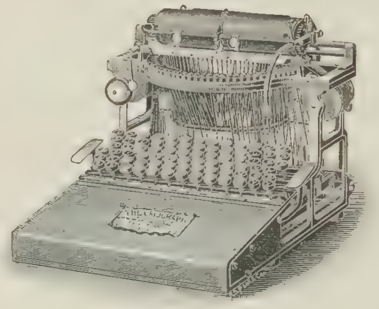

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 27 June, 1896 Number 26

POLITICAL events moved rapidly last week. The Republican Convention assembled at St. Louis on Monday, June 15, at noon. A vivid impression of the Convention is furnished by a correspondent on another page; the platform is reprinted in full on page 1216, and editorial comment on the platform and the nominations is made in another column. The desire of the Republican party as a whole had been so plainly indicated that the Convention was in effect a ratification meeting, ex-Governor McKinley having been nominated on the first ballot by a vote of 661½ to 240½, and the nomination was immediately made unanimous. Mr. Hobart was also unanimously nominated. The impassioned speech of Senator Teller on behalf of the free-silver men was the dramatic feature of the Convention. Those who differ most widely from Senator Teller do not doubt his entire and even passionate sincerity. It looks at this moment as if the free-silver men would wait until the meeting of the Democratic National Convention before deciding upon their policy. In case that Convention declares in favor of free silver, they may co-operate with it. If it does not, they will undoubtedly nominate a ticket of their own, with Senator Teller in the chief place. In any event, the country now has the satisfaction of having the currency question presented to it in a definite and unmistakable form. It is unquestionably the issue of the present campaign; all attempts on the part of politicians of either party to subordinate it to other issues have so far signally failed, and will fail. The popular instinct has fastened itself upon the currency question as the question of the hour, and all those who believe in frank, honest, and courageous dealing with public questions as peculiarly essential in a democratic country will rejoice that the day of evasions and compromises is past.

◆

William McKinley, the Republican nominee for the Presidency, has been so prominently before the public for the last ten years that his personality and the principal facts in his life are already widely known. He is of Scotch descent, and an American in the sense in which Richard Grant White declared the word ought to be used; that is to say, his ancestors came here before the Revolution. Born in Ohio in January, 1843, he attended various schools and entered Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., but fell ill, was obliged to leave college, and began to teach, with the expectation of completing his college course later. He was eighteen years of age when the war began, and in June, 1861, he enlisted, saw active service in several campaigns, and was brevetted Major for gallant and meritorious services at Opequan, Cedar Creek, and Fisher's Hill. He remained with his regiment until the end of the war, when he began the study of law at Canton, O., where he now lives, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He soon attracted attention as a speaker, and entered public life as an enthusiastic Republican. In 1876 he was sent to Congress, and served seven terms in that body, taking an active part in Congressional life from the beginning. He early attracted attention as an enthusiastic protectionist, and his zeal not only placed in his hands the preparation of the bill which bears his name, but has given him the position of leadership he holds in his party. Defeated for Congress in the election of 1890, he was almost immediately elected Governor of Ohio, and was re-elected two years later. He was married in 1871. Mrs. McKinley has, unfortunately, been an invalid for many years, but, in spite of her ill health, has contributed, it is said, in no small measure to Major McKinley's popularity and success. The face and figure of Major McKinley indicate vigorous health, steadiness of nerve, and cheerfulness of temperament. He is an attractive and persuasive speaker, an excellent conversationalist, and a man of unblemished personal character.

◆

The nomination by the Republican Convention of Mr. Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey, for the Vice-Presidency—like that of Mr. Stevenson by the Democrats in 1892—illustrates the difficulty, under present conditions, of placing in nomination for the Vice-Presidency a man of really National reputation. But, although Mr. Hobart has not hitherto been widely known outside of his own State, he is in every other respect a fit and excellent candidate. He is in warm sympathy with the principles and aims enunciated in the platform; his personal integrity and character are of the highest; and he has had a wide experience within his own State in business, legal, and political matters. Mr. Hobart was graduated at Rutgers College in 1863, and soon after entered the practice of law. As an attorney, a stockholder, and a receiver, he has had much to do with many large corporations, and his executive abilities developed in this way are great. He has been Speaker of the New Jersey Assembly and President of the New Jersey Senate. His legislative career has been an active one, and a large number of bills have been originated by him. His name has been mentioned more than once in connection with the United States Senate, and there is little doubt that he could have obtained a nomination if he had desired it. In 1880 he became Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and has continued in that office ever since. For the last twelve years he has been a member of the National Republican Committee. Mr. Hobart is about fifty-two years of age. In placing him in nomination Judge Fort, of New Jersey, thus described him: "He is in the prime of life; a never-faltering friend, with qualities of leadership unsurpassed, of sterling honor, of broad mind, of liberal views, of wide public information, of great business capacity, and withal a parliamentarian who would grace the Presidency of the Senate of the United States."

◆

A most important event in the Democratic campaign for the week has been the statement made public by President Cleveland. In it he expresses his belief that the Democratic party will not be "so unpatriotic and foolish" as to place in its platform a demand for the "free, unlimited, and independent coinage of silver;" he reiterates his attachment to the party and belief in its future; and he declares that he "desires hereafter no greater political privilege than to occupy the place of private in its ranks." There is even yet an astonishingly small amount of discussion regarding the Democratic candidates to be put in nomination at Chicago. President Cleveland's declaration would seem to remove him from the list of possible candidates, although some papers still declare that he would accept the nomination if forced upon him. It would seem quite improbable in any case that the free-silver men, who form such a large proportion of the delegates, would be willing to accept Mr. Cleveland as a candidate. Democratic conventions were held last week in Maine, Florida, Arkansas, Delaware, and Idaho. In Maine, after a fierce wrangle, a resolution was adopted by a majority of ninety-two opposing the free coinage of silver, and favoring the single gold standard "unless a different standard is adopted through international agreement." In Florida the single-standard men gained a partial victory, though by a narrow margin; a resolution instructing the delegates in favor of free coinage was defeated, and one referring all financial questions to the National Convention was adopted by a vote of twenty-three to twenty-two; a majority of the delegates elected are opposed to free coinage. The Arkansas Convention, on the other hand, adopted resolutions urging the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, and opposing the issue of interest-bearing bonds for any purpose in time of peace. The Idaho Convention also declared emphatically for free coinage, and the same is true of the convention in Delaware. A recent estimate places the number of delegates elected who are in favor of free coinage as 576, of those opposed as 352; 298 are still to be chosen.

⁂

Quite as important as Mr. Cleveland's expression of opinion on the currency question is the very definite statement which Mr. W. C. Whitney puts forth, and which is notable alike for its frank disclosure of his own position and its frank expression of anxiety for the future of the Democratic party. He says that for the last fifteen years leaders of public opinion in the South and West have been advocating as a remedy for existing financial ills free coinage of silver at sixteen to one; that this advocacy has been general and conscientious; that a large majority of the delegates to the coming Democratic Convention have been elected for the purpose of incorporating that doctrine into the platform of the party. Eastern Democrats, on the other hand, believe almost universally that such action would bring general ruin to the country, and that the incorporation of free coinage into the platform would be likely to cause a disruption of the party. If the movement for free coinage meant the establishment and maintenance of gold and silver upon equal terms with each other and at a parity of purchasing power, there would be no substantial disagreement in the party; but free coinage, in Mr. Whitney's judgment, would mean going over to a silver basis. France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and Austria desire to establish the double standard, but no two or three of them, even with the co-operation of this country, believe themselves able to maintain the double standard. In Mr. Whitney's judgment, the prospects for international action looking for bimetallism were never so promising. "It has come to pass that among the persons in Europe who are trained, recognized scientists upon monetary and economic questions, scarcely one is not at the present moment advocating the desirability of the joint standard as the real solution of the monetary difficulties of the world. This includes every professor engaged in teaching or lecturing on these subjects in the universities of Great Britain." Such a consensus of scientific opinion tends to diffuse itself rapidly, and that diffusion is going on. At this moment, when the possibility of international action is becoming more definite, it would be, he thinks, a fatal mistake for this country to take up, alone, free coinage of silver on its own account, as the financial disorder which going over to the silver basis would produce might postpone indefinitely the realization of international action for the establishment of bimetallism. Mr. Whitney closes his statement by an emphatic declaration that he will not under any circumstanccs be a candidate for the Presidency.

⁂

The Supreme Court of Indiana last week handed down a decision affirming the constitutionality of the Nicholson temperance law. This law, it will be recalled, forbade the local authorities to issue licenses against the remonstrance of a majority of the voters, required the removal of all blinds or screens preventing a full view of saloon bars during hours in which sales are illegal, and made it unlawful for any one not a member of the saloon-keeper's family to enter a bar-room when sales are prohibited. The Court declared that it had no right to pass upon the wisdom of the law, or even its justice, unless express provisions of the Constitution had been violated. No such violation was found in the law. The attorneys for the liquor-dealers maintained that the local option provision gave a majority of the voters in a locality a legislative power, while the Constitution restricted the exercise of such power to the representatives elected by the people of the whole State. The Court held, however, that the control of the liquor business in a locality was not a legislative function, and that it might be delegated to the whole body of the voters as constitutionally as to a Board of Supervisors. The Court further held that all the important restrictions placed upon the sale of liquor were constitutional, and that any citizen who signed a remonstrance against the issue of licenses could not withdraw his name after the time for the obtaining of new signatures had passed. This last point in the decision is especially important, as the liquor-dealers have in many places prevented the closing of the saloons by inducing a few signers of remonstrances to withdraw their names, and thus reducing the number of the remonstrants to a minority of the voters. It is believed that the Court's decision will be followed by the systematic enforcement of the law in nearly all parts of the State.

⁂

The City Club of New York some months ago began an examination of the books used by the election inspectors in this city at the last election. The objects of this investigation were twofold: to obtain definite information concerning the competency of the men who applied yearly for the position of election inspectors, and to secure accurate data as to the number, location, and disabilities of the voters claiming assistance. The result of the examination, which has been conducted by the Club at the expenditure of considerable money and time, has justified the effort. At the last election 2,379 voters were assisted. Of this number over thirteen hundred declared themselves illiterate; they could neither read nor write. More than six hundred in one Assembly District gave defective eyesight—partial blindness—as the reason for asking assistance. Seventy-seven were assisted because of old age. The loss of arms, hands, or legs prevented one hundred and thirty-four citizens from voting without assistance. Paralysis was given as the cause of needing assistance by one hundred and three; rheumatism was given by thirty-four; nervousness by twenty-three; palsy by fourteen. One gave "a confused mind" as the reason for needing assistance, and two "invalids" were assisted. The greatest illiteracy existed in the Second Assembly District, two hundred and eighty-nine voters acknowledging their inability to read or write. This is, on an average, six to each election district. The Second Assembly District extends from Whitehall Street to Canal Street. It has been, and is, one of the strongest Tammany districts in the city, and is always the scene of more or less disorder on election day. The district ranking second in illiteracy is the Sixth Assembly, one hundred and fifty-four in this district acknowledging their inability to read and write. The examinations show that the election inspectors had but a faint conception of the law governing the casting of the ballot.

❀

The college commencement season has not been marked by any very striking incident, but the reports from the different colleges show a steady growth in resources and in number of students, in spite of the long financial uncertainty and depression. Every year registers an important expansion of educational opportunities, large additions to educational apparatus, and a material gain in the financial resources of the different institutions. There is, indeed, no more encouraging sign of the times in this country than the progress which higher education has made during the last twenty years. Two American scholars have been selected for the highest university honors abroad. The University of Cambridge has conferred honorary degrees on Professor Simon Newcomb, of the Johns Hopkins University, and on Professor Francis A. March, of Lafayette College, a selection which will command the assent of all American scholars. Professor Newcomb has already received similar recognition from other universities abroad and in this country of his eminent attainments as an astronomer and as a mathematician. Professor March has long been one of our foremost philologists and one of our most eminent teachers. Among interesting local events of the year is the offering of a prize in poetry at Yale University, which is to be open for competition to any member of the University, on some subject relating to history and art. The judges who are to make the award this year are Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Mr. Francis Fisher Browne. In this connection it is a pleasure to note the organization of a series of courses for teachers in the same university, embracing such subjects as psychology and pedagogy, political and social science, history, English, the modern languages, mathematics, and a number of sciences. The course will consist of twenty-four exercises which are to be given on Saturdays during the college year, and are to be under the charge of the best-known men in the Faculty of the University.

❀

Another hopeful indication of the possibility of international arbitration is seen in Lord Salisbury's reply last week to an address presented by a committee of the International Arbitration League, headed by Sir John Mowbray. Lord Salisbury not only expressed the desire of the British Government to arbitrate disputes whenever possible, but specifically declared that there was every hope that the matters now under discussion between the United States and Great Britain would soon be amicably arranged. Lord Salisbury said that it was his desire that the principle of arbitration should be extended as far as was consistent with the just rights of those whose interests were committed to the charge of the Government, and he believed that the same view prevailed in the United States. The various difficulties besetting the question had to be solved one by one, and the deputation must not be impatient if the discussion of these matters was conducted with deliberation and circumspection, in order that no mistake should be made whereby the ultimate triumph of the principle might be jeoparded. From other official English and American sources it is learned that negotiations between the two countries in regard to the Venezuelan question are in progress and that a settlement may soon be reached. Just what basis is likely to be determined upon it is as yet impossible to say, as the diplomats on both sides of the ocean are naturally extremely reticent. A report that a collision had lately occurred between Venezuelans and parties of British Columbians in the disputed territory lacks confirmation.

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Lord Salisbury has made, in the House of Lords, a definite statement with regard to the ultimate aims of the Nile campaign. The immediate object of the expedition, according to the Prime Minister, and as the world knows very well, is to protect Egypt from the inroads of the Soudanese and to assist Italy at a critical point. So far as the protection of Egypt is concerned, the most experienced students of the situation have long felt that that could be accomplished only by a practical control of the Soudan country. General Gordon declared twelve years and more ago that Egypt could be guarded only by destroying the Mahdist force. "If the Governments of Egypt and France do not pay more attention to the Soudan, . . . the absorption of the Soudan from Cairo is only a question of time;" and his main charge against the policy of the Government was expressed in the words, "You will not let Egypt keep the Soudan, you will not take it yourself, and you will not permit any other country to occupy it." This policy, which the Government refused to follow at the time, Lord Salisbury has now apparently adopted. He has committed himself apparently to the restoration of order in the country where General Gordon fell a victim, if not a martyr, to his own earnest conviction of the moral necessity of English rule in that section. The Prime Minister does not commit himself to anything further than the occupation of Dongola this year, but it is very clear that the expedition will not stop at Dongola. The very occupation of that place will arouse a sentiment in the Soudan which will compel England to make herself master of the resources which the Mahdists now hold in reserve and of the country which furnishes such a basis for activity. The task of ruling Egypt has never been a light one. It looks now as if it would impose upon England the necessity of keeping order not only along the Nile but in that vast expanse of territory which has been so prolific of religious fanaticism and political disorder in the past.

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The festivities at Moscow did not pass off without untoward incidents, the most appalling of them, of course, being the awful tragedy which involved the death of several thousand persons who had come to share in the festivities. An unexpected incident occurred at a dinner at the German Union. Prince Henry was present as a representative of the Emperor of Germany. In the course of his speech the chairman referred to the other German princes who were present as members of Prince Henry's suite, and also as the vassals of the Emperor of Germany. This statement was not only incorrect in both particulars and very much out of taste, but it was also extremely unfortunate in the present state of feeling, the steady aggressions of Prussia having already borne fruit in a general state of suspicion and irritation among the princes of the other German States. If Prince Henry had had tact, he would instantly have disavowed or qualified the unfortunate phraseology of the chairman, but he allowed it to pass; thereupon Prince Louis of Bavaria, the heir apparent of the Regent of that Kingdom, with more heat than formality, interrupted the chairman and protested that the German princes were in no sense the vassals of the Emperor of Germany, but his allies, and that every German State in the Empire was as sovereign as Prussia itself. Prince Henry then made the second blunder of leaving the room in evident anger. The incident in itself is not important, but it shows that good breeding does not always obtain even among the highest personages and on the most august occasions. It is significant, however, of the feeling toward Prussia which is steadily growing in the other German States, and especially in the South German States. The German Empire is grounded in the affections and sentiment of the German people, but the German Empire is one thing, and the absorption of the Empire by the Prussian State is another; and the latter is a process which is likely to be resisted in every possible form.

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It has long been evident that the French Protectorate of Madagascar could not be permanent in its character. An arrangement by which a practically subject country manages its own affairs and commits its foreign affairs to the management of a conquering race is not a lasting arrangement. No surprise was excited, therefore, by the bill which has been introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies formally annexing Madagascar and organizing it as a French colony. It is quite likely that this may be in the long run a favorable turn of affairs for the island itself; although the brave resistance of the Hovas, in addition to the fact that they are being despoiled of possessions which are theirs by right, has not made other nations especially sympathetic to the French movement. Moreover, the French have not been successful as colonists. No people in Europe love their own homes so devotedly as the French, nor suffer so much from nostalgia when they are in other lands. There is, in fact, no other land in which the arrangements for living on a moderate income are so comfortable as in France, and no other country in which so much material pleasure can be gotten out of life with such a small expenditure of strength and money. This delightful home attraction has told against the success of French experiments in colonization, and so far the colonies which France has planted have drawn upon her resources rather than contributed to them. It is said that over $30,000,000 a year are spent on the French colonial possessions, and that Algeria, where France has so long had a free hand and enjoyed so many opportunities of turning her possession to profitable account, still taxes the mother country about one-half that amount per annum; and these expenditures, it ought to be added, are in the line of ordinary expenses. To these must be added great sums for the support of military establishments. The French are attracted by a showy foreign policy, but they have paid very dearly for it in recent years—so dearly that they must regard the addition of Madagascar to the territory covered by the French flag with no sanguine expectations of increased revenue or prosperity.

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While hosts of American art students have sought and found instruction in France, very few have made use of French academic opportunities. The enormous majority of all Americans studying abroad have spent their time mainly in Germany. This has been due, not only to the great opportunities which German universities have offered, but also to the fact that their doors have been thrown wide open to foreign students. In France, on the other hand, no attempt has been made to encourage the coming of students from abroad, and, in fact, everything has been done to discourage them. In Germany the diplomas of American colleges are accepted at their face value. In France examination requirements which have presented great difficulties to foreign students have barred the way to entrance to university studies. Dr. H. J. Furber, of Chicago, has not only given this matter a good deal of attention, but has set at work influences which have brought about a very material modification of the conditions of admission in the departments of science at the French universities. He prepared and sent to the French Minister of Public Instruction, in June, last year, a memorial, in which he set forth the facts already stated, and this was followed by the formation of a Franco-American Committee, upon which was secured the active co-operation of some of the foremost French scholars. As a result of discussion and petition, a ministerial decree was recently issued which places American students in the Faculty of Sciences substantially on the same footing as native French students, the diploma of any well-known American college being sufficient to secure matriculation. After matriculation, a student may elect his own courses, study wherever he pleases, and present himself for final examination in his own good time. Thus not only ease of admission is secured, but freedom of transference from one institution to another. In the Faculty of Science and also of Theology, French institutions of higher learning are now as hospitable as the German universities, and it is likely that the Faculty of Letters will soon follow the example set by the other Faculties.

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Benjamin H. Bristow, whose death occurred in this city on Monday of this week, has been removed for nearly twenty years from the sphere of politics. He will be remembered, however, as representing much that is best in political life. As Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant, the vigor and astuteness shown by him in prosecuting those engaged in the notorious Whisky Ring frauds earned the gratitude of the better elements in both parties. He at once became prominent as a possible candidate for the Presidency, and in the National Republican Convention of 1876 he received on the first ballot 113 votes. During the campaign which followed he cordially supported Mr. Hayes. Mr. Bristow was a Kentuckian by birth, and, after supporting Mr. Lincoln in his first candidacy for the Presidency, entered the Union Army, fought under General Grant, and was wounded in the battle of Shiloh. His ability as a lawyer was of the highest, and it found unusual opportunity for its exercise when he held the office of United States District Attorney for Kentucky and that of Solicitor-General of the United States. During the last years of his life he had resided in New York, and had carried on an extensive and important law practice.

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It would be difficult to name any person who would be more missed from the literary and social fellowship of New England than will be Mrs. Mary B. Claflin, whose sudden death occurred last week. Both her country home at Newtonville and her city home in Boston were for many years centers of a fellowship not to be seen in any other community in the United States, and in few if any other homes. Mrs. Claflin was not accustomed to make much of formal gatherings of literati—though some remarkable occasions of this sort are connected with the history of "The Old Elms," such as the Mrs. Stowe breakfast, given a number of years ago. But her home was a hospitable resting-place, where men of genius were at ease, without demands made on them or exhibition made of them. Among her intimate friends were Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Lucy Larcom, Stedman, Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and Sumner. Mrs. Claflin has given the public a little glimpse of this beautiful life in her last book—"The Old Elms." She was a woman of remarkable executive ability, of singular poise of character, with that excellence of judgment which such poise generally confers, with a refined culture, the result of a long life spent in really the best society of the country—best measured by heart and mind—and a fine literary taste, showing itself as truly in her conversation as in her too infrequent contributions to literature. All her gifts she consecrated with great singleness of purpose and unconscious simplicity of nature to the service of others. No one thought of envying her the wealth, position, culture, and friends she possessed, because they were all used by her to confer blessing upon others. "I know," says Paul, "both how to be abased and how to abound." There are not too many Americans who know how to abound. This is a knowledge which Mrs. Claflin possessed in an eminent degree, and it won for her from all who knew her at all intimately that love which is so much to be desired above mere admiration. She was admired for her abilities; she was loved for her unselfish employment of them. Many a charity will miss her as sorely as will the social circles which she helped to create and inspire.

The Republican Platform

The Republican platform, in its clear enunciation of principles and in its wise silences, is superior to any recent platform literature in our political history. It is wisely silent respecting the issues which grew out of the war. It has turned its face from the past toward the future. With the exception of the planks on the subject of temperance and woman—planks so platitudinous that a reasonable sense of humor should have sufficed to exclude them—the platform expresses, in clear and cogent English, positive convictions on the great National issues of the hour. Its most important utterances, by which the issues of the campaign will practically be decided, are those upon protection, currency, and our foreign policy.

Its protection plank seems to us to mark a decided advance toward a permanent protective policy over any previous utterance of the Republican party. Whether a comparison of this with previous platforms would justify this declaration or not, it is certain that protection as defined in this platform is proposed, not as an incident in a revenue-raising tariff, nor as a temporary expedient for promoting infant manufactures until they are strong enough to meet with foreign competition, but as a permanent National policy for the purpose of excluding foreign competition and raising domestic prices—protection, not of manufactures by the admission of raw material free, but of the products alike of the field and of the factory. With this is coupled a declaration in favor of reciprocity—"free admission for the necessaries of life which we do not produce." The principle of protection as thus defined seems to us to have as its intended effect the building up of a wall between nations. If generally accepted by other nationalities, we should find our breadstuffs excluded from England and our pork from Germany, for it is a poor rule which does not work both ways. The Outlook desires, on contrary, to see all walls between nations taken down, and the same unrestricted traffic between all the civilized nations of the globe which now exists between all the States of this Union. Reciprocity might bring this about, but not reciprocity as defined by the Republican platform. The voter, however, has to decide, not between ideal systems, but between such systems as are practically offered to him in the alternatives of a political campaign. Between a tariff system organized for the protection and promotion of all American industries, agriculture and manufacturing, and such a hybrid as finally passed the Congress of the United States, by which, despite a platform declaring in favor of tariff for revenue only, protection was offered, not to all American industry, but to certain special industries favored by financial interests in the Senate, we cannot think the American people will long hesitate. The Republican platform offers a definite, consistent, self-respecting policy. So did Mr. Cleveland's famous message; so did the Wilson Bill as it proceeded from the hand of its author. So did not the present tariff measure after great corporate interests had exerted their influence upon it.

On the currency question the Republican party declares itself "opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved." This is perfectly explicit, and the country is to be congratulated on so definite and clear a statement. On all currency questions we speak with reserve. They are confessedly most difficult; they require expert judgment; and, unfortunately, expert judgment is not always disinterested. We believe that the gold standard has worked, and is working, serious injury and serious injustice; but, so far as we can judge, the abandonment of the gold standard by this country without the co-operation of the other nations with which it is commercially united would work greater injury and greater injustice. It would almost inevitably give us two kinds of money, of unequal value. It would almost inevitably shake, if it did not shatter, the credit system on which the prosperity of the Nation depends. It would almost inevitably separate us from other nations with which our commercial prosperity is identified, and impair our credit alike in our own country and in other countries. It would not improbably delay, and possibly prevent, the adoption of a bimetallic standard by international agreement, so effectively urged by Mr. Whitney in his letter from which we quote in another column. Whether it produced these results or not, it would be a leap in the dark; and a leap in the dark it is never wise for a people to take, and the Anglo-Saxon people are never inclined to take it. As between the free coinage of silver and the maintenance of the present standard until bimetallism can be secured by international agreement, the latter we believe to be the more conservative, the more cautious, and the safer course.

Upon the third great National issue, perhaps the most important of the three, the Republican platform favors what may be properly termed an aggressive foreign policy. It believes that the Hawaiian Islands should be controlled by the United States, that "the Nicaraguan Canal should be built, owned, and operated by the United States," that the Danish Islands should be purchased for a naval station, that increase of colonial possessions in either the North or South American continents, even by purchase, should be resisted, and that our navy and our harbor and seacoast defenses should be further enlarged. Upon these points The Outlook differs from the Republican platform. We believe that it is wise to leave the Hawaiian Islands to take care of themselves; not to interfere with the affairs of the South American States, except for the protection of our own National interests in the remote contingency of their being in peril; to leave the Nicaraguan Canal to be built by private enterprise whenever there is a prospect of sufficient commercial profit to justify so great an undertaking; and, finally, we doubt the wisdom of any further enlargement of our navy, and we think that a permanent court of arbitration would be a far more effective and a far less expensive protection to our coast than any enlargement of harbor and seacoast defenses.

Professor Phelps on International Arbitration

Professor E. J. Phelps, in an article in the July "Atlantic Monthly," states from the conservative point of view the objections to a permanent court for the settlement of all issues between nations—a supreme court of Christendom, analogous to the Supreme Court of the United States. His objections may be briefly stated to be (1) that "an arbitration cannot extend the rules of international law beyond what is already established, since those rules find their only sanction and authority in the general consent of nations;" (2) "nor can it be expected that any controversy whatever which involves national honor will be submitted to arbitration by any nation capable of self-vindication;" (3) "that the same considerations will likewise prevent the reference to such a tribunal of any dispute involving the integrity of the territory of a nation;" (4) and, finally, that "in no case whatever can that remedy (arbitration) be successfully proposed where popular feeling on the one side or the other has reached fighting heat and has passed beyond the control of representative government."

Anything which Professor Phelps writes on this subject is entitled to be treated with great respect by all readers of intelligence on both sides the Atlantic. Nevertheless, we cannot but think that Professor Phelps's article shows more of the spirit of the lawyer than of the statesman; of the man who is governed by precedents than of the man who is guided by principles. There is danger, certainly, in the visionary who evolves an ideal out of his own imagination and then seeks to conform his practice or the practice of the community to this ideal. But there is also danger in the traditionalist who imagines that nothing can be which has not been, and measures all propositions for reform by historical precedents. The wise philosopher does neither; he considers the history of the past chiefly that he may learn from it what are the principles by which mankind should be guided and governed, and when he has elucidated these principles he applies them with unhesitating courage to new conditions. Thus, he perceives that a permanent tribunal has taken the place of wager of battle in the settlement of questions of personal and property rights; that public opinion has taken the place of the duel in the settlement of questions of personal honor; that the Supreme Court of the United States has taken the place of war in the settlement of controversies in this continent arising between over forty independent States; and, finally, that in the last century more than seventy-five different questions arising between different nations have been settled by appeal to courts of arbitration. From this history of the progress of the past he deduces the conclusion that the day is not far distant when all questions between nations will be settled by an appeal to reason, as now all questions between individuals are settled and all questions between the States of this Union.

To answer Professor Phelps's objections as briefly as we stated them: (1) An international tribunal would be the method of determining what is the general consent of nations, as now the State tribunal determines what is the general consent of individuals. (2) No question of national honor can be stated which would not better be solved by the appeal to reason than by the appeal to force of arms. (3) The integrity of national territory, regarded, as it ought to be, as a sacred trust, would be better protected by such an appeal than by the arbitrament of arms, which settles nothing but the relative force of the combatants. (4) And, finally, the creation of a permanent court, to which as a matter of course all issues arising should be referred, would prevent popular feeling from passing beyond the control of representative government exactly as it has prevented popular feeling from passing beyond such control, except in one instance, during the hundred years of our national existence.

It appears to us that Mr. Phelps has not acquainted himself even with the latest precedents. At least there is nothing in his article to indicate that he is aware of the fact that, within the last twelve months, France has, by the nearly unanimous action of its legislative chambers, proposed a permanent treaty of arbitration between that country and the United States; that negotiations are now pending between England and the United States for a permanent tribunal for the settlement of issues arising between those two nations; and that the International Parliamentary Conference, in which were members from fourteen different European Parliaments, has not only proposed to its respective Governments the organization of a permanent tribunal, but has formulated a plan for its organization. With these indications present before us, we ought not to go back one or two hundred years to determine what can be done in this close of the nineteenth century and this opening of the twentieth for the substitution of reason in the place of force as a means of settling questions of justice between the nations.

Growth Through Experience

There is a general agreement among men that experience is the most effective and successful of teachers; that for many men no other form of education is possible; and that those who enjoy the fullest educational opportunities miss the deeper processes of training if they fail of that wide contact with the happenings of life which we call experience. To touch the world at many points; to come into relations with many kinds of men; to think, to feel, and to act on a generous scale—these are prime opportunities for growth. For it is not only true, as Browning said so often and in so many kinds of speech, that a man's greatest good fortune is to have the opportunity of giving out freely and powerfully all the force that is in him, but it is also true that almost equal good fortune attends the man who has the opportunity of receiving truth and instruction through a wide and rich experience.

But individual experience, however inclusive and deep, is necessarily limited, and the life of the greatest man would be confined within narrow boundaries if he were shut within the circle of his own individual contact with things and persons. If Shakespeare had written of those things only of which he had personal knowledge, of those experiences in which he had personally shared, his contribution to literature would be deeply interesting, but it would not possess that quality of universality which makes it the property of the race. In Shakespeare there was not only knowledge of man, but knowledge of men as well.

His greatness rests not only on his own commanding personality, but on his magical power of laying other personalities under tribute for the enlargement of his view of things and the enrichment of his portraiture of humanity. A man learns much from his own contacts with his time and his race, but one of the most important gains he makes is the development of the faculty of appropriating the results of the contacts of other men with other times and races; and one of the finer qualities of rich experience is the quickening of the imagination to divine that which is hidden in the experience of other races and ages.

The man of culture must not only live deeply and intelligently in his own experience, rationalizing and utilizing it as he passes through it; he must also break away from its limitations and escape its tendency to substitute a part of life, distinctly seen, for the whole of life vaguely discerned. The great writer, for instance, must first make his own nature rich in its development and powerful in harmony of aim and force, and he must also make this nature sensitive, sympathetic, and clairvoyant in its relations with the natures of other men. To become self-centered, and yet to be able to pass entirely out of one's self into the thoughts, emotions, impulses, and sufferings of others, involves a harmonizing of opposing tendencies which is difficult of attainment.

It is precisely this poise which men of the highest productive power secure; for it is this nice adjustment of the individual discovery of truth to the general discovery of truth which gives a man of imaginative faculty range, power, and sanity of view. To see, feel, think, and act strongly and intelligently in our own individual world gives us first-hand relations to that world, and first-hand knowledge of it; to pass beyond the limits of this small sphere, which we touch with our own hands, into the larger spheres which other men touch, not only widens our knowledge but vastly increases our power. It is like exchanging the power of a small stream for the general power which plays through Nature. One of the measures of greatness is furnished by this ability to pass through individual into national or racial experience; for a man's spiritual dimensions, as revealed through any form of art, are determined by his power of discerning essential qualities and experiences in the greatest number of people. The four writers who hold the highest places in literature justify their claims by their universality; that is to say, by the range of their knowledge of life as that knowledge lies revealed in the experience of the race.

It is the fortune of a very small group of men in any age to possess the power of divining, by the gift of genius, the world which lies, nebulous and shadowy, in the lives of men about them or in the lives of men of other times; in the nature of things, the clairvoyant vision of poets like Tennyson, Browning, and Hugo, of novelists like Thackeray, Balzac, and Tolstoï, is not at the command of all men; and yet all men may share in it and be enlarged by it. This is one of the most important services which literature renders to its lover; it makes him a companion of the most interesting personalities in their most significant moments; it enables him to break the bars of individual experience and escape into the wider and richer life of the race. Within the compass of a very small room, on a very few shelves, the real story of man in this world may be collected in the books of life in which it is written; and the solitary reader, whose personal contacts with men and events are few and lacking in distinction and interest, may enter, through his books, into the most thrilling life of the race in some of its most significant moments.

No man can read "In Memoriam" or "The Ring and the Book" without passing beyond the boundaries of his individual experience into experiences which broaden and quicken his own spirit; and no one can become familiar with the novels of Tourguéneff or Tolstoï without touching life at new points and passing through emotions which would never have been stirred in him by the happenings of his own life. Such a story as "Anna Karénina" leaves no reader of imagination or heart entirely unchanged; its elemental moral and artistic force strike into every receptive mind and leave there a knowledge of life not possessed before. The work of the Russian novelists has been, indeed, a new reading in the book of experience; it has made a notable addition to the sum total of humanity's knowledge of itself. In the pages of Gogol, Dostoievski, Tourguéneff, and Tolstoï the majority of readers have found a world absolutely new to them; and in reading those pages, so penetrated with the dramatic spirit, they have come into the possession of a knowledge of life not formal and didactic, but deep, vital, and racial in its range and significance. To possess the knowledge of an experience at once so remote and so rich in disclosure of character, so charged with tragic interest, is to push back the horizons of our own experience, to secure a real contribution to our own enrichment and development. Whoever carries that process far enough brings into his individual experience much of the richness and splendor of the experience of the race.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

In the issue of The Outlook of May 30 under this head was published a letter announcing that the writer had sent to The Outlook a handkerchief and a hammock, both the work of the women of Paraguay, the handkerchief to be sold for the benefit of this Fund, the hammock to be sent to Cherry Vale. The hammock is so beautiful that it did not seem to be designed for rough, out-of-door use, and subject to the ravages of the weather. The editors decided that both of these articles should be offered for sale in the columns of The Outlook for the benefit of the Vacation Fund. This decision was announced in the same issue in which the donor's letter was published; the sale to close June 20, the articles on that date to be assigned to the highest bidders.

The bidding was spirited. Several offers of ten dollars each were made for the handkerchief. Offers of varying amounts were made for the hammock. One offer made stated that the money was to be kept whether it was the highest bid or not.

The highest bid for the handkerchief was twenty dollars, made by a lady, a resident of New York City. The highest offer for the hammock was one hundred dollars, made by a gentleman, a resident of New York State. The owners of these two articles are to be envied for the pleasant thoughts that must always be associated with their use.

THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged	$1.443 38
Mrs. J. I. B., Summit, N. J	25 00
A Working Woman	2 00
T. C. Van N	5 00
F. H. W	5 00
M. E. C., New York, N. Y	5 00
J. F. R., Hutchinson, Kan	2 00
A Friend, Pomona, Cal	5 00
Young Ladies' Institute, Windsor, Conn.	10 00
F. W. Van W	15 00
Mrs. L. E. P., River Falls, Wis	5 00
Presbyter, for Hammock	100 00
King's Daughters Circle, Hillside School, Norwalk, Conn.	8 50
E. A. N	25 00
C. J. E., Middletown, N. Y	5 00
N. Y. G., Syracuse, N. Y	3 00
Mrs. J. E. C., Corning, N. Y	5 00
Mrs. M. O., Corning, N. Y	5 00
J. S. T., New York, N. Y	5 00
From a Friend	5 00
W. W. L., Philadelphia, Pa	10 00
Mrs. S. S. B., Camden, N. J	5 00
H. C. C., Boston, Mass.	5 00
L. H. S., New Haven, Conn	3 00
Tokio, Japan	2 00
Friend in Ohio	1 00
G. B. T	2 00
Mrs. J. E., Ridgefield, Conn	25 00
Altruria	5 00
M. G. B., Montclair, N. J	10 00
R. B. G. G., East Greenwich, R. I	10 00
L. W. D., Brookline, Mass	3 00
M. L. F., Swarthmore, Pa	10 00
Total	$1,774 88

The Republican National Convention

From a Special Correspondent

MY first impression of the St. Louis Convention was an unfavorable prepossession. By the time our train left Philadelphia nearly every car was filled with men wearing badges. A more frivolous body, to use no stronger word, it would be difficult to get together. If there was any thoughtfulness or seriousness of purpose among them, it was not apparent in looks, manners, conversation, or behavior. It was the kind of a crowd a horse-race would have attracted. Upon reaching St. Louis, however, and seeing the delegates separated from the claqueurs who came in the interests of candidates, I found that my prepossession had to be modified. The delegates, as a whole, were a strong body of men. They did not represent the more serious elements in the Republican party; but they were representative of its successful business men. Many of them, indeed, bore the familiar stamp of the professional politician indifferent to ideas and scornful of moral reforms. But the professional politician was less in evidence than I anticipated. Taken as a whole, the delegations were composed of what are called the "solid" men of the Nation.

The real battle of the Convention, as every one knows, had been fought and finished before its opening session. The question of candidates had been determined by the instructions of the people. Had it not been so determined, Mr. McKinley would never have been nominated. One had only to visit a very few delegation headquarters on Monday, or mingle a very little among the crowds that thronged the lobbies of the principal hotels, before he found that the dominant spirit of the Convention was for neither the Ohio platform nor the Ohio candidate. The men who served as delegates, even from the States further West than Ohio, were, as a rule, out of sympathy with Mr. McKinley on the money question. Even in the California delegation, which was instructed to support the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, a majority of the delegates were personally in favor of the gold standard. The men who are sent as delegates to the National Conventions represent the classes and forces favorable to monometallism, and if those at St. Louis could have gone back and faced their constituency, they would not only have adopted a gold platform, but they would have nominated a candidate to match it. Mr. Reed would probably have been the favorite. There was far more enthusiasm for him than for any one else. Had he been nominated, it is possible that the Convention might have been described as an enthusiastic one.

What made it worth while to attend the Convention was the opportunity it gave to learn at first hand about the political situation in every part of the country. Every delegation had its headquarters in one of the leading hotels, and it was easy to find some one at leisure and glad to talk with you, no matter what headquarters you visited. It is true that some of these talkative gentlemen were no more instructive than the ordinary newspaper editorial or campaign manager's bulletin. You had only to know how the talker stood to know how "everybody" stood. But the testimony of such incarnations of public sentiment was less confusing than would appear if it were reported. The whole manner of the men would indicate to you that they were simply claiming, and you had only to drop the conversation and talk with some one else. A surprising number of men would tell you that their opinions differed from those of most of the people in their States. Particularly was this true of those who came from rural districts in the South. Most of these men were themselves hostile to the silver movement—some of them regarding it as a Democratic device to account for the fearful depression of trade under the Democratic Administration. This depression these men thought was due to the Democratic tariff, and they believe that with the restoration of protection high prices would return for farmers as well as manufacturers, and prosperity would again be universal. But while these were their views, they would tell you with regret that the farmers in their States were talking nothing but free silver, and that the silver movement in the rural districts knew no lines either of party or color.

The great triumph of the men who managed the gold-standard movement in the Convention was the change in sentiment among the Southern delegates before a vote was reached. This change was especially marked among the negroes. In part it was due to the able and honorable work done by Dr. Courtney, a member of the Massachusetts delegation. Dr. Courtney took in hand the task of intellectually persuading the negro delegates to accept gold. On Monday he assembled them in the Massachusetts headquarters, and pleaded with them, for the credit of their race, to support the standard demanded by the culture of the party. There was, however, another delegate at work among the negroes whose arguments were believed to have been of another kind. This was William Pitt Kellogg, the carpetbag Governor of Louisiana who later became distinguished as the leader of the worst elements among the negroes in the lottery campaign four years ago, and in the New Orleans campaign a few weeks ago. Between Dr. Courtney's public appeals to the negroes and Mr. Kellogg's private appeals, all but six of them were persuaded to indorse the gold standard.

Before Monday was over the silver men knew precisely how the battle had gone, and what would be their own course of action. On Monday evening one of their leaders, who was a personal friend, outlined to me the programme which afterwards was carried out. He and his associates were more delighted with the prospect of an explicit gold-standard plank than Senator Lodge and Mr. Platt themselves. They had felt that they could not support the party if it really stood for the continuance of the gold standard, and they were profoundly grateful that the real attitude of the party was to be expressed in a way that could not be misunderstood by any of their constituents. This was particularly the sentiment of the younger men, and my friend told me that in his State the silver movement was pre-eminently a young men's movement.

The first day's proceedings of the Convention had but one distinguishing characteristic, and that has already been dwelt upon by every independent paper in the country. It was the utter absence of enthusiasm. The speech made by temporary Chairman Fairbanks was not in any way a poor speech, and it was altogether in accord with the platform adopted by the Convention. But it fell perfectly flat. Its declarations for "sound money" and against the free coinage of silver elicited some applause, but its declarations for protection scarcely any at all. The day following, permanent Chairman Thurston's speech was much better received. Each sentence declaring the attitude of the party upon various public measures was received with cheers, and they had a genuine ring. The remainder of the second day's proceedings, however, were characterized by a general lifelessness. They were, indeed, of a routine nature, and no Convention could have been deeply stirred by them. The most important business transacted was the disposition of the report of the Committee on Credentials in favor of seating the contesting or McKinley delegation from the State of Delaware, instead of the regular or Quay delegation led by Mr. Addicks. Upon this there were spirited speeches, Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, pleading the case of the Delaware boss whose name has become synonymous with the purchasing of votes. The vote upon this question furnished the first real test of the strength of the McKinley following. It stood 545½ to 359½ in favor of sustaining the Committee's report and seating the McKinley delegation. As some professed supporters of Mr. McKinley voted in favor of the Addicks delegation, the assurance of Mr. McKinley's nomination was made doubly sure.

On the afternoon of the second day the Committee on Resolutions met, and the break in the party which the events of Monday foreshadowed was accomplished. In the Committee on Resolutions the silver men could make their strongest showing, for each State and Territory, however small its population, had a representative. North Carolina alone among the Southern States supported the free-coinage contingent, but this support gave the silver men eleven votes upon the Committee. Senator Teller pleaded with all his strength and all his heart for the adoption of a bimetallic plank. The speech he made in this Committee was really the farewell of the silver men to the Republican party. Senator Teller was himself deeply affected. In his youth, he said, he had left the Democratic party on the slavery issue before the Republican party was organized. This change he had made easily, for he was then young and his political life was before him. It was very different for him now to leave the party to which he had given the strength of his life, and from which he has received his highest honors. There were tears in a good many eyes, and one Western Senator actually cried over the impending separation. During the evening I heard Congressman Hartman, of Montana, describe the scene. "It was," he said, "as if they were burying friends." But the separation was inevitable. The silver men were not ready to compromise further than to accept the free coinage of the American product, or general free coinage with a tariff on imported silver equal to the difference between the price of foreign bullion and that of American coin. Each of the compromise propositions was negatived by the same vote as the free-coinage proposition pure and simple, and when the silver men left the meeting of the Committee they left it realizing that they were no longer members of the Republican party.

In the evening I met several of their leaders. I had been impressed with the marvelous hold Senator Teller had upon his younger colleagues, and when I met him I found that this was due to the personality of the man more than to his ability or his exceptional scholarship. His face was plain, but his bearing was characterized by dignity and sincerity. Later in the evening, by mere accident, I rode with him to the suburbs. There was nothing aggressive about his attitude. He was perfectly clear about the course to pursue, but had evidently entered upon it in no light mood. He was confident of the triumph of his cause, but he remarked, rather sadly, that he did not know that he should live to see it. Congressman Towne, of Minnesota, the ablest free-coinage Republican of the Northwest, was confident that his State would support the free-coinage cause. The currency question so completely overshadowed every other in the campaign that he had little doubt of the fusion of all the free-coinage elements. Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, who holds in the Democratic ranks the same position as Mr. Towne in the Republican, urged as strongly as Mr. Towne that fusion must and could be effected.

On the last day of the Convention the programme agreed upon was carried out. Senator Foraker presented the majority report of the Committee on Resolutions; Senator Teller presented the minority report, favoring the free coinage of silver. After reading the plank offered by the minority, he urged its adoption in a speech stating at length the attitude of himself and his colleagues. This speech was vigorously applauded by the silver men on the floor and in the galleries, but in no way equaled his appeal to the Committee on Resolutions the day before. The Convention heard him through, but not without some manifestations of impatience. Then followed the vote upon the free-coinage resolution. It was tabled by a vote of 818½ to 105½. In most States in which the vote was divided each delegate was required to go on record. But this declaration of faith did not satisfy the free-coinage men. Senator Dubois, of Idaho, requested that the gold-standard plank be separated from the remainder of the platform, and each delegation vote upon it. There were many Republicans, he said, who opposed the gold standard though they did not accept the free coinage of silver, and he wished the delegates to place themselves on record in this matter. Colorado and Montana seconded the request for a division of the platform, and the roll-call was ordered on the anti-silver plank. This was indorsed by a vote of 812½ to 105½. Thereupon Senator Teller asked the privilege of the floor for Senator Cannon, of Utah, who read the protest of the more radical silver men against the change in the party's creed, and the announcement that they could no longer consider themselves members of the Republican party. When Senator Cannon reached the concluding paragraph, declaring that the Republican party, "once the redeemer of the people," was "now about to become their oppressor," he was stopped by a sweeping storm of hisses and cries of "traitor." The Convention would hardly have allowed him to read the names of the signers of the protest had it not been for Chairman Thurston's dignified handling of the situation. With difficulty restoring quiet enough to make himself heard, he called out in a clear voice, "The Chair suggests to the Convention that the Republican party, in convention assembled, need not fear any declaration." For the first time since the Convention opened, the hall rang with cheer after cheer given because the feeling compelled it. Senator Cannon was at last permitted to read the names of the signers. Thereupon he and Senator Teller shook hands with the officers of the Convention and left the hall, followed by their supporters, a few cheers, and a volley of howls of derision.

What happened after this, except the balloting, will be of no interest a year hence, or even a few weeks hence. Senator Lodge's speech nominating Speaker Reed fell below the expected level. So, too, did that of Mr. Depew nominating Governor Morton, though this was better received. No one of the speeches stirred the Convention. The outcome was already determined, and oratory full of purpose and fire was perhaps impossible. At all events, no one of the orators reached a high level. The twenty-five minutes' applause at Mr. McKinley's name, and the fifteen minutes' applause which greeted that of Senator Quay, were mere demonstrations of enthusiasm, not expressions thereof. When the candidates for Vice-President were named, the enthusiasm manifested was for Henry Clay Evans, of Tennessee, defrauded last year of the Governorship of that State. Nevertheless, Mr. Hobart, of New Jersey, with the solid support of the New York and Pennsylvania delegation, had an easy victory.

The bolt of the silver delegates at St. Louis was not the result of the explicit "gold" plank adopted in the platform. The matter had been talked over for months, and the silver-mining States had determined not to accept another compromise. The explicitness of the anti-silver plank simply added Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, to the number of those who walked out of the Convention, and Senator Hansborough, of North Dakota, to the number of those who will support the new silver party. The nomination of Senator Teller by the seceding delegates had also been long under advisement. His candidacy had been assured the support of several of the most prominent Populists and a large number of prominent Southern Democrats. To the latter Senator Teller's opposition to the "Force Bill" and his support of the income tax seemed ample compensation for his protectionism. When, therefore, the seceding silver delegates met and nominated him, they knew that his name would receive at least respectful consideration at Chicago and enthusiastic advocacy at the later conventions at St. Louis. The address issued by the silver delegates nominating Senator Teller set forth briefly that allegiance to personal conviction is a higher duty than allegiance to party; that the question of the maintenance of the single gold standard or "the restoration of bimetallism" is the supreme issue of the campaign; that those who believe in the free coinage of both metals must act together to obtain success; and that the public and private life of Senator Teller fit him for the leadership of the allied forces. The document issued by the Populist leaders indorsing the position of the silver Republicans, and urging the acceptance of Senator Teller's candidacy by the Populist party, was inferior in style and lacked the signatures of many of the best-known Populists. Nevertheless, it was signed by the Chairman of the Populist National Committee and several other men prominent in the party organization.

St. Louis, Mo.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Frances E. Willard[1]

By Lady Henry Somerset

IN the life of Cardinal Manning, which has lately attracted so much attention in England, it is narrated that, while still a dignitary of the Church of England, Manning obtained an interview with the late Pope. As an English ecclesiastic he was much pained to find that the head of the Holy Roman Church was singularly ignorant of some of the most salient features of the Anglican Communion. But the Pope was interested to know any particulars that he could give of a woman who had done much for prison reform and for the uplift of fallen humanity, and questioned him closely on Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, her work, and the sect to which she belonged (of which he seemed to know nothing), and eagerly asked every possible detail. The reforms which called out the consecrated energy of Mrs. Fry have to a large extent ceased to be matters of vital and immediate interest. Our prisons are no longer places where men and women are herded together like human cattle; and the best methods for the management of penal settlements occupy the thoughts of all who are interested in sociology. But the fact that the necessity for her work has in a measure passed away has in no way minimized the greatness of the woman who brought about such amelioration. She stands as the ideal prisoners' friend, in whose footsteps each one has endeavored to tread who has sought in any way to assist the friendless and forlorn.

In like manner I believe that long after the Temperance Reform has become a matter of past history, long after the "Woman Question" has brought about the equality of men and women, political, social, and financial, the name of Frances Willard will be remembered, not only as one who led a great movement, but as one who gave her life, her talent, her enthusiasm, to make the world wider for women and better for humanity.

Such a record will be associated with no particular form of philanthropy, but will stand among the landmarks of the ages that point the progress of the world along the upward way. Remarkable as a speaker, excellent as a writer, with a genius for organization, perhaps Miss Willard's rarest gift is the power of inspiring others with a belief in what they can accomplish. Many a speaker has attained oratorical fame and many a philanthropist has accomplished wonderful ends by devotion and hard work, but to few has it been given so to arouse women on every hand that on all sides captains have been called, companies have been enlisted, armies organized, and the most timid, undeveloped, and apparently commonplace individuals have been transformed, under the magic power of her

AN EARLIER PORTRAIT

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[1] This article forms one in the series "Founders of Great Movements." A previous article in this series was that on General William Booth, by Commander Railton, in The Outlook for February 22. Other articles will be on Dwight L. Moody, by Prebendary Webb-Peploe; on Bishop Vincent, by President W. R. Harper; and on Francis E. Clark, by John W. Baer.

enthusiasm, into untiring workers and gifted speakers. She possesses in a rare degree the quality of making others believe that they are capable, for the simple reason that she believes it herself. She sees the germs of a possibility where to the ordinary eye there is nothing but the arid and commonplace, but under the sun of her sympathy this germ grows into a very harvest of accomplishment. There are women in America and England who have probably brought the question of the possibilities for women as clearly before the public mind as Frances Willard, but to none belongs the honor so much as to her of having influenced the masses of the home women. It is comparatively easy to convince a thinking few of the logical position which the advocates for women's liberty bring forward; it is extraordinarily difficult to penetrate the walls of prejudice which have surrounded the average woman, which has kept her a patient prisoner under the dominion of man in Church, in home, and in State, and which has been reinforced by the misquotations and misunderstandings of religious teaching, and cemented by the traditions which have been handed down for centuries; but when the history of these times comes to be written it will be found that this is actually what Frances Willard has accomplished. It has not only been carried out by the infinite patience, iron determination, and extraordinary personal sympathy of the woman herself, who, having devoted herself to a line of work, has gone forward as unswervingly as the arrow flies from the bow. Difficulties have not daunted her, sneers have not sapped her enthusiasm, fatigue and hardship have not held her back.

MISS WILLARD'S COTTAGE AT TWILIGHT PARK

Miss Willard has been depicted so often in pen and pencil, in the mezzotint of the critic and the full coloring of the admirer, that it is difficult to present an original view of such a model; but, instead of "beginning at the beginning," as the children say, I propose to present Frances Willard as she appears to-day, and, looking down the avenue of time, trace that distant horizon which has caused her to be all that she is to the world of philanthropy and reform.

In October, 1891, I stood for the first time on the platform of the railway station in the "classic town" of Evanston. I had only landed in America a few weeks, but my steps were naturally bent to the Mecca of White Ribboners. It was a sunny autumn day; the rare tints of ruby and gold that gleam as summer's funeral torches in the glad New World were flaming in brilliant beauty along the shady alleys of that lovely spot on the shores of Michigan.

Like all temperance women good and true, I had placed Miss Willard's image in the inmost shrine where I pay loyal devotion to those rare spirits who lead the ranks of reform; and yet, as the train glided towards Evanston, I felt that our idols seem made but to be shattered, and this one also might possibly shortly be dashed violently to the ground. On the platform she awaited my coming—a delicate, fragile figure in a pretty blue dress, her small hand shading her eyes as she looked about attentively seeking her guest; and as she came toward me I saw a face so kind and frank that it seemed as though the peaceful simplicity of childhood had somehow remained unruffled by the chilling blasts of life. Extending her hand, she greeted me, not as a stranger, but as a sister beloved and as one to whom her soul was linked by that strong fellowship and suffering that binds us in our "peaceful war," a holy comradeship in the common cause for the uplift of humanity. From that hour I have felt that we were friends—friends not alone to joy in each other's companionship, but in that truer sense that binds souls, only to form a new link in the lengthening chain of love and loyalty that holds humanity to God.

A few minutes later I was in Rest Cottage, as it was then in its completeness; for since that day the sun has set on that great life that was the center of the home circle. Mrs. Willard stood there then in the doorway to meet me, erect and queenly still, in spite of her eighty-seven years! She greeted me with that gentle kindness that showed at once her innate refined and quiet dignity; and as we sat round the supper-table that night, amid the dainty, bright, yet simple surroundings of that charming home, and, later, gathered round the open hearth in Miss Willard's "den," or walked next day on the pretty lawn with its trees and flowers, grape arbor, and rustic dovecote, I felt that, in all my wanderings up and down the world, I had never found a more harmonious home—a spot which seemed to combine the breezy atmosphere wafted from the great wide world

INTERIOR OF THE TWILIGHT PARK COTTAGE

ANNA A. GORDON AND FRANCES E. WILLARD

with the fragrant family life which remained unruffled in its holy calm.

A few days later I went to Boston to attend the World's and National Conventions of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was the most remarkable gathering I ever witnessed. The Convention opened on November 12 in Tremont Temple, and the immense building was thronged at nine o'clock, many taking their seats in the early dawn. The vast audience and their enthusiastic interest were the seal of the work accomplished by that great organization. From the hour we met in the bright sunshine of that opening morning till the time we parted, five days later, in the dim twilight of the closing hour, an unbroken sense of God's overshadowing presence rested upon the meetings. It seemed as though each woman there had responded afresh to her Master's call, and had given her life and power anew to fulfill the purposes of God.

During the Convention the crowds assembled were so immense that the great hall could not accommodate them. Six overflow meetings were held daily in different churches. Nothing is more significant than the fact that on the Sundays during these memorable days sixty pulpits were occupied in the city and suburban churches by women. The Convention itself was a sight never to be forgotten. Delegates from forty-four States and five Territories occupied the floor, alert, intelligent, and eloquent, all bent on the business of the hour. Perfect order reigned, and the galleries were filled with eager spectators. It would be impossible to look upon that wonderful gathering without knowing that the words of prophecy were fulfilled, and great indeed was "the company of women that published the Word." Philanthropic work of every description was represented, notably evangelistic, educational, preventive, and reform in all its branches—religious, legal, and social—classified into forty departments. The consecrated power of America's womanhood had united to redeem the country and the home.

On the crowded platform there stood the slender figure of the woman who led that Convention with a master hand. We are told that when Sir Michael Costa, the greatest conductor we have ever known, wielded the baton, and gave the signal for the mighty orchestra to commence, as the great harmony filled the air with a burst of melodious sound, the violins leading in plaintive refrain, supported by the volume of a hundred instruments, on a sudden the great master paused, and, looking up, said, "Where is the piccolo?" The magic culture of his sensitive ear missed that one small sound in the harmonious whole. Miss Willard, with the same infinitely fine perception, knows each note that should be struck, each tone that should vibrate in the great White Ribbon chorus. Her marvelous power of calling forth the best arises, perhaps, chiefly from the fact that she expects the best, and each one wishes to meet the standard by which she is measured by her leader.

Such a gathering of women, such perfect command of the situation, are not mere chances. It is not often that rare talent is given to one woman by which she can bring so much to pass. Nothing *happens* in this world; "it is the toil of a life woven into the warp of womanhood," was the thought that crossed my mind as I watched this scene; and as I noted the delicate lines that had been drawn by the chisel of time on the pale face of the President, I knew that she was among those who had laid down her life to find it again in the women whom she was creating for the twentieth century and the glad good times she was helping to bring to the world.

Capacity for work, untiring and unremitting, is one of the great characteristics which the close friendship of these years has revealed; and, save when sleeping, I have never seen her idle. She knows no days of leisure; on the cars, out walking or driving, her hand is always busy making notes, or her brain planning, thinking, devising some new method to help forward the welfare of all the various enterprises with which she is connected. The secret of her success has perhaps lain in this, that she has set herself towards her aim, and nothing would tempt her from that goal. The most glorious mountain scenery will not deter her from accomplishing the allotted task she has in mind. She has written her annual address with her back to the White Mountains, determined to see nothing but her work. On the Hudson, one glorious day, sooner than not accomplish her task when all were rejoicing in the radiant beauty of that most wonderful scene, Frances Willard sat below because she "had work to do" for a coming Chautauqua meeting. She is among those who accomplish because she understands how to deny herself, and it is this constant habit that has molded her mind and made her work ring true.

During these past years this indomitable energy has been turned to pioneer work, and Miss Willard, having set herself the herculean task, or "stint," as she called it, in

GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE WORLD'S W. C. T. U.

Agnes E. Slack Lady Henry Somerset

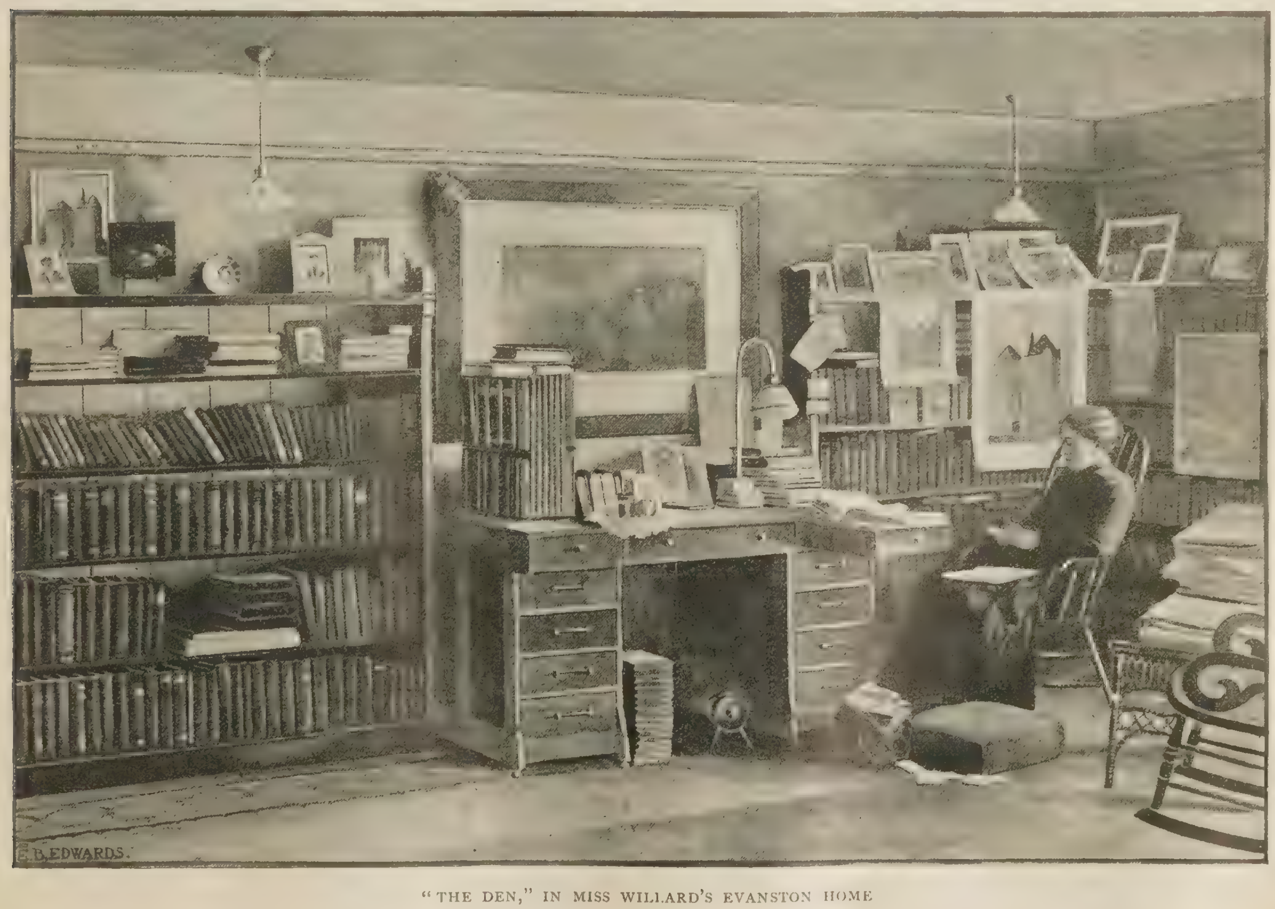
Anna A. Gordon Frances E. Willard Mrs. Mary E. Sanderson remembrance of the old farm days, of visiting every city of 10,000 inhabitants, and generally those that had but 5,000, accomplished in a few years a work that it would have taken many women a lifetime to build up. During those long days of travel her faithful and devoted companion, Anna Gordon, has told me of the ceaseless letters, articles, leaflets, that flew from her busy hand. Often she arrived after a weary day's journey only in time to go to the platform and face that great pitiless public which, in spite of its kindness and good nature, so little understands the vitality that is poured out when the speaker gives up himself and lays his best at its feet. It requires an energy as superabundant as Miss Willard's to carry on the multiplicity of interests that surround her life, the details of organization, and the responsibility of that vast association that has grown under her hand. "You have a fatal versatility," said a friend to her; and, with a little sad smile, she has often repeated the remark, for with her nature it has required a real consecration to consent so far to sacrifice her ambition as to be obliged to limit her powers to do the thing in hand less well than it could be accomplished, because it was to the interest of the work to limit the time allotted to any one department.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

As a speaker Miss Willard is in her way unique, with a wonderful combination of eloquence, pathos, and humor; a sense of proportion and an understanding of her audience that make her utterance always harmonious with their requirements. It is probably this power of "rapport" with other souls that has been her greatest talent—the quick understanding that always seizes the perspective of every circumstance from another's angle of vision, and the intense humanness of the woman. The most difficult crises have been often averted by the gentle touch and the whispered explanation, "See here, honey!" and who could fail to feel that ill humor, bitterness, and carping must be laid aside, and that larger-souled charity reign which seemed to radiate from the heart of the President till the darkest corners lurking in the human mind were touched by its warmth and genial glow! "She is ambitious" is the worst condemnation of her enemies, but surely if there is a noble, a pure, a true ambition, it has been that of Frances Willard. For she, forsaking a career as brilliant as any that ever opened to a young woman, deliberately adopted a vocation that promised not one cent of money, consecrated herself to the most unpopular reform of her time, and devoted her best years to the most arduous and often apparently thankless tasks.

An army of women the world over can testify to the unselfish interest with which she has ever placed those who worked by her side in positions of prominence, and labored for their advancement with greater eagerness than she has ever sought her own. Nothing has conduced more to the building up of the great edifice of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union than the way she has always with diligent care gathered these "lively stones fitly joined together."

Among those characteristics which have often struck me I may mention her utter absence of self-assertion. I have sometimes smiled when I have listened to conversations between her and younger workers. They will tell her all



"THE DEN," IN MISS WILLARD'S EVANSTON HOME

MISS WILLARD AT HOME

they have done, their opinion on questions to the consideration of which she has given her life, and no word will ever escape her either of all she has accomplished or all she knows upon the subject. The gentle question will draw on the eager talker, who too often takes most literally the aphorism that it "is more blessed to give than to receive."

A great surrender is the price paid for all real success. Frances Willard was early called to choose between the pleasant path of culture and self-advancement and the dusty highway of the reformer. In 1871 she was elected the First President of the Women's College in Evanston. Her great capacity for leadership soon showed itself, and the extraordinary influence she obtained over the minds of her pupils was manifest in that development of individual character which has been her constant care. The question that was always kept before her girls was not, "What are you going to be in the world?" but "What are you going to do?" So that after six months under her tuition each of her scholars had a definite idea of a life-work. One of her pupils, now the wife of a college president, says:

> In the most important part of her work as an educator—the development of character—I can speak from the most intimate knowledge. In this I doubt if she ever had a superior, and but for Arnold of Rugby I should have said an equal. Her power over the girls who came under her influence was most extraordinary. It is an amusing fact that some people regarded it with a mixture of wonder and fear, as something a little allied to witchcraft—an inexplicable spell not founded in reason. But she never used her personal power of winning friends for the mere purpose of gaining the friends. She never seemed to do anything from policy, nor to think whether she was "popular" or not. She was always planning for our happiness and welfare, and would go to any amount of trouble to gratify us. Then she was always reasonable. She never insisted that a thing must be simply because she had said so, but was perfectly willing to see and acknowledge it if she herself was in the wrong. Her ideals of life and character were very high, and she succeeded in inspiring her girls with a great deal of her own enthusiasm. I never, at any other period of my life, lived under such a constant, keen sense of moral responsibility, nor with such a high ideal of what I could become, as during the years in which I so proudly called myself one of "her girls."

Like many other speakers, her call to address large audiences came to her as by an accident rather than by design.

During the years 1868 to 1870, Miss Willard had enjoyed rare opportunities for travel in Europe and in the East, and at a women's missionary meeting in Chicago she had spoken of her visions of a new chivalry—the modern crusade which the women of her country should enter upon: the chivalry of justice; the justice that gives to woman a fair chance to be all that God meant her. The next day a wealthy, well-known Methodist called on her, and entreated her to use the remarkable gift she undoubtedly possessed, and to speak out to the world all that God had put into her heart. She appealed to her mother for advice, and with characteristic courage that large-hearted woman answered, "My child, enter every open door." And so it came about that Miss Willard addressed a great audience in Chicago, and the next day the city papers were filled with columns about the eloquence of this young woman.

"AT LAST." MISS WILLARD'S VICTORY OVER THE BICYCLE

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In 1874 a very Pentecost of God swept over the continent, and Miss Willard caught the first sound of that new language of reform which had been given to the women who had been called to join the ranks of the crusade against the liquor traffic. In that year she resolved to resign her post as President of the College. After the union of the Women's College with the University at Evanston it had become impossible for Miss Willard to carry on her work according to the principles she had laid down, and sooner than abandon the methods she believed to be right she gave up the position she had delighted to fill. She suffered acutely in arriving at this decision, and it seemed to her, on leaving her cherished pupils and the institution she loved so dearly, as though her life-work was broken almost before it was begun. But the scholars whom God trains learn hard tasks to fit themselves for the work that he has prepared, and Miss Willard, in the pause that followed this great decision, clearly heard the call which was to her the opening of a new existence. The Woman Question had long been to her of vital interest because it formed part of the great human question. She saw that until woman participated in purifying political life the corruptions which everywhere undermine the real interests of the Nation could not be swept away. Years before this thought had matured she had anticipated the movement that swept over New York in 1874–5, and on looking back over her annual addresses we find page after page devoted to the thought that the political and municipal life of America must be brought into harmony with the religious and ethical teachings of that great country. There are those who, even in these days, condemn women for taking any part in public questions; but to Miss Willard politics is part of her religion, for she believes the government of the country to be an integral part of the service demanded by God from every loyal soul. It was inconceivable to her mind that women should forever occupy the position of ambulance nurses in life's great army, without pausing to ask themselves why the sick and the wounded were strewn around them, and what was the real question at issue in dealing with the evils of the legalized liquor traffic. Almost every reformer is ahead of his age, and the message that he has brought to the world has been one of prophecy. It is only, probably, when the goal of life for him has been reached that his prediction has passed into fact, and men and women forget that the age ever existed when such teaching called forth the severest criticism of the so-called Christian world. There must unquestionably be a movement of reform in the political and municipal life of the great free country across the Atlantic, and when that history comes to be written, the name of Frances Willard and the brave women who stood around her will be indissolubly linked with the crisis which made for the larger liberty of the land they love.

The accompanying picture of Miss Willard and Miss Rebecca Krikorian was taken April 20, 1896, just as Miss Willard was about to sail for England. Miss Willard was one of the first to grasp the awful significance of the Sassoun massacre a year and a half ago, and she has not ceased, with pen and voice, to plead for the Armenian sufferers, and to warn Christendom of the terrible retribution that is sure to follow if this colossal crime against humanity is allowed to pass unatoned. The burden of Miss Willard's farewell address in Chickering Hall was a plea to the womanhood of America to extend the strong arms of their love and protection around their sisters in Armenia. Miss Krikorian, who is a very interesting and effective speaker, is the daughter of the able pastor of the great Protestant Church of Aintab. This venerable man, after forty years of faithful service, has been thrown into a Turkish prison for refusing to sign lying Turkish documents to the effect that the reported outrages were false, and that the Armenians had every reason to be grateful for the privilege of living under the beneficent shadow of his Majesty Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid.

In 1878 Miss Willard definitely entered the temperance ranks, and was made President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Illinois. The acceptance of this office was, however, coincident with a time of severe struggle for this ardent soul. She addressed at this period great gatherings of men in Chicago at midday, composed principally of the denizens of the saloon, the unemployed, and all the flotsam and jetsam of the great city. "I was glad often to think," said Miss Willard, "when I looked at their pinched faces, that I, too, knew what it was to be hungry." She had given up a remunerative position in order to "cast her bread upon the waters," and, as sometimes happens, it did not seem at that time as if she would find it even after many days. Her mother shared her struggle nobly, and together they fought the grim want that seemed likely to invade their little home. By the kindness of friends the bare necessaries of life were provided for her in order to enable her to continue her work, and by degrees, when the fame of her lectures began to spread, she was enabled by her speaking to earn a subsistence for herself and the mother whom the women of the White Ribbon army have loved to call St. Courageous.

In 1879 Miss Willard was elected President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in 1881, accompanied by Miss Gordon, she made the tour of all the Southern States, and it is a remarkable fact that her extraordinary tact enabled her to speak along the most advanced lines without offending any of the conservative Southern women. There is, however, little doubt that her work accomplished more than this. As a Northerner going to the South so soon after the terrible conflict had rent the Nation, she was one of the first to take the olive branch and bring home the message that "all ye are brethren" in that greater struggle for the union of souls against the enemies of mankind.

From that time onward work thickened round her. First it was the Purity Department that engaged her attention, when the Nation was aroused by a cry that came from across the water, and Miss Willard dared prejudice in order to stand for women oppressed and downtrodden. Probably the greatest crucifixion of her life came to her when she felt that she must leave the Republican party, in which she had been reared and to which her father had been a stanch adherent, and throw in her lot with a political faction that took a decisive ground against the liquor traffic. Those are days the bitterness of which it would be difficult to gauge; for there is nothing so hard to bear as the criticism of friends beloved and of comrades in a good cause.

Miss Willard has since 1892 been editor-in-chief of the "Union Signal," the official organ of the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and to her belongs the honor of having conceived the first really great international scheme that was to bind women the world over. Not content only with carrying out her plans in her own country, her great soul reached out to the ideal of uniting the English-speaking nations of the world, and, indeed, women the world over, by one strong link under the banner on which is inscribed the battle-cry of home protection. One by one she sent forth women to all parts of the world, apparently helpless, moneyless, and friendless: but the promise that "according to your faith be it unto you" has been wonderfully fulfilled in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and as each went out she gathered around her in every part of the globe groups of women who have remained loyal and devoted, until now the international organization is a fact and not a dream. Perhaps nothing could speak more eloquently of the culmination of this work than the magnificent demonstration held in Albert Hall last year, when the fifty countries in which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union exists were represented—"a great human mosaic," as Canon Wilberforce eloquently described it. Her visit to England was the occasion of a magnificent recognition of her powers. "It is the finest speech I ever heard," was the verdict of the leader of the United Kingdom Alliance, after her great address in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester: and probably no man or woman has in our generation received from the philanthropists of this country a more generous ovation than was accorded to her in Exeter Hall when first she came to these shores. "The best-loved woman in the United States" is the saying that I have most often heard applied to her in her own country. But it would be impossible to know her and to conceive for a moment that any adulation or admiration could spoil the independence of her character. Of Puritan ancestry, tracing her descent from sturdy yeomen of a little village in Kent, where, in the crabbed handwriting of the fifteenth century, stands the record of her ancestors' births, deaths, and marriages, Miss Willard has inherited from her New England mother and her worthy father that fearlessness and backbone that enabled the pioneers to found the great nation of which Americans are so justly proud. Brought up on a farm in Wisconsin, Miss Willard seems to have retained

ANNE WHITNEY'S BUST OF MISS WILLARD, FOR WHICH WHITTIER WROTE THE INSCRIPTION:

She knew the power of banded ill,
But felt that Love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good
The World's United Womanhood.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET

all through her life the wholesome, breezy atmosphere of those early days, when she and her sister scampered like young colts over the prairie, and yet conned their books and listened to their mother's beautiful rendering of the finest gems of literature by the old farm fireside. I have never heard of a single human being who, having admired Frances Willard on the platform or in her public work, was disappointed in her when he came to know her in her home; and this, I think, is the highest testimony that can be given to any public life. She brings to her work and to all her concepts of reform the winged spirit that must always fly above the ordinary level of the world's daily round; a soul that is ever looking upward, and that seems to expand in the conscious presence of the Spirit that guides her life and meets her asprations. She looks upon questions of theology and reform with a wideness of vision that enables her to embrace the whole group of humanity, and yet she does not lose sight of the great horizon from which "the dayspring from on high hath visited" her. As I have studied her life in these last years I have been often reminded of the words she spoke before the Council of Women in 1888, which to me seem to be in complete harmony with the key to which her being is attuned in its growing sense of the world invisible:

"I go like a bee into the gardens of thought; I love to listen to all the voices, and I go buzzing around under the bonnets of the prettiest flowers, and the most fragrant, just like this bee; and when it is a lovely life and a sweet life, it seems to me I get a lot of honey; but I have a wonderful bee-like fashion of carrying it all home to my own Methodist hive. I couldn't do any other way. I am made that fashion; it is part of me. It is worked into the woof and warp of my spirit, the result of the sweet old ways in which I was brought up. I should have to deny myself in my inmost heart if I didn't believe what mother had taught me at her knee; if I didn't, above all the teachings and all the voices, reverence the Voice that calls to me from the pages of the Bible; if I didn't, above all things and always, in my mentality and spirituality, translate God into the term Jesus Christ: I cannot rest except there. The inmost Voice, deep down in my heart, says: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' Receive it as I sit here listening to women I love and revere and honor for their loyalty to what they believe is the highest and best. Receive it as I go forth into the crowded ways of life with so many voices calling me on every hand. Receive my spirit! It will be the last thought that this brain will think, it will be the last quiver of this heart that has ached and rejoiced. 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!'"

It must oft fall out
That one whose labor perfects any work
Shall rise from it with eyes so worn that he,
Of all men. least can measure the extent
Of what he has accomplished.

The temperance cause, in spite of the gigantic strides it has made of late years towards success, is still relegated to the shadowy land of unpopular and supposedly impracticable and visionary reform. The time, however, is at hand when it shall rise phœnix-like and triumphant; and the men and women of the future will look back over the pages of history where, written in golden letters, shall stand the names of the true patriots of this age, and none will be more clearly traced thereon than that of FRANCES WILLARD.

THE PRIORY, REIGATE, ONE OF THE HOMES OF LADY HENRY SOMERSET

WAITING FOR THE WORD TO MARCH
The Street-Cleaners' Parade in New York, May 26, 1896

Colonel Waring's "White Angels"

A Sketch of the Street-Cleaning Department of New York

By William W. Ellsworth

THE march of Colonel Waring's men down Fifth Avenue on a pleasant afternoon last May was one of the most inspiring sights that New York has seen in many a day. We have had "labor parades" before, but never one like this. Here was a body of men whose duty it is to do what is generally considered a menial work—to sweep our streets and take away our garbage—and they marched like honest, loyal citizens, proud of their glistening uniforms and proud of their organization and the man who led them. We who looked on saw one of the greatest examples of the truth of the old-time phrase, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." It was a victory for honesty in municipal government, a victory for real reform, a victory for common sense over "practical politics." Perhaps some who stood upon the curb came to scoff, but no one in sight of the writer did any scoffing after the procession once swung into sight. The people applauded a good "alignment" as if they were looking on at a parade of the Seventh Regiment; and it is safe to say that they went home with a higher idea of the "dignity of labor" and a deeper consciousness of pride in their own city than they had ever known before.

There was infantry and there was artillery in the procession. The infantry bore no arms, and was clad in shining white. The artillery was made up of carts, clean and freshly painted, each one covered with white canvas. The five hundred and fifty drivers sat up straight, each man on the right-hand side of his cart; and the fourteen hundred foot-soldiers marched in close-set ranks, shoulder to shoulder, keeping step to the music of the bands which led each battalion. The Stars and Stripes fluttered over the ranks, and the one sign borne in the procession told the whole story:

420 MILES
OF STREETS
CLEANED DAILY

We all had seen the "white angels" on the streets, an odd man here and there, working hard and no longer leaning wearily on his broom as in days of yore, and we had seen an odd cart going about now and then to collect the sweepings. We knew that these men worked under some sort of system, and that it must be a good one, but it is safe to say that the public had no suspicion of the thoroughness of Colonel Waring's organization until that procession went down Fifth Avenue. That the men and carts were divided into "stables," that everything was perfectly systematized, that there was a genuine *esprit de corps* in this body of street-cleaners—this was the surprise. And at least one onlooker made up his mind that he would find out more about it—and what he has found out is here set down for the benefit of the readers of The Outlook.

HOW THE STREETS ARE SWEPT

On a June morning, a few preliminaries having been arranged, a smart horse and buggy drew up to the writer's door, driven by a young man clad in a modest uniform and a white helmet. The words "Department of Street-Cleaning" were lettered on the side of the buggy, and the young man was a "district superintendent" who was about to undertake the work of initiating his guest into the mysteries of street-cleaning. He was on his regular morning round of visits to section foremen, and before we had gone two blocks a bicycler with a white helmet was seen pedaling along in the distance. When he saw us he stopped his wheel, produced his written report of the previous day's work, and the two men discussed the affairs of the district together. The report showed the number of sweepers who had been at work, regular and extra men, the number of cart-loads of garbage, ashes, and sweepings removed, closing with "No ashes or garbage left in streets." If anything has gone wrong in the district, the foreman is expected to telephone to the stable before eight o'clock, at which hour the superintendent makes out his general report to the main office and sends it by special messenger before starting out on his rounds. The superintendent does not have his foremen wait for him at any particular place, but prefers to drive around and find them. They do not know within an hour when to expect him, and from this time on he is liable to appear at any moment—and general inspectors and members of the personal staff of Colonel Waring are on the alert day and night.

The city is divided into eleven districts, each in charge of a superintendent, and nine of these districts have their own stables. The district visited by the writer runs from Fifty-eighth Street to One Hundred and Twelfth Street, on the West Side. It includes all the streets and avenues between Central Park and the Hudson River, and two streets north and south of the Park as far east as Sixth Avenue, which, for districting purposes, bisects the city. The superintendent has under him seven section foremen, with one hundred and twenty-two regular sweepers and sixty carts. Each foreman is responsible for a section about eight blocks in length and across the full width of the district—eight to ten miles of streets. He has from fifteen to twenty sweepers and eight carts in his charge. Each sweeper takes care of about six short blocks or three long blocks, which he sweeps at least once a day and often twice or three times, depending on the traffic. The asphalt of Hester Street, down town on the "East Side," crowded with playing children and hucksters, is swept five times a day. Some of the business districts in the lower part of the city are swept only at night. Broadway, from Fourteenth Street to the Battery, is swept by a contractor, and the same avenue from Twenty-second Street to Eighteenth is taken care of by Italians under a contractor employed by the storekeepers, as has been the custom for many years. There are still some private sweepers in the residence districts, but, as a foreman said, "We don't pay any attention to them—we clean the streets just the same."

COLONEL GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

In the district which the writer visited are three "section stations"—comfortable rooms secured where the rent is low ($40 a month or less), which are at fairly regular intervals in the district; these are the headquarters of the sweepers. In the old days the men met anywhere, and went to work with more or less irregularity. Now they know just where they belong and what streets they are responsible for. They reach the section stations in the morning in time to put on their white uniform, each one leaving his extra clothing on a peg which bears his name above it. A man (usually somewhat superannuated) is in charge of each station and stays there during working hours. At 6:45 the men line up on the curb before the section foreman, the roll is called, and any special instructions which may have come in a general order from headquarters are given out. Then they are "inspected" just as if they were policemen; uniforms must be fairly clean, and belts and badges in proper place. If a man is sick he sends word and a substitute is taken on for the day. The extra man does not need a uniform, but he must have a white cap.

Colonel Waring was sharply criticised when he put his men into white uniforms, but the result has shown that he knew what he was about. A man in white duck is as incapable of concealing himself as an ostrich. A sweeper who comes out of a liquor-saloon becomes the cynosure of every eye in the block; and a section foreman, bicycling along an avenue, can tell at a glance down a side street whether his men are at their posts or not. The cost of the uniform is $1.25 (each man must have two), the helmet is $1.30, the oilskin suit for rainy days $1.10, and belt and buttons 88 cents—total, $5.78. The city provides each sweeper with broom, watering-can, and scraper (for asphalt); a bag-carrier will soon be added. The man must furnish a shovel and a small hand-broom.

The sweepers are paid $720 a year, which is $2 a day for 360 days, and as they do not work on Sundays except in emergencies, the pay is a little over $2 a day. New men are now paid $600 for the first year, $660 for the second, and $720 for the third, but all who were employed before January 1, 1896, receive the highest wage. They are probably the best-paid unskilled laborers in the world, but they are doing such good work that the city does not begrudge it to them, and, moreover, they are rapidly becoming "skilled." New York is perfectly willing to pay for clean streets; what we used to object to was paying for dirty ones.

Sunday work is done when it is necessary—after processions on Saturday, etc.—and in some districts a few sweepers and carts are out for several hours every Sunday. The sweepers work till four o'clock in the afternoon, with an hour for dinner. After four the section foreman goes over all of his streets (thorough work in this was made possible by the bicycle) to see that they are in good condition and that all the garbage and ashes have been removed. If he finds any cans unemptied, he telephones to the stable for a cart, unless the can has been put out since the proper hour, in which case he calls the attention of the householder to the matter.

The greatest difficulty which the department has to contend with is the generally dirty habits of the people who use the streets. They throw away banana-skins, bits of paper, and even whole newspapers. If there were plenty of proper receptacles for street refuse, and if the public once got hold of the idea that the thing to do was to put things into such receptacles, this evil could gradually be cured. The societies which Colonel Waring is forming among the school-children to help along the street-cleaning work are doing a great deal of good, especially in the poorer quarters. A man goes along the sidewalk there and carelessly tears up and throws away a letter, and the first thing he knows a small gamin is plucking at his coat, and telling him he'd "better pick up dem papers, 'cos it's against the law, see? and he'll get pulled." The man indignantly spurns the small boy, and proceeds on his way. The boy proceeds also, running along at a respectful distance until he sees a "cop." He tells the "cop" and the "cop" tells the man, and the man goes back and picks up the papers. He has had his lesson, but there are several hundred thousand men just like him in this great city, and it takes a good while to get around.

That the down-town crowded quarters of New York are now kept as clean as Fifth Avenue is a well-known fact. The section foremen there have less territory to cover and more sweepers. It is said that the daily applications at a large free dispensary on the East Side have fallen away one-third in a year—a result which the doctors attribute to better health on account of clean streets.

THE HORSES AND CARTS

The department stables are kept in as good condition as the best private ones. The writer has visited five out of the nine, and each one was as neat as a typical new pin. Not more than two horses out of from sixty to eighty were on the sick-list in any of them, and in one stable but one horse out of eighty had a sore back. Their tails are cut short, but not docked. The carts, sometimes kept in the stables and oftener in vacant lots near by, were in perfect order, tipped up and packed in even rows. The carts are washed every third day in some stables, and in others, where the conveniences are not as great, only once a week. The harnesses are hung up in order, and there is a full supply of extra harness. In the old days there was no extra harness at all, and a break meant the loss of a man's time, with horse and cart, until repairs were made. Each stable has its own blacksmith, harness-menders, etc., and there is a veterinarian to every three stables.

THE PRIZE CART

The drivers come on duty at 6:30 in the morning, and after roll-call and inspection they harness up (each man has his own horse, cart, and harness, for which he is responsible) and start out on their rounds, first gathering the garbage and then the sweepings. At noon most of them are able to take their horses to the stables, as the dumps are generally near stables. The men are through with their work for the day between three and six in the afternoon, the average hour being four o'clock. Hostlers clean and feed the horses. Drivers and sweepers are paid alike, but a driver has more responsibility, and it is harder for him to keep his clothes in good order (he wears a brown suit and helmet); nevertheless many men are fond of horses, and some consider the position of driver to be more important than that of sweeper.

A few new stables would greatly facilitate the work, for as now arranged a horse and cart may be obliged to go two or three miles to the place where they are to collect garbage and ashes, and perhaps another journey of about the same distance to a dump. There is, for instance, no dump on the West Side between Forty-seventh Street and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, a distance of about four miles. There used to be one at Seventy-ninth Street, but it has been abandoned. A horse and cart travel from twenty to thirty miles a day, collect from four to ten loads, according to distance, and the average cost per load is sixty-five cents.

DISCIPLINE

The discipline of the department is on a military basis. Each man is responsible for the men under him. The Commissioner and his deputy are at the head. The general superintendent is in charge of the district superintendents, and the assistant superintendent directs the stable foremen and looks after the horses. The district superintendents give their instructions to the section foremen, who, in turn, communicate directly with the sweepers. There is a conference once a month between the representatives of Colonel Waring's personal staff and the men, represented by one delegate from each section station and one from each stable. As a result of this conference valuable suggestions are often made regarding the detail of the work. The offenses which may be committed, subjecting men to fine or dismissal, are fifty in number—about one-half referring to sweepers and one-half to drivers. A list of these offenses and penalties, printed in large type, is posted conspicuously in section stations and stables. Some extracts from it are given in the accompanying schedule:

SOME OF COLONEL WARING'S STAFF

EXAMPLES OF PENALTIES FOR OFFENSES

Offenses are reported through foremen to superintendents as a first, second, third, or fourth violation of a rule, and the recommendation for punishment must not *exceed* the code of penalties. When the prescribed penalty is dismissal, the offender may be suspended without pay, awaiting the action of the Commissioner. A fourth violation of rules indicates incorrigibility and brings dismissal. There are no suspensions except in cases of men recommended for dismissal. Men who refuse to work while subject to forfeiture of pay are at once dismissed. "D" means dismissal. 1, 2, 3, 5, and 10 mean forfeiture of so many days' pay.

Rule.	Character of Offense.	Penalty.			
		Offense			
		1st	2d	3d	4th
1	Absence for more than five days without authority of the Commissioner	D			
2	Failure to report or send notice to foreman when sick	1	3	D	
3	Absence from roll-call at proper hour	1	2	3	D
5	Failure to provide himself with prescribed uniform, oilskin suits, sweater, and badge, after reasonable time	D			
6	Failure to wear prescribed uniform and badge while on duty in the manner directed by orders	3	D		
10	Neglecting or abusing a horse, whipping or striking a horse, using a horse who is sick or lame, and failing to take such horse to stable or reporting him to foreman	D			
12	Neglecting to have lost shoes replaced on horse at nearest department stable as soon as practicable.	1	3	5	D
16	Failure to remove bits and to dump carts while feeding at noon	5	D		
17	Deliberately trotting or galloping a horse	5	10	D	
19	Loitering at work	2	5	D	
24	Neglecting to pick up small stones found on route, and failing to report large ones or other obstructions lying in the street, such as gutter-planks, etc., to section foreman	1	3	5	D
29	Neglecting to keep load covered and allowing it to blow or spill on street	3	D		
32	Accepting or demanding a fee or gratuity for work done	D			
33	Entering a liquor-saloon during work hours	3	D		
34	Being under the influence of liquor while on duty..	D			
43	Being boisterous or using profane language or any incivility to citizens	1	3	5	D
46	Failure to sweep properly	1	2	3	D
48	Absence from post of duty without reasonable excuse	2	3	5	D

It will be noted that these are the maximum penalties, and full punishment is not always meted out. During the first year of Colonel Waring's régime the chief penalty was dismissal. Often a man was dismissed for a time and then taken back; but on January 1, 1896, the rule went into force by which men who were re-engaged had to come in at the new rate ($600 for the first year), and a temporary suspension became so serious that it was necessary to inaugurate some system of lesser punishments. The present plan went into force about April 1 of this year.

In each stable there is a large blackboard where the names of men disciplined are written out for the benefit of their fellows, with the character of the offense and the punishment.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

This was a term which was absolutely unknown in the nomenclature of street-cleaning before the days of Colonel Waring. To-day there is as much *esprit de corps* among the officers and men of the Street-Cleaning Department of New York City as among any body of men in the world. The difference between the old régime and the new is almost solely owing to the fact that the men have found out that nothing is of importance but good work. In the old days the district boss got his man "on a broom" and kept him there. A conscientious stable foreman who tried to have the harness kept in order or the horses well cared for was liable to get himself into trouble. There were no penalties, and every man was as good as every other man—the common laborer often having more "pulls" than his chief. I talked with several stable foremen who were on the force in the old days, and they said that there was only one feeling to-day among them all—they wouldn't go back to the old plan if they could; they know just where they stand, and if they want to keep their places it is only necessary to do good work. Of the 2,500 men now on the pay-rolls about 1,500 were there before Colonel Waring came in. They have done well, and they have been retained. It took some of them quite a time to experience a change of heart, and to find out that it was an actual fact that politics was no longer "in it," and that no one had any power over them except their superior officers. Having once experienced the change, they worked just as well as any one, and many have been advanced and are now filling important positions. An old Tammany foreman, with a diamond still gleaming in his shirt-front (but it was Sunday and he was excusable) told the writer that the men who took the most pride in the recent procession, and drilled the hardest and worked the best, were the "left-overs"—"and Colonel Waring will tell you so, sir."

A DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS ASSISTANT

The procession, by the way, was paid for by the force. The men were to have new uniforms and helmets, and it was a good time to show them off and make an impression on the public. The men wanted to do it, and they paid for it—thirty-five cents for a sweeper or a driver, and more for those who had higher salaries. The amounts were paid voluntarily and not as assessments, and the total cost (mostly for bands) was about $1,600. The drilling was done in the early morning before roll-call.

The district superintendent who drove me around is twenty-five years of age, a graduate of an institute of technology, and a civil engineer by profession. He gets $1,800 a year, and is having an out-of-door life full of interest and incentive, and there is no reason why young men of the same education should not be doing similar work in scores of American cities instead of contentedly drifting along as draughtsmen at $10 and $12 a week. It occurred to me that if any of the smaller cities are in need of Street-Cleaning Commissioners or Superintendents they could not do better than to send to Colonel Waring and get away from him just such a young man as my district superintendent—though I doubt if the Colonel will thank me for making the suggestion.

The Barrens

By William Wilfred Campbell

I know a bit of common countryside,
  A stretch of bleak and lonely open land,
Where none of earth's glad beauties do reside,
  Nor joyous children of the seasons bland.

Men pass it by as drear and commonplace,
  Where only bogs and knotted roots are found,
And, like a worn and sodden human face,
  It wears no smile, nor giveth gladdening sound.

A few gnarled trees all twisted wry ashape
  Across the dismal sky-line, autumn-blown,
Lean, like to lonesome, grotesque ghosts, agape
  For some lost weird the vanished years have known.

A zigzag fence all mossed and tumble-down,
  A worn cow-path athwart the barren hill,
A few dead stalks and sedges sere and brown,
  Make up this dreariness so stern and still.

Yet I have seen, at settings of the sun
  And autumn morns, joys that this landscape wore,
As though through lonely hours its heart had won
  Some secret beauty from great nature's store.

And I have stood and marveled at the peace
  And patient splendor of that lonely place,
As of a life that, having won release,
  Had left the hopes, new found, on its dead face.

Protestantism in New York

The "Christian City" for May contains an interesting article entitled "A Short Chapter from the Book of Numbers," in which it answers the question, Has Protestantism advanced numerically in New York during the last thirty years? It shows that within the limits of New York City the gain in population has been 86 per cent., while the gain among the Methodists has been 56 per cent., thus indicating that, while the denomination has steadily increased in numbers, the population has increased faster. The Hebrews and Roman Catholics, on the contrary, have increased about 200 per cent. Thirty years ago these elements were about one-third of the population; now they are about one-half. In the metropolitan district the population exceeds 4,000,000. The gain of population in thirty years has been 133 per cent.; the gain of membership in the Methodist Church about 120 per cent. The gain of the Methodists in the suburbs has been greater than in the cities. The gain, however, in that denomination during the last decade is much greater than that of the preceding one, and has nearly reached the ratio of the population's increase. The percentage of gain in some of the other denominations is as follows: Episcopalians, 180 per cent; Presbyterians, 49 per cent.; Baptists, 43 per cent.—as against the total gain of the population of 86 per cent.; the Episcopalians alone outstripping the ratio of the gain of population. In the metropolitan district the rates of increase have been as follows during the last thirty years: Episcopalians, 195 per cent.; Methodists, 120 per cent.; Baptists (on imperfect data), 111 per cent.; and Presbyterians, 105 per cent. These figures show that the actual increase of the four Protestant denominations has equaled that of the population. An interesting inquiry arises at this point: To what are we to ascribe the great growth of the Episcopal Church? In New York City it leads all the denominations. We believe that the answer to the question is to be found, first, in the fact that it has behind it enormous wealth, as, for instance, that of the Trinity Corporation, and that of several other churches. It is financially a matter of comparative ease to plant churches wherever they are needed. In the next place, we mention the wise policy of Episcopalians in the operation of their churches. They do not expect a rector to be preacher, pastor, manager, and general visitor. The one-man ministry is practically unknown among them. Many of their churches have six or eight different clergymen in active service.

Buffalo, the City of Homes[1]

By the Rev. William Burnet Wright

Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, D.D., LL.D.
Bishop of Western New York

Buffalo has suddenly become known as the largest market in the world for coal, for flour, for fresh fish, for sheep; and the second for lumber, grain, and cattle. Along the lakes which pour their traffic into her lap an amount of tonnage moves each year greater than that which enters the port of Liverpool or London or all the harbors on our Atlantic coast; and Niagara Falls is expected soon to make her the most important factory in the Union. During the ten years preceding 1890 her population increased from 155,000 to 255,000; the last five years have seen it swelled by nearly 100,000 more; and the fastest railroad train on earth is fully occupied in carrying others to share in her material prosperity.

In view of these well-known facts, one may ask whether the city is being "puffed up" into a second Babylon, or edified after the model of the "New Jerusalem." Her growth in stature is conspicuous. Is her heart gaining strength sufficient to throw life into all her fast-accumulating tissues?

Her physical conditions are such as tend to develop the sound body which helps so much in producing the sound mind. Her streets, broad, straight, and paved with asphalt, are swept clean by frequent winds from the lake. A superb system of parks and parkways, easy accessible, and free from the pneumonia of placards and policemen warning "off the grass," oxygenates her blood. The Niagara River makes perfect drainage easy, and Lake Erie furnishes an unlimited supply of water, which criminal carelessness alone can keep from being always pure. Her dwellings are not built in blocks, but stand apart, each in a bath of air, so that she is not plagued as other cities are by disease-breeding tenement-houses.

Hon. James O. Putnam

That these advantages have neither been neglected nor abused is indicated by a letter written recently to the Superintendent of her Health Department by a Committee sent from Nashville to inspect the sanitary arrangements of other cities with a view to the improvement of its own. The letter says: "We are about completing our trip of investigating sanitary matters. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington have given us valuable information. . . . We will say that, after looking over the field thus far, you have the ideal system in nearly every particular. Hence, in view of bringing your system particularly and prominently before our people of Nashville, we inclose you a list of questions which we hope you will answer."

The late Rt. Rev. Stephen V. Ryan
(Roman Catholic) Bishop of Buffalo

This glance at the house will prepare the reader to consider the people who live in it. A careful census taken last May by the police, and confirmed from other sources, shows them to be—rejecting fractions—109,000 Americans; 9,000 other persons whose mother tongue is English; 100,000 Germans, 59,000 Poles, 35,000 Irish, 7,000 Italians, and 19,000 who can be grouped only by saying that among them is spoken nearly every language under heaven and that they have come from every zone between the pole and the equator.

The welfare of the city depends upon the success it has in changing these heterogeneous and often antagonistic citizens into homogeneous Americans. The task is difficult, but facts show that it is possible.

The Poles and the Italians each occupy a separate section. To some extent that is true of the Americans and the Germans. But the geographical lines which separate the two last are fading rapidly, and the prevalence of German names among the most influential firms and in the most honorable positions shows that the distinction between "Saxon and Teuton" is vanishing. The green flag also is no longer conspicuous, and the yellow harp is learning to play "Hail Columbia" correctly and with spirit. The Poles and the Italians still appear like veins of trap in the bed-rock, but there is reason to believe that they also will in due

ARCH OVER DELAWARE AVENUE (BUFFALO PARK)

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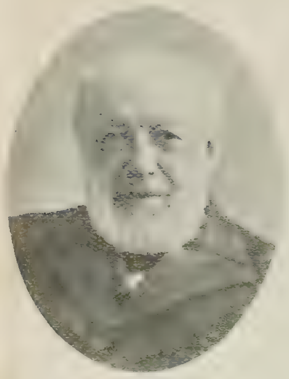
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895); "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896); "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Melville E. Stone (The Outlook for February 22); "The Higher Life of Boston," by Edward Everett Hale (The Outlook for March 28); and "The Higher Life of New Orleans," by Grace King (The Outlook for April 25). Other articles will be on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams, and on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder.



Hon. Eben Carleton Sprague
First President of the Liberal Club

John Milburn
President of Liberal Club

R. B. Adam
Chairman Graves Cross Commission, etc.

Rev. S. S. Mitchell
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church

time yield to the subtle power which has already Americanized so many others; and that power is the influence of the home.

T. Guilford Smith
President Buffalo Library

William P. Letchworth
President State Board of Charities

There is probably no other city of considerable size in which so large a proportion of the people, both rich and poor, live under their own roofs. That fact seems to me the "in hoc signo" of her higher life.

Like other large communities, Buffalo has its "submerged tenth," but the "infected district" is small and peopled chiefly by the dregs of the lake and canal service, together with those others whom such sediment always attracts. Even this Sodom of homeless outcasts is steadily improving, partly through the influence of the Salvation Army, the Rescue Mission, and the free kindergarten recently established there, and still more through an influence which has been scarcely recognized yet, except by the police. Italians, attracted by its cheapness, are crowding into the district. They are of the poorest and most ignorant class, and have vices enough and to spare; but they are singularly free from that particular vice which has drawn the degraded population together, and their presence is slowly driving out those who pander to it. These Italians are exceptionally faithful in their marital relations, and through them the family is gradually banishing the brothel.

There is much ignorance and crime in the "Little Poland" which forms the east part of Buffalo. It is probably at present the least American and the most turbulent section of the city, and gives more trouble to the police than any other. Yet one fact justifies the expectation that it will in time exert a potent influence for civic virtue.

BUFFALO LIBRARY

The Poles, as a class, are poor. They are not distinguished for truthfulness or honesty. They are ignorant of the English language, know little of American institutions, and are almost totally indifferent to their civic duties. They have shown, especially in their ecclesiastical affairs, that same incapacity to obey majorities which effaced their country from the map of Europe. But a seed planted anywhere will, if it grows long enough, transform refuse into fruit, and the seed of promise among the Poles is their eager desire to make homes for themselves. To own a bit of ground with a little house upon it is with them a passion. To gratify that passion they hoard and save and deny themselves luxuries, comforts, and what others count necessities. Thus they plant themselves in the soil, and this characteristic must ultimately make them good citi-

Joseph P. Dudley
President Board of Managers
State Hospital

THE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE

A View of the Lake

The Boat-house
BUFFALO PARK

zens—citizens whom demagogues cannot easily control. Every tax levied they will feel. They are putting themselves where their pockets will become their teachers. Signs of promise already appear. They have begun to withdraw their children from the parochial and send them to the public schools, because they feel the need of the English language for their own protection. Here and there one who has paid for his house by living in a single room and letting all the others has discharged his lodgers, got the "carpet and the piano," and yielded to the cravings for a life less sordid than he has ever known. Such first-fruits of the Polish garden have begun to unite in neighborly fellowships. The last month of 1895 saw the establishment of the first Polish club for "Improvement in Science, Literature, and Art." It is officered by intelligent, educated, and capable men. It has already the nucleus of a library, and appears to be the first oasis in their deserts of toil.

While what may properly be called "home influence" has begun to purify the infected district and to Americanize "Little Poland," the same power has worked even more conspicuously among the affluent citizens.

An observant stranger visiting Buffalo a few years ago would have been struck by the contrast between the splendor of her dwellings and the squalor of her public buildings. He might have inferred that it revealed a lamentable lack of public spirit, of civic pride. The inference would not have been unjust, but it would have misled him if he failed to observe a sentiment growing beside the hearthstones which must in time produce the change which would astonish him should he return to-day. For the business part of the city has at last begun to put on beautiful garments and to anoint itself with gladness above its fellows. Among the many buildings for business purposes which have arisen as if by magic within the last four years, several are distinguished no less for beauty than for size and convenience, and one of them, on Ellicott Square, easily takes precedence, both for grandeur and for grace, of any business structure known to me on either side of the Atlantic. To look upon it is an education. These superb edifices and the magnificent churches built within three years were sure to come as soon as the taste trained in affluent homes to be satisfied with nothing but the best began to look out of its windows. A community does well to provide for the comfort and beauty of its homes before attending to the decoration of its markets.

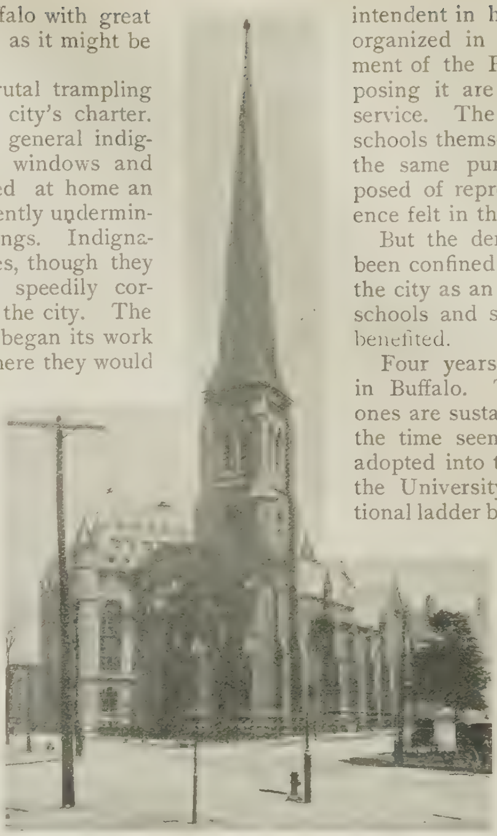
IN ELLICOTT SQUARE

Hon. L. L. Lewis

It has been said that in Buffalo "nothing is ever done until it has to be done." This sneer at the conservatism of her business men is adequately answered by the fact that Buffalo has been remarkably exempt from the depressing dampness caused by collapsing bubbles, and has suffered less than any important city in the Union from financial panics. Home life rarely breeds reckless speculators, and "they laugh best who laugh last," say domestic and substantial burghers.

That awakening to a sense of civic responsibility which has recently appeared in many

American communities came to Buffalo with great power four years ago, and wrought as it might be expected to do in a city of homes.



ST. PAUL'S (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH

Its immediate cause was the brutal trampling by the State Legislature upon the city's charter. The outrage produced intense and general indignation. Men looked out of their windows and perceived that while they had nestled at home an iniquitous political ring had been silently undermining the foundations of their dwellings. Indignation was not exhausted in expletives, though they were abundant. The outrage was speedily corrected, and its chief perpetrator left the city. The spirit of reform grew stronger. It began its work where reforms were most needed; where they would be of most permanent benefit; where lovers of home would naturally feel the keenest interest—namely, with the public schools. These had been vilely neglected by the men of wealth and influence who could educate their children where they liked. Four years ago the schools had become such as are inevitable wherever the positions of teachers are used as rewards for political services, and paid to the orders of saloon-keepers or others who have delivered or are expected to deliver a required number of votes. Less than five years ago a child in one of the public schools brought home a note from his teacher. The note contained four lines of writing, and six offenses against the elementary laws of English orthography and grammar. This note was less exceptional than representative of the quality of instruction the city was giving to its children, when a spontaneous insurrection of citizens threw out of office the culprits directly responsible for the crime, and elected for Superintendent of Education a man of rare honesty and capacity. Improvement began immediately, and has steadily continued. The schools are approaching a true ideal. Other influences—some of them stimulated and some of them created by the same revival—are helping the superintendent in his work. The college alumnæ have organized in an "Association for the Improvement of the Public Schools," and the ladies composing it are alert in using every opportunity of service. The competent lady teachers in the schools themselves have formed an association for the same purpose, and a citizens' league, composed of representative men, has made its influence felt in the same direction.

But the demand for better education has not been confined to the public schools. It pervades the city as an atmosphere, and of her fifty private schools and seminaries there are few it has not benefited.

Four years ago there was not a kindergarten in Buffalo. There are several now; ten free ones are sustained by voluntary contributions, and the time seems near when kindergartens will be adopted into the public-school system. Last year the University of Buffalo completed the educational ladder by adding to its departments a School of Pedagogy designed to perfect teachers in the highest branches of their art. The school already numbers eighty-one pupils, of whom some are graduates of the Normal, and some are successfully filling prominent positions in their profession.

The other departments of the University, its Schools of Law, Medicine, Dentistry, and Pharmacy, all well equipped, attract a large and steadily increasing clientage.

Seventeen small libraries, each containing from a thousand to eight thousand volumes; open at convenient hours; many of them free, and some of them charging a nominal fee, are scattered in different parts of the city. "The Grosvenor," a reference library of thirty-five thousand well-selected volumes, free to all, has during the last year completed and occupied a commodious building, centrally located, and thus augmented its usefulness; while "The Buffalo Library" owns in the heart of the city a building of great beauty and of size sufficient to allow indefinite expansion.

The Civil Service Association meets quietly in a private

WOMAN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION

NEW LAFAYETTE CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN)

GROSVENOR LIBRARY

parlor. It has done much to cultivate a civic spirit in the community; has increased its activity under the encouragement of the general awakening four years ago, and recently received a letter from Mr. Silas W. Burt, the State Civil Service Commissioner, in which he says that he and his colleagues consider it a model for all other cities in the State. Nine Good Government Clubs owe their birth to the same revival.

The Woman's Civic Club, recently founded by the Woman's Union, is throwing into kitchen and parlor the light which other agencies shed into office and store, and the increase of civic spirit is revealed by the general interest manifested by both sexes in applications for municipal franchises. A few years ago the city could give away most valuable rights without attracting attention, but now, when a grant is asked for, the whole community pricks its ears and becomes righteously belligerent.

Good homes make good neighbors, and Buffalo is remarkable for the number of small associations in which neighbors drawn together by community of tastes have united for mutual improvement in body, brain, and heart. I have counted a hundred such, and there may be as many more. For physical culture there are athletic, fishing and shooting, golf, polo, and bicycle clubs unnumbered. For the brain there are scientific, literary, architectural, archæological, historical, microscope, and even a chess and checker club. For the culture of the heart there are social, artists', florists', dramatic, and musical clubs. Among these smaller associations, which bring multitudes of men and women together in helpful relations, and are as flowers gemming the ground, larger institutions of similar origin stand like trees. In the "Buffalo Club" the opinions of many representative men may be learned upon any subject which has excited public interest. The Saturn also sheds a kindly influence, and the University Club, composed of college graduates, and just a year old, already exerts a powerful influence for the intellectual advancement of the community.

A wholesome impulse has been given by the Liberal Club, organized four years ago. It is an association of two hundred and fifty gentlemen, who dine together once a month and discuss some subject of importance after hearing it treated by the best-qualified expert that can be found. The address is published in the daily papers, and thus made profitable to the whole community. This Club has proved so useful that one hundred and fifty names are on its waiting list, and a second like it has been recently established. The ladies have sought and achieved the same ends by similar methods, but without the dinner, in the Woman's Contemporary Club.

As might be expected where there are so many Germans, Buffalo is fond of music. One of the influences which have drawn the Germans and Americans together comes from the spacious music-hall which Germans built and Americans frequent. Under the fostering care of both there has been developed, from home talent exclusively, an orchestra which renders well the classic symphonies, and a chorus of three hundred voices.

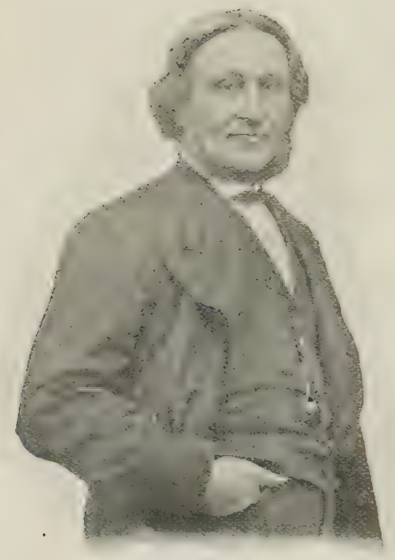
The charitable work of the city is prosecuted with great and steadily increasing energy. It would be bewildering and useless to enumerate the hospitals and homes for every kind of feebleness, and the many institutions founded to help those who need help in brain or purse as well as in body. These are not characteristic of Buffalo. They are similar to those in other cities. It ought, however, to be said that they have increased both in number and efficiency at a rate which keeps pace—and does more than that, I think—with the city's material growth. Like most beneficent agencies, they draw their life-blood from the churches. The Outlook, assuming that all are familiar with the Prince of Denmark, has asked only for the other parts of Hamlet. Therefore I have not named the churches. One fact, however, about them demands remark. It is this. They are bringing their methods of work into more perfect harmony with that subtle tendency which seems to characterize the genius of Buffalo. Two of them have already established in the least affluent regions of the city homes on the college settlement plan, and a third will probably do the same within a year.

The facts which warrant bright hopes for the future of Buffalo are these: 1. The efforts made for the moral welfare of the city are radical. They aim to make good men and women; not to build a temple with peat sods, but first of all to bake good bricks. 2. They work in harmony with the peculiar and historic genius of the community. They bear the stamp "home-made." 3. They are energetic and they are general.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING

A Friend of Letters: Alexander Macmillan

By Hamilton W. Mabie



ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

The names of some publishers have been so intimately associated with the literary history of their times that they seem as much a part of that history as the names of those men of Letters whose friends and counselors they were. So much has been said about the antagonisms between writers and publishers that the world is likely to forget the close and helpful relations which often exist between two groups of men whose interests, from any rational point of view, are substantially identical. As a matter of fact, it has happened more than once that large-minded publishers have contributed materially to notable literary movements, not only by loyal co-operation with writers of force and influence, but by sagacity of that high order which foresees the drift of thought and recognizes the advent of a new current in human affairs. In England and in this country men of this type have rendered services of a high order, not only to men of Letters, but to the cause of Letters.

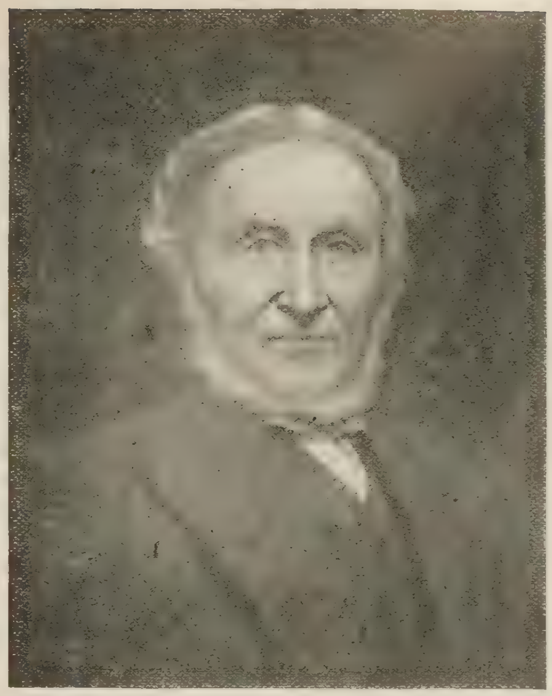
When Mr. Alexander Macmillan died, a few months since, The Outlook promised its readers a fuller account than was possible at the moment of one of these far-seeing and large-minded friends of Letters. It was the characteristic good fortune of Alexander and Daniel Macmillan to establish not only business but intimate personal relations with a group of writers so notable that the imprint of the house has become a kind of guarantee of the quality of the books which bear it. The brothers came of a sturdy and honorable stock; a stock of immense moral and physical vitality, self-respecting, indefatigable, and capable in many directions. Born on the island of Arran, the memories of Argyllshire were long preserved among the descendants of Malcolm Macmillan, the grandfather, who had carried his narrow fortunes from the mainland to the island, and who was a thrifty farmer, an Elder of the Established Church, and a man of rugged character enriched by a vein of sentiment and tenderness. Of his son, the father of Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, the elder brother once wrote: "He was a large, strong man, and only too ready to use his strength. . . . A braver, a more upright man never left this world. I wish I could remember more of him. But what I do makes me feel that he was truly a king and priest, and true 'man of God.'" And he speaks of his mother as "one of the noblest and purest spirits ever manifested in the flesh."

The brothers started early upon the arduous career of building fortune and reputation on the simple and ancient foundation of integrity and industry. They had persistency, enthusiasm, and ability. The beginnings were obscure and unpromising, and, although highly characteristic of the men, must be passed with a word. "I never had the least ambition to rise in the world, as it is called," writes Mr. Alexander Macmillan. "I think that is the bane of life and action. Do the work that is given you; that seems to me the real law of life. Never mind whether you rise or not. It makes my heart ache when young fellows call on me, as they often do, asking for situations, or for work of higher kind than that they have. I have, I am thankful to say, often been able to help a man to work. I count it a great privilege when I can; but ambitious youths who want to rise in the world, and not simply to do the little bit of work God gives them, are very hopeless."

These words sum up also a noble practical philosophy, and, with certain other words of Daniel Macmillan's, they may well form a gospel of rational, Christian business life: "We booksellers, if we are faithful to our task, are trying to destroy, and are helping to destroy, all kinds of confusion, and are aiding our great Taskmaster to reduce the world into order and beauty and harmony. Bread we must have, and gain it by the sweat of our brow, or of our brain, and that is noble, because God-appointed. Yet that is not all. As truly as God is, we are his ministers, and help to minister to the well-being of the spirits of men. *At the same time it is our duty to manage our affairs wisely, keep our minds easy, and not trade beyond our means.*" The idealism so often latent in the Scotch character, and the clear, practical sense which is the heritage of the Scotch race, were never more happily blended than in these words, at once so spiritual in their outlook upon life and so sagacious in dealing with it.

There was a long apprenticeship of hard work before the two brothers, who, by different roads, were steadily approaching the common work to which taste, ability, and circumstances all led the way. In 1843 Daniel Macmillan became the owner of a small publishing business in Cambridge, and Alexander speedily joined in the modest venture. The young men were singularly well equipped for their occupation and opportunity; they had made the most intimate acquaintance not only with every branch and article of book-making, but with the spiritual quality and

KNAPDALE, UPPER TOOTING, FOR SOME YEARS THE RESIDENCE OF ALEXANDER MACMILLAN, AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE SUFFRAGAN BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK



ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

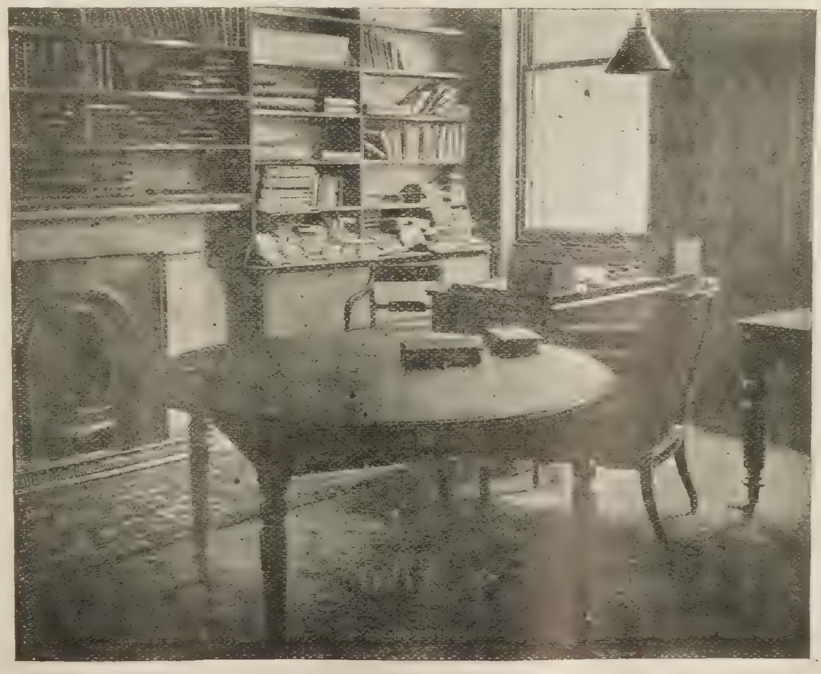
From a Painting by H. Herkomer, A.R.A.

significance of books. They seem to have cared for only the best in thought and style; and no small part of their success was due to the moral insight which each possessed. Success came soon, in a moderate way, but on high lines, and that success was uninterrupted. It was not only a peculiarly honorable success, but it was a success readily explained by the character of the men who were behind it. They were so closely associated and so harmonious in their views and tastes that it is impossible to write of one without writing of the other; and the sketch of Daniel Macmillan, so affectionately prepared by Thomas Hughes, is also the sketch of Alexander Macmillan. The correspondence of the two reads like a chapter out of the literary history of the times; so intimately associated were they with the men who were making that history, and so deeply were their spiritual as well as their material fortunes involved in it. It is a chapter torn from the rich intellectual life of the period, starred with great names, and disclosing a life of thought and aspiration of notable range and impressiveness.

The young publishers were, by virtue of native intelligence and passionate study, men of genuine culture, quite capable of giving as well as of receiving in the fellowship of the eminent writers with whom they came into such intimate friendship; capable, indeed, of that intelligent, independent judgment which is in itself a high development of the critical faculty. They were as deeply moved by the spirit of the new time as were the new men to whom they were drawn. Their thrift and sagacity were matters of method; both were idealists at heart. They shared the kindling hopes of the age. "His youthful enthusiasms for Carlyle and Coleridge, for Shakespeare, Burns, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, never changed or faded," wrote a friend of Alexander Macmillan. "He was specially devoted to Plato. . . . He had mastered the leading prose Classics, and they formed for him a secret standard and criterion of excellence which saved him in a way from false admirations, or from being deceived by that specious mediocrity which is perpetually appearing in fresh shapes above the horizon. A lifelong enthusiasm for the best models was at the root of his highest success as a publisher."

The letters of Daniel Macmillan abound in clear-cut characterization and criticism. He describes a recently published volume of Newman's sermons as "a very curious specimen of the skeptical turn of his mind. He very much reminds me of our great Scotch skeptic, David Hume. . . . He holds fast by Christianity as developed in 'the Church,' because the balance of probabilities seems in its favor. If he had not been a Christian and a Churchman, he would have been one of the powerfulest skeptical logic-mills we have had set a-going in this country for many years." Of Byron he writes: "He never seems to have loved any one. No one seems ever to have loved him heartily. There is a most hateful sense of hollowness running through these letters. . . . I still hold out for Shelley. The 'Prometheus Unbound' is a noble utterance of his most noble nature." Perhaps the greatest spiritual influence to which the two brothers were exposed came from Maurice, one of the loftiest natures and one of the richest minds of the century. The accuracy of Daniel Macmillan's estimates is evidenced not only by his acute comment on Newman, but also by his noble characterization of Maurice: "He towers far above all others, and yet he is the most profoundly humble man I ever knew. . . . He seems to care only for what is living and real."

The letters are full of sagacious judgments, of sound opinions, of evidences of a wide and rich fellowship with the best men and the most catholic thought. They explain the fact that the catalogue of the house, which grew apace, was not simply a list of great names, but a record of friendship as well. Maurice, Tennyson, Huxley, Spencer, Blackie, Patmore, Kingsley, Arnold, Palgrave, and Hughes were among those whose books bore the imprint of Macmillan & Co. The older brother died in the summer of 1857, and the business, already well established, came under the sole control of Mr. Alexander Macmillan. "Westward Ho!" reached its third edition during the same year, and in that eventful year "Tom Brown's School Days" attained almost at a bound its great and deserved popularity; a popularity which shows no signs of waning. Henceforth success bred success until the business had assumed the commanding position it has now held so long and with such sustained vigor and skill. The keen sense of what constitutes literature, the genius for turning business into personal relations, combined with thrifty methods and shrewd ventures, which were characteristic of the founders of the house, have become traditional in its management.



ALEXANDER MACMILLAN'S ROOM AT BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—PREPARING FOR THE SACRAMENT

English folk have various festivals in the religious year, as becometh a generous country, but in our austere and thrifty Glen there was only one high day, and that was Sacrament Sabbath. It is rumored—but one prefers not to believe scandals—that the Scottish Kirk nowadays is encouraging a monthly Sacrament, after which nothing remains in the way of historical declension except for people to remain for the Sacrament as it may occur to them, and for men like Drumsheugh to get up at meetings to give their religious experiences, when every one that has any understanding will know that the reserve has gone out of Scottish character, and the reverence from Scottish faith. Dr. Davidson's successor, a boisterous young man of bourgeois manners, elected by popular vote, has got guilds, where Hillocks' granddaughter reads papers on Emerson and refers to the Free Kirk people as Dissenters; but things were different in the old days before the Revolution. The Doctor had such unquestioning confidence in himself that he considered his very presence a sufficient defense for the Kirk, and was of such perfect breeding that he regarded other Kirks with unbroken charity. He was not the man to weary the parish with fussy little schemes, and he knew better than to level down the Sacrament. It was the summit of the year to which the days climbed, from which they fell away, and it was held in the middle of August. Then nature was at her height in the Glen, and had given us of her fullness. The barley was golden, and, rustling in the gentle wind, wearied for the scythe; the oats were changing daily, and had only so much greenness as would keep the feathery heads firm for the handling; the potatoes, having received the last touch of the plow, were well banked up and flowering pleasantly; the turnips, in fine levels, like Hillocks', or gently sloping fields, like Menzies', were so luxuriant that a mere townsman could not have told the direction of the drills; the hay had been gathered into long stacks like unto the shape of a two-storied house, and the fresh aftermath on the field was yielding sweet morsels for the horses of an evening; the pasture was rich with the hardy white clover, and one could hear from the road the cattle taking full mouthfuls; young spring animals, like calves and lambs, were now falling into shape and beginning independent life, though with an occasional hankering after the past, when the lambs would fall a-bleating for their mothers and calves would hang about the gate at evening, where they had often fought shamelessly to get a frothy nose once more into the milk-pail.

Our little gardens were full a-blow, a very blaze and maze of color and foliage, wherein the owner wandered of an evening, examining flowers and fruit with many and prolonged speculations—much aided by the smoke of tobacco—as to the chance of gaining a second at our horticultural show with his stocks, or honorable mention for a dish of mixed fruit. The goodwife might be seen of an afternoon, about that time, in a sunbonnet and gown carefully tucked up, gathering her berry harvest for preserves, with two young assistants, who worked at a modest distance from their mother, very black as to their mouths, and preserving the currants as they plucked them by an instantaneous process of their own invention. Next afternoon a tempting fragrance of boiling sugar would make one's mouth water as he passed, and the same assistants, never weary in well-doing, might be seen setting saucers of black jam upon the window-sill to "jeel," and receiving, as a kind of blackmail, another saucerful of "skim," which, I am informed, is really the refuse of the sugar, but, for all that, wonderfully toothsome. Bear with a countryman's petty foolishness, ye mighty people who live in cities, and whose dainties come from huge manufactories. Some man, reading these pages, will remember that red-letter day of the summer-time long ago, and the faithful hands that plucked the fruit, and the old kitchen, with its open beams, and the peat fire glowing red, and the iron arm that held the copper-lined pan—much lent round the district– and the smack of the hot, sweet berries, more grateful than any banquet of later days.

The bees worked hard in this time of affluence, and came staggering home with spoil from the hills, but it was holiday season on the farms. Between the last labors on the roots and the beginning of harvest there was no exacting demand from the land, and managing farmers invented tasks to fill up the hours. An effort was made to restore carts and implements to their original color, which was abruptly interrupted by the first day of cutting, so that one was not surprised to see a harvest cart blue on one side and a rich, crusted brown on the other. Drumsheugh would even send his men to road-making, and apologize to the neighbors—"juist reddin' up aboot the doors"—while Saunders, the foreman, and his staff labored in a shame-faced manner, like grown-ups playing at a children's game. Hillocks used to talk vaguely about going to see a married sister in Glasgow, and one year got as far as Kildrummie, where he met Piggie Walker, and returned to have a deal in potatoes with that enterprising man. More than once Drumsheugh—but then his position was acknowledged—set off on the Tuesday for Carnoustie with a large carpet-bag, containing, among other things, two pounds of butter and two dozen eggs, and announced his intention of spending a fortnight at the "saut water." The kirkyard would bid him good-by, and give him a united guarantee that Sabbath would be kept at Drumtochty during his absence, but the fathers were never astonished to see the great man drop into Muirtown market next Friday on his way west—having found four days of unrelieved gayety at that Scottish Monaco enough for flesh and blood.

This season of small affairs was redeemed by the Sacrament, and preparations began far off with the cleaning of the kirk. As early as June our beadle had the face of one with something on his mind, and declined to pledge himself for roups of standing corn, where his presence was much valued, not on business grounds, but as an official sanction of the proceedings. Drumtochty always felt that Dr. Davidson was fully represented by his man, and John could no longer disentangle the two in his own mind—taking a gloomy view of the parish when he was laid up by lumbago and the Doctor had to struggle on single-handed, and regarding the future, when both would be gone, with despair.

"Aye, aye, Hillocks," he once remarked to that worthy, "this 'ill be a queer-like place when me an' the Doctor's awa'.

"Na, na, a' daurna promise for the roup, but ye can cairry it on whether a'm there or no; prices dinna hang on a beadle, and they're far mair than appearance. A'm juist beginning tae plan the reddin' up for the Saicrament, an' 'a've nae speerit for pleesure; div ye ken, Hillocks, a' wud actually coont a funeral distrackin'?"

"Ye hev an awfu' responsibility, there's nae doot o' that, John, but gin ye juist jined the fouk for ae field, it wud be an affset tae the day, an' the auctioneer wud be lifted."

With the beginning of July, John fairly broke ground in the great effort, and was engaged thereon for six weeks, beginning with the dusting of the pulpit and concluding with the beating of Drumsheugh's cushion. During that time the Doctor only suggested his wants to John, and the fathers themselves trembled of a Sabbath morning lest in a moment of forgetfulness they might carry something of their farms with them and mar the great work. It was impressive to see Whinnie laboring at his feet in a grassy corner, while John watched him from the kirk door with an unrelenting countenance.

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

The elders also had what might be called their cleaning at this season, examining into the cases of any who had made a "mistak" since last August, and deciding whether they should be allowed to "gang forrit." These deliberations were begun at the collection plate, where Drumsheugh and Domsie stood the last five minutes before the Doctor appeared, and were open to the congregation, who from their places within learned the offenders' prospects.

"The Doctor 'ill dae as he considers richt, an' he's juist ower easy pleased wi' onybody 'at sets a-greeting, but yon's ma jidgment, Dominie."

"I do not wish to dispute with you, Drumsheugh"—Domsie always spoke English on such occasions—"and the power of the keys is a solemn charge. But we must temper a just measure of severity with a spirit of mercy."

"Ye may temper this or temper that," said Drumsheugh, going to the root of the matter, "but a' tell ye, Dominie, there's ower mony o' thae limmers in the country juist noo, an' a'm for making an example o' Jean Ferguson."

So Jean did not present herself for a token on the approaching fast day, and sat out with the children during the Sacrament with as becoming an expression of penitence as her honest, comely face could accomplish. Nor did Jean or her people bear any grudge against the Doctor or the Session for their severity. She had gone of her own accord to confess her fault, and was willing that her process of cleansing should be thorough before she received absolution. When a companion in misfortune spoke of the greater leniency of Pitscourie, Jean expressed her thankfulness that she was of Drumtochty.

"Nane o' yir loose wys for me—gie me a richt minister as dis his duty;" which showed that, whatever might be her deflections in conduct, Jean's ideas of morals were sound.

Preparations in the parish at large began two weeks before the Sacrament, when persons whose attendance had been, to say the least, irregular slipped in among the fathers without ostentation, and, dropping into a conversation on the weather, continued, as it were, from last Sabbath, used it skillfully to offer an apology for past failures in church observance.

"It's keepit up wonderfu' through the week, for a' never like ower bricht mornin's," old Sandie Ferguson would remark casually, whose arrival, swallow-like, heralded the approach of the great occasion. "The roads are graund the noo frae the heich (high glen); we've hed an awfu' winter, neeburs, up oor wy—clean blockit up. Them 'at lives ablow are michty favored, wi' the kirk at their door."

"It's maist extraordinar' hoo the seasons are changin'"—Jamie Soutar could never resist Sandie's effrontery. "A' mind when Mairch saw the end o' the snow, an' noo winter is hangin' aboot in midsummer. A'm expeckin' tae hear, in another five year, that the drifts last through the Sacrament in August. It 'ill be a sair trial for ye, Sandie, a wullin' kirk-goer—but ye 'ill hae the less responsibility."

"Millhole's here, at ony rate, the day, an' we're gled tae see him"—for Drumsheugh's pride was to have a large Sacrament—and so Sandie would take his place at an angle to catch the Doctor's eye, and pay such rapt attention to the sermon that any one not knowing the circumstances might have supposed that he had just awaked from sleep.

Plowmen who on other Sabbaths slept in the forenoon and visited their sweethearts the rest of the day, presented themselves for tokens on the fast day, and made the one elaborate toilette of the year on Saturday evening, when they shaved in turns before a scrap of glass hung outside the bothy door, and the foreman, skilled in the clipping of horses, cut their hair, utilizing a porridge-bowl with much ingenuity to secure a round cut. They left early on the Sabbath morning, forming themselves into a group against the gable of the kirk, and being reviewed with much satisfaction by Drumsheugh, who had a keen eye for absentees from the religious function of the year. At the first sound of the bell the plowmen went into kirk a solid mass, distributing themselves in the servants' pews attached to the farmers' pews, and maintaining an immovable countenance through every part of the service, any tendency to somnolence being promptly and effectually checked by the foreman, who relaxed when alone on other days, but on Sacrament Sabbath realized his charge and never closed an eye. The women and children proceeded to their places on arrival, and the fathers followed them as the bell gave signs of ceasing. Drumsheugh and Domsie then came in from the plate and the administration of discipline, and the parish waited as one man for the appearance of John with the Bible, the Doctor following, and envied those whose seat commanded the walk from the manse down which the procession came once a week with dignity, but once a year with an altogether peculiar majesty.

Drumtochty exiles meeting in London or other foreign places and recalling the Glen, never part without lighting on John and passing contempt on all officials beside him. "Ye mind John?" one would say, wagging his head with an amazement that time and distance had in no wise cooled, and his fellow-glensman would only reply, "Aye, ye may traivel the warld ower or ye see his marrow." Then they would fall into a thoughtful silence, and each knew that his neighbor was following John as he came down the kirkyard on the great day. "Comin' in at the door lookin' as if he didna ken there wes a body in the kirk, a' aye coontit best," but his friend had another preference. "It wes fine, but, man, tae see him set the bukes doon on the pulpit cushion, and then juist gie ae glisk roond the kirk, as much as tae say, 'What think ye o' that?' cowed a'thing." It has been given to myself, amid other privileges, to see (and store in a fond memory) the walk of a University mace-bearer, a piper at the Highland gathering, a German station-master (after the war), an alderman (of the old school), but it is only justice to admit, although I am not of Drumtochty, but only as a proselyte of the gate, that none of those efforts is at all to be compared with John's achievement. Within the manse the Doctor was waiting in pulpit array, grasping his father's snuff-box in a firm right hand, and it was understood that, none seeing them, and as a preparation for the strain that would immediately be upon them, both the minister and his man relaxed for a minute.

"Is there a respectable attendance, John?" and the Doctor would take a preliminary pinch. "Drumsheugh does not expect many absentees."

"Naebody's missin' that a' cud see, sir, except that ill-gettit wratch, Tammie Ronaldson, and a' coont him past redemption. A' gaed in as a' cam doon, and gin he wesna lyin' in his bed sleepin' an' snorin' like a heathen!"

"Well, John, did you do your duty as an officer of the church?"

"A' stood ower him, Doctor, an' a' juist said tae maesel', 'Shall a' smite wi' the sword?' but a' left him alane for this time." And so they started—John in front with the books, and the Doctor a pace behind, his box now in the left hand, with a handkerchief added, and the other holding up his gown, both dignitaries bare-headed, unself-conscious, absorbed in their office.

The books were carried level with the top button of John's waistcoat—the Psalm-book being held in its place by the two extended thumbs—and neither were allowed to depart from the absolute horizontal by an eighth of an inch, even going up the pulpit stairs. When they had been deposited in their place, and slightly patted, just to settle them, John descended to make way for the Doctor, who had been waiting beneath in a commanding attitude. He then followed the minister up, and closed the door—not with a bang, but yet so that all might know he had finished his part of the work. If any one had doubted how much skill went to this achievement, he had his eyes opened when John had the lumbago, and the smith arrived at the kirk door three yards ahead of the Doctor, and let the Psalm-book fall on the pulpit floor.

"We're thankfu' tae hae ye back, John," said Hillocks. "Yon wes a temptin' o' Providence."

Once only had I the privilege of seeing John in this his glory, and the sight of him afflicted me with a problem no one has ever solved. It might, indeed, be made a branch of scientific investigation, and would then be called the

Genesis of Beadles. Was a beadle ever a baby? What like was he before he appeared in his office? Was he lying as a cardinal in petto till the right moment, and then simply showed himself to be appointed as one born unto this end? No one dared to hint that John had ever followed any other avocation, and an effort to connect John with the honorable trade of plumbing was justly regarded as a disgraceful return of Tammie Ronaldson's for much faithful dealing. Drumtochty refused to consider his previous history, if he had any, and looked on John in his office as Melchizedek, a mysterious, isolated work of Providence. He was a mere wisp of a man, with a hard, keen face, iron-gray hair brushed low across his forehead, and clean-shaven cheeks.

"A've naething tae say against a beard," on being once consulted, "an' a'm no prepared tae deny it maun be in the plan o' Providence. In fact, gin a' wes in a private capacity, a' michtna shave, but in ma public capacity, a've nae alternative. It wud be a fine story to gang roond the Presbytery o' Muirtown that the Beadle o' Drumtochty hed a beard."

His authority was supreme under the Doctor, and never was disputed by man or beast save once, and John himself admitted that the circumstances were quite peculiar. It was during the Doctor's famous Continental tour, when Drumsheugh fought with strange names in the kirkyard, and the Presbytery supplied Drumtochty in turn. The minister of St. Mungo's, Muirtown, was so spiritual that he left his voice at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and lived in the Song of Solomon, with occasional incursions into the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and it was thoughtless not to have told Mr. Curlew that two or three dogs—of unexceptionable manners—attended our kirk with their masters. They would no more have thought of brawling in church than John himself, and they knew the parts of the service as well as the Doctor: but dogs have been so made by our common Creator that they cannot abide falsetto, and Mr. Curlew tried them beyond endurance. When he lifted up his voice in "Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return," a long wail in reply, from below a back seat where a shepherd was slumbering, proclaimed that his appeal had not altogether failed. "Put out that dog," said the preacher in a very natural voice, with a strong suggestion of bad temper; "put that dog out immediately; it's most disgraceful that such . . . eh, conduct should go on in a Christian church. Where is the church officer?"

"A'm the Beadle o' Drumtochty"—standing in his place—"an' a'll dae yir pleesure;" and the occasion was too awful for any one, even the dog's master, to assist, far less to laugh.

So Laddie was conducted down the passage—a dog who would not condescend to resist—and led to the outer gate of the kirkyard, and John came in amid a dead silence—for Mr. Curlew had not yet got his pulpit note again—and faced the preacher.

"The dog's oot, sir, but a' tak this congregation tae witness, ye begood (began) it yirsel," and it was said that Mr. Curlew's pious and edifying chant was greatly restricted in country kirks from that day.

It was not given to the beadle to sit with the elders in that famous court of morals which is called the Kirk Session, and of which strange stories are told by Southern historians, but it was his to show out and in the culprits with much solemnity. As a familiar of the Inquisition, he took oversight of the district, and saw that none escaped the wholesome discipline of the Church.

"Ye're back," he said, arresting Peter Ferguson as he tried to escape down a by-road, and eying the prodigal sternly, who had fled from discipline to London, and there lost a leg; "the'ill be a meetin' o' Session next week afore the Saicrament; wull a' tell the Doctor ye're comin'?"

"No, ye 'ill dae naething o' the kind, for a'll no be there. A've nae suner got hame aifter ma accident but ye're tormentin' me on the vera road wi' yir Session. Ye drave me awa' aince, an' noo ye wud harry (hunt) me aff again."

"A weel, a weel"—and John was quite calm—"dinna pit yirsel' in a feery-farry (excitement); ye 'ill gang yir ain wy and earn yir ain jidgment. It wes for yir gude a' spoke, and noo a've dune ma pairt, an' whatever comes o't, ye 'ill no hae me or ony ither body tae blame."

"What think ye 'ill happen?"—evidently sobered by John's tone, yet keeping up a show of defiance. "Ye wud think the Session wes the Sheriff o' Perthshire tae hear ye blawin' and threatenin'."

"It's no for me tae say what may befa' ye, Peter Ferguson, for a'm no yir jidge, but juist a frail mortal, beadle though I be; but a' may hev ma thochts.

"Ye refused the summons sax month syne, and took yir wys tae London—that wes contumacy added tae yir ither sin. Nae doot ye made certain ye hed escapit, but hed ye? A' leave it tae yirsel', for the answer is in yir body," and John examined Peter's wooden leg with an austere interest.

"Aye, aye, ma man," he resumed—for Peter was now quite silenced by this uncompromising interpretation of the ways of Providence—"ye aff tae London, an' the Lord aifter ye, an' whuppit aff ae leg. Noo ye declare ye 'ill be as countermacious as ever, an' a'm expeckin' the Lord 'ill tak the ither leg, an' gin that disna dae, a' that remains is tae stairt on yir airms; and, man Peter, ye 'ill be a bonnie-like sicht afore a's dune."

This was very faithful dealing, and it had its desired effect, for Peter appeared at next meeting, and in due course was absolved, as became an obedient son of the Church.

John did not, however, always carry the sword, but bore himself gently to young people so long as they did not misbehave in church, and he had a very tender heart towards probationers, as being callow members of that great ecclesiastical guild in which he was one of the heads.

When one of those innocents came to take the Doctor's place, John used to go in to visit them in the dining-room on Saturday evening, partly to temper the severity of his wife, Dr. Davidson's housekeeper, who dealt hardly with the lads, and partly to assist them with practical hints regarding pulpit deportment and the delivery of their sermons. One unfortunate was so nervous and clinging that John arranged his remarks for him into heads—with an application to two classes—and then, having suggested many points, stopped under the yew arch that divided the kirkyard from the manse garden, and turned on the shaking figure which followed.

"Ae thing mair; aifter ye're dune wi' yir sermon, whether ye're sweatin' or no, for ony sake fa' back in yir seat and dicht (wipe) yir broo," which being done by the exhausted orator, made a great impression on the people, and was so spread abroad that a year afterwards it won for him the parish of Pitscourie.

CHAPTER XIV.—A MODERATE

As a matter of fact, Dr. Davidson, minister of Drumtochty, stood exactly five feet nine in his boots, and was therefore a man of quite moderate height; but this is not what you had dared to state to any loyal and self-respecting person in the parish. For "the Doctor"—what suggestions of respect and love were in that title on a Drumtochty tongue!—was so compactly made, and bore himself with such dignity, both in walk and conversation, that Drumsheugh, although not unaccustomed to measurement and a man of scrupulous accuracy, being put into the witness-box, would have sworn that Dr. Davidson was "aboot sax feet aff and on—maybe half an inch mair, stannin' at his full hicht in the pulpit." Which fond delusion seemed to declare abroad, as in a parable, the greatness of the Doctor.

Providence had dealt bountifully with Dr. Davidson, and had bestowed on him the largest benefit of heredity. He was not the first of his house to hold this high place of parish minister—the only absolute monarchy in the land—and he must not receive over-praise for not falling into those personal awkwardnesses and petty tyrannies which are signs of one called suddenly to the throne. His were the pride of blood, the inherent sense of authority, the habit of rule, the gracious arts of manner, the conviction of popular devotion, the grasp of affairs, the interest in the people's life, which are the marks and aids of a royal caste. It was not in the nature of things that the Doctor should condescend to quarrel with a farmer or mix himself up with any vulgar squabble, because his will was law in ninety cases in a hundred, and in the other ten he skillfully anticipated the people's wishes. When the minister of Nether Pitfoodles—who had sermons on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage," and was much run after in Muirtown—quarreled with his elders about a collection, and asked the interference of the Presbytery, Dr. Davidson dealt severely with him in open court as one who had degraded the ministry and discredited government. It was noticed also that the old gentleman would afterwards examine Nether Pitfoodles curiously for minutes together in the Presbytery, and then shake his head.

"Any man," he used to say to his reverend brother of Kildrummie, as they went home from the Presbytery together, "who gets into a wrangle with his farmers about a collection is either an upstart or he is a fool, and in neither case ought he to be a minister of the Church of Scotland." And the two old men would lament the decay of the ministry over their wine in Kildrummie Manse—being both of the same school, cultured, clean-living, kind-hearted, honorable, but not extravagantly evangelical clergymen. They agreed in everything except in the matter of their after-dinner wine, Dr. Davidson having a partiality for port, while the minister of Kildrummie insisted that a generous claret was the hereditary drink of a Scottish gentleman. This was only, however, a subject of academic debate, and was not allowed to interfere with practice—the abbé of Drumtochty taking his bottle of claret in an appreciative spirit, and the curé of Kildrummie disposing of his two or three glasses of port with cheerful resignation.

If Drumtochty exalted its minister above his neighbors, it may be urged in excuse that Scottish folk are much affected by a man's birth, and Dr. Davidson had a good ancestry. He was the last of his line, and represented a family that for two centuries had given her sons to the Kirk. Among those bygone worthies, the Doctor used to select one in especial for honorable mention. He was a minister of Dunleith, whose farmers preferred to play ball against the wall of the kirk to hearing him preach, and gave him insolence on his offering a pious remonstrance. Whereupon the Davidson of that day, being, like all his race, short in stature but mighty in strength, first beat the champion player one Sabbath morning at his own game to tame an unholy pride, and then thrashed him with his fist to do good to his soul. This happy achievement in practical theology secured an immediate congregation, and produced so salutary an effect on the schismatic ball-player that he became in due course an elder, and was distinguished for his severity in dealing with persons absenting themselves from public worship, or giving themselves overmuch to vain amusements.

At the close of the last century the Doctor's grandfather was minister of the High Kirk, Muirtown, where he built up the people in loyalty to Kirk and State, and himself recruited for the Perthshire Fencibles. He also delivered a sermon entitled "The French Revolution the just judgment of the Almighty on the spirit of insubordination," for which he received a vote of thanks from the Lord Provost and Bailies of Muirtown in council assembled, as well as a jewel from the Earl of Kilspindie, the grandfather of our lord, which the Doctor inherited and wore on the third finger of his left hand. Had Carmichael or any other minister decked himself after this fashion, it had not fared well with him; but even the Free Kirk appreciated a certain pomp in Dr. Davidson, and would have resented his being as other men. He was always pleased to give the history of the ring, and generally told a story of his ancestor, which he had tasted much more frequently than the sermon. A famous judge had asked him to dinner as he made his circuit, and they had disputed about the claret, till at last its excellence compelled respect at the close of the first bottle.

"'Now, Reverend Sir,' said the judge, 'this wine has been slandered and its fair fame taken away without reason. I demand that you absolve it from the scandal.'

"'My Lord,' said my worthy forbear, 'you are a great criminal lawyer, but you are not well read in Kirk law, for no offender can be absolved without three appearances.'

"My grandfather," the Doctor used to conclude, "had the best of that jest besides two bottles of claret, for in those days a clergyman took more wine than we would now think seemly, although, mark you, my sagacious grandfather always denounced drunkenness, on two grounds: first, because it was an offense against religion, and, second, because it was a sign of weakness."

Some old folk could remember the Doctor's father, who never attained to the Doctorate, but was a commanding personage. He published no sermons, but, as the first Davidson in Drumtochty, he laid the foundations of good government. The Kilspindie family had only recently come into the parish—having purchased the larger part of the Carnegies' land—and Drumtochty took a thrawn fit, and among other acts of war pulled down time after time certain new fences. The minister was appealed to by his lordship, and, having settled the rights of the matter, he bade the factor wait in patience till the Sacrament, and Drumsheugh's father used to tell unto the day of his death, as a historical event, how the Doctor's father stood at the communion-table and debarred from the Sacrament evil livers of all kinds, and that day in especial all who had broken Lord Kilspindie's fences, which was an end of the war. There was a picture of him in the Doctor's study, showing a very determined gentleman, who brought up both his parish and his family upon the stick.

With such blood in his veins, it was not to be expected that our Doctor should be after the fashion of a modern minister. No one had ever seen him (or wished to see him) in any other dress than black cloth and a broad-brimmed silk hat, with a white stock of many folds and a bunch of seals depending from some mysterious pocket. His walk, so assured, so measured, so stately, was a means of grace to the parish, confirming every sound and loyal belief, and was crowned, so to say, by his stick, which had a gold head, and, having made history in the days of his father, had reached the position of a hereditary scepter. No one could estimate the aid and comfort that stick gave to the Doctor's visits, but one quite understood the force of the comparison Hillocks once drew, after the Doctor's death, between the coming to his house of the Doctor and a "cry" from his energetic successor under the new régime.

"He's a hard-workin' body, oor new man, aye rin rinnin', fuss fussin', roond the pairish, an' he's a pop'lar hand in the pulpit, but it's a puir business a veesit frae him.

"It's juist in an' oot like a cadger buyin' eggs, nae peace an' nae solemnity. Of coorse it's no his blame that he's naethin' tae look at, for that's the wy he wes made, an' his father keepit a pig (china) shop, but at ony rate he micht get a wise-like stick.

"Noo, there wes the Doctor 'at's dead an' gone; he didna gang scrammelin' an' huntin' aifter the fouk frae Monday tae Saiturday. Na, na, he didna lower himsel' prayin' an' paiterin' like a missionary body. He announced frae the pulpit whar he wes gaein' and when he wes comin'.

"'It's my purpose,'" and Hillocks did his best to imitate the Doctor, "'to visit the farm of Hillocks on Wednesday of this week, and I desire to meet with all persons living thereon;' it wes worth callin' an intimation, an' gied ye pleesure in yir seat.

"On Tuesday aifternoon John wud juist drap in tae see that a'thing wes ready, and the next aifternoon the Doctor comes himsel', an' the first thing he dis is tae lay the stick on the table; an' gin he hed never said a word, tae see it lyin' there wes a veesitation. But he's a weel-meanin' bit craturie, Maister Peebles, an' handy wi' a magic lantern. Sall," and then Hillocks became incapable of speech, and you knew that the thought of Dr. Davidson explaining comic slides had quite overcome him.

This visitation counted as an event in domestic life, and the Doctor's progress through the Glen was noted in the kirkyard, and any special remark duly reported. Nothing could be more perfect than his manner on such occasions, being leisurely, comprehensive, dignified, gracious. First of all he saluted every member of the family, down to the bairns, by name, for had he not at least married the heads of the household, and certainly baptized all the rest? Unto each he made some kindly remark also—to the good man a commendation of his careful farming, to the good wife a deserved compliment on her butter; the eldest daughter was praised for the way in which she was sustaining the ancient reputation of Hillocks' dairy; there was a word to Hillocks' son on his masterly plowing; and some good word of Dominie Jamieson's about the little lassie was not forgotten. After which the Doctor sat down—there was some difficulty in getting the family to sit in his presence—and held a thorough review of the family history for the last year, dwelling upon the prospects of Charlie, for whom the Doctor had got a situation, and Jean, the married daughter, whose husband might one day have a farm with four pair of horses in the carse. The Doctor would then go out to give his opinion on the crops, which was drawn from keen practical knowledge—his brochure on "The Potato Disease: Whence it Came and How it is to be Met" created much stir in its day—and it was well known that the Doctor's view on bones or guano as a preferable manure was decisive. On his return the servants came in—to whom also he said a word—and then from the head of the table he conducted worship—the plowmen looking very uneasy and the children never taking their eyes off his face, while the gudewife kept a watchful eye on all. At the prayer she was careful to be within arm's reach of Hillocks, since on one memorable occasion that excellent man had remained in an attitude of rapt devotion after the others had risen from their knees, which sight profoundly affected the family, and led the Doctor to remark that it was the only time he had seen Hillocks play the Pharisee in public. The Doctor's favorite passages were the eulogium on the model housewife in Proverbs, the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the 12th chapter of Romans, from which he deduced many very searching and practical lessons on diligence, honesty, mercy, and hospitality. Before he left, and while all were under the spell of his presence, the Doctor would approach the delicate subject of Hillocks' "tout-mout" (dispute) with Gormack over a purchase at a roup, in which it was freely asserted that Gormack had corrupted the Kildrummie auctioneer, a gentleman removed above pecuniary bribes, but not unaffected by liquid refreshment. So powerfully did the Doctor appeal to Hillocks' neighborliness that he took snuff profusely, and authorized the Doctor to let it be understood at Gormack that the affair was at an end, which treaty was confirmed by the two parties in Kildrummie train, when Hillocks lent Gormack his turnip-sowing machine and borrowed in turn Gormack's water-cart. Mr. Curlew had more than once hinted in the Presbytery of Muirtown that Dr. Davidson was not so evangelical as might be desired, and certainly Mr. Curlew's visitation was of a much more exciting nature; but St. Mungo's congregation was never without a quarrel, while the Doctor created an atmosphere in Drumtochty wherein peace and charity flourished exceedingly.

Whatever might be urged in praise of his visitation, surely the Doctor could never be more stately or fatherly than on Sacrament Sabbath, as he stood in his place to begin service. His first act was to wipe elaborately those gold eye-glasses, without which nothing would have been counted a sermon in Drumtochty Kirk, and then, adjusting them with care, the Doctor made a deliberate survey of the congregation, beginning at his right hand and finishing at his left. Below him sat the elders in their blacks, wearing white stocks that had cost them no little vexation that morning, and the precentor, who was determined no man, neither Saunders' Baxter nor another, should outsing him that day in Coleshill. Down the center of the kirk ran a long table, covered with pure white linen, bleached in the June showers and wonderfully ironed, whereon a stain must not be found, for along that table would pass the holy bread and wine. Across the aisle on either side, the pews were filled with stalwart men, solemn beyond their wonted gravity, and kindly women in simple finery, and rosy-cheeked bairns. The women had their tokens wrapped in snowy handkerchiefs, and in their Bibles they had sprigs of apple-ringy and mint, and other sweet-scented plants. By and by there would be a faint fragrance of peppermint in the kirk—the only religious and edifying sweet, which flourishes wherever sound doctrine is preached, and disappears before new views, and is therefore now confined to the Highlands of Wales and Scotland, the last home of our fathers' creed. The two back seats were of black oak, richly carved. In the one sat the General and Kate, and across the passage Viscount Hay, Lord Kilspindie's eldest son, a young man of noble build and carriage, handsome and debonair, who never moved during the sermon save twice, and then he looked at the Carnegies' pew.

When the Doctor had satisfied himself that none were missing of the people, he dropped his eye-glass—each act was so closely followed that Drumsheugh below could tell where the Doctor was—and took snuff after the good old fashion, tapping the box twice, selecting a pinch, distributing it evenly, and using first a large red bandana and then a delicate white cambric handkerchief. When the cambric disappeared, each person seized his Bible, for the Doctor would say immediately with a loud, clear voice, preceded by a gentlemanly clearance of the throat, "Let us compose our minds for the worship of Almighty God by singing to his praise the first Psalm.

"That man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray—"

Then Peter Rattray, of the high Glen, would come in late, and the Doctor would follow him with his eye till the unfortunate man reached his pew, where his own flesh and blood withdrew themselves from him as if he had been a leper, and Peter himself wished that he had never been born.

"Five minutes earlier, Peter, would have prevented this unseemly interruption—ahem.

"In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way."

Before the Sacrament the Doctor gave one of his college sermons on some disputed point in divinity, and used language that was nothing short of awful.

"Grant me those premises," he would say, while the silence in the kirk could be felt, "and I will show to any reasonable and unprejudiced person that those new theories are nothing but a resuscitated and unjustifiable Pelagianism." Such passages produced a lasting impression in the parish, and once goaded Drumsheugh's Saunders into voluntary speech.

"Yon wes worth ca'in' a sermon. Did ye ever hear sic words oot o' the mooth o' a man? Noo, that bleatin' cratur Curlew 'at comes frae Muirtown is juist pittin' by the time. Sall, ae sermon o' the Doctor's wud last yon body for a year."

After the sermon the people sang,

'Twas on that night when doomed to know,

and the elders, who had gone out a few minutes before, entered the kirk in procession, bearing the elements, and set them before the Doctor, now standing at the table. The people came from their pews and took their seats, singing as they moved, while the children were left to their own devices, tempered by the remembrance that their doings could be seen by the Doctor, and would receive a just recompense of reward from their own kin in the evening. Domsie went down one side and Drumsheugh the other, collecting the tokens, whose clink, clink in the silver dish was the only sound.

"If there be any other person who desires to take the Sacrament at this the first table" (for the Sacrament was given then to detachments), "let him come without delay."

"Let us go, dad," whispered Kate. "He is a dear old padre, and . . . they are good people and our neighbors."

"But they won't kneel, you know, Kit; will you . . . ?"

"We 'ill do as they do; it is not our Sacrament." So the father and daughter went up the kirk and took their places on the Doctor's left hand. A minute later Lord

Hay rose and went up his aisle, and sat down opposite the Carnegies, looking very nervous, but also most modest and sincere.

The Doctor gave the cup to the General, who passed it to Kate, and from her it went to Weelum Maclure, and another cup he gave to Hay, whom he had known from a child, and he handed it to Marget Howe, and she to Whinnie, her man; and so the two cups passed down from husband to wife, from wife to daughter, from daughter to servant, from lord to tenant, till all had shown forth the Lord's death in common fellowship and love, as becometh Christian folk. In the solemn silence the sunshine fell on the faces of the communicants, and the singing of the birds came in through the open door with the scent of flowers and ripe corn. Before the congregation left, the Doctor addressed a few words of most practical advice, exhorting them, in especial, to live in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, and to be good neighbors. It was on one of those occasions that he settled a dispute between masters and men—whether the cutting of grass for the horses' breakfast should be included in the day's work—and ended the only bitterness known in Drumtochty.

At the kirk gate Hay introduced himself to his father's friend, and the General looked round to find his daughter, but Kate had disappeared. She had seen the face of Marget Howe after the Sacrament as the face of one in a vision, and she had followed Marget to the road.

"Will you let me walk with you for a little? I am General Carnegie's daughter, and I would like to speak to you about the Sacrament; it was lovely."

"Ye dae me much honor, Miss Carnegie," and Marget slightly flushed, "an' much pleasure, for there is naething dearer tae me than keeping the Sacrament; it is my joy every day and mickle comfort in life."

"But I thought you had it only once a year?" questioned Kate.

"With bread and wine and outward sign that is once, and maybe eneuch, for it makes ane high day for us all, but div ye not think, Miss Carnegie, that all our life should be ane Sacrament?"

"Tell me," said Kate, looking into Marget's sweet, spiritual face.

"Is it no the picture of His Luve, who thocht o' everybody but Himsel', an' saved everybody but Himsel', an' didna He say we maun drink His cup and live His life?"

Kate only signed that Marget should go on.

"Noo, a'm judgin' that ilka ane o's is savit juist as we are baptized intae the Lord's death, and ilka time ane o's keeps back a hot word, or humbles a proud heart, or serves anither at a cost, we have eaten the Body and drunk the Blood o' the Lord."

"You are a good woman," cried Kate, in her impulsive way, so quick to be pleased or offended. "May I come to see you some day?"

"Dinna think me better than I am: a woman who had many sins tae fecht and needit many trials tae chasten her; but ye will be welcome at Whinny Knowe for yir ain sake and yir people's, an' gin it ever be in ma poor tae serve ye, Miss Carnegie, in ony wy, it wull be ma joy."

Twice as she came through the woods Kate stopped: once she bit her lip, once she dashed a tear from her eye.

"Where did you go to, lassie?" and the General met Kate at the gateway. "Lord Hay came to the drive with me, and was quite disappointed not to meet you—a very nice lad, indeed, manly and well-mannered."

"Never mind Lord Hay, dad; I've been with the most delightful woman I've ever seen."

"Do you mean she was in kirk?"

"Yes, sitting across the table—don't laugh; she is a farmer's wife, and a better lady than we saw in India."

"Oh, dad," and Kate kissed her father, "I wish I had known my mother; it had been better for me, and . . . happier for you."

[To be continued in the July Magazine Number of The Outlook]

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Never too poor, too ugly, too dull, too sick, too friendless, to be useful to some one.—*Kate Gannett Wells.*

The Bible and the Child[1]

The Bible as Literature

By Washington Gladden

The Bible is the book of religion, but it is also, by eminence, the book of literature. Well may we call it The Book; it is the prolific mother of books; since the invention of printing the book-makers have been busy, a good share of their time, in producing Bibles, and books about the Bible.

The influence of our English Bible upon our language in keeping our speech simple and direct and unstilted is beyond all comprehension. Euphuistic dandyism and Johnsonese magniloquence have been slain by its homely eloquence; and not only have thirsty souls with joy drawn the water of life by its aid from the wells of salvation, but scholars and writers of books have drawn the freshness and grace of literary form from its pure well of English undefiled. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that our greatest English writers have been the men who best knew their Bibles. John Bunyan read almost no other book, and he contrived to write a book of which, it is said, more copies have been printed than of any other English book except the Bible itself. Of men as far apart in their view of life as Byron and Ruskin, it could with equal truthfulness be said that their mastery of style is largely due to their perfect familiarity with the English Bible.

Complaints of the Bible as archaic and uncouth in its literary form have not, indeed, been wanting; and some of the most amusing books in the language are those which have undertaken to remedy this defect. A translation of the New Testament published in New England in 1833, by an Episcopal clergyman, exhibits in its introduction the need of such a reconstructed Bible. "While various other works," says the translator, "and especially those of the most trivial attainment, are diligently adorned with a splendid and sweetly flowing diction, why should the mere uninteresting identity and paucity of language be so exclusively employed in rendering the Word of God? Why should the Christian Scriptures be divested even of decent ornament? Why should not an edition of the heavenly institutes be furnished for the reading-room, saloon, and toilet, as well as for the church, school, and nursery; for the literary and accomplished gentleman as well as for the plain and unlettered citizen?" This is what this fine writer essays to do, and a few samples of the way he does it may be instructive:

> When thou art beneficent, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand performs.
>
> Contemplate the lilies of the field, how they advance.
>
> At that time Jesus took occasion to say, I entirely concur with thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth.
>
> Every plantation which my heavenly Father has not cultivated shall be extirpated.
>
> Salt is salutary; but if the salt has become vapid, how can it be restored?
>
> Be not surprised that I announced to thee, Ye must be reproduced.
>
> For this the Father loves me, because I gave up my life to be afterwards resumed. No one divests me of it, but I personally resign it. I have authority to resign it, and I have authority to resume it.
>
> There are numerous apartments in my Father's temple; if not, I would have informed you.

This will serve as an illustration of the kind of writing to which, for long periods, we might have been delivered, if it had not been for the better model, always in the hands of the common people, of the strong and simple Saxon of our English Bible.

Most true is the contention of Matthew Arnold that, although the Bible is the book of religion and the book of conduct, we cannot draw from it the religious and the moral truth of which it is the treasury unless we treat it as literature. Literature it is, beyond all controversy, and not science, nor philosophy, nor theology. Grievously do we abuse it when we take its phrases as theological formulas, and undertake to piece them together in what we call systematic theology. "To understand that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and scientific, is the first step," says Arnold, "towards a right understanding of the Bible." It is a step which many theologians have never taken. If our Sunday-school teachers could get possession of this truth, a good foundation would be laid for a spiritual and vital theology. And then it would be well to go a little deeper and try to comprehend the fact that all language is an instrument which man has devised for himself—a tool which he has fashioned, and is all the while reshaping for his uses; that it is necessarily imperfect and fallible—never, at its best estate, an instrument of precision; and that the best we can hope for is an approximation to the perfect utterance in words of spiritual realities. That profound discussion of the nature of language in the introduction to Dr. Bushnell's "God in Christ" should be carefully studied by every one who tries to interpret the Bible. In the application of what are called the exact sciences—as, for example, in engineering—it is often necessary to repeat measurements or tests a great many times, and take the average of results that greatly vary. And in the expression of highest truth by means of human language the same method must be employed. The thing has to be said over, many times, in many ways; one analogy after another must be suggested, one aspect after another considered, until, by comparison and combination of all these impressions, the mind reaches something like a complete apprehension. "If we find the writer," says Dr. Bushnell, "moving with a free motion, and tied to no one symbol, unless in some popular effort or for some single occasion; if we find him multiplying antagonisms, offering cross-views, and bringing us round the field to see how it looks from different points, then we are to presume that he has some truth in hand which it becomes us to know. We are to pass round accordingly with him, take up all his symbols, catch a view with him here and another there, use one thing to qualify another, and the other to shed light upon that, and by a process of this kind endeavor to comprehend his antagonisms, and settle into a complete view of his meaning." This is an excellent statement of what is meant when it is said that the Bible is literature, and must be studied as literature in order to be understood.

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[1] Previous articles in this series have been by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury (The Outlook for March 21), the Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D. (The Outlook, April 18), and the Very Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Dean of Ripon (The Outlook, May 2). Other articles in the series will be by Professor Frank C. Porter, of Yale University, and by Lyman Abbott.

But while the spiritual and moral content of the Bible is always the main subject of our study the Bible is well worthy of our attention also on account of its literary form. It was the architectural splendor of his capital, no doubt, that the poet was thinking of when he wrote: "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined forth." If the beauty of architecture is one medium by which he may be manifested, the beauty of the moving epic, the rhythmic ode, the stately oration, the sparkling epigram, is another and a far more perfect medium. The literary beauty of the Scriptures is not an accident; beauty is an essential element of all divine revelation, and as such deserves our most reverent study.

What Professor Moulton describes as "literary morphology" is a matter of interest, and the attempt which he has made, in his recent volume entitled "The Literary Study of the Bible," to give us some account of the leading forms of literature preserved for us in the Scriptures—to show us "how to distinguish one literary composition from another, to say exactly where each begins and ends; to recognize epic, lyric, and other forms as they appear in their Biblical dress, as well as to distinguish literary forms special to the sacred writers," is one to which the attention of all students of the English Bible may well be called. But more important than these technical distinctions is the recognition of the grace and loveliness with which the language of the Bible is often clothed. The power to discern this beauty needs to be cultivated. "Consider the lilies," said the Master. The word seems to mean that we are to sit down among them and study them, to pore over their loveliness until it enters into our souls and takes possession. I know not why so many of the fair flowers of speech are strewn upon the pages of the Book of books, unless it be that their beauty is meant to appeal to our thought and to give us a high and pure pleasure. Consider these blossoms also. This is an integral part of the gospel of God—the revelation of beauty. He saves from that which is low and base by offering us pleasure in that which is high and pure. "Let each one of us," says the Apostle, "*please* his neighbor for that which is good, unto edifying." It is thus that we become the children of our Father in heaven. And the Book which above all others reveals Him offers to our minds abundant pleasure in the graces of beautiful speech.

It may be supposed that such a message as the Bible contains could have been delivered to men in language as tame and unimaginative as that of the Westminster Confession or the Thirty-nine Articles—that God's Bible might have contained no poetry, no music, no kindling eloquence. But such a supposition could not long be entertained by a thoroughly sane mind. The truth about God's love for man and man's life in God cannot be told in cold, logical formularies; the words into which it is poured will glow and burn; the sentences which are charged with it fall into rhythmic beat and reverberation. The hope and joy and glory of it are the best of it, and these cannot be put into logical propositions. The creeds are not the Gospel, any more than the skeleton is the man. The Gospel is not the Gospel when it is separated from the forms of beauty with which it came forth from the heart of God.

The question how the children who are studying the Bible can be made to discern and enjoy this beauty is one to which I am not inclined to propose any definite solution. The main thing is that those who teach the book shall themselves be filled with a sense of its beauty; out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak. It would be well for all teachers to study Mr. Moulton's book; but it would not be well for them to burden the minds of their pupils with the technical distinctions of literary form.

To read the Bible with the pupils—if one can read well—selecting those narratives which are most dramatic and those poems which are most beautiful, is the best way of conveying to their minds the sense of its beauty. We read so much by chapters, and study so much by scraps and sentences, that the sense of literary unities is scarcely awakened at all. To read through, at one sitting, or continuously, with judicious omissions, the story of Abraham, or the story of Joseph, or the story of Elijah, or the story of David, or the story of Ruth—not stopping to make many expository comments, and only pointing out the defective ethical standards which the stories often imply, when they are judged by Christ's perfect rule—would be a most valuable exercise in a Sunday-school class. The narratives can be trusted to make their own impression, and it would be difficult to find language more picturesque or attractive than that in which the Bible clothes them. A little maid of seven, after listening with interest to the reading of Bible stories paraphrased for children, said, with a sigh, "Yes, that is good; but I like the real Bible better."

The reading of the lyrical portions of the Bible with young people a little more mature might also be profitable. Such magnificent odes as the Song of Moses and Miriam, the Song of Deborah, the Song of David, should be read through with the pupils, and not marred or belittled by a word of passing comment. To return, after the reading, and call attention to the music of the phrases, the march of the rhetoric, and the splendor of the imagery, would be judicious. But the principal qualification of the teacher is the ability to feel, and to express in his own reading, the lyrical beauty of the poetry. Many of the Psalms and the Prophecies, not a few of the discourses of our Lord, and notable passages in the Epistles and in the Apocalypse, can be treated in the same way. The arrangement of these poetical materials which Mr. Moulton has given us, in strophe and antistrophe, and in what he calls lower and higher parallelisms, while sometimes fanciful, is, on the whole, very helpful to the appreciation of the poetry, and would greatly assist the teacher who sought, by such a method, to convey to his pupils the beauty of the forms in which the saving truth of the Bible is expressed.

Books and Authors

The Reign of Law[1]

We have here the concluding volume of a series, whose first installment, "The Reign of Law," obtained such favorable regard a quarter-century ago. The title of that work indicated the character of the series, and the thesis involved in it is strongly emphasized in the present volume. So far from theology being an inquiry into merely subjective phenomena, it deals with objective realities, which in their essence are the supreme facts of the Universe. "It everywhere rests on Nature as a word for one all-pervading kingdom."

This "Philosophy of Belief" is, therefore, a work of different scope from Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," which was an inquiry into the theory of knowledge. It has more affinity with Dr. Matheson's "The Psalmist and the Scientist." But while that undertook to show a fundamental concord between the principles lying at the heart of the sacred oracles and those at the base of modern science, the Duke's work is to exhibit the main positions of Christian theology, as everywhere based on natural and necessary laws. So much of these is recognizable as to give us a certainty that they reign even where untraceable. Aiming to avoid whatever points are in controversy between theologians themselves, the writer shows how the truths of theology, as facts, reveal natural law as prevailing in the spiritual no less than in the physical world, *e. g.*: "We have brought a large part of the Christian system under the domain of Law, when we have recognized as necessary, or natural, such conceptions as . . . that the human mind is in some real measure and degree an image of the mind which is supreme in Nature; that a fuller and higher incarnation of it cannot be regarded as difficult of belief; that inspiration, in an infinite variety of degrees, is quite according to the existing constitution and course of things; that the nature and efficacy of sacrifice admits of some reasonable explanation;" etc., etc. The author then goes on to show how Christian ethics, as an inseparable part of Christian theology, is grounded in the natural constitution of things, and how prayer also has its sphere of objective efficiency under the all-including reign of law.

The eminent social position of the writer adds to whatever interest belongs to his treatment of the subject. When statesmen of the British Empire like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, and the Duke of Argyll take the field in behalf of Christian theology, we see a great change from the middle of the last century, when Montesquieu said that in the higher circles of English society "every one laughs if one talks of religion." Whatever the present skepticism may count for, we see a rising, not a refluent, tide.

But while freely conceding the ability of the Duke as a theological writer, comparing well with some distinguished doctors of divinity, we have been perhaps most interested in his present work as typical of this time of transition—a time when many stalwart thinkers, who possess the modern spirit, show themselves as yet not so possessed by it as to escape vacillation between the ideas from which they are parting and those which they are laying hold of. The Duke makes a clean sweep of the distinction, still held so tenaciously by many of his fellow-Presbyterians, between the natural and the supernatural. He tells us that it is "purely modern," and "irrational." All that is natural is in fact divine. Human instincts are divinely inspired. Christ appeals to the natural reason and conscience as "the inspired element in man," which will respond to him. "It is significant," he says, "of the sense which Christian theology attaches to the nature of authority, that St. Paul should speak so strongly and so absolutely on the independence of the individual reason in the last resort." He does not hesitate to eliminate the miracle of the dividing of Jordan for the Israelites by referring to a similar event in the thirteenth century, due to a landslip which dammed the river.

On the other hand, he adduces "the conceptions of Christian theology on what are called the 'Persons of the Godhead'" as specimens of a class of ideas "which we are expected to accept on authority alone," since "they all lie in a region which our own consciousness tells us is absolutely inaccessible to any knowledge of our own depending on reason." The word "authority," as here used, is elsewhere defined as that guidance by "the instrumentality of other minds, higher and richer than our own," which we adopt in all daily affairs. But who are those "other minds," on whose authority we are "expected to accept" conceptions of the "three Persons" which no internal light of our own can reveal? To say that they are the divinely gifted evangelists and apostles is to beg the question, now at issue between Christian thinkers, whether the New Testament writers are really sponsors for the verity of the so-called Athanasian creed, whose propositions the Duke has well described as lying in a region inaccessible to the reach of our own reason.

This is a marked case, but not the only case, of incongruity between the old and the new stands in the author's thought, a characteristic which gives such a piebald color to much theologizing of our time. For this the amateur has no cause to be ashamed in the company of the professional. It does, however, seem strange that a writer so well read in contemporary criticism should say of the titles given in Isaiah ix., 6, to the newborn child, that they "are not conceivably applicable to any mere man."

We were about to remark on the noble and inspiring chapter which ends the book, on "Christian Belief in its Relation to Philosophy," but our limits forbid. In view of what we have said, it should be added that in this long and trying period of theological reconstruction the books most helpful to the largest number of inquiring minds are books of this sort, however marked by incongruities. Their unloosened grasp on some conceptions that are passing away inspires confidence to lay hold with them on other conceptions that are destined to prevail. Nature is Spirit. Life is the self-existent, aboriginal Reality. Human life is an included fragment within the divine. Human wills enter as an element into the divine will. Such are the ultimate truths, of which glimpses appear on our author's pages as in his prospect, if not in his possession. He is on the road; he knows the way; he is still in touch with many that are further behind, and therefore the more trusted and helpful as their guide out of the mist to the mount of vision.

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[1] *The Philosophy of Belief; or, Law in Christian Theology.* By the Duke of Argyll. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

An Instructive Review[1]

We all know Froude; we admire his genius, we respect his purpose, even if we do not always laud his success in rewriting history more closely to truth. The interest which cannot fail to attach to this posthumous publication is saddened by our regret that he is with us no more. It is a familiar story that it is concerned with. Its special claim upon our attention, apart from the fact that it is his, is in the attempt which it makes, so characteristic of him, to eliminate misconceptions in the interest of historical reality. The illusions which inevitably haunt us in studying the past arise from our habit of viewing it through the medium of the ideas of our own time. Thus, unhistorical conceptions of the Protestant Reformation arise and prevail. Protestant and Catholic divide now upon dogmas, and we are wont to think it was so at the first. Catholicism and the supremacy of an infallible Pontiff are now synonymous, and to rebel against the latter is to break with the former. But it was not so in Luther's time, when, as Froude says, half of Catholic Europe "regarded the Papacy as a usurpation and an impertinence." According to Cardinal Contarini, at that time, the conversion of Luther and all his followers would not have hindered the rebellion against the Roman hierarchy from going forward with undiminished vigor.

When we speak of the Reformation, we think of the theological and ecclesiastical consequences which it ran into. Our historian puts these aside to show us what it originally was—a revolt of the laity against the clergy—against the most enormous and immoral tyranny that the world has ever endured. In the demonstration of this fact he is content to set aside Protestant testimony at Cardinal Newman's disparaging estimate of it, as based on "bold, wholesale, unscrupulous lying." He rests his case wholly on Catholic witnesses, and "Catholic documents of undoubted authenticity."

The Council of Constance in 1415 had given a warning which the corrupt hierarchy had disregarded. The infamous Pope John XXIII., whom it deposed, was the precursor of the still more infamous Alexander VI. at the end of that century. To him the name of "Antichrist," which only a Protestant fanatic would now apply to Leo XIII., was given by a Catholic at Rome in a letter inviting the interference of the Emperor Maximilian. The fuel of revolution had been thickly piled throughout northern Europe when it was kindled by the spark that Luther struck.

Just then the King of Spain, Charles V., became Emperor of Germany. We usually think of him as the baffled foe of Luther. In Mr. Froude's pages we see him also as the baffled reformer of the Church, whose loyal son he was from first to last. From his accession in 1520 to the Council which met at Trent in 1545, his hope was to maintain the unity of Christendom by reforming the abuses which threatened to disrupt it. The cry of Germany was for a General Council composed of the laity as well as the clergy, presided over by the Emperor, and on German, not Italian, soil. The doctrinal questions of a later period were as yet undeveloped. The demand was for moral reform, for simple righteousness. This demand the Emperor respected, and did what in him lay to make it prevail at Rome. He failed, and it was the disappointment of his life.

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[1] *Lectures on the Council of Trent.* Delivered at Oxford, 1892-3, by James Anthony Froude, late Regius Professor of Modern History. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

The successive Popes with whom Charles had to deal insisted that the Council should be held in Italy, composed of the clergy only, and presided over by the Pope or his legate; that is, that the chief offenders should be judges in their own case. To this it finally had to come, either this or no Council at all, with the single concession that it should be at Trent, in the Tyrol, not far from the Italian frontier. But when Charles had got his Council together, it took the bit in its teeth, it defied control, it was bent on making schism permanent, it became farcical, and was finally broken up by fear of a raid by Maurice of Saxony, acting, as Mr. Froude thinks, in secret collusion with the Emperor. And so the last hope of the peace of Christendom vanished.

The question on which the Church divided in the Reformation was the right of the laity to have a voice in spiritual matters. Rome fought against this as involving her destruction, and she prevailed. Ten years later another Council met at Trent, but only to recognize the fatal consequences of the first, and to equip the Church for reconquest of her lost ground.

As to the often alleged failure of the Reformation, two things may be said: First, and conformably to Mr. Froude's conception of the Reformation, as originally a revolt of the laity against the clergy, we may say with him that every one of the "hundred grievances," in protest against which Germany demanded a General Council, has ceased to exist, many of them even to be remembered. "Everywhere, in Catholic countries as in Protestant, the practices have been abandoned which the laity rose then to protest against. The principles on which the laity insisted have become the rule of the modern world."

Secondly, however disappointed were the hopes of the Reformers concerning the immediate future, their work was no more a failure than the labor of the farmer in the frosty spring. They introduced two germinant principles of illimitable expansive power—the freedom of the individual conscience in immediate responsibility to God, and the authority for conscience of the light enshrined in the records of divine revelation. Poorly as they themselves comprehended or applied them, these principles form the life-blood of whatever sound or stable progress the world is making now. These principles, moreover, when realized, issue in that true toleration, earnest, not indifferent, which respects the right of judgment even of those whose judgment it most opposes. Mr. Froude's remark, "We only tolerate what we think unimportant," therefore leaves us with the doubt whether he has fully discerned the heart of the Reformation movement, whose superficial character he has so accurately described.

* * *

Bishop W. Boyd Carpenter, of Ripon, makes a careful and extended study of the Sermon on the Mount in *The Great Charter of Christ.* What he says is not as important as what he has left unsaid. The real difficulty that religious teachers of the present day are feeling is in the adjustment of modern civilization, with what seem to be its necessary forms and conditions, to the beatitudes. We cannot but feel that Bishop Carpenter has failed to answer this demand. With all the excellences of his diction and with all the ingenuity of his thought, we fail to find in this volume what we most want. It is suggestive of many things; it is in some directions devout and spiritual; but it is not applied to the demands that modern society is pressing upon us; the Bishop does not tread the earth. We do not say that his interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount cannot be applied, only Dr. Carpenter does not show us the way in which it is to be applied. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.) His other recent book, *Some Thoughts on Christian Reunion,* published by Macmillan & Co., has as its fundamental idea that the causes which have led to the rise of sects in Christendom have been the desire to make some special or new doctrine a condition of Christian communion. In consequence of this premise he believes that the way to Christian union is to suppress these special or new doctrines. He is quite right in saying that we want more of the spirit of religion and less of the letter; because intellectual agreement cannot reasonably be expected. He sees much hope for reunion in the decline of interest in special theological ideas, and he believes that Christendom will ultimately unite upon the basis of the historic creeds. It is not easy to see how to reconcile this position with the other, about the spirit and not the letter. Upon the whole, we lay down the book with a feeling of disappointment. The author appears to desire most of all a union of the Episcopal Churches. The non-Episcopal Churches he practically ignores, and while he hopes for a union of the Anglican and the Eastern Churches, he has no reason to hope for a union of the Anglican and the Latin Churches.

The question has arisen, especially within the past year, whether Chaucer and Spenser ever held the position of poet laureate; indeed, if it ever existed before the time of Ben Jonson. This question has been answered generally in the negative, but never so completely as by the author who writes under the pseudonym of "Kenyon West" in *The Laureates.* (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.) In this book we learn that the laureateship was made a regular office in 1630, Ben Jonson being the first to hold it, and that the annuities given by Edward III. to Chaucer, and by Elizabeth to Spenser, were the sole causes for the tradition of their being laureates. The volume gives us in concise form a condensed account of the lives and works of all the English laureates, together with extracts from their works. The sketches are condensed yet comprehensive, and the selections are admirable—many of them must have been weeded out from a mass of poems unfit to be read in this age. We must give special praise to the classification of the selection from Wordsworth. More than in any other classification his biography is reflected in his verse. This is emphasized by the dates which are appended to each poem. This book brings out clearly what ought to be as clearly understood nowadays, namely, that the laureateship does not mean the appointment of the greatest poet, but of the person whose personality is most pleasing to the Court, and who is most in sympathy with the monarch. It is surprising, therefore, that so many great poets have been included in the category, for greatness presupposes independence. However, we have in the cases of both Wordsworth and Tennyson independence united to a genuine regard for the crown and for the royal family. This statement makes plain the fact that the appointment of Shelley or Byron would have been as impossible as the appointment of Mr. Swinburne or of Mr. William Morris in our own day; while the appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin was strictly in accord with the traditions of the place.

In the volume on the *Book of Deuteronomy,* by Andrew Harper, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, Ormond College, Melbourne, we have one of the best of that valuable series, "The Expositor's Bible." Professor Harper accepts in the main the general results of recent higher criticism, at least as far as Deuteronomy is concerned, declining, however, to accept the extreme conclusions of some critics. He is independent, cautious, reverent, earnest, and always fresh and suggestive. He believes heartily in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and accepts them as the Word of God; and he also believes in the continuous presence of God with his people. His book is pervaded by a delightful spirit. His treatment of the various religious and ethical questions connected with Deuteronomy will prove of great and material assistance to many—we think all—who desire to be true to all real light, and yet do not see how to reconcile the positions of recent criticism with a genuine faith in the inspiration of the Bible. It is too much to say that they will find all their difficulties removed, as it is too much to expect that the most "advanced" students will be satisfied; but all will find the treatment of the questions involved able and candid and devout—the product of a mind notably alert and vigorous, open and generous, richly stored, combining care for the best in the past with readiness for the ever new disclosures of God's spirit. The book is notable also for the writer's sense of the wholeness of human life, his discernment of the fundamental needs and laws common to all people. It thus gives a distinct impression of the practical wisdom of the Deuteronomic code. But especially is the book eminent and constantly quickening to the spiritual life in the writer's apprehension of the fatherly love of God as prompting, and as enshrined in, the Mosaic law. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

He is a brave man who dares to attempt that "easie running verse with tendere feet" of which Edmund Spenser was the master, yet so great courage has Mr. George Musgrave, M.A., of St. John's College, Oxford, and now Barrister at Law. What is still more remarkable is that Mr. Musgrave has thought good to use the Spenserian stanza as a medium to translate the *Divine Comedy of Dante* into English. We do not like the result of the attempt. The author is evidently able to translate Dante as well as the English tongue will permit. But his form of verse is a hindrance. It seems to us foreign to the Terza Rime. The stanza breaks the strain of the narrative where it should not be interrupted, and it necessitates the use of words that are archaic. This latter feature would not be objectionable were the archaic wording suitable to the dignity of Dante's thought, but it is not always so. In fact, at times the diction has the air of burlesque. Besides, the author is frequently driven to coin words, which, while their meaning may be obvious, by reason of their oddity distract the attention. It is not good to coin words to help out verse. With all this license, the verse itself often halts. Consequently, notwithstanding some felicitous renderings, we cannot pronounce this translation, which covers only the Inferno, a success. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

There is a delightfully unconventional flavor to the sermons of A. K. H. Boyd in the volume *Occasional and Immemorial Days.* (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) They are long sermons, genial, mellow, and discursive as the essays of a "Country Parson." In point of fact, some of them are essays rather than sermons; but they all tend to edification. We have been particularly interested in the sermon "Church Life in Scotland: Retrospect and Prospect," which was preached before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1890. In a tender and kindly way Dr. Boyd contrasts the present of Scotch Presbyterianism with the past, and the contrast is striking. Our readers know that Dr. Boyd is a Broad Church Presbyterian, and the knowledge of this will give the key to all these sermons.

We have received from the Open Court Publishing Company a new edition, enlarged and revised, of the *Religion of Science;* also a new edition of Professor Max Müller's *Three Lectures on the Science of Language;* also a fourth edition, exactly, so far as one can discover, like the former editions of the same book, of *The Gospel of Buddha*, which is extremely interesting but ought to be fortified with a preface telling the unlearned reader that no life of Buddha is contemporary; none was written for over a thousand years after his death. In addition to these books there is also *The Psychology of Attention*, by Ribot, which ought to be read by our preachers and teachers. In fact, psychology ought to be taught in our divinity schools, and Ribot's would be useful as text-books in the curriculum.

Dr. Cunningham Geikie has continued his Bible studies into the New Testament under the caption *New Testament Hours*. The latest volume, *The Apostles: Their Lives and Letters*, covers the period from A.D. 55 to A.D. 64. In reality the work consists of a running comment on the Epistles to the Galatians, Corinthians, Romans, Colossians, Philemon, Ephesians, Philippians, Timothy, and Titus, fortified with pictures and a chronology. It is not a student's work, but will be acceptable to Bible classes and to the home circle. (James Pott, New York.)

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending June 12. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

One of the most elaborate of recent discussions of *The Doctrine of the Incarnation* is that contained in two large volumes from the hand of Mr. Robert L. Ottley, President of the Pusey House, Oxford, a position which is likely to indicate pretty definitely his attitude on the question. The Outlook will make further comment on this work at a later day. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, edited by William Knight, commented upon in these columns two weeks ago, has reached its fourth volume, which contains as a frontispiece Boxall's portrait of the poet. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)——The same imprint is upon *A Bachelor's Establishment*, translated from Balzac by Clara Bell, with a preface by George Saintsbury, and also, in the Popular Edition, *The Poetical Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, upon volumes four and five of *The Idylls of the King*.

Before the publication of "The Red Badge of Courage" Mr. Crane had written two stories which have now been given to the public: *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets* (D. Appleton & Co., New York), and *George's Mother* (Edward Arnold, New York). It is encouraging to know that these books preceded the story which has brought its writer into such prominence, for they do not in any respect compare in quality with "The Red Badge of Courage."——The story of a life which by strange vagaries of fortune put its past so far behind it that the shadows of that past never fall athwart the future is found in *Honor Ormthwaite*, by the author of "Lady Jean's Vagaries." (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——The readers of Jane Barlow's Irish stories will welcome her latest book, *Mrs. Martin's Company*. This collection of stories has the characteristic touch of local color and intensity of sympathy. The illustrator, Bertha Newcombe, has caught the spirit of the author, and her illustrations have a charm as peculiar as the text. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)——The reading public is indebted to the same publishers for a beautiful edition of *Sense and Sensibility*, illustrated by Hugh Thompson. Never has Jane Austen been introduced to the world in garments more fitting.——Every lover of outdoor life longs, in some happy moment of leisure, for a book written by a lover of nature who loves man and understands him; such a book is *In a Dike Shanty*, by Maria Louise Poole. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.)——Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, have added to their new edition of the works of Thomas Hardy *The Wessex Tales*.

In the handsome new edition of Mark Twain's works appears *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, which is, in our judgment, one of Mr. Clemens's inferior pieces of work. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——*Jerry the Dreamer*, by Will Payne (Harper & Brothers), is a novel of American life.——Miss Lilian Bell's latest story, *The Under Side of Things* (Harper & Brothers, New York), is in a way a society novel, and entirely different in spirit and background from "A Little Sister to the Wilderness."

Mr. W. C. Brownell's account of *Newport*, which appears in the American Summer Resorts Series (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is a very carefully written piece of work, discriminating, well balanced, and full of the sentiment of one of the most beautiful localities in America. It is a study of the old town done in a literary spirit, and is not in any sense a mere journalistic sketch.——From the same publishers comes the second volume of the new edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, already commented upon in these columns.——*The Works of Max Beerbohm* (same publishers) is a dainty volume which contains seven essays lightly written, full of agreeable comment, and clever in characterization. The title is humorous or pretentious; probably the first.

The Mermaid Series receives an addition in the form of a collection of *The Plays of Sir John Van Brugh*, edited, with an introduction and notes, by A. E. H. Swaen. The volume is also furnished with Leigh Hunt's essay on Van Brugh, and contains four plays, "The Relapse," "The Provoked Wife," "The Confederacy," and "A Journey to London." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)——The same publishers have put their imprint upon a volume of *Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria*, selected and edited by Oswald Crawfurd. The poets of the present reign are omitted. The editor has endeavored to select the most characteristic lyrical verse of each poet, and to present in that way a fairly representative body of English verse of this order.

Mr. H. Clay Trumbull's *Threshold Covenant; or, the Beginning of Religious Rites* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is a serious study in a field with which the writer has already made himself preëminently familiar.

The initial volume in the extensive and valuable Riverside School Library, announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston), is, very appropriately, Mr. John Fiske's *War of Independence*, a volume which is a model in its way and for its purpose. Further comment on the whole series will be made later.

Mr. Watson's sonnets called out by the Armenian question have been collected and published in a dainty volume by Stone & Kimball (Chicago), under the title *The Purple East;* and the George H. Eastman Company, of this city, have made an equally dainty volume of Mr. Gustav Kobbe's *My Rosary, and Other Poems*.

Lovers of music and of birds will welcome *The Evolution of Bird-Song*, by Charles A. Witchell. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)——A second and revised edition of *Public Speaking and Debate*, by George Jacob Holyoake, has just been published by Ginn & Co. (Boston, Mass.).——*Gerhard's Sacred Meditations*, translated from the Latin by the Rev. C. W. Heisler, A.M. (Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia), is a book of spiritual suggestion, meditative in spirit and form.

The Life of James McCosh is largely autobiographical, under the very intelligent editorship of Professor William M. Sloane. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)——The same remark may be made with reference to *The Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch, Architect*, edited by his granddaughter, Ellen Susan Bulfinch. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)——Mr. Henry S. Salt's *Life of Henry David Thoreau* (Charles Scribner's Sons) is, on the other hand, a narrative of the experience and work of the recluse of Walden Pond, with an estimate of his character and talent.

Very dainty in appearance and typography is the volume devoted to *English Literary Criticism*, which aims to sketch the development of criticism and of the critical method in England, and to illustrate each phase of that development by examples taken from the most representative writers. Mr. C. E. Vaughan furnishes an introduction. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)——The Albion edition of *The Poetical Works of John Milton* (Frederick Warne & Co., New York) presents in a very compact form a body of the noblest verse to be found in English literature. It contains an introductory memoir, notes, and a bibliography. The volume is rather thick and a little heavy, but, on the other hand, the type is very clear and comfortable to the eye.

Books Received

For the Week Ending June 12

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Crane, Stephen. Maggie. 75 cts.

JAMES CLARKE & CO., LONDON, ENG.

Proceedings of the First National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, 1896.

WILLIAM E. DAVENPORT, BROOKLYN

Davenport, William E. Poetical Sermons.

THE EVANGELIST PRESS, NEW YORK

Dennis, Rev. James S., D.D. The Turkish Problem and the Status of Our Missionaries.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Holyoake, George J. Public Speaking and Debate. $1.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Twain, Mark. A Connecticut Yankee in King Authur's Court. $1.75.
Payne, Will. Jerry the Dreamer. $1.25.
Honor Ormthwaite. By the Author of "Lady Jean's Vagaries." $1.
Bell, Lilian. The Under Side of Things. $1.25.
Hardy, Thomas. Wessex Tales. $1.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Vachell, Horace A. The Quicksands of Pactolus. $1.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Bulfinch, Charles. Life and Letters. With Other Family Papers. Edited by Ellen S. Bulfinch. $5.
Fiske, John. The War of Independence. 60 cts.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF Y. M. C. A., NEW YORK

Doggett, L. L. History of the Young Men's Christian Association. Vol. I. $1.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Winter, John Strange. The Truth-Tellers. 50 cts.
Buchanan, Robert. A Marriage by Capture. 75 cts.
Davis, Harriet R. In Sight of the Goddess. 75 cts.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Daudet, Alphonse. Kings in Exile. Translated by Laura Ensor and E. Bartow. $1.
Balzac, Honoré de. A Bachelor's Establishment. Translated by Clara Bell. $1.50.
Barlow, Jane. Mrs. Martin's Company, and Other Stories. 75 cts.
Witchell, Charles A. The Evolution of Bird-Song.
Carleton, William. Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. $1.50.
Ottley, Robert L. The Doctrine of the Incarnation. 2 Vols. $3.50.
Arnold, Matthew, and John Morley. A Guide to English Literature and Essay on Gray; On the Study of Literature. 75 cts.

OPTIMUS PRINTING CO., NEW YORK

Arthur, T. S. Ten Nights in a Bar-Room. 25 cts.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND CO., NEW YORK

Kobbe, Gustav. My Rosary, and Other Poems.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

The Life of James McCosh. Edited by William Milligan Sloane. $2.50.
Trumbull, H. Clay. The Threshold Covenant. $2.
Brownell, W. C. Newport. 75 cts.
The Works of Max Beerbohm. $1.25.
Bibliographica. Part IX. (Imported.) $2.
Sir John Vanbrugh. Edited by A. E. H. Swaen. (Imported.) $1.25.
Crawfurd, Oswald. Lyrical Verse. (Imported.) $1.25.
English Literary Criticism. With Introduction by C. E. Vaughan. (Imported.) $1.50.
Johnson, Samuel. Lives of the Poets. With Notes by Arthur Waugh. Vol. II. $2.50.
Salt, Henry S. Life of Henry David Thoreau. (Imported.) $1.

STONE & KIMBALL, CHICAGO

Pool, Maria Louise. In a Dike Shanty. $1.25.
Watson, William. The Purple East. 75 cts.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK

Milton, John. Poetical Works. $1.50.

JOHN D. WATTLES & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Trumbull, H. Clay. Teachers' Meetings: Their Necessity and Methods. 30 cts.

THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN CO., MILWAUKEE

Whipple, Rt. Rev. H. B., D.D. Unity and the Lambeth Declaration.

The Religious World

The Rev. W. B. Wright, D.D.

The Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D., of Buffalo, whose portrait is at the head of this paragraph, and who contributes an article to the present issue of The Outlook on "The Higher Life of Buffalo," spent most of his ministerial career as pastor of the church in Boston which more recently has been known as the Berkeley Temple. He was the successor in that field of the late Dr. Dexter, of the "Congregationalist." For many years, until the nature of the neighborhood entirely changed, Dr. Wright remained pastor of that church. Later he was called to the First Church in New Britain, and from there was called to Buffalo. He is a most genial and delightful man, whose writings are widely known, and whose scholarly habit and methods adapt him for service among thinking people. His ministry in Buffalo has been singularly successful. He belongs to the class of men who emphasize realities more than theories; who believe in the continuous ministry of the Holy Spirit; and who have no care and no heart for controversies concerning things in infinity and eternity. Few men are better qualified to write concerning the bright side of any phase of our modern life than this Buffalo pastor.

Missions at Clifton Springs

Clifton Springs has come to be known as a center of missionary interest and enthusiasm. Every year a convention is held there in the interest of the foreign service. The one this year has been largely attended, there having been one hundred and thirty-three foreign missionaries present. They came from more than twenty countries, and from fifteen different denominations. It should be remembered that there are always many missionaries who are superannuated, or who are at home on vacations, or who have been obliged to give up their work on the foreign field, but who still retain their interest in the cause. This accounts for the large number present. Among the officers for the ensuing year are: President, the Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D.; Vice-Presidents representing six denominations, the first one of whom is the venerable Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. The Executive Committee is from five different denominations. Among the proposals before the meeting was one for the establishment of a Convalescent Home for Missionaries in connection with Dr. Foster's Sanitarium. As we have studied the reports of these meetings it has seemed to us that undue emphasis was placed upon the comparatively small amount of money that is given by the churches for foreign missions. The fact is undoubtedly as stated in the discussions, but all inferences of this kind need to be modified by another fact, viz., that the amount given by Christian people for distinctively home and foreign missions is only a small part of that contributed by them for benevolent and religious purposes. The amounts raised for hospitals, children's homes, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, social settlements, and various other forms of Christian service, are not considered when the comparatively small amount given for missions abroad is made prominent. The gifts for foreign missions might be largely increased, but we should prefer to see the inquiry at such gatherings turn in another direction. A far more vital question would be, How, by comity and co-operation among denominations, may the missionary cause be conducted more economically, and with less appearance of rivalry? Another subject which received merited attention was the large number of foreigners who are attracted to the United States by the desire of gain, and who make their appeals on the ground of their having come from the foreign field, and thus take large sums of money which should be given for missionary work. The churches are properly warned against these persons who trade on their Christianity. This annual convention at Clifton Springs does much to stimulate enthusiasm in the cause of foreign missions, which every year is becoming dearer to the American churches.

The Recall of Satolli

Cardinal Satolli has been relieved of his duties as Papal Ablegate in this country, and his successor has been appointed. The new official, who will soon arrive in the United States, is Monsignor Falconio, Titular Archbishop of Acerenja. Concerning the recall of Cardinal Satolli, Father Ducey, of New York, is reported to have said: "When a Delegate is made a Cardinal, he is rarely allowed to remain absent from Rome. Satolli leaves this country simply and purely because his mission is ended, and work awaits him in Rome as a member of the College of Cardinals." Other Catholic clergy are reported to have spoken in high terms of the work accomplished by the Cardinal. He is said to have been "a true apostle of peace," and to have entered with great interest into all the details of American life. One speaker said: "He became thoroughly familiar with everything, from the procedure in the Houses of Congress to the game of baseball." It is not impossible that Satolli may be the successor of Pope Leo, who has already reached the great age of eighty-six. In case Satolli is chosen, his period of service in this country will add largely to his prestige and his power.

Canadian Congregationalism

The Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec adjourned at Montreal last week after an interesting series of meetings extending over six days. The attendance of representatives was not so large as usual, but this lack was more than made up by the Congregationalists of Montreal. An enjoyable feature of the Union was the presence of the Revs. Smith Baker, D.D., Boston, Edward Hawes, D.D., Burlington, Vt., and F. S. Fitch, D.D., Buffalo, N. Y., delegates from the National Council of the United States. The greetings of these brethren were cordially received, and their addresses highly appreciated. Another very interesting feature of the Union was the encouraging financial position of the Societies of the Churches. Instead of the usual cry of deficit, there was heard the cheering note of surplus, which was struck again and again. Particularly true was this of the Home Missionary Society, where a long-standing debt has been replaced by a substantial balance on hand in the treasury. The addresses at the public meeting in connection with this Society were given by the Revs. Robert Hay, Eaton, J. P. Gerrie, Toronto, and Hugh Pedley, Winnipeg, and a resolution was passed at a later date looking for co-operation with the Churches of the United States. In the general discussions arising out of the programme, special prominence was given to the need of religious effort on behalf of children and young people. The Chairman, Mr. S. P. Leet, a barrister of Montreal, made this the basis of an earnest appeal in the annual address from the chair on "A Neglected Privilege of the Churches." Dr. Fitch's address on "The Child Prophet" was a fitting emphasis to the utterances of Mr. Leet. A somewhat different note was struck in the annual sermon, on "The Larger Salvation," by the Rev. William Johnston, of Toronto, who made an able plea for the removal of effete forms and creeds from the Church, and the application of the Gospel to every side of life. With reference to matters of current history one found the following: A strong protest against interference with the educational affairs of Manitoba, emphatic resolutions looking to the prohibition of the liquor traffic, warm recognitions of the claims of labor, earnest calls for Sunday observance, and stirring recommendations for various aspects of prison reform. There is no doubt that the Union will have its due influence in the direction of public sentiment in connection with these matters. Nor should this brief report of the Union close without a reference to the very valuable stereopticon lecture on "Congregational Shrines," by the Rev. E. M. Hill, of Montreal, which formed a very acceptable conclusion to the meetings now over.

"Luxury and the Love of God"

The "Kingdom," published in Minneapolis, is one of the freshest and most enterprising papers that comes to our table. It wastes little space with ecclesiastical gossip, but bravely grapples with great subjects about which the people are anxious to know. Its latest symposium is on "Luxury and the Love of God," suggested by a paragraph in a sermon by Bishop Potter. A "Kingdom" editorial on the sermon was criticised by the "Churchman" and the Minneapolis "Journal," and their utterances led to the symposium. We have already commented on these articles. One sentence in Bishop Potter's sermon (which we printed at the time) is as follows: "The growth of wealth and of luxury, wicked, wasteful, and wanton, as before God I declare that luxury to be, has been matched, step by step, by a deepening and deadening poverty, which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration." The "Churchman" believed the Bishop simply to be warning his prosperous hearers against forgetting their duties toward their less fortunate neighbors, and that he was not reiterating "the oft-repeated fallacy that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer every year." The "Kingdom" publishes the editorials of the "Churchman" and Minneapolis "Journal," and other articles on the subject by President George A. Gates, of Iowa College; Professor John Bascom, of Williams; Professor R. T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin; Archdeacon C. J. Wood, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston; Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago; the Hon. Ernest H. Crosby, of New York, and Dr. Brand, of Oberlin—all agreeing substantially with the position taken by the "Kingdom." President Gates's position is tersely stated in the phrase: "Not much luxury can hide under 'As I have loved you,' nor excuse itself in the presence of 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'" Dr. Bascom concludes that "that expenditure is good, and only that, which the entire community truly shares." Archdeacon Wood thinks that Jesus taught a doctrine "strikingly near communism." Edwin D. Mead agrees with Bishop Potter, but differs from those who criticise the building of a new and splendid cathedral, because the cathedral will be for all the people. Mr. Lloyd says: "It is uneconomic, unbrotherly, and unethical for us as trustees to take wealth for ourselves out of the product all made and all should share." Mr. Crosby says: "Let us admit that wealth of the right kind is a good thing for the community. We cannot have too much in the way of artistic treasures, and everything that contributes to the beauty and usefulness of our lives is a distinct advantage to us all. It is not to the existence of such wealth . . . to which we object; it is to the monopoly of these things by a few." Dr. Brand says: "We may pursue self-culture and expend our wealth upon ourselves up to that point, and only to that point, where such expenditure fits us for the highest service to ourselves and to the cause of humanity." The whole subject is finely concluded by the editor of the "Kingdom," the Rev. H. W. Gleason. As we read the various articles in the symposium it seems to us that all agree in the opinion that the Christian rule for everything is, "As I have loved you." We may add that the application of that rule must be left to individuals. In differing circumstances it will result in different courses of conduct, and will apply quite as much to the way in which we judge one another as to how we spend our money.

Dr. Newman Hall

We made mention recently of the celebration of the eightieth birthday of the Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., of London. The reports of that event have now reached us, and from them we cull a few items of interest for our readers. Dr. Hall began his ministry in Hull in 1842. While a pastor in that city he published his little book entitled "Come to Jesus," which has had such an amazing circulation. At first but two thousand were printed, but over four million copies, in all, have been sold, and it has been printed in fifty different languages. He began his ministry in Surrey Chapel, London, in 1854. During our Civil War Dr. Hall was a stanch friend of the Union, and had great influence in holding the working classes to faith in the North as being the surest way to secure the emancipation of the slaves. Dr. Hall is one of the most genial of men, and still greatly enjoys outdoor exercise. He loves to visit Zermatt in Switzerland, and his favorite resort is the Riffel Alp Hotel, whose altitude is 7,000 feet. We well remember meeting him there two years ago, when he was seventy-eight years old. Twice in one week he climbed from the hotel to the top of the Gorner Grat, 3,500 feet. He said to the writer of this paragraph as he passed him on the climb, at an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet, "Tell Mrs. Hall I have not forgotten her, although I am so far above her." Dr. Hall has done many things well, but probably never anything better than the way in which he left his noble Church. He helped the people to find perhaps the best man in England for the place; then gave him his blessing, and quietly withdrew; and the work goes on. It is sometimes hard to say, "He must increase and I must decrease," but it often needs to be said, and happy that man who knows how to say it graciously and at the right time.

Dr. Daniel Bliss

Among the workers in the foreign field who are now visiting this country is the Rev. Daniel Bliss, D.D., President of the Protestant College at Beyrout, Syria. Dr. Bliss is accompanied by Mrs. Bliss, and they are at present making their home with their son, the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, pastor of the Christian Union Congregational Church at Upper Montclair, N. J. On Tuesday evening, June 16, the people of the Upper Montclair church tendered to Dr. Bliss a reception, which was a beautiful testimonial to their appreciation of the father of their pastor, and of the great work which he has done in Syria. Dr. Bliss has been for nearly if not quite forty years in Beyrout, and few men have served the Church and the kingdom of God with more fidelity. He still calls himself young, and expects after a few months in this country to return to his college in Syria. Such men and women as Dr. and Mrs. Bliss are an honor to the Church, and prove that the days of Christian heroism have by no means come to an end.

Universalist Testimony

At the Universalist Social Union, during the May anniversaries in Boston, Dr. Donald, of Trinity Church, Boston, and President Eliot, of Harvard, were invited guests, and bore witness together as follows. Dr. Donald is reported as saying. "The idea that lies back of Universalism is that salvation is not only possible but probable for all beings. So far I am a Universalist. We need the optimist; and universalism and optimism are so bound together that he who accepts the one must be in full sympathy with the other." President Eliot said: "The distinctive tenet of final universal salvation is unmistakably the goal toward which all modern thought tends." Certain facts that had come under his observation at the University pointed in the same direction. "Of those that pass through the curriculum a certain percentage show evil dispositions—some to an extreme degree. They show this in gambling, intemperance, and stealing; yet, as a rule, they recover. Even those guilty of stealing often make good lawyers, teachers, clergymen." This last created a sensation. The speaker added: "I know what I say, and I repeat it—good clergymen. The vices most difficult to conquer, the ill effects of which are hardest to throw off, are those which weaken the will-power, but the facts do not make such at all hopeless."

A New Society

We are all familiar with the letters "A. P. A.," which stand for the American Protective Association, which is generally regarded as existing for the purpose of antagonizing the influence of the Roman Catholics in the United States. It was natural that a society of that kind should be met by a society destined to oppose it, and consequently we now hear of one with the initials "A. O. U. C.," which stand for the American Order of United Catholics. It is already declared to have many members. It proposes to make itself felt not only in the creation of moral sentiment, but also in the various departments of government. The object of the Order is stated in the following words:

> To unite fraternally all practical Catholics of every profession, business, and occupation; to give all possible aid in its power to members of the organization by encouraging each other in business, and by assisting each other to obtain employment.
>
> To uphold and defend the Catholic faith, clergy, and institutions against naturalized foreigners, who, aided and abetted by a certain class of native Americans, have gained great strength and power in our Legislatures.

It is perhaps needless for us to say that we do not believe in such societies. They tend to controversy, and even to violence in time. It is possible that within a few years much the same condition may prevail here as between the Orangemen and Catholics in Ireland. Patriotism is not promoted on the one side, or the cause of religion on the other. But the days of human folly are not ended in the Church any more than in the State; and folly is the prerogative of no one nationality and no one Church.

Unitarians in Japan

American Unitarianism has one mission in Japan. It is under the direction of the Rev. Clay MacCauley. His report appears in the "Christian Register" of May 14, and in many respects has interested us exceedingly. What he says concerning the changes in the older religions of Japan is worthy of especial attention. He affirms that the old orders of religion have fallen into confusion; that no dominant forces appear either from the Shinto or Buddhist faith; that they are without vitality. He thinks, also, that Confucianism is helpless beyond restoration; that Buddhism alone possesses any power among the people, and that among the ignorant its power is dependent upon the persistence of superstition and reverence for things dear in the past. Among the educated classes, Buddhism has some influence because of the philosophy and ethics discovered in recent years by students in the Buddhism of India. He then says that there is a new Buddhism in Japan, which is a cult much in vogue among young men of the student class, and depends largely upon appeal to national and race prejudice, and its gratification of their needs "generated in subjection to the philosophy and science received from Occidental thinkers." Concerning the outlook for evangelical Christianity Mr. MacCauley has many misgivings. He thinks that the Japanese churches are in danger of disintegration, or on the verge of a transformation into something unlike what they were intended to be. Mr. MacCauley is a careful observer, and has unsurpassed opportunities for studying the problem. The difficulties he probably does not exaggerate, but we think he does exaggerate the danger of the transformation of the Christian churches in that land. Changes are going on there, but, in our judgment, they are not more rapid than in other parts of the world. They are a part of a "world movement," and not peculiar to one nation. With the closing part of Mr. MacCauley's report we are in hearty sympathy. "So long as we see this nation with idols shattered, . . . a nation confused and not growing spiritually, is it not our duty, to whom the way of safe advance for the soul has been opened and made clear, to do what we may to guide uncertain steps away from all that may cause them to falter?"

Brief Mention

Plymouth Sunday-School of Brooklyn has raised a subscription of $111.55 for the benefit of the Barnby Memorial Fund, which sum has been paid to Mr. Henry R. Elliott, the Treasurer.

The Home Club

The Consumers' League

The Consumers' League of New York is not relaxing its efforts to secure the best possible conditions for the women and girls employed in mercantile establishments. The bill known as the McAndrews Bill, which becomes a law September 1, is not satisfactory, and by no means represents the idea of the majority of the Consumers' League. The original bill was altered so radically as to retain hardly any of its original features. The impression seems to have gone forth that this bill secured for the women and girls of New York employed in the mercantile establishments fairer hours and better pay. This is not true. There is scarcely any improvement in the hours. The bill does protect children a little, but hardly more than the volunteer protection given by the best houses to-day in New York. The most serious defect in the bill is that it carries no provision for its own enforcement; because enforcement can be secured only upon complaint, and not as the result of inspection, and the difference between the two is radical: it is the difference between two civilizations. What is done now must be done by volunteer inspection, and volunteer inspection is always attended with more or less difficulty—principally more. The inspection now becomes largely a matter of courtesy on the part of the employer.

It is unfortunate that the public conception is that the rich are responsible for the conditions under which girls and women are employed. This is true only in a degree; and while the evils in the large and prominent houses in all of our large cities are many, the evils that affect the lives of women and girls employed in the smaller stores are infinitely greater. In all shopping districts that run in, through, or near the tenement-house regions, the conditions governing the lives of the women and girls employed are often uncivilized. Frequently girls are employed from eight o'clock in the morning until nine and half-past nine at night five nights in the week, and until half-past eleven on Saturday night. The sanitary conditions very often are abominable, and the girls have to submit to treatment that arouses the wrath and indignation of girls who have any sense of self-respect. The wages of these girls are rarely more than three dollars a week.

The people who patronize these stores are responsible for the conditions. The women of these neighborhoods have never trained themselves to do their shopping in the daytime, even when that is possible, and the evening hours are hours of misery to hundreds of girls behind the counters. The Consumers' League now proposes to enlarge its membership, and to familiarize itself with the conditions in what, for definiteness, we may term the mercantile establishments in the tenement-house regions. It proposes to begin an educational campaign among the women in these districts to create a sentiment in favor of early closing, of higher wages, of perfect sanitary conditions. The burdens imposed on girls standing behind counters are not imposed by the rich; they are imposed by the people who are compelled to buy closely, who are striving to make a fine appearance on a small income—that is, trying to live at the rate of five thousand dollars a year on a two-thousand-dollar income; and the betterment of the conditions in our large stores depends on the great middle class realizing their responsibility for the conditions that are tolerated in our mercantile establishments below the highest grade. There has been a great amount of wasted sympathy on this subject. There is hardly a busy woman who shops, even for the necessaries, who does not frequently find her time wasted and her patience tried by the incapacity of the girls behind the counters.

The efforts of the Consumers' League will be to develop higher standards of business activity and ability among the girls, realizing fully that it is the development of character on both sides of the counter that means a perfect adjustment of the conditions under which women and children must work in mercantile establishments as well as elsewhere.

Readers for Children

The Heart of Oak books, a series of graded readers designed for children, form a valuable collection of the best English poetry, rhyme, and prose. When it is stated that the series is edited by Charles Eliot Norton, comment is unnecessary. The editor states a generally accepted truth when he says that "a taste for good reading is an acquisition the worth of which is hardly to be overestimated." He would not find that all pedagogues agree with him in the latter half of his statement when he says: "The reading lesson should never be hard or dull; nor should it be made the occasion for instruction in any specific branch of knowledge." He has accomplished his ideal, for he has edited a series of readers that will lead the child "on by pleasure from step to step." The series is published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, Mass. The Longmans' Classics Series has been increased by the addition of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, edited, with notes and introduction, by Herbert Bates, A.B. (45 cts.), (the introduction is a concise biography of Coleridge); *As You Like It* (60 cts.), with an introduction by Barrett Wendell, of Harvard College, and notes by Professor Phelps, of Yale (the introduction is a history of the play); *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (60 cts.), edited, with notes and introduction, by George Pierce Baker, of Harvard College; and *The Merchant of Venice* (60 cts.), edited by Francis B. Gummere, of Haverford College. The introduction in each of the Shakespearean plays is a history of the play, adding greatly to its value. The series is edited by George Rice Carpenter, of Columbia College, Professor of Rhetoric and English Composition. The Riverside Literature Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) is enlarged by the addition of *Gulliver's Travels*, with a condensed life of Swift by Mr. Horace E. Scudder. The American Book Company have added to their Eclectic English Classics *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *Conciliation with the American Colonies*, Edmund Burke's speech delivered in the House of Commons in 1775; *Revolt of the Tartars, or the Flight of the Kalmuck Khan*, by De Quincey. Each of these books has a concise biography of the author; price, 20 cents each. *Old Stories of the East* (45 cts.), of the same series, is by James Baldwin. Why would not the Bible have supplied all that this book gives taken from that source? None of the stories has gained in simplicity or beauty by dilution. Ginn & Co., of Boston, have added *The Natural History of Selborne* and *Selections from Epictetus* to their Classics for Children.

Home Science and Public Education

The Regents of the State of New York have published a Syllabus on Home Science, a copy of which can be had on application to the Board of Regents, Albany, N. Y. Mrs. Ellen H. Richards writes of the scientific study of foods: "The prosperity of a nation depends on the health and morals of its citizens, and the health and morals of a people depend mainly on the food they eat and the homes they live in." This declaration receives the indorsement of every man and woman who is making a study of the conditions of society in America. The realization of this is forcing educators to give to home science the place it should have in the curriculum of the schools. The Syllabus issued by the Regents of the University of New York covers the subject of all food materials, with special reference to the modes of preparation and preservation; the detection of adulteration; geographical conditions; the source of all supplies. The investigations in animal food cover, of course, the animal products—butter, cheese, milk, etc.; the canning, preserving, and salting of foods, cold storage and drying, and the nutritive value of foods. The Syllabus includes also emergencies; home nursing and hygiene; the principles of sanitation and household economy; the arranging of work; public hygiene, which embodies protection against contagious diseases, and the laws for the inspection of milk, butter, and meat.

A Plea for the Living

Dear Outlook: Always, in coming out from the city through the vile outskirts to the beautiful, carefully tended cemeteries, I am moved to wonder why a city that provides with such care for the dead should do nothing for the living. I should like to ask the question, through your columns, of the people who might help to give breathing-places to these children of poverty. E. H. M.

The cemeteries in the vicinity of nearly all large cities are used, especially on Sunday, as parks. Carriages can be hired at the entrances, and stages that make the tours of the grounds are provided either by the cemetery authorities or private enterprise. The walks are usually liberally provided with settees, and the freedom of movement of visitors is a matter of social training.

We sometimes, in criticising the relation of public authorities to the working classes, look backward, not forward. Public authority is first what public sentiment makes it. We see this constantly. The mass of wage-earners need to be trained to standards that compel the authorities to recognize their needs. For instance, months and months ago, several buildings were torn down in a tenement-house region in New York to make room for a small park. The débris lay for months untouched. The people about were undisturbed. After its removal, leaving acres of reddish clay surface hideously barren, the people in the region made no protest, though this condition lasted for months. The protest against the delay came from people living miles away. If that park had been located among people of higher standards, they would have demanded immediate improvement; it is even doubtful if the authorities would have waited until a demand was made. The whole trend of life to-day is toward lessening the unnecessary burdens of poverty, toward securing that administration of public funds which will give to the dwellers in the tenement-house region their share of public benefits. The trend of life to-day is toward justice and righteousness.

Patriotic Societies

The Colonial Dames of the State of New York (incorporated as a branch of the National society of the Colonial Dames of America in April, 1893), may be said to be cultivating patriotism in New York. They have succeeded in securing the use of the Van Cortlandt Mansion in Van Cortlandt Park, New York, by act of legislature. The Dames will put this building in good repair, restoring the rooms to their original form as nearly as possible. They will gather together in these rooms articles and manuscripts that will represent, or rather illustrate, the various periods of colonial history. The Dames have already received a number of very valuable pieces of antique furniture, and copies and engravings of portraits of ancestors of the Dames have been presented by the members. In addition to this, the Colonial Dames have offered prizes for essays on different periods of history to the students in the Normal College and the children in the grammar grades of several of the schools in New York. They also propose the establishing of a reference library. They have the warm support of the public-spirited citizens of New York, who fully realize the need of just such an education and just such enthusiasm as the Colonial Dames of New York represent.

The Right Proportions

Bridget is an excellent cook, but, like most women of her profession, she is opinionated, and insists upon making all her dishes strictly according to her own recipes. Her mistress gives her very full swing, not only as to cooking, but as to the purchase of supplies. The other day her mistress said to her: "Bridget, the coffee you are giving us is very good. What kind is it?" "It's no koind at all, mum," said Bridget, "it's a mixter." "How do you mix it?" "I make it one-quarter Mocha and one-quarter Java and one-quarter Rio." "But that's only three quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?" "I put in no other quarter at all, mum. That's where so many sphiles the coffee, mum—by putting in a foorth quarter."—*New York Observer*.

For the Little People

Meadow Folk

By Alix Thorn

Down in the delicate meadow grasses
  Golden heads gleam in the sunshine bright,
Nodding to every wind that passes
  From early morning to starry night.

See! Fresh white bonnets the bright heads cover,
  Wild little bonnets with stiff starched frills;
Robin and bluebird fly swiftly over,
  Dancing and singing run happy rills.

Who so gay as the folk in the meadow?
  All day they play with the butterflies,
Happy alike in shine or shadow,
  Under the arching summer skies.

And would you know my friends in the grasses,
  And find the place where they always stay?
Why, little lads and dainty lasses,
  'Tis a daisy field on a glad June day.

The Prize Competition

On the Little People's page, in the issue of May 23, The Outlook offered a prize for correct definitions of the following incorrect definitions:

"Climate is the combined space of heat and moisture."

"The solar system is situated in that part of the heavens called the milky way."

"The polar circle is parallel, running slanting round the earth."

"It is the wind's duty to refresh and cherish the earth."

"A volcano is the safety valve of an earthquake."

The different races of men were given as "Indians, negroes, whites, and French." Why is this wrong? And give an explanation of what is wrong about these sentences:

"Let us sing these lines in solemn silence."

"Look at the great cities of antiquity, where are they now? Why, some of them have perished so utterly that it is doubtful if they ever existed."

The Outlook asked that the competitors should show in their own language that they understood to be the meanings of the words "climate," "solar system," "polar circle," and "volcano." About four hundred answers were received. Some of these did not state the age of the writers, some had no addresses, and some gave only a part of the definitions. No one pointed out one mistake. Perhaps it was too much to expect of boys and girls of thirteen and fourteen even to discover the error. It is this: In the sentence, "It is the wind's duty to refresh and cherish the earth," not one of these four hundred boys or girls stated that the wind could not have a duty. There were more correct definitions of the word wind than of any of the other words. If you will look in the dictionary, you will see that duty is a moral quality, and the wind cannot have moral responsibilities. Even the two best definitions state what the wind can do and does do, but they do not state that the wind cannot have a duty to perform. Some of the answers were really essays on the wind, or on volcanoes, or on climate, but what The Outlook wanted was definitions, and that means expressing the meaning of the words given in the simplest and most direct language, and in the fewest possible words. One could almost see the puckered faces and the tightly clenched hands of some of the writers. The two successful competitors will each receive a book valued at $2, as it is not possible to decide which of these two is the better:

CORRECTIONS FOR PRIZE OFFER IN THE OUTLOOK OF MAY 23, 1896

1. Climate is the universal condition of heat or cold, moisture or dryness, of a country.

2. The solar system comprises the universe, and the rotation of planets around the sun.

3. The polar circle is an imaginary line separating the frigid from the temperate zones.

4. Wind is air in motion, and its function is to clear the atmosphere.

5. A volcano is a wonderful mountain, burning inside, with a hole at the top, sometimes throwing out red-hot cinders and melted stones called lava.

6. There are five races of men. They are the Caucasian, Mongolian, Negro, Indian, and the Malay.

"Let us sing these lines in solemn silence."

This sentence is wrong because we cannot sing in silence.

"Look at the great cities of antiquity, where are they now? Why, some of them have perished so utterly that it is doubtful if they ever existed."

This sentence is wrong because we cannot look at things that have gone from sight.

FRANCES L. LEONARD (age 13),
30 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.
May 29, 1896.

Climate is the condition of the air at any place, according to the temperature or moisture.

The sun, taken together with the planets and their satellites, or moons, and the comets that revolve around it (sun), are called the solar system.

A polar circle is an imaginary circle passing around the earth twenty-three and one-half degrees (23½°) from the pole it is nearest to. It is supposed to separate the Frigid Zone from the Temperate Zone.

The property of the wind is to restore the equal pressure of the air, to refresh the earth, and promote navigation.

A volcano is an opening in the crust of the earth, acting as a safety valve, relieving the earth of the undue pressure of gases and molten matter within.

The different races of men on the earth are the Caucasian or white race, the Mongolian or yellow race, the Malay or brown race, the Ethiopian or black race, and the Indian or red race.

"Let us sing these lines in solemn silence." Singing is expressing thought in musical tones to the ear; therefore you can sing solemnly but not in silence.

"Look at the great cities of antiquity, where are they now?" If the "great cities of antiquity" are not in existence, you cannot look at them.

"Why, some of them have perished so utterly that it is doubtful if they existed." If they never existed, they could not have perished.

CHARLES F. THOMPSON,
20 Cliff Street, New Rochelle, N. Y
13 years old.

The True Story of Mary and Her Little Lamb

Dear Outlook: Please allow a constant reader to correct a mistake in the issue of May 23, 1896. "Mary Willis" writes about "Mary and Her Little Lamb," and twice makes the statement that the original Mary is still alive and living in Massachusetts. Having lived all my lifetime on the same street where this Mary lived for many years and died in December, 1889, I feel it my duty to call your attention to the error, and to send a few additional facts that may be interesting to your readers. Mary E. Sawyer, afterwards Mrs. Columbus Tyler, was born in Sterling, a quiet place near Worcester, Mass. It was here that she grew up and went to school. The little new-born lamb, found almost dead, she nursed devotedly, sitting up all night to keep it warm. In the morning it could stand and swallow a little. Then it began to improve rapidly. It grew fast, and its fleece was of the finest and whitest. She would comb it every day, and tie the wool with bright ribbons. The lamb was almost her only playmate, and, not having many dolls, Mary used to dress up the lamb in pantalettes and a shawl. It was her brother Nate who suggested taking the lamb to school one day. They had hard work to get her over a high stone wall they had to climb, but finally succeeded. When the school-house was reached, the teacher had not arrived and but few scholars were there. Mary wondered what she should do with the lamb. They had high, boarded-up seats then, and Mary put the lamb under her seat, having put on her shawl—not the pantalettes, however—and the lamb lay down and kept very quiet. By and by Mary had to go out of the seat to recite and left the lamb all right, but in a moment there was a clatter, clatter on the floor, and she knew it was the pattering of the hoofs of her pet. She was greatly mortified. The teacher was Miss Polly Kimball, who was the mother of Mr. Loring, the circulating library man of Boston. She laughed outright and the children all giggled, but Mary felt too much ashamed to even smile. She led the lamb out of doors, and put her in a shed until she went home at noon. Visiting the school that forenoon was a young man named John Roulstone, a nephew of the Rev. Lemuel Capin, who was then settled in Sterling, and the son of Mary's dancing-master. He was fitting for college. He was greatly pleased at the school incident, and the next day he came across the fields on horseback, came to the school-house, and handed Mary a slip of paper containing three stanzas he had composed. Two stanzas have since been added by a Mrs. Townsend.

From the fleece sheared from this ewe Mary's mother knit two pairs of stockings, which Mary kept until she was about eighty years old. When the ladies of Boston were raising money for the preservation of the Old South Church, some *ten or more years ago* (Mary Willis says "the other day"), she contributed one pair of these stockings for the benefit of the fund. The yarn was raveled out, and small pieces attached to cards having her autograph, and these were sold for quite a sum, realizing about $100. Then Mary consented to raveling out the other pair of stockings, and went herself to the fair and sold the wool. All she kept was two little pieces pasted on cards.

Mary taught school in Fitchburg after leaving Sterling. She was afterwards married, and for thirty-five years held the position of matron of the McLean Insane Asylum at Somerville, Mass., where for forty years her husband was the steward of that institution. After leaving this place they built and occupied one of the finest residences in the city, and for many years were most highly esteemed as generous, noble, useful, public-spirited people. They left no children, and their estate they bequeathed to the First Unitarian Church for a parsonage.

S. E. K.

"Mary Willis" says that the Boston papers of a recent date are responsible for her errors.

Not Far Away

She was a dear little girl only three years old. She had got tired playing around her mother's kitchen, and so she wandered out of doors and was not missed for some time. Then how frightened her mother was! She told all the neighbors, and searching parties were made up, the surrounding woods thoroughly hunted over, men got into wagons and drove about the roads, stopping at every house to inquire for a little fair-haired girl, with a doll, who had gone away from home When all the people had scattered, and the houses about were quite deserted, in came the little girl with her hands full of flowers. She had been in a neighbor's yard two doors away. It is always safe to look for everything that is lost, even babies, near home.

Where They Were

Two kittens were born in a large warehouse. These kittens were very frolicsome, and became great favorites. One day the men employed could not find the two kittens. They hunted and hunted, but found no trace of them. About four weeks afterward it was necessary to tear away a part of a platform in front of the building. To the surprise of the workmen, under this platform was a rat-trap, and in the rat-trap were the two kittens. Their mother had found them and had nourished them all the time they were in the trap. They had grown so large that they were very much crowded in their tiny little wire house, from which the men soon liberated them.

The Elephant and the Giraffe

Said the elephant to the giraffe,
"Your neck is too long by one-half."
He replied, "Since your nose
Reaches down to your toes,
At others you'd better not laugh."

—*St. Nicholas.*

The Republican Platform

We give below in full the platform adopted by the Republican Convention at St. Louis last week:

The Republicans of the United States, assembled by their representatives in National Convention, appealing for the popular and historical justification of their claims to the matchless achievements of thirty years of Republican rule, earnestly and confidently address themselves to the awakened intelligence, experience, and conscience of their countrymen in the following declaration of facts and principles:

For the first time since the Civil War the American people have witnessed the calamitous consequences of full and unrestricted Democratic control of the Government. It has been a record of unparalled incapacity, dishonor, and disaster. In administrative management it has ruthlessly sacrificed indispensable revenue, entailed an unceasing deficit, eked out ordinary current expenses with borrowed money, piled up the public debt by $262,000,000 in time of peace, forced an adverse balance of trade, kept a perpetual menace hanging over the redemption fund, pawned American credit to alien syndicates, and reversed all the measures and results of successful Republican rule. In the broad effect of its policy it has precipitated panic, blighted industry and trade with prolonged depression, closed factories, reduced work and wages, halted enterprise, and crippled American production while stimulating foreign production for the American market. Every consideration of public safety and individual interest demands that the Government shall be rescued from the hands of those who have shown themselves incapable of conducting it without disaster at home and dishonor abroad, and shall be restored to the party which for thirty years administered it with unequaled success and prosperity. And in this connection we heartily indorse the wisdom, the patriotism, and the success of the Administration of President Harrison.

Tariff.—We renew and emphasize our allegiance to the policy of protection as the bulwark of American industrial independence, and the foundation of American development and prosperity. This true American policy taxes foreign products and encourages home industry; it puts the burden of revenue on foreign goods; it secures the American market for the American producer; it upholds the American standard of wages for the American workingman; it puts the factory by the side of the farm, and makes the American farmer less dependent on foreign demand and price; it diffuses general thrift, and founds the strength of all on the strength of each. In its reasonable application it is just, fair, and impartial, equally opposed to foreign control and domestic monopoly, to sectional discrimination and individual favoritism.

We denounce the present Democratic tariff as sectional, injurious to the public credit, and destructive to business enterprise. We demand such an equitable tariff on foreign imports which come into competition with American products as will not only furnish adequate revenue for the necessary expenses of the Government, but will protect American labor from degradation to the wage-level of other lands. We are not pledged to any particular schedules. The question of rates is a practical question, to be governed by the conditions of the time and of production; the ruling and uncompromising principle is the protection and development of American labor and industry. The country demands a right settlement, and then it wants rest.

Reciprocity.—We believe the repeal of the reciprocity arrangements negotiated by the last Republican Administration was a National calamity, and we demand their renewal and extension on such terms as will equalize our trade with other nations, remove the restrictions which now obstruct the sale of American products in the ports of other countries, and secure enlarged markets for the products of our farms, forests, and factories.

Protection and reciprocity are twin measures of Republican policy, and go hand in hand. Democratic rule has recklessly struck down both, and both must be re-established: protection for what we produce; free admission for the necessaries of life which we do not produce; reciprocal agreements of mutual interest which gain open markets for us in return for our open market to others. Protection builds up domestic industry and trade, and secures our own market for ourselves: reciprocity builds up foreign trade and finds an outlet for our surplus.

Sugar.—We condemn the present Administration for not keeping faith with the sugar-producers of this country. The Republican party favors such protection as will lead to the production on American soil of all the sugar which the American people use, and for which they pay other countries more than $100,000,000 annually.

Wool and Woolens.—To all our products—to those of the mine and the field, as well as those of the shop and factory—to hemp, to wool, the product of the great industry of sheep husbandry, as well as to the finished woolens of the mill, we promise the most ample protection.

Merchant Marine.—We favor restoring the early American policy of discriminating duties for the upbuilding of our merchant marine, and the protection of our shipping in the foreign carrying trade, so that American ships—the product of American labor, employed in American ship-yards, sailing under the Stars and Stripes, and manned, officered, and owned by Americans—may regain the carrying of our foreign commerce.

Money.—The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of specie payments in 1879; since then every dollar has been as good as gold.

We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are therefore opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved. All our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolably the obligations of the United States, and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth.

Pensions.—The veterans of the Union armies deserve and should receive fair treatment and generous recognition. Whenever practicable, they should be given the preference in the matter of employment, and they are entitled to the enactment of such laws as are best calculated to secure the fulfillment of the pledges made to them in the dark days of the country's peril. We denounce the practice in the Pension Bureau, so recklessly and unjustly carried on by the present Administration, of reducing pensions and arbitrarily dropping names from the rolls, as deserving the severest condemnation of the American people.

Foreign Relations.—Our foreign policy should be at all times firm, vigorous, and dignified, and all our interests in the Western Hemisphere carefully watched and guarded. The Hawaiian Islands should be controlled by the United States, and no foreign power should be permitted to interfere with them; the Nicaragua Canal should be built, owned, and operated by the United States; and by the purchase of the Danish Islands we should secure a proper and much-needed naval station in the West Indies.

Armenian Massacres.—The massacres in Armenia have aroused the deep sympathy and just indignation of the American people, and we believe that the United States should exercise all the influence it can properly exert to bring these atrocities to an end. In Turkey American residents have been exposed to the gravest dangers and American property destroyed. There and everywhere American citizens and American property must be absolutely protected at all hazards and at any cost.

Monroe Doctrine.—We reassert the Monroe Doctrine in its full extent, and we reaffirm the right of the United States to give the doctrine effect by responding to the appeals of any American State for friendly intervention in case of European encroachment. We have not interfered, and shall not interfere, with the existing possessions of any European power in this hemisphere, but those possessions must not on any pretext, be extended. We hopefully look forward to the eventual withdrawal of the European powers from this hemisphere, to the ultimate union of all of the English-speaking part of the continent by the free consent of its inhabitants.

Cuba.—From the hour of achieving their own independence the people of the United States have regarded with sympathy the struggles of other American peoples to free themselves from European domination. We watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battle of the Cuban patriots against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out for the full success of their determined contest for liberty.

The Government of Spain having lost control of Cuba, and being unable to protect the property or lives of resident American citizens or to comply with its treaty obligations, we believe that the Government of the United States should actively use its influence and good offices to restore peace and give independence to the island.

The Navy.—The peace and security of the Republic and the maintenance of its rightful influence

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among the nations of the earth demand a naval power commensurate with its position and responsibility. We therefore favor the continued enlargement of the navy, and a complete system of harbor and coast defenses.

Foreign Immigration.—For the protection of the equality of our American citizenship, and of the wages of our workingmen against the fatal competition of low-priced labor, we demand that the immigration laws be thoroughly enforced, and so extended as to exclude from entrance to the United States those who can neither read nor write.

Civil Service.—The Civil Service Law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable.

Free Ballot.—We demand that every citizen of the United States shall be allowed to cast one free and unrestricted ballot, and that such ballot shall be counted and returned as cast.

Lynchings.—We proclaim our unqualified condemnation of the uncivilized and barbarous practices, well known as lynching or killing of human beings, suspected or charged with crime, without process of law.

National Arbitration.—We favor the creation of a National Board of Arbitration to settle and adjust differences which may arise between employers and employed engaged in inter-State commerce.

Homesteads.—We believe in an immediate return to the free homestead policy of the Republican party, and urge the passage by Congress of the satisfactory free homestead measure which has already passed the House and is now pending in the Senate.

Territories.—We favor the admission of the remaining Territories at the earliest practicable date, having due regard to the interests of the people of the Territories and of the United States. All the Federal officers appointed for the Territories should be selected from bona-fide residents thereof, and the right of self-government should be accorded as far as practicable.

Alaska.—We believe the citizens of Alaska should have representation in the Congress of the United States, to the end that needful legislation may be intelligently enacted.

Temperance.—We sympathize with all wise and legitimate efforts to lessen and prevent the evils of intemperance and promote morality.

Rights of Women.—The Republican party is mindful of the rights and interests of women. Protection of American industries includes equal opportunities, equal pay for equal work, and protection to the home. We favor the admission of women to wider spheres of usefulness, and welcome their co-operation in rescuing the country from Democratic and Populistic mismanagement and misrule.

Such are the principles and policies of the Republican party. By those principles we will abide, and these policies we will put into execution. We ask for them the considerate judgment of the American people. Confident alike in the history of our great party and in the justice of our cause, we present our platform and our candidates in the full assurance that the election will bring victory to the Republican party, and prosperity to the people of the United States.

Notes and Queries

Kindly inform me on the following points: 1. Is Colonel Ingersoll a graduate of any college? If so, of which? 2. What is the legend of Phineus and the harpies? 3. Why was Shakespeare's "Henry V." considered treasonable? 4. I believe a member of the titled nobility in England may be elected as a member of the House of Commons, may he not? If so, is he, during the time for which he is elected, entitled to a seat in the House of Lords also? If not, is he entitled to a seat in the House of Lords after the expiration of his elected term?

A SUBSCRIBER.

1. He is not a college graduate. 2. Phineus was a blind soothsayer, who for cruelty to his sons was punished by the Harpies, winged monsters, who snatched his food away and polluted what they left of it. He gave the Argonauts directions for their voyage in quest of the golden fleece, and two of them, the winged sons of the North Wind, rewarded him by ridding him of the Harpies. 3. It was not. Perhaps you should have said "Richard II.," in which the King is deposed (Act IV., Scene 3). A Shakespearean scholar furnishes this note upon the subject: There was an earlier play (called "Henry IV.") in which Richard was deposed and killed on the stage. It was performed at a public theater, at the request of Sir Gilly Merick and other followers of Lord Essex, the afternoon before his insurrection. Merick gave forty shillings extra to Phillips to play it, as the play was old and would not draw. In Shakespeare's play the deposition scene was not printed till 1608. It was probably not acted, and was suppressed in the edition of 1597 because the Pope had published a bull against Elizabeth in 1596 exhorting rebellion. In 1599 Hayward was censured in the Star Chamber and imprisoned for publishing his "History of the First Year of Henry IV.," which is simply the deposition of Richard II. 4. Irish peers are eligible to the House of Commons, but English and Scotch peers are not. If a member of the House succeeds to a hereditary peerage, he is obliged to relinquish his seat in the House.

1. Ought a teacher to attend "summer schools"? Ought she not rather, after a term filled with hard and faithful work, to eschew "professional" subjects of all sorts, and spend her vacation in a complete rest from all such matters; in the expressive, if not elegant, language of Walt Whitman, "loafe, and invite her soul"? That has always been my theory and my practice. I read, I write, I walk, I drive, I lie in my hammock and look and listen, I enjoy the society of friends, I even think! (sometimes); in short, I do, as nearly as possible, nothing, with the utmost perseverance and success, for the whole two months! What may be the effect upon my *brains* I am not prepared to say; but upon my *brain*, I know it is excellent. Still, if you say I am wrong, I promise to reform. 2. Kindly name two or three of the best of John Burroughs's works—or are they *all* best? Are not he and Thoreau and Ruskin and Emerson and Lowell, and such writers, better educators than all the "summer schools"? 3. In one of Stevenson's books I find these sentences: "We sin, I dare not say by God's temptation, but I must say *with his consent.*" "It is by our evil that God leads us into good." Is his idea correct, especially the part underscored by me?

IGNOTO.

1. The most of rest is found in following the line of least resistance. This varies with each person. You have found it as you describe. For some it lies in the inviting opportunity to supply a deficiency, or to realize an aspiration, by vacation study. The conscious need of each must give the law to each. 2. Among Mr. Burroughs's best-known books—they are all good—are "Wake-Robin," "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Birds and Bees," "Indoor Studies," "Fresh Fields," "Sharp Eyes," "Signs and Seasons." 3. The phrase may be misunderstood, but it is true if taken analogously to the care of a wise parent, who allows a foolish child to have his perverse way in anticipation of the correction which nothing but retributive experiences can make effective.

We have here in our city a liberal society called the Independent Congregational Church. A friend remarked to me recently that, inasmuch as they had no sympathy with or belief in what is understood by Orthodox Congregationalism, they had no right to the name, the retaining of which she was inclined to think not quite honest. I suggested that I thought the term Congregational in this case, as well as in all liberal churches, as Unitarian and Universalist, was used simply to indicate or express their method of church government. Please tell me if this is not true.

J.

You are correct. The word "Independent" is itself a term of discrimination. Orthodox Congregational churches are not independent, but associated. In New England, where some such churches became Unitarian many years ago, they retained their original names, as "the First" or "Second Congregational Church," and their right to the name is acknowledged. The term "Congregationalism" is descriptive of polity. If it is extended to more than this, it is merely by historical accident, which confers no intrinsic claim.

Can you inform me where I can obtain a copy of "Home Worship," prepared by the late Rev. J. P Thompson, D.D., and published in 1871 by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston?

M. W. C.

A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

It is interesting to notice, in connection with the recent sermon of the Rev. Henry van Dyke on the historically divine Christ, that the words God and Christ are used interchangeably in old manuscripts of the New Testament. I quote from Tischendorf's Tauchnitz edition of the New Testament, Philippians iv., 7, English Testament, "And the peace of God;" Alexandrine manuscript reads, "Peace of God." Colossians iii., 15, English Testament, "The peace of God rule in your hearts;" Sinaitic, Vatican, and Alexandrine manuscripts, "The peace of Christ." Colossians iii., 16, English Testament, "Let the word of Christ;" Sinaitic, "The word of the Lord;" Alexandrine, "The word of God."

O. E. T. S

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"As You Like It"

The Presentations of June 12 and 13 at Smith College

The public has had abundant opportunity to become familiar with the idea of young women playing Greek tragedy and Shakespearean drama. The press has been uniformly interested and courteous in its comments. Even the non-play-going fathers and mothers have recovered somewhat from their first shock at the thought of girls taking time from Greek, Latin, mathematics, and science to learn the verses and gestures of playwrights and actors. Letters of remonstrance to the President and Faculty are more infrequent than they used to be. People are clearly getting used to the idea of a play as part of the Commencement programme once sacred to orations on liberty and duty. The present is, therefore, the time when the aims and accomplishment of such a performance should be the object of careful inquiry. Otherwise the history of the Commencement play will be one emphasizing its base uses rather than its noble ends.

First, then, the Smith College performance was the furthest possible remove from private theatricals. Its methods were those of serious study, its aims the embodiment of literary and æsthetic ideals.

Second, the performance was through its entire history so carefully related to college work that it made no disturbance in the term work of the other departments, and indeed would never have been known to be going on except for the friendly interest felt in it as a way of entertaining the college guests during Commencement week. The eighty-odd students concerned with the play either as actors or committee had almost without exception been interested in the work of the department of elocution, so that the play was a natural expression of their original and acquired taste.

Third, the choice of a play of Shakespeare was made under the belief that the excellent results attained by the class of 1895 in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" might be reached again. These results were felt to be desirable because in them the entertainment of guests and the very highest personal discipline seemed to be united. With the present senior class, Miss Lordella Peck, of the Department of Elocution, and Mr. Alfred Young, the trainer, agreed to add to the effort to render Shakespeare's lines intelligently a definite interest in the stage business as established by the best authorities. This was found to be most interesting, and to involve questions of far wider reach than at first thought would seem to be connected with stage business in its conventional acceptance.

The play was cut to make it suitable for modern presentation, and to make it shorter. The characters of Sir Oliver Martext and Dennis were omitted entirely. The order of the scenes was changed to produce a more immediately intelligible and coherent effect.

The costumes, with a few exceptions, were made under the direction of a committee of the class, and were based on Mr. Abbey's illustrations. Some of the tableaux were the exactest possible reproductions of his pictures, the most effective one being where Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone sit dejectedly on a log.

The interpretation of character was not in the main intended to be heretical. But the play was pervaded by a fine humanity, delicacy, and culture, by no means prominent in the ordinary stage presentation.

The melancholy Jaques was intentionally varied from the romantic philosopher to the disillusioned libertine, and in the interests of this impression certain speeches, usually omitted, were retained; for example, "Why, who cries out in pride?" Every effort was made to prevent starring by careful attention to the by-play of crowds and attendants. The minor

[Continued on following page]

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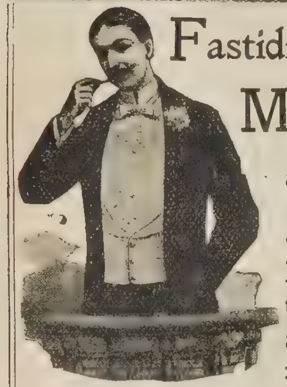

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"As You Like It"

[Continued from preceding page]

characters came into natural prominence, with the result of making the play more lifelike and less eccentric. The scenery emphasized the life of the woods rather than that of the court. It was beautiful, romantic, and suggestive. Old versions of the songs scattered through the play were used to heighten the dramatic impression. The music of Doctor Arne, Bishop, and Thomas Morley was transposed and arranged for four parts, and refrains from it used as recurring "motifs" in important entrances, exits, and crises. All these devices imperceptibly added to the unity of the play and prevented the presentation from falling apart into two or three rôles of exclusive interest.

The parts of Rosalind, Orlando, and Celia were, for obvious reasons, difficult. Rosalind has been so long a star part that it was felt almost presumptuous for any girl to undertake it. Miss Curr, however, succeeded beyond expectation. She had a distinct conception of the character, and played it with real control and finish. Orlando, in the acting of Miss Curtis, was one of the rare presentations of a man's part without a suspicion of disguise. Orlando was frank, charming, lovable, without a suggestion of the heavy lover of a stock company. Of Celia it need only be said that Miss Hills redeemed the part from its usual interpretation of a harmless foil to Rosalind by her intelligent appreciation and graceful moderation. As an ideal characterization Miss Dustin's Touchstone was really extraordinary. The Shakespearean fool has seldom had a finer rendering on any stage. Adam's lines were almost perfectly rendered for meter by Miss Hall, and a difficult part made interesting. The acting showed its real force in the pathetic and love scenes. The audience felt no inclination to laugh. A college audience is almost painfully alive to the suggestion of the ludicrous, but there was no occasion for it in this presentation of "As You Like It." The "business" became fine art without any obvious effort. To a few anxious and critical spectators this seemed the triumph of the play and the demonstration of the educational principle it was embodying. **

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"Scott's Emulsion," replied the maiden.

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The Business World

The Week The effect of the St. Louis Convention and its platform on the stock market was less noticeable than many had anticipated, but as the results had been practically certain for a week or more this is not surprising. The course of prices of stocks was upward until the middle of the week, when a cessation of the foreign buying which had been a favorable feature produced a check and some reaction. On Friday a recovery to some extent followed, but the last days of the week were very dull and the amount of business small. The loan market in money was slightly more active, but rates remained practically unchanged. In general trade matters the beginning of the dull season was evidently at hand. There was certainly no improvement in the industrial situation. Prices were lower for iron and steel, lumber, wheat, sugar, lard, and some other staples, while pork, cotton, and petroleum were higher, and flour, coffee, leather, and oats remain about the same. The exports of the week were 3,020,000 bushels—a slight increase over those of the previous week and of the same week last year. "Bradstreet's" reports 265 failures, as compared with 234 the previous week and 231 in the same week of last year. An interesting feature in the industrial situation is related to the cotton crop, which seems likely to be of only moderate dimensions this year, while the supply of unsold cotton on hand is rapidly diminishing. The "Financial Chronicle" says:

> The visible supply of cotton of all kinds in the world decreased 102,000 bales last week, and now stands at 2,280,000 bales. This amount is 1,156,000 less than last year at this time, is 705,000 bales less than two years ago, and shows a decrease of 798,000 from the supply of three years ago. The total amount of American cotton in the world lost 103,000 bales during the week, and is now down to 1,814,000 bales, or 1,215,000 bales smaller than it was at this time last year. The total available supply of cotton in this country was reduced 22,000 bales during the week. Port and interior stocks here are now down to 390,000 bales, against 523,000 bales last year at this time. The demand for this scant supply keeps well up to the level of the most prosperous years of the cotton-manufacturing era.

Anthracite Coal An extremely important and elaborate series of articles on anthracite coal has been published in the "Bond Record" of this city. They have been prepared by Mr. William Griffith, who has collected a great amount of information, and has with much skill summarized and tabulated the results. The maps and diagram accompanying the articles present the striking facts in the history of anthracite coal mining in a graphic way. While the articles include in their scope the history of the discovery of anthracite and its early workings, the chief value lies in the estimates of the probable future supply of the different regions. The final result of the estimates gives the total anthracite tonnage supply of the future as 5,073,786,750 tons. The author states that one hundred and nine years represents the life of the anthracite industry on the basis of the shipments made in 1895. The future tonnage of the anthracite region would completely fill an ordinary city street sixty feet in width to a depth of sixty feet, or say to the tops of the fifth-story windows, for a distance of 8,800 miles. Our readers will be interested in the following conclusions in regard to the capacity and future of the Wyoming and Lehigh regions comparatively:

> The largest proportion of the annual increase of tonnage has been furnished by the Wyoming region. The Lehigh and Schuylkill regions in 1876 jointly supplied 54.47 per cent. of the tonnage for that year, and the Northern field 45.53 per cent.; but the percentage of annual output has been gradually decreasing in the former and increasing in the latter region, until in 1894 Lehigh and Schuylkill jointly furnished 45.05 per cent. and the Wyoming 54.95 per cent. of the year's output. In other words, the Wyoming region has been increasing its output at the rate of about 800,000 tons or more per year, while the other regions combined have increased but little more than about one-half this amount. In order to maintain this pace in the Wyoming field, it would be necessary to construct, equip, and develop to full producing capacity about six large modern collieries of average capacity per year, without suffering any diminution of output from the plants already in existence. With our knowledge of existing conditions, the continuance of such a pace seems well-nigh impossible. We should rather say that the region is nearing the point of maximum output, and the increase of tonnage must soon begin to diminish.
>
> The present annual capacity of the anthracite region, working 300 days per year, is about 67,000,000 tons, while the market will take but 46,000,000, or capacity 21,000,000 tons ahead of annual consumption—a situation of affairs which requires shrewd and careful management to maintain a profitable business. How long this condition can endure depends on the market and the manner in which the industry is handled by those in control. With the present rate of increase of annual consumption it ought not to continue many years, for the Wyoming and Lehigh regions, which together yield about 70 per cent. of the annual tonnage, seem to be nearing their maximum output (the Hazleton district of the Lehigh region having probably already reached this point).

Sugar from Beets The immense sales of beet-sugar in Germany and throughout Europe are causing greater and greater interest in this manufacture in this country. The industry has been growing for some years rather slowly, and in spite of a prejudice against it in most farmers' minds. We quote some interesting facts collated by Mr. G. E. Walsh for the "Country Gentleman:"

> The wide extent of territory over which this crop can be made to succeed gives some assurance for the future that sugar may become one of the leading products of the United States. Hundreds of tests by the State experiment stations have demonstrated the fact that the best sugar-beets can be raised in this country, and that the crop can be made profitable both to the farmers who raise the beets and to the sugar-refiners who convert the roots into the commercial article. Germany began the manufacture of sugar from beets that yielded only 5 per cent. of sugar, and, by selection and long years of careful calculation, the percentage of saccharine matter in the beets was raised to 12 and 14; but here in our country beets yielding from 14 to 16 per cent. are raised without special selection or culture.
>
> We pay annually to foreign countries for the sugar consumed in this country about $150,000,000, and should this vast sum be saved by American farmers raising enough sugar for home consumption, the results would be most gratifying. The world's sugar crop for 1894 surpassed that of any other year in the history of the industry, but the increase was the greatest in beet-sugar. The Germans in particular have greatly increased the supply of beet-sugar, and they have succeeded so well in their undertaking that cane-sugar is rapidly being crowded for the supremacy.
>
> The building of a beet-sugar factory is an expensive undertaking, and it has required considerable practical demonstration of the wisdom of such investments to induce capitalists to put their money into them. A good factory costs all the way from two to four hundred thousand dollars, according to its capacity; and in addition to this a guarantee of sufficient raw material to keep the factory going must be obtained. The farmer and the capitalist must work together in order to produce beet-sugar. Unless the factory is built for extracting the sugar from the beets, there is no market for the products of the farmers; but, on the other hand, the best-equipped factory in the world is handicapped unless a specified acreage of sugar-beets is guaranteed. The cost to raise a ton of beets is from $2.50 to $4, and the average yield is from ten to twenty tons to the acre. Factories pay $5 per ton for good sugar-beets, a trifle more or less if the beets vary in their sugar contents. The profits from raising the beets can thus be readily figured out, but, as in all other farming, the actual amount made will depend after all upon the methods and economy of the farmers. The difference between ten and twenty tons' yield to the acre illustrates the varying results obtained by growers—a difference usually between good and bad farming.

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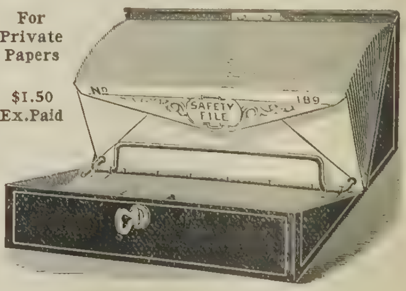

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Presbyterian Assembly of Canada

In the report of the Presbyterian Assembly of Canada which appeared in The Outlook last year, figures were given showing the numerical and financial strength of the Church in the Dominion. It will not be necessary to repeat in detail the figures presented at the Assembly just concluded at Toronto. In numbers there has been a noticeable increase of seventy-three churches and stations and 8,601 communicants, while financial matters have in some departments shown a serious falling off, and in others a gratifying increase. The annual sermon by the retiring Moderator, the Rev. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions in the Northwest, was from Acts i., 8, and proved to be an earnest plea for zeal in home missionary effort. This work the preacher viewed under the twofold aspect of help for the weaker churches and care of neglected communities. Overlapping by the different denominations was deeply regretted, and the contention made that Presbyterians were less guilty of offending than others, while in many cases it could not be avoided, since they were preaching the Gospel in seven different languages. The decline of family religion, the large withdrawal of men from the prayer-meeting, and the increasing number of non-attendants at church services among moral and respectable people, were greatly lamented, and suggestions made for the removal of these causes of regret. With reference to the home work of the churches the speaker was sanguine. In twenty years two hundred missions and stations had become churches, while all along the line there was reported a deepening and broadening of spiritual life and activity. A good deal of time was given to the discussion of reports on this work, so ably introduced by Dr. Robertson, when it was found that the contributions amounted to $65,152, or an increase of $1,449 over those of last year. Nor was foreign mission work put in the background by these considerations of the home field. At the public meeting held in Cook's church, the large auditorium, capable of seating over 2,000 people, was well filled, when encouraging reports were received from different fields, and stirring addresses delivered by missionaries and others. The decrease in contributions for this work from those of last year amounted to nearly $3,000, while the total contributions to the different schemes of the Church were found to be $15,946 less than those of the year before. Educational matters, too, were prominent in the discussions of the Assembly. The six colleges reported large attendance of students and good work, but in some cases heavy financial responsibilities were shown. The total contributions from the churches were $8,744 short of the previous year, so that in the case of two or three of the colleges the deficits have become formidable amounts. Still, in a denomination possessing so much wealth these deficiencies should be easily met. Knox College, Toronto, received the appointment of two new professors, viz., the Rev. George L. Robinson, Roxbury Church, Boston, to the chair of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis, and the Rev. James Ballantyne, Knox Church, Ottawa, to that of Apologetics and Church History. An overture from the Owen Sound Presbytery suggesting that the entrance of ministers from other churches excepting those of the Presbyterian churches of Great Britain be made more rigid was received, and referred to a special committee. The Manitoba school question was again before the Assembly, and a strong resolution introduced by Principals Caven, of Toronto, and King, of Winnipeg, protesting against interference, was almost unanimously adopted. The first Committee on Christian Endeavor, appointed last year, presented a very encouraging report, showing that $26,911 had been raised, of which amount only $5,821 was spent on the societies. Over against this amount is placed $74,841, the contributions of the Sunday-schools, while the churches show an increase of $23,918 for strictly congregational purposes. Altogether the Assembly shows a year of active work on the part of the Presbyterian Church in the Dominion of Canada for the extension of the kingdom of Christ.

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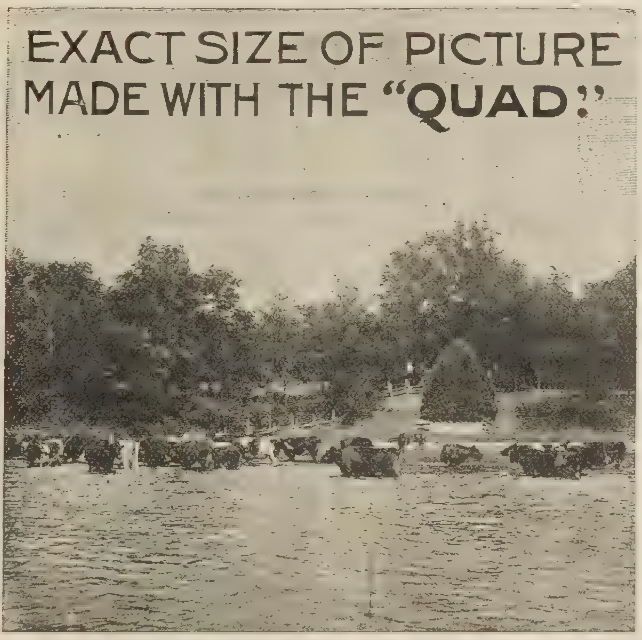

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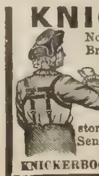
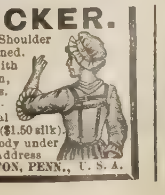

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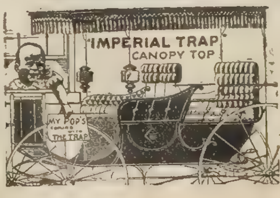

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THE

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About People

—It is said of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the noted teetotaler, that he was once disconcerted at a political meeting. "I must tell you," he shouted with emphasis, "that I am a party man." Shrill voice: "Yes, a tea party man."

—International literary fame is a peculiar thing; here is the Paris "Daily Messenger" saying: "Julia Ward Howe is a veteran in the cause of liberty. She made her fame by the publication of that well-known anti-slavery book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

—Ex-King Francis I. of Naples having left some property in England, his will was proved in that country. It closes with these words: "I thank all those who have been good to me, pardon those who have harmed me, and ask pardon of those whom I have done harm to."

—Bismarck is very fond of plovers' eggs, and his admirers often send him baskets of them. Once he wrote to a friend: "I have received for my birthday a hundred plover eggs and a symphony. I do not hesitate to declare that I would have been less pleased had I received a hundred symphonies and one egg."

—Mrs. Stannard, the author of "Bootles's Baby," was once introduced to Sir Morell Mackenzie at a London entertainment by her writing name of "John Strange Winter." The doctor, who did not keep up with current fiction, looked somewhat dazed, and repeated the name wonderingly, whereupon the author remarked: "Oh, yes, I'm Bootles's Baby." Sir Morell retreated, marveling still more, and, drawing a friend aside, confided to him that "he had just met a poor demented lady, who was introduced as a man and thought herself a baby."

—A striking story is told by Darwin in the life of his grandfather, Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury. One day a patient entered the consulting-room of a London physician and detailed the symptoms of his illness. It was an obscure and difficult case, of a kind that was only imperfectly understood, and the London doctor confessed himself fairly puzzled. He could only state that the patient was in a most perilous state. "There is but one man in England who understands the disease," said the London doctor, "and you should go and consult him. It is Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury." "Alas!" was the answer, "I am that Dr. Darwin."

—According to a writer in the "Kraj," a Polish paper published in St. Petersburg, Count Tolstoï is a descendant of a German family which went to Russia in the fifteenth century. The original name was Dick, meaning fat, which was translated into its Russian equivalent Tolstoj. Tolstoï's mother died when he was only two years old. When he entered the university his chosen field was Oriental languages, but he neglected his studies and led such a life of dissipation that he failed to pass his examinations. Subsequently he studied law, and then entered the army. During a war in the Caucasus the idea came to him of devoting himself to literature, and it was Tourguéneff who confirmed him in this determination.

—The Cracow "Wzek" relates the following Tolstoï anecdote: The novelist, whose dress does not usually betray his aristocratic rank, saw a Moscow policeman take a drunken peasant to the station. The "copper" did not handle his charge very gently, and Tolstoï addressed him: "Can you read?" he asked. "Sure," answered the policeman. "Have you ever read the Gospels?" "I have." "Then you ought to know that it is wrong to hurt your fellow-man." The guardian of the peace looked his shabby interrogator all over, and began to catechize him: "Can you read?" "I can." "Have you ever read the instructions for the police?" "I have not." "Well, you had better do that before you ask so many questions!"

—A New York etcher, an exchange tells us, recently set himself to the task of etching a portrait of Andrew Lang, the English poet. He ordered a photograph of his subject from a dealer. When it arrived he made an elaborate etching, of which an art-dealer bought copies. Lang is a man of about forty years of age, with a long, slender face and a drooping mustache. The etching was of a man nearly fifty years of age, with a round face and full beard. Some one who knew Lang saw the picture, and declared that his friend must have grown that beard very quickly, and, if the picture was correct, he had become remarkably fat. The dealer began an investigation, and found that the photograph importer had sent the etcher a picture of Sir Andrew Long, a prominent importer of Glasgow, and a jolly gentleman, who laughed heartily when he heard of the mistake. The artist has promised to etch another portrait. Meanwhile some American bibliophiles have decorated their libraries with pictures of the Scotch importer.

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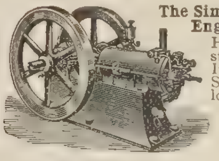

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on and after Thursday, June 25, 1896, all trains will stop at Cresson. The Pennsylvania Limited will stop only when there are passengers to get on or off at that point. The Mountain House will be opened on that day.

Commencing the same day, observation cars will be attached to the Pacific Express west and the Day Express east for the trip over the mountains.

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Paris..(Sat.)	July 4, 10 A.M.	Paris....	Aug. 26, 10 A.M.
New York..	July 8, 10 A.M.	NewYork(Sat.)	Aug.29,10AM
St Louis...	July 15, 10 A.M.	St Louis....	Sept. 2, 10 A.M.
St Paul...	July 22, 10 A.M.	St Paul....	Sept. 9, 10 A.M.
New York..	July 29, 10 A.M.	Paris.....	Sept. 16, 10 A.M.
Paris......	Aug. 5, 10 A.M.	NewYork(Sat.)	Sep.19,10AM

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Kensington..	July 1, 2 P.M.	Friesland..	Aug. 5, 12 noon
Westernland,	July 8, 12 noon	Kensington,	Aug. 12, 12 noon
Southwark,	July 15, 1:30 P.M.	Westernl'nd,	Aug. 19, 12noon
Berlin......	July 22, 12 noon	Southwark,	Aug. 26, 12noon
Noordland,	July 29, 12 noon	Noordland,	Sept. 2, 12 noon

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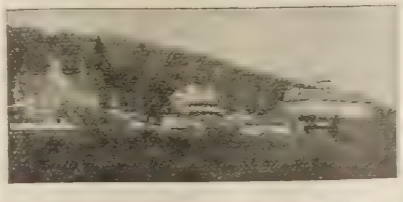

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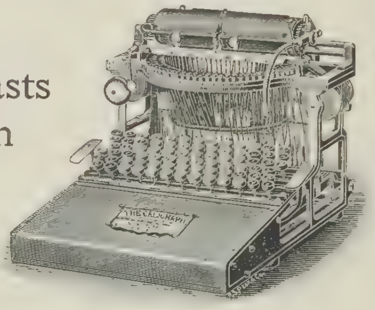

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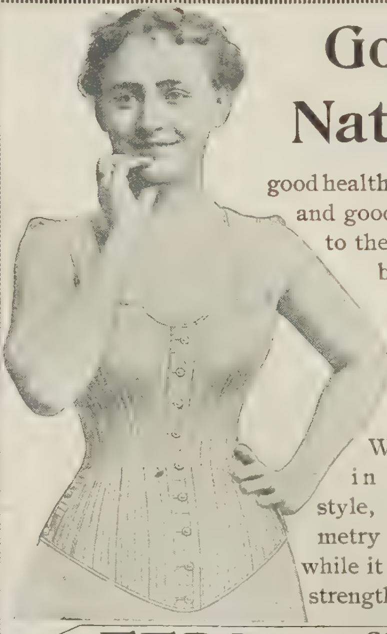

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 25 July, 1896 Number 4

William Eustis Russell

The old adage that death loves a shining mark has been painfully illustrated during the past two weeks. Political life in this country could hardly have suffered greater loss than that occasioned by the death of ex-Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, one of the most interesting figures in our recent political history. Born in Cambridge in 1857, educated in the public schools of that city and at Harvard College, graduating from the Boston University Law School about 1879, Governor Russell's early career was full not only of promise but of performance. His gifts of temperament, character, and intellect showed themselves at a very early age. Sixteen years ago he began the practice of law in Boston, and at once became interested in politics, acting with the Democratic party. At twenty-four years of age he became a member of the Cambridge Common Council. Two years later he was an Alderman. In 1885 he was elected Mayor of Cambridge by a large majority, and this early success was followed by two subsequent re-elections without opposition; the ability, integrity, and efficiency of his administration making him practically the only possible candidate for the position. In 1884 Mr. Russell brought himself very prominently into notice by his campaign in behalf of President Cleveland. Four years later he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Democrats and defeated. The following year he was again nominated and again defeated. The third nomination, a year later, after a hot political campaign, resulted in his election; and in two subsequent years he was re-elected, overcoming Republican majorities which were supposed to be overwhelming. Governor Russell aroused not only admiration but enthusiasm. He was one of the few young men in our politics whose career was independent of bosses and machines. He stood for convictions, and he brought into public life independence, courage, courtesy, and a free movement of ideas. One of the worst features of the reign of the boss and the machine has been the disappearance in large measure of such young men from our public life. Governor Russell's career was an inspiring one from every point of view. He could ill be spared at any time, but his death at this moment, when the minority of the Democratic party opposed to free coinage stands in such sore need of leadership, is nothing short of a calamity.

* * *

The announcement of the death of the well-known artist and writer, William Hamilton Gibson, at his country home in Washington, Conn., on Thursday of last week, has brought a sense of personal loss not only to a wide circle of friends but to a wider circle of readers. Mr. Gibson's industry was tireless, and fears have often been expressed of late years that he was overworking; but his sturdy figure and his intense vitality gave no sign of the sudden arrest of activity which has now come upon him in early middle life. A graduate of the well-known Gunnery School at Washington, Conn., and later of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Mr. Gibson's first successful work was done, very significantly, in botanical drawing. He was connected with the "American Agriculturist" and "Hearth and Home" as an illustrator, and rapidly made his way by virtue of the excellence and delicate quality of his work. Popular attention was first attracted to him by his charming illustrations in the magazines, and he soon began to supplement the work of the pencil by that of the pen, developing a very easy and agreeable style, intimate knowledge of nature, and delicate observation. His nature studies, illustrated by himself, have been among the most attractive and widely read books about nature that have appeared in recent years. He was particularly happy in his summer home at Washington, where his love of out-of-door life and his habits of observation found full play. During the past two or three years he had utilized his knowledge of the plant and insect world and his ingenuity of illustration in a series of lectures on subjects relating to natural history, which proved not only extremely popular but instructive and stimulating. Mr. Gibson was a man of great integrity of nature, modest in his estimate of himself, and simple and friendly to a degree which won him the affection and regard of a great circle of acquaintances.

* * *

A very picturesque and interesting figure disappears from religious life by the death of the Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, one of the best-known members of the Episcopal House of Bishops, a theological controversialist of great energy and persistence, and a well-known, widely appreciated hymn-writer. Born at Mendham, N. J., in 1818, the son of one of the foremost Presbyterian ministers of the day, Bishop Coxe was educated at the University of the City of New York and the General Theological Seminary in this city, his first charge being St. Ann's Church in this city. He was subsequently at the head of parishes in Hartford, Baltimore, and again in this city, where he became rector of Calvary Church in 1863. Two years later he was consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of Western New York, and three months later he succeeded to the Bishopric. A man of great energy of nature, of vigorous mind, and of strong convictions, Bishop Coxe soon made himself very widely known. He was a Catholic in the large, not in the technical, sense of the word. He discerned in advance the movement toward a revival of primitive Christianity in Italy and Germany, and he took great interest in the career of Dr. Döllinger and the development of the Old Catholic movement. It was his initiative which led to the revision of the Prayer-Book. Under his editorial care the Ante-Nicene Fathers have been largely republished. Several volumes of sermons, lectures, and poems bear his name, for he was an indefatigable writer. In an ecclesiastical controversy he was thoroughly aggressive, and his fight against the Roman

Catholic claims was not only begun at an early age but was continued till the last year of his life. He was a man of strong individuality, not always perfectly balanced in judgment, but highly respected and greatly beloved by a host of people.

◆

The publication of the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney looking toward an agreement for a permanent tribunal of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain is in itself a significant sign of the friendly spirit now existing between the two nations, and of the sincerity of the efforts to reach a mutual understanding. So far as the correspondence in itself shows, this understanding is still in the future, though semi-official reports from Washington state that considerable advance has been made since the letters now published were written. It is to be noted as another sign of amicable feeling that with regard to the Venezuelan question (which is inevitably, though we think unfortunately, under consideration simultaneously with the broader question of international arbitration) the English diplomats show no disposition to resent the action of our Government in interfering between the two original disputants. On the contrary, Lord Salisbury has frankly admitted in Parliament that Great Britain has more than once acted in the same way, and he even expresses a preference for dealing with the United States rather than with Venezuela directly. He still maintains, however, that it is unfair to submit to arbitration British claims to territory upon which bona-fide British colonists have settled under the assurance that the land was part of the British Empire. To this Mr. Olney rejoins with acuteness and apparent reason that the fact that some settlers may have occupied certain lands in this way does not in the least affect the question of national title, and if the British claim is particularly strong with regard to this special territory, all the more readily should it consent to place those claims before a fair board of arbitrators. Thus the Venezuelan question is still apparently much where it was; but there are indications—notably Lord Salisbury's complimentary allusion to our own Commission—which lead to the belief that an agreement may soon be reached. At all events, it is clear that both parties desire such an agreement, and will zealously try to attain it.

◆

With regard to the general scheme of arbitration between the two countries, Lord Salisbury proposed a convention providing that each country should name two permanent judicial officers; that in case of a dispute each country should name one of these as an arbitrator, and the two named should select an umpire with final power of decision; that claims to be subject to final decision should be those for less than £100,000, and not involving sovereignty or territorial jurisdiction; that claims of this latter kind might be arbitrated, the decision to be subject to formal protest from either party, and appeal to a court composed of three of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Great Britain and three of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States; that a majority of not less than five to one in this court should be necessary to sustain a finding; that differences which in the judgment of either nation affected its national honor need not be submitted to arbitration except by special agreement. Mr. Olney's efforts were at once directed toward changing the provisions as to appeal from the original Court of Arbitration. He would allow the six members to add three to their number, and would make a bare majority vote of the Court decisive. He also strenuously argues that no question shall be excluded from consideration by the proposed Court unless Congress or Parliament shall, by act or resolution, decide that the honor of the nation or the integrity of its territory or sovereignty is involved. Certainly, Mr. Olney's proposals give a more practical and workable scheme for arbitration, and (as we believe is right) tend to commit the nations beyond recall to an arbitration once agreed upon, while Lord Salisbury's views make arbitration easy in comparatively unimportant matters, but hedge it about with cautions as regards important matters. There is nothing whatever in the correspondence to indicate the presence of insuperable difficulties. On the contrary, there is everything to make us hope for a final reasonable, fair, and practical agreement. The object in giving the letters to the public has been to elicit the general feeling of the peoples of the two countries—a course as commendable as it is unusual in diplomacy. The public, through the press and by individual expressions, has warmly approved the progress made, and urges that the negotiations be carried on to a successful issue.

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The intensity of the political struggle in Belgium, reported from time to time in these columns, has been followed by something like a calm, and the recent elections for the Chamber of Deputies did not appear to arouse very great interest. The members of the Chamber are elected for four years, and half their number retire every two years. The body is made up of 152 members, and in the former Chamber these delegates were divided into 104 Clericals, 33 Socialists, and 15 Liberals, the Liberal party in Belgium having been almost destroyed at the previous election. The term Liberal, as it has been used in Belgium, represented the old-time individualism rather than the new-time Socialistic tendency. At the recent election the interest centered mainly in Antwerp and Brussels, where the size of the constituencies and the number of representatives who were voted for on a general list gave the election a general significance. The Liberals made their chief fight in Brussels, where they have practically taken the same ground as the Progressionists, who may be described as Radical Liberals with Socialistic leanings. The Liberals do not seem, however, to have succeeded in rehabilitating themselves, the latest reports indicating that the Ultra-Clerical group of the Catholic party will have a representation of 70 as against the representation of 58 in the former Chamber. The polling figures have not been telegraphed. At the last election 915,000 votes were cast for the various Catholic candidates, and 871,000 votes divided between the various groups of Liberals and Socialists. Apparently there has not been any marked change of opinion.

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As we go to press, the People's Party and Silver Conventions are assembled in St. Louis. The Silver Convention is certain to indorse the nominations made at Chicago, Senator Teller and his associates urging this policy in an open letter. The action of the People's Party Convention is still in doubt—the Southern wing being unwilling to fuse with the Democrats whom they have fought so long, and by whom they have been so obviously defrauded in many elections. If this Southern element stood alone in its opposition to fusion, the result would not be doubtful; but it is supported by Chairman Taubeneck, of the National Committee, and several other party managers, who insist that the party organization must be maintained at all hazards. Whatever the result at St. Louis, however, the bulk of the Populist party will doubtless fuse with the other silver forces. The anti-silver forces are likely to show an equally united front in the approaching campaign. The movement initiated by the anti-silver Democrats of Illinois in favor of a third ticket does not seem to have grown. In New York State, where such a movement would naturally have the most strength, it is kept back by the unwillingness of Senator Hill and Tammany Hall to lose control of the "regular" Democratic organization. Neither the Senator nor the New York City machine seems to be able to decide what course to pursue. The State Committee has been called to meet after the Populist Convention, in the hope that definite action can then be taken. Meanwhile, more and more Democrats are daily deciding to vote for either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan. In Massachusetts there seems no doubt that Mr. George Fred Williams will be able to carry his party with him to the support of the Chicago ticket and platform. Two members of President Cleveland's Cabinet—Secretaries Herbert and Olney—have announced their determination not to support their party ticket, and it is reported that nearly every member of the Cabinet will vote for Mr. McKinley in November, unless an anti-silver Democrat is nominated. The confusion of old party lines could hardly be carried further.

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The Republican Executive Committee has decided to maintain two campaign headquarters—one at New York, the customary place, and the other at Chicago, this year the center of the battle-field. The Democratic Executive Committee has practically decided to establish its headquarters at Washington, instead of New York, partly because it hopes for few campaign contributions from the latter city, but chiefly because campaign literature in the form of Congressional speeches can be mailed from Washington free of charge. The amount of work to be done by the campaign committees is enormous. The New York "Times" recently published a description of what it has amounted to in previous years. One committee of which the "Times's" contributor had some personal knowledge "printed and tried to put out 100,000,000 of documents." The man who had the contract to get out this work had only ten weeks in which to do it, and was "driven crazy" by the complications that arose. He was unable to secure presses enough of his own to turn out the work, and before the close of the campaign had to hire one man for the exclusive purpose of visiting the twenty or thirty other establishments to which he had been forced to turn for help. "The printers' bills aggregated dangerously near the two-hundred-thousand-dollar mark." The Committee on Printing has perhaps the principal work to perform, as it must select and edit the documents sent out—especially the campaign text-book for which the party is held so directly responsible. Another important committee is the "Bureau of Oratory," which arranges for the speeches of the campaign. Nearly all the speakers expect pay for their services as well as their traveling expenses, and their bills reach a high aggregate. Not a little work devolves upon the National Committee in the matter of looking after the press—especially the newspapers published in foreign languages, "nearly every one of whose editors is ready to espouse either side of the question for a consideration." As a rule, their support is secured by giving them standing orders for from 3,000 to 10,000 copies of each issue. These are the main avenues for the open expenditure of money. Besides these there are narrower but not straighter ways by which money is made effective. "Nearly every Committee establishes several secret bureaus which are located away from the headquarters themselves. There are bureaus for the workingmen, bureaus for the Swedes and voters of other nationalities, and even bureaus for the liquor-dealers, whose favor is generally courted by both parties. Curiously enough, more than one Committee has maintained a temperance bureau contemporaneously with a liquor-dealers' bureau." "One Committee a few years ago is said to have used up $1,900,000 in its existence of less than three months, but $1,500,000 is probably nearer the average."

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The Bimetallic League of Great Britain held its annual meeting last week. The report presented declared that the cause of international bimetallism had made substantial progress during the past year, and mentioned the resolutions adopted in the French, Belgian, and Prussian legislatures. "In the United States," it continued, "all parties and classes would welcome international bimetallism." The report concluded as follows: "The responsibility for the present and growing dangers to the industrial life of the nation rests upon those who oppose that monetary system under which our prosperity advanced by leaps and bounds." A letter was read from Lord Aldenham (Mr. Henry Huck Gibbs), ex-Governor of the Bank of England and President of the League, congratulating the members upon the great progress which had been made in the United States. "Whatever may be the result of the Presidential election," he said, "we may be sure that our cause generally is prospering." General Francis Walker, however, who differs with Lord Aldenham regarding the ability of any one nation to maintain a bimetallic system, took a more sober view of the situation here. "It is deeply to be regretted," he said, "that millions of our best citizens, as represented at the Chicago Convention last week, declared for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the action of other countries. This was done passionately, but the effect will be to maintain the gold standard unimpaired." Mr. McKinley, he assured the conference, was never a gold monometallist, and could not be if he tried. General Walker read the St. Louis currency resolution, which received hearty applause.

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Another important strike in this city has been settled by arbitration, President Low, of Columbia, being this time the arbitrator. The strike was in the single establishment of J. J. Little & Co., but the parties to the dispute were the Typothetæ—the organization of the employing printers—and Typographical Union No. 6, the principal organization of printing employees. These two organizations had through conference committees reached an agreement upon four of the seven demands made by the strikers. The remaining three, submitted to President Low, were as follows: (1) that the text of all publications be done entirely on piece or entirely on time; (2) that certain cuts be paid for at space rates; (3) that book and job rooms shall be recognized as "card" offices. President Low decided the first point in favor of the Typographical Union. He decided the second point in favor of a compromise suggested by the Typothetæ. The third point was the most important one, and upon this President Low's decision was substantially as follows: To declare the office of J. J. Little & Co. to be a "card office," he said, was to declare that no one could be employed in it except members of the trade-union. As an arbitrator, he could not thus limit the right of an employer to select his employees. "No one," he said, "can compel union men, without their own consent, to work with non-union men. But it is a different thing to demand that an employer shall not be free to employ any but union men. It is no more reasonable for the union to demand that J. J. Little & Co. shall not be free to employ non-union men than it would be for J. J. Little & Co. to demand that the union should be deprived of the freedom to take in new members at its discretion."

President Low concluded by recommending that the Typographical Union be recognized as the accredited representative of the union employees, and that permanent arrangements be made for the arbitration of all future differences between the firm and the union.

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Defeat has already been turned into possible victory by the advocates of municipal rapid transit in this city who refused to be discouraged by the decision of the Supreme Court against the plan first agreed upon by the Rapid Transit Commission. That decision, it will be recalled, forbade the Commission to proceed with the making of contracts on the ground that the proposed road would cost more than $50,000,000, and make the debt of the city exceed the constitutional limit. At first the Commission seemed disposed to accept this decision as final, and to meet the public demand for rapid transit through further concessions to the elevated railway system. Fortunately, however, the elevated railroad company was unreasonable in its demands, and the Commission, supported by the press and the trades-unions, proceeded to consider whether new plans might not be adopted to which the objections of the Supreme Court would not apply. On Thursday last such a plan was submitted by the chief engineer of the Commission, and it is in some respects more satisfactory to believers in municipal ownership than the plan originally agreed upon. The underground road now planned begins at City Hall Square and proceeds up Elm Street, instead of Broadway, as far as Forty-second Street. From Forty-second Street north there will be two branches—one along Broadway and the Boulevard, and the other traversing the East Side. It was only along lower Broadway that the abutting property owners objected to the underground road at first proposed, and only in that section was there danger of serious damage suits because of dreaded injury to the foundations of buildings, etc., etc. The estimated cost of the new route is but $26,500,000, and this estimate is at prices shown to be excessive by the recent experiences of the Boston Transit Commission. The engineers estimate that the eight miles between the City Hall and the Harlem River can be traversed in twenty minutes. The elevated railroad has submitted another plan for its own extension, but it is believed that the Commission will proceed, as the vote of the people directed, to build a system which shall free the city from the discomforts, delays, and extortions inseparable from the control of its rapid-transit facilities by a private monopoly.

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A most important step has been taken by the Board of Health in New York. It has ordered the destruction of two hundred rear tenement-houses in various parts of the city, the greater number being located in what is known as the Italian region—Sullivan, Thompson, Mulberry, Greenwich, Baxter, and Mott Streets. The number of people who will be driven from these death and disease reeking tenements can hardly be estimated. One house contained four hundred and seventy-two human beings. The death-rate in some of these tenements is appalling. In three in Thompson Street it equals fifty-two and eight-tenths per thousand. The population of each of these tenements ranges from twenty to well into the hundreds. One building to be destroyed in Sullivan Street is a two and-a-half story brick and frame dwelling which contains five families. The conditions under which these people have been living are barbaric. The roof leaks, and has for years, so that the tenants have been obliged to move their miserable belongings about the room, and to use pails to catch the rain. This house is alive with vermin, and is filthy beyond expression. To realize what the rear tenement-house in New York is it must be remembered that a city lot is one hundred feet deep, and that the rear house is built on the rear end of this one hundred feet. Usually the rear house is two rooms deep. There are thousands of rear houses in the city of New York where the stones in the yard between the rear and the front houses are never dry. One woman gave as the reason for not wishing to move from an East Side tenement that the yard was dry because the baker's oven ran back under it; and it is true that babies were brought from the surrounding tenements and allowed to crawl on these stones in the cold weather because the stones gave out a perceptible warmth. The closets are located between the front and the rear houses in the small paved court, and must be used by the families of both houses. Very often the rear house has no water in it; the tenants in the rear house have to carry the water from the yard. Usually also the rear house adjoins the rear house in the parallel street. Often there is an air-space of but a few inches between these two houses, and the bedrooms in the rear house are absolutely dark and unventilated. A report from the Board of Health states that the average annual death-rate in the city of New York is a fraction over twenty-two per thousand, while the worst portions of the rear tenement district show one hundred and thirty-five per thousand. The average death-rate per thousand in rear tenement districts is about forty-five, or more than twice the average of the city. The space for light and air, that is, the so-called yard of these tenements—the yard for both rear and front tenements in many parts of the tenement districts of New York—is 6 x 25 feet, and in this space there will be found from six to ten closets.

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Commissioner Roosevelt, who has been very active in working for the destruction of the rear tenements, says that he is convinced that their existence is one of the greatest blots on the city, and their abolition is to the advantage not only of the health but the morals of the tenement-house dweller. Commissioner Parker has stated that he believes that the existence of the rear tenements in the city accentuates and engenders the criminal tendencies of the individual, and that their presence contributes to the crimes and vices of the city. It has been the unanimous conviction of those who have worked among the poor that nothing will so contribute to the well-being of the poor of New York City as the destruction of the rear tenement. The sentimentalists have asked, What will become of these people? It must be realized that to a large percentage of the poor in New York rent is an extravagance, and these rear tenements with their few dollars less per year rental are a tremendous temptation to those families with whom thrift has become a vice. There is no doubt that there will be a certain amount of suffering until these people find new habitations and adapt themselves to a new environment that will compel them to live in the light of day and to learn and appreciate the value of light and air. In looking over the list of tenements to be destroyed, it is a relief to find that but a small proportion of them are held by estates. It is also a lesson for the student of sociology to find that a very large percentage of the owners themselves live under tenement-house conditions. We have become so accustomed to attributing the evils of the poor to the grasping tendencies of the rich that to find that the poor are very often responsible for the unhygienic conditions under which their fellow-laborers live gives a new view to philanthropic effort. The task of beginning the education of the children to appreciate the decencies of life is fast becoming the aim of philanthropic effort; what we need is an effort that will educate the whole family. This in the lowest social strata must be done through compulsion; through the strict enforcement of laws the end and aim of which is the prevention of crime and the conditions that lead to it. The rear tenement is the largest factor to-day in the degradation of the individual.

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It is often remarked that disasters affect our personal sympathy inversely as the distance increases or decreases. A child injured next door awakens one's sympathies more acutely than the report of a thousand deaths in China. It is probably due to this law of human nature that so little attention has been given by American papers to the recent terrible destruction of life in Japan. The Johnstown disaster, the St. Louis cyclone ruin, the Russian peasant slaughter—all together resulted in vastly less loss of life than was occasioned in the middle of last June by the single tidal wave which swept over the Pacific coast of the northeastern part of the main island of Japan. The number of lives lost is now officially announced by the Japanese Government as 26,889, but the investigation is not fully complete. Half an hour sufficed to sweep out of existence these many thousands, and the accompanying loss of property and non-fatal personal injury was proportionately great. The cause is supposed to be some kind of submarine shifting of levels. A similar though less fatal tidal wave was experienced in Japan some forty years ago, and one of the most curious incidents on that occasion was the carrying of a Russian man-of-war from its anchorage far up into the fields, where it was left stranded.

Educational Unity

The absence of Federal control of education, while productive of certain beneficial results, has had the obvious disadvantage of leaving the relations between secondary and higher education in an extremely unsettled condition. Each college has planned its own courses of study, and has established its own entrance requirements with more or less disregard of the practice of other colleges. The want of uniformity in courses of study resulting from the absence of Federal control has been further increased by the conflict between the upholders of the classics and the advocates of science as the basis of a liberal education. Disunity in educational aim has precluded the possibility of a proper correlation of studies from the primary school up to the university, with a consequent loss of time to the student, and has encouraged superficial methods of instruction. Secondary schools, under the necessity of fitting pupils for colleges differing widely as regards entrance requirements, have adopted a pernicious system of coaching based on examination papers and conflicting with every sound principle of pedagogy. Matriculates of American colleges are at least two years behind in their studies as compared with students of the same age in England and Germany.

The cause of the evils developed by the unsettled relations between secondary and higher education is, however, generally perceived, and earnest efforts are being made to remove it. These efforts are for the present directed chiefly toward securing uniformity in college entrance requirements. As the result of a conference between representatives of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, the Commission of Colleges in New England, and the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, held at Philadelphia in May, 1894, uniform English requirements were established throughout the States controlled by those bodies. A year later the league was joined by the Conference of Teachers of English of the North Central States. The National Educational Association, in July, 1895, appointed a committee to investigate the existing condition of entrance requirements throughout the United States, and the comprehensive report of this committee, printed in the June number of the "School Review," was laid before the recent Buffalo Convention. The adoption of uniform English requirements throughout New England, the Middle States, Maryland, and the North Central States was no small accomplishment. It was a much more difficult feat to secure substantial uniformity in all branches of study throughout a considerable section of the country. However, this feat has also now been accomplished, and constitutes the most notable event of the past academic year. During the spring of 1896, under the auspices of Columbia University, a series of conferences between representatives of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, and the Schoolmasters' Association of New York and Vicinity has resulted in the adoption of a unanimous report recommending specific uniform requirements in Latin, Greek, German, French, mathematics, and history.

This report, although it fails to recommend requirements for the natural sciences, and although it leaves some matters of detail unsettled, cannot fail to be accepted by the institutions represented in the conferences, and, with six among the principal colleges of the United States agreed on entrance requirements, the prospect for National uniformity is excellent. As Chairman A. F. Nightingale writes in his letter accompanying the report of his committee to the National Educational Association, "If six among the best colleges of the country, and that, too, in a section where tradition is synonymous with law, and changes mean revolution, can substantially agree upon uniformity of requirements to the satisfaction of the secondary schools tributary to them, why may not one hundred colleges agree? . . . The unanimity of their conclusions presages the possibility of National unity on this same matter, if the movement is fostered and aided by the National Educational Association." In the present posture of affairs there is, therefore, every reason to hope that we shall, in the near future, obtain National uniformity in college entrance requirements, which will in turn prepare the way for a proper correlation of studies on some such plan as that recommended in the report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies appointed at the meeting of the National Educational Association, July 9, 1892. The ultimate unification of the American system of education appears by no means improbable.

Robert Burns

Tuesday of this week was the centennial of the death of Robert Burns. "Don't be afraid," said the poet shortly before his death; "I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present." His most daring ambition could hardly have dreamed of the marvelous fulfillment of that prophecy. Like many other men of genius, Burns had an instinctive consciousness of his gift, and therefore of his fame; but he could hardly have foreseen the peculiar place he would come to hold in the heart of the English-speaking world, or the world-wide fame which was to be his. For he is one of the small group of poets whom the world really loves; that is to say, his name means something and his poetry is something to masses of people who know that Shakespeare was the greatest of English dramatists but who never read him. Indeed, it has been the good fortune of Burns to secure both kinds of reputation—the reputation which rests upon the recognition of pure poetic genius by those who are competent to recognize the presence of that great gift, and that which rests upon the wide acceptance of the mass of uncritical readers. Among the poets Burns ranks as one of the greatest of modern singers; among the people at large he is perhaps the best-loved poet read by the English-speaking races.

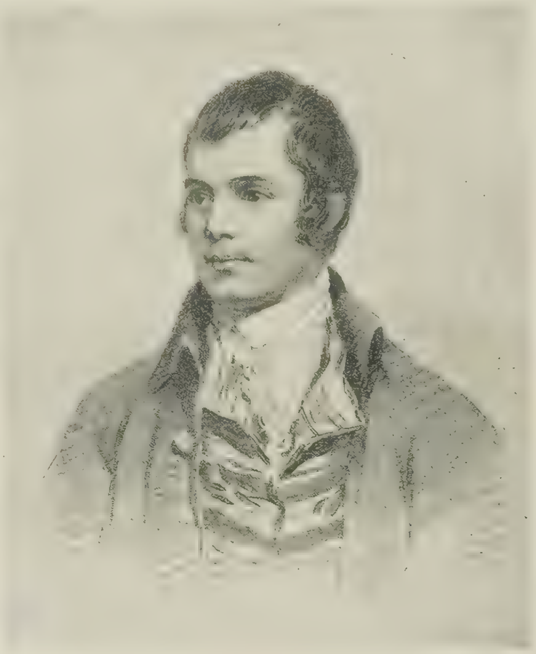
The expansion of this interior and in a sense esoteric reputation into a universal reputation could be achieved only by one whose manner had the magic of the highest art and whose material had the interest of universal experience. It was Burns's supreme good fortune to deal with things which affect the common life in the most perfect manner, to give to the metal which was passing from hand to hand without sign or superscription the stamp of ultimate perfection. The very frailties of his character and the disasters which overtook him have rather deepened the affection of men than alienated it. Of late years there has come a wiser and truer attitude toward those who, like Burns, fail to match the highest aims with the soundest living. No one nowadays attempts to conceal or extenuate the faults of the poet; they stand written in his life with a distinctness which makes futile any attempt to gloss them over. On the other hand, no wise man now attempts to fix the moral responsibility of such a man as Burns. The wise man has learned to leave that question with the only Intelligence in the universe which is in a position to deal with it. It must be said, moreover, that, as time has gone on and the facts have been more carefully ascertained, much of the ill repute which once surrounded Burns has been dissipated. That which remains of vice, affectation, and occasional vulgarity, the world has come to accept as part of one of those confused and tragic stories in which the life-history of great men have so often been written. When such genius as that which Burns possessed and a life so full of obstacle and pathetic experience come before the world for judgment, critics have grown more reverent as they have grown into a deeper knowledge of the range of human passion, of the force of heredity, and of the temptations of temperament. They are ready now to say with Burns,

> "Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
> Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord—its various tone,
> Each spring—its various bias:
> Then at the balance let's be mute,
> We never can adjust it;
> What's *done* we partly may compute,
> But know not what's *resisted*."

Another erroneous impression about Burns, which has been set right by time, was the once widely held belief that he was utterly without education. The "inspired plowman," untutored and untrained, was supposed to have sung as the bird sings or the flower grows. Those who know anything about the conditions under which strong men come to the mastery of their strength, and men of genius to the possession of their power, know that nothing great is achieved without preparation; that the very artlessness and simplicity through which the heart speaks in entire unconsciousness is won at the end of training and not at the beginning. Every great artist becomes great by the development of the quality which is in him; he does not become great by accident. Burns was not academically educated, but in his own way and for his own work he was one of the best-trained men of his time. He was, in the first place, supremely fortunate in the character of his father—a man of rare dignity, insight, and intelligence, passionate in temper and without commercial skill, but possessed in unusual degree of those aptitudes which in his son passed on into genius. He was fortunate also in his mother, who, like the mother of Goethe, had an insatiable love of stories and songs; who knew the old ballads by heart, and who made them as familiar as household words to her child. The beautiful picture of the father in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," who

> "turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
> The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride,"

was a lifelike portrait of William Burns. "I have met," said Robert Burns, in speaking of him, "with few men who understood men, their manners, and their ways, equal to him." Burns was fortunate, also, in coming under the care of a teacher who had intelligence enough to discern the boy's gift and knowledge enough to give it wise direction, and in having the intimate acquaintance of an old woman who was a living anthology of country stories and songs, and in whose superstitious mind the world of devils, brownies, witches, kelpies, ghosts, and fairies still existed unblighted by skepticism. He was fortunate, too, in the books to which he had access. These were not many in number, but they were of the fiber and stuff which make poets of impressionable boys. Pope's translation of Homer, "The Spectator," the Plays of Shakespeare, and the collections of English and Scotch songs were the very material on which such an imagination as Burns's ought to browse.


Robert Burns[1]

Burns had, moreover, the keen intelligence of a very powerful intellect. He was not an irresponsible musician, as he has sometimes been called; he was a man of virile and energetic mind, who sang out of a full mind as well as out of a full heart. He knew how to make the most of the materials at hand, and he co-operated with all his opportunities in the work of educating himself. "I have not a doubt," he said, "but the knack, the aptitude to learn the Muse's trade is a gift bestowed by Him who forms the secret bias of the soul, but I as firmly believe that excellence in the profession is the fruit of industry, attention, labor, and pains. At least, I am resolved to try my doctrine by the test of experience." He knew the literature of his own country by heart, in the literal sense of the phrase; he had a considerable and loving acquaintance with the greatest English writers; he read French with ease and pleasure; he had picked up some Latin; but above all he absorbed into his very imagination a great mass of Scotch and English songs, which he pored over, verse by verse, separating the weak phrases from the strong, the tender from the sentimental, the true from the false, and thus learning not only the secrets of his own craft, but the practice of a sound criticism. It was to this education quite as much as to his native gift that Burns owes the great place which he holds to-day.

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There is some difference of opinion between the great host of the readers of Burns and those who endeavor to estimate his poetry with reference to absolute excellence. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" remains one of the domestic idyls of Scotland, and deserves the place which it holds. It is, from every point of view, a beautiful piece of work; and yet it is by no means representative of Burns's genius in its fullest, freest, and most individual expression. That will be found in some of those terrible satires like "The Jolly Beggars," "Holy Willie's Prayer," and "The Holy Fair"—satires which cut to the very heart of the things in Burns's own day which he was attacking, and which have by no means lost their power of shocking both the hypocrite and the sensitive in this day. That genius is seen, however, burning with pure and benignant ray in that group of songs which the English-speaking world knows by heart, "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," "To Mary in Heaven," "John Anderson, My Jo," "Auld Lang Syne," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and "Mary Morison." The writer of these songs will not be forgotten while life has its pathos, its humor, and its tragedy.

The Witness of Character

One of the most significant facts in connection with high development of character is the standard which such an attainment instantly imposes on a community. Every good man and woman brings the community in which he or she lives to judgment by defining a moral and personal standard. Just as Christ brought the whole world to judgment, not only by the truth which he spoke but by the life which he lived, so in lesser degree every noble person brings the world to the bar of judgment. Michael Angelo, pursuing his task with a noble fidelity in an age of corruption, unconsciously imposed a judgment on many of his contemporaries. Dante, preferring exile to the compromise of his convictions, by the greatness of his career and the arduousness of his work, set a standard which was in itself an inexorable judgment upon many of the men and women of his time. It is, therefore, always perilous to associate with superior people, because the moment we know a superior person we greatly enlarge our own responsibilities. Every disclosure of truth, whether in abstract or concrete form, imposes a new responsibility upon those to whom the knowledge is brought home. To live in the intimate relations of the family with a noble character is to bring one's self daily to the judgment bar. Goethe once said that the only protection against great superiorities is love; that is to say, men can free themselves from envy and jealousy and the habit of detraction when they stand in the presence of those who tower over them only by loving that which they recognize is higher than themselves. In like manner one can disarm moral and personal superiority only by emulating it. There is nothing more beautiful than the influence which a noble character exerts in the way of constantly raising the standards of others. It is impossible to live comfortably with an unselfish person unless one also endeavors to be unselfish; and so beautiful character becomes contagious, and, by constantly, although unconsciously, holding up an ideal, transforms those who are brought into association with it.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

Judging from several letters received in connection with The Outlook's Vacation Fund, it is very evident that there is a misconception in regard to Santa Clara. In some letters received during the past week it has been referred to as a Consumptives' Home. Santa Clara is in no sense a Consumptives' Home. Every girl who goes to Santa Clara goes there after examination by an expert, who decides that a two months' residence at Santa Clara may cure the girl, or so far cure her as to enable her to return to her work in safety, with the prospect of a two months' residence in Santa Clara every summer preventing the growth of the disease. The Working-Girls' Vacation Society has not the means to maintain a home for incurables, nor is this the purpose for which it was organized, nor for which it is maintained. The purpose of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society is to keep girls well; to make sick girls well; to give a chance to the girls working under unfavorable conditions—a chance of from two weeks' to two months' residence in the country in the regions best suited to their particular physical needs. Even limiting its work in this way, the demands upon the Vacation Society are so great, and the number of girls who need just what the Vacation Society can do are so numerous, that never yet has it had more than half money enough to meet the demands made upon it. This week to The Outlook alone there have come appeals from six girls, two of them in hospitals; one of them has been in but a week; one of them would have been in bed if it had not been that she did not wish to disturb her mother; and two are kept out of hospitals only by what the Vacation Society can do for them. The Outlook Vacation Fund is devoted to the support of the three houses, Cherry Vale, Elmcote, and Santa Clara, and the paying of railroad expenses.

The needs of this summer are greater than ever before in the history of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society. No one who is not in the city in these months, and in close touch with the working-girls, can know what a vacation means to the girls compelled to live under tenement-house conditions, and on the wages paid to the unskilled worker. This last week a girl was sent away who has been out of work six weeks. During this time the mother has had a few days' work each week to support a family of five. The girl is worn out by anxiety, and ill for lack of nourishing food. Her comment when told she was to go away for two weeks was, "Well, there will be one less to feed at home." That comment shows what life can be at seventeen.

THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged	$2,464 07
M. H. H.	15 00
A Working-Girl	3 00
McClellan	25 00
T. P. W., Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
M. K. J., New York, N. Y	20 00
R. S. Fund	10 00
F. A. H., Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
A. A. R., Springfield, Mass	5 00
C. C., New Jersey	10 00
Mac, Baltimore, Md	2 00
L. E. S. and Friends, Ithaca, N. Y	8 00
S. A. M , North East Harbor, Me	30 00
Clifton, Port Chester, N. Y	25 00
A Friend	1 00
Marblehead	5 00
Faith and Marion Haines	1 00
S. H. W., Brooklyn, N. Y	3 00
From a Friend, Bangor, Me	10 00
V. W. C., Skowhegan, Me	1 75
Clyde Shannon, Nelson Simonson, Walter Douglas, and Edwin, Howard, and Wallace Vandewater	3 25
K. F., Lewistown, Pa	5 00
For Consumptives' Fund	2 00
E. C., Tarrytown, N. Y	1 00
Invalid, Ohio	5 00
A. B. C., Springfield, Mass	5 00
A Friend, Salem, O	2 00
F. B. W., Catskill, N. Y	8 00
Anonymous, Norwich, Vt	2 00
H	1 00
A. K. G., Northampton, Mass.	5 00
Mrs. E. P. M	5 00
E. H. T., Englewood, Ill	1 00
E. F. M., New York	5 00
Anonymous	1 00
J. H. B., Cottage City, Mass	13 00
A Friend, Salem, N. Y	1 00
Dublin, N. H	10 00
Mrs. R. B., Gloucester, Mass	5 00
Widow's Mite, New Haven, Conn.	2 00
"Bloomfield"	5 00
Total	$2,736 07

The Presidential Candidates

William McKinley

By Murat Halstead

THE platforms prepared under our system of government and custom of political expression, on the approach of elections that decide the fortunes of candidates and the fate of principles, are, as a rule, drawn rather to be attractive to voters than to determine policies. There is that which, in considering the claims of parties or the adaptation of men to meritorious public service, is of moment beyond all phrases of the promise of measures or men—something more profound in affecting public judgment than anything a party can say for itself, or that a candidate's friends can say for him—and that is the character of the party, the character of the man. There is an underlying and an overtopping understanding to this effect, and the people at large know it to be rather of weakness than strength in a candidate to manifest a deferential sentiment toward the platform on which he is alleged to stand. Horace Greeley once found no difficulty in reviling a platform, while he gave hearty support to the candidate. When Chief Justice Chase was thought of as the nominee of the Democratic National Convention assembled in New York in 1868, he was willing to accept the nomination if he could approve the platform; and yet the true test of the candidacy of the Chief Justice, if the Convention had carried out the plan much discussed, would not have been the nature of the platform, but the character of the party naming the candidate, and of the candidate himself. Anything decidedly excellent or otherwise in the party or the candidate, lighting up in confidence or shading in dark distrust, could not have been changed by the language of the resolutions.

Major William McKinley, of Ohio, is the candidate for the Presidency of the Republican party, and he has expressed his regard for the platform, which received unusually close attention and was drawn to be candid with the people; but it is the character of the candidate that imparts to the campaign the glow of life, and it is upon his reputation the country relies more than on any words in the declaration of principles, when the people are thoughtful of the future, and study the influences of the next Administration upon "We, the people of the United States." Major McKinley is a man of most attractive character. He was a bright and serious boy, whose first severe labor and strife were to educate himself. The children in Ohio were, from the days of the pioneers, specially instructed by their parents that, if they would better their condition, they must be educated. Few of them had no other occupation than that of education. Hard work on the farm in summer, and at school in winter, was the fate of the offspring of farmers, but the time of others—of the children of artisans—was not so arbitrarily divided; and perhaps they had greater latitude and were subjected to a larger variety of influences. McKinley's intelligent zeal and incessant effort were manifest in his ability to make an early start in the nearest academy; and he was there interrupted by one of those sharp illnesses that so often strike sturdy boys, and remind them, until they get well, of their limitations—and it is fortunate the lesson is not too well learned in youth. Soon there rolled over the country the sound of the guns that played on Sumter, and the school-boy, McKinley, attended a meeting where there was to be raised a company of volunteers for the war, and, quietly enlisting, became one of the boys in blue. How well I remember, one summer day, by the river at Cincinnati, seeing two steamboats covered with soldiers, and, asking the number of the regiment, made a note that for several reasons became memorable. The answer given was, "It is the one that Hayes and Stanley Matthews are in." The first Colonel of this regiment became General Rosecrans. We knew him in Cincinnati before the war as a West Pointer, who had left the army and invented a coal-oil lamp, an explosion of which, in course of experiment, had burned and scarred one of his hands; and he was remembered as the young lieutenant who, when rioters, upon the visit of Bedini, nuncio of the Pope, to the Archbishop of Cincinnati, threatened the Cathedral, organized and armed a company of defenders. It was the regiment of Rosecrans, Hayes, and Matthews in which William

MR. AND MRS. McKINLEY AT HOME

McKinley was a boy soldier; and perhaps I saw his figure in the groups that were massed on the boats, going from the farms and cities of northeastern Ohio to the big war. They were sunburned and bright-eyed and gay, the world and the war all before them, and in Ohio we heard from them often—on the Kanawha, and in the mountains of Virginia, and then in the valley of Virginia by the historic Shenandoah; and at South Mountain and Antietam! It was a hard but glorious school for boys, and its graduates were men—disciplined, trained to confront danger and brave sacrifice, imbued under the flag on stricken fields with National patriotism—taught amid the thunders of battle the high lessons of devotion and the inspiration of glory.

William McKinley passed from boyhood to manhood in the army, and at the end of the war had the reputation of an ideal soldier—won without fear or favor. He had been handsomely promoted with no shadow of influence that he did not earn in the field. His first advance was to the honorable grade of sergeant; then he was lieutenant, and at last major. His qualities of intelligence and faithfulness in the performance of duty, his intrepidity under the gravest circumstances, winning confidence and commanding admiration, throughout his hardy service appeared the characteristics that have distinguished his life, under all conditions and relations, no matter how high or humble has been the environment. The camp was to him a university, and all soldiers were his friends, from the leaders—Sheridan, Crook, and Hayes—to the field and staff officers, and the privates who carried rifles when and where he did, and were on the march and under fire with him. Through all experiences the abiding purity of his life was known and honored by his comrades; and whether galloping on an errand of life and death, a Confederate battery making of him a target for shells until he was hidden and seemed lost in their smoke, or calling for volunteers to drag abandoned guns to safety, or giving the first greeting to the Commander-in-chief at Cedar Creek at the end of the immortal ride "down from Winchester," he was brave and true—one of the noble youth summoned to the fiery front, always the hope of the land, and in time of the dread alarms of warfare the salvation of the country, not alone by the force of arms, but by the grace of the civic virtues. When the combat closed, Major McKinley was an officer and a gentleman, who had builded in his diversified education wiser than he knew. and taken a degree beyond any the colleges could confer, save as a recognition of deeds accomplished that told for the welfare of mankind.

He had witnessed and aided in the making of history, and, instructed in the common schools and the camps, applied himself with disciplined energy to the mastery of his chosen profession—the law; and in his first law case, though he faltered through diffidence, he gained the suit and the regard of an old lawyer, who invited him to a partnership that meant the precious first firm success that assures the young man there is a place for those who fight the good fights of hard work; and that, though the earth goes spinning dizzily, there is solid ground for the feet of the steadfast. The light of public favor now shone upon him. And what wonder? Joined to the charm of his remarkably happy and bright record of patriotic chivalry, there was the attraction of a singularly honest and earnest manliness, and a personal quality that was pleasing in its gentleness and that took on increase of brilliancy. It is well now, as of old, to admonish the young man, "Know

thyself," but self-knowledge does not flash upon the gifted and reveal with a search-light the hidden stores and springs warranting the presumption of uncommon excellence and fame. The men as well as the maidens tarry with "reluctant feet," and have to learn to labor while they wait. McKinley became the prosecuting attorney of his county; and the young man who had carried a rifle for his country, and was proud of his uniform when there was not a strap to show rank, and was commissioned for meritorious conduct and bravery in the field by the good old war Governor Tod, of his State, and wore her sword for the people of the Nation, became the sword of the law. Thus far advanced, strong and prosperous and starlit with hope changing to confidence, the air became fragrant and radiant, and the fair fields and woods of Ohio touched with rarer beauty in the rosy light of love; and the lover became the husband of his beloved, and the world was altogether lovely. Sorrow came with its chastening—the children of the house were called away, but love remained and was holy and grew fonder, and there was yet the divinity of duty. Where there is love the paths of life are not lonesome, and the affection that endures grief and inspires endeavor, sanctifies the ambition that walks with righteousness.

McKinley first saw Washington City when a soldier, ordered there for its defense; and the monument of the Father of the country and the dome of the Capitol were unfinished, and like broken fragments of some vast beneficent conception arrested and shattered. Who shall say what the ardent young soldier dreamed by the Potomac, when Virginia led the war against the Union? When at last there was peace, and the law and love and sorrow informed and elevated and consecrated, there was a glimpse through a tearful atmosphere of a possible larger public life. As a child McKinley absorbed an education that has influenced his manhood to study and grasp the principles of the field of statesmanship that allured him, and where his usefulness was broadened to the National boundaries. He knew, in his early days, how his own parents and brothers and sisters and neighbors were influenced by the prosperity or the inability of the manufacturing industries that are among the resources and celebrities of his State. There are not in New England or in Pennsylvania clusters of cities busy in supplying the American markets with home-made goods that exceed those of Ohio, and the manufactories were, indeed, to McKinley those of home. They were sure enough "home industries." He knew how they were stricken by foreign competition or defended from it by the National arm that was extended to protect them in the first law after independence was real, and how the protected industries were identified with the farms in a common weal or woe; and when, in the natural order of events, he became a Congressman, it is not surprising that he spoke of the tariff, and put into his speeches the inner fire of impressive conviction and the intimacies of personal acquirement that kindled enthusiasm, until the story became one familiar to the Ohio people that the young Congressman made his speeches on protective tariffs intensely interesting, and swept away the mists of prejudice, making all clear, and commanding that we return to the policy of the fathers when the Revolution made the colonies free and independent.

It is in the course of the nature of nations that there shall be evolved in their emergencies men fitted to meet them, as the empowered agents of the people. There is provided by naturalism—we need not invoke the supernatural that so often does not enlighten the obscure—we find in the vital sunshine of the every-day globe we inherit, the qualities, the forces, the aptitudes, the characters, that are the requirements of leadership, in the times of trial for the forms and the spirit of popular government. Each chapter of the life of Major McKinley seems to have been prepared in regular logical course, fitting him for the destiny of exceptional responsibility now close at hand—the last, not least, of the studies in his preparatory course, his terms as Governor of his State; and in it is written, as with a pen of iron on a rock, the resolute stand of a soldier when there was a question of the suppression with the strong hand of the bloody craze for vengeance by lynch-law—a resolution that saved the honor of the State and conferred renown upon the Magistrate. View the character of William McKinley on all sides, and it will be found one that is symmetrical, gracious in its firmness, genial in its gravity; and there is in the history of his life, as in the tones of his voice, the dominating, thrilling note of absolute probity and sincerity.

William Jennings Bryan

By Richard Linthicum

IN personal appearance Mr. Bryan bears a strong resemblance to Samuel J. Randall when the latter was in the prime of life; in profile he most nearly resembles the bas-relief portraits of Cicero. His head is massive, but not too large for his body; his forehead is broad and full; his hair is black as jet, rather coarse, and is allowed to grow to a greater length than fashion dictates. A swarthy Anglican complexion, an aquiline nose, a heavy lower jaw, a square chin, a wide mouth, perfect teeth as white as milk, thin lips, and full dark eyes that are never dull, all tell the physiognomist of a strong character, an iron will, an equable temperament, denoting also intellectuality and fluency of speech.

The sturdy figure of Mr. Bryan is such as can be had only by a man of perfect physical development and having perfect health. In height he is five feet ten inches, and weighs 180 pounds. He dresses plainly but never slovenly. His appearance is rather statesmanlike or judicial than clerical. He is a man of wonderful energy and great physical endurance. His perfect physique he owes to his sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry; his perfect health he owes largely to his excellent habits.

His father, Silas L. Bryan, came from Virginia. He was a Circuit Judge in Illinois from 1860 to 1872. In the latter year he ran for Congress on the Greeley ticket and was defeated.

Mr. Bryan's mother was Maria Elizabeth Jennings, of Marion County, Ill. She died at Salem two weeks previous to her son's nomination for the Presidency. Mr Bryan's father and mother were both deeply religious, and he inherits their characteristics in this respect. He joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church when he was fourteen years old, and is now a member of the First Presbyterian Church in Lincoln, Neb. This church has been without a regular pastor for nearly a year, but the church organization has been maintained. Mr. Bryan takes an interest in its affairs, and both himself and wife teach classes in the Sunday-school. In morals he is almost a Puritan. He does not use tobacco or liquor in any form, never utters a profane or vulgar word, and has such perfect mastery of himself that no one ever saw him angry. Keenly appreciative of humor, he never indulges in humorous statements except to illustrate a serious fact; in appearance, in word, and in act he is earnest, sincere, and intense.

William Jennings Bryan was born March 19, 1860, in Salem, Ill. His boyhood was passed on a farm near that place. At ten years of age he was sent to the public school in that town and attended it for five years, having previously been tutored by his mother. He then took a two years' academic course at Whipple Academy, and completed his education by a four years' course at Illinois College. During his college life he gave many evidences of forensic ability, taking part in inter-State oratorical contests and being selected as class orator and valedictorian in his graduation year. As a student in the law office of Lyman Trumbull he attended the Union College of Law in Chicago until June, 1883, when he removed to Jacksonville, Ill., and practiced law there for four years. In October, 1887, he located in Lincoln, Neb., and opened a law office with a former classmate, A. R. Talbot. His political career dates from this latter time, although he had participated in local campaigns from the time he attained his majority.

MRS. BRYAN

His public life began six years ago, when he was elected to Congress from the first district of Nebraska, and his career has been a succession of surprises to everybody but himself and his devoted wife. Bryan believes in himself, believes in every measure he advocates and every principle he represents; believes that he is armed with truth and enlisted in a righteous cause, and is, therefore, not surprised when he succeeds nor discouraged when he fails. These characteristics found felicitous expression in one of his recent speeches when he said: "One honest man clad in the armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the hosts that error can bring."

It is not remarkable that the voters in the First Congressional District of Nebraska were surprised when Bryan was first elected to Congress in 1890. The district usually gave 3,400 Republican majority; it gave Bryan 6,713 majority.

His first speech in Congress was a surprise to his fellow-members who heard it and to every citizen who read it. It was on the tariff bill. Members who had started to leave the hall came back to their seats. The galleries, which had been thinned out, were soon filled with attentive listeners; Senators left their side of the Capitol and found audience-room on the floor of the House. The day before the speech Bryan was unknown outside of his district; the day after the speech he had a National reputation as an orator. Everybody was surprised except the man who made the speech. Two years later Bryan's Congressional district was gerrymandered to give a Republican majority of 6,000, but it gave Bryan 140 majority, and every one was surprised again.

His reputation in Congress was already established when he came back in 1892 as a member of the Fifty-third Congress. He took an active part in framing the tariff bill, and was especially urgent concerning the income tax clause. In the debate on the bill he controlled the time of the Democratic speakers, and was the choice of his colleagues to reply to Bourke Cockran in the debate on the income tax. His first tariff speech was widely circulated as a campaign document, but in this session he eclipsed all his previous efforts by a three hours' speech against the repeal of the Sherman Act, which has been and still is being circulated as a masterpiece of literature on bimetallism. When Bryan took his seat at the conclusion of his speech one of his fellow-members remarked: "There is nothing more to be said on bimetallism; that speech exhausts the subject."

So thoroughly does Mr. Bryan believe in the principles of bimetallism, and in the ratio in which gold and silver have been coined, that he refused to deviate one particle from the position he had taken, or to make a single concession to his opponents. Mr. Bland, who was the recognized leader of the silver forces, undertook to secure a compromise after the ratio of 16 to 1 had been defeated, by offering an amendment declaring for free coinage at the ratio of 17 to 1, of 18 to 1, of 19 to 1, and, at last, of 20 to 1. On the proposition of 16 to 1 Mr. Bryan, of course, voted with him, but on the amendments providing for different ratios he voted with the advocates of repeal. On a question of principle he is as unyielding now as then.

At the close of his second term in Congress he was tendered a renomination, but declined it in order to become a candidate for the United States Senate. He again surprised every one but himself by securing the indorsement of the Democratic and Populist Conventions, but was opposed by a faction in his party which differed from him on the money question as well as the Populist theories which Bryan has espoused. His opponent in this contest was John M. Thurston, and the canvass was a series of brilliant joint debates. The Legislature was Republican, and Mr. Thurston was elected.

Then came the principal surprise in Mr. Bryan's career up to that time. He made no secret of his aspiration to the Presidency of the United States. Those who knew him least smiled at what they considered presumption; those who knew him best chershed the belief that his nomination was a probability, yet when it came it surprised many of his most ardent supporters The night before his nomination, when the names of candidates were being presented to the Convention, Mr. Bryan sat in his room at a hotel and confidently predicted that the Convention would nominate him on the morrow. When the news came that he had been nominated, his self-command did not desert him. He was calm and cool; he finished a message he had begun to write, and the chirography of the latter part was as clear and firm as the first. A graver expression came over his face, his eyes were bright, but he betrayed no sign of exalted feeling. The message he had begun to write when it was announced that he had been nominated is as follows: "In order that I may have no ambition but to discharge faithfully the duties of the office, I desire to announce that if elected I shall under no circumstances be a candidate for re-election."

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Bryan's name has been for more than a year mentioned in connection with a Presidential nomination, his selection as the party leader in this campaign was due largely to his oration on the adoption of the platform. This platform is almost identical with the one on which he made his canvass for the United States Senate against John M. Thurston. As an orator Bryan is thoroughly equipped. He developed a talent for oratory when a boy, and has improved every opportunity to display it. His handsome face, sturdy frame, and unstudied grace of movement and gesture put him at once on good terms with an audience. His voice is mellifluous and deep-toned; his manner is earnest, but never excited. In his most impassioned utterances he never conveys the impression of irresponsibility, but rather gives the idea of merely emphasizing the words of one who has thought clearly and has depth of feeling. He does not speak extemporaneously upon subjects of importance; he has said that he would as soon think of plunging wingless into an abyss.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN
From a recent Photograph

Of the now famous speech before the Chicago Convention Mr. Henry George wrote: "With his first words there began a scene which I think must be without parallel, not merely in the history of American conventions, but in the history of the world; a display of the power of well-chosen speech to move and stir great masses of men that can hardly before have had its equal. All that the imagination pictures of Demosthenes and Cicero, all that we have heard of the great orators of the English tongue, was realized to-day in a vaster audience than any orator of by-gone days could possibly have addressed. . . . When he began to speak, his clear, penetrating, exquisitely modulated tones soon compelled an attention that deepened as he proceeded to put in well-chosen words the thoughts which were in the breasts of a majority—their earnest demand, their defiant purpose. The man had come for whom such a hall and such an audience seemed the most fitting place and garniture."

Bryan knows the classics and has them at his tongue's end; he is grounded in knowledge, and has a marvelous memory. His English is plain and terse; he never strains after ponderous words or sounding phrases. He has a faculty of saying things that a person easily remembers. Since his nomination people have remarked a coincidence between his career and that of Lincoln. Bryan is and Lincoln was a Radical, but both have been conservative in act and kindly in expression. Both served terms in Congress. Both were candidates for the United States Senate, engaged in joint debates with their respective opponents, and both were defeated. Two years after his defeat by Douglas, Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency; two years after his defeat by Thurston, Bryan has been similarly honored.

Mr. Bryan is a poor man. Since his campaign for the Senate he has been the editor and one of the proprietors of the Omaha (Nebraska) "World-Herald." In addition to his editorial duties he has given much time to the cause of bimetallism, having been in demand as a speaker at silver meetings and political gatherings. He has recently spoken in almost every Southern and Western state. One of his most notable efforts in this particular was his reply to Secretary Carlisle's Kentucky speech, made in the same town where the Secretary advocated a gold standard. He was one of the signers of the address in behalf of silver issued March 4, 1895, declaring the money issue to be the paramount one of this campaign, and urging a union of all the silver forces.

Mr. Bryan was married October 1, 1884, to Mary Baird, of Perry, Ill. Mrs. Bryan attended the "female department" of the Academy at Jacksonville, where Mr. Bryan was a scholar. She graduated the same week as he, and, like himself, was class valedictorian. She studied law and was admitted to the bar, but has never practiced. She has a taste for literature and is fond of politics. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan have three children—Ruth, ten years old; William J., Jr., seven; and George, five. They have a comfortable home in Lincoln, Neb. They rarely go out into society, though both are of sociable temperament. Mrs. Bryan is her husband's junior by two years. She is below the medium height, with dark eyes, a pleasant face, and without affectation in manners. There never were more representative types of rugged American manhood and simple, unaffected American womanhood than William J. Bryan and his wife, when they stood side by side, plainly clad, and received the congratulations of the masses on the day following Mr. Bryan's nomination. The reception was without ceremony or ostentatious display. The gathering was in every sense democratic, and the candidate and his wife looked an ideal, self-made independent American couple.

Some personal recollections and incidents relating to Mr. Bryan have lately been given to the public by Mr. A. R. Talbot, Mr. Bryan's law partner in Lincoln, and himself a strong Republican. I may quote from these to throw a stronger light on the Democratic candidate's personality. Mr. Talbot says:

> Will Bryan and I were classmates in the Union Law College in Chicago. We entered the College the same day, in 1881, and we left it together. We usually occupied adjoining seats, and during two years we were the closest of chums. I first met him the year before in Galesburg, at an oratorical contest. He represented Illinois College in the contest, and took second prize. I don't remember his subject now, but he made a deep impression. Even then he had a considerable reputation as a public speaker. He had, while attending college, stumped the State of Illinois for W. M. Springer, with whom Bryan was always on the most intimate and friendly terms. Will was known as a ready, witty talker, and he was much in demand. His utterances were usually carefully prepared in advance, and were always polished and graceful. While we were attending the law college he delivered an address on Abraham Lincoln that was very generally commented on. I worked in one law office and Will in another—Lyman Trumbull's, by the way—for $5 per week. We paid all of our expenses out of that.
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> All the time he was in law college Will gave a great deal of consideration and study to questions of government. He read up thoroughly on constitutional law, and he was early impressed with the idea that the people were being unjustly burdened by monopolies. He maintained even then that the menace of the country was the encroachment of wealth on the rights of the common people, and he thought there was serious trouble ahead for the country. He was a strong Democrat, and he came honestly by his Democracy, for his father, Silas Bryan, was one of the stanchest Democrats in Illinois. And, by the way, his father was a character. He was a politician, but at the same time he was known as a religious enthusiast. He was a great man to pray. He would pray at any time or in any place. You never could tell when Silas Bryan was going to break out in prayer. He served in the Legislature, and he invariably dropped to his knees and offered up a silent prayer before he addressed the Chair, and often during the proceedings he would get down on his knees for a few moments of prayer. Then he was made a Circuit Judge, and he continued his praying. Will Bryan is quite as religious as was his father, only he is less demonstrative.
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> Bryan is an upright, conscientious, Christian man. I have never known a finer character. I am positive that he went into politics with no selfish motives. He is thoroughly convinced that the country is beset with conditions that call for the highest patriotism, the noblest endeavor, and he regards it his duty to help right what he says are the wrongs of the people.
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> Two years ago a gentleman from New York sat in Bryan's private office there trying to get him to make a contract to deliver fifty lectures at $100 a lecture. Bryan was poor then, as he is poor now, and I urged him to accept the offer. But he would hardly listen to the man. He said he would not speak for money. He was not in politics for himself, but for the people, and he did not expect to make anything for himself. He said he would not take anything but his expenses. "Why," he remarked, "it is necessary that those who can should give their lives to the work of emancipating the people. Somebody has got to do this, and I have made up my mind to enter into it heart and soul, but not for my own benefit." He didn't sign the contract.

Harriet Beecher Stowe[1]

A Sketch

By John R. Howard

MRS. STOWE IN 1868
From a Photograph in the possession of Mr. J. R. Howard

"Is there not a fault in this word *dead?*" writes Mrs. Stowe to a friend. "Have we not heathenized it? 'Passed to the higher life' is what we should say." And surely it is not grievous, but joyous, when so pure and serenely strong a spirit as hers is freed from the trammels of the body.

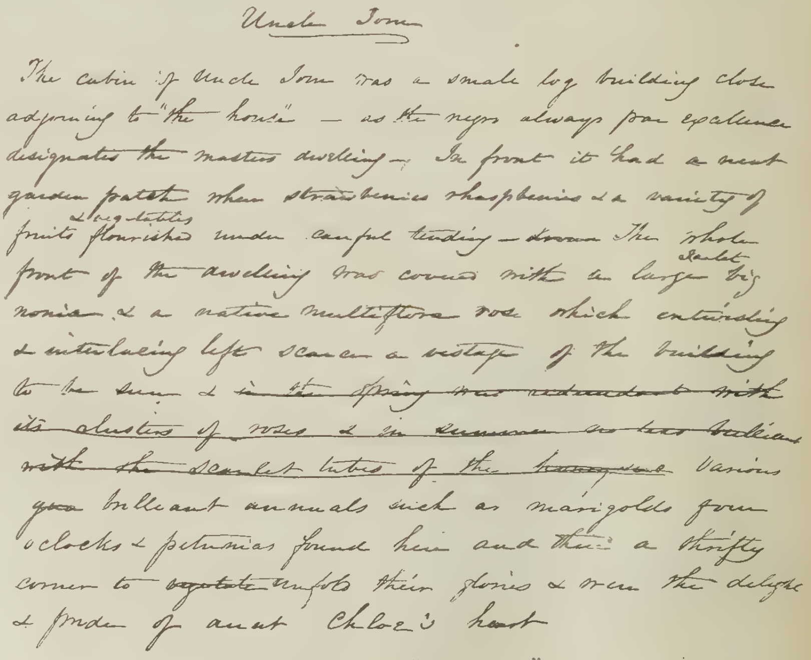
In 1817 the second Mrs. Lyman Beecher, describing in a letter the family into which she had come, with a graphic touch upon each of the children of Roxanna Foote, says: "Harriet and Henry come next, and they are always hand in hand. They are as lovely children as I ever saw—amiable, affectionate, and very bright." And through their long, earnest, potent lives these two continued in close heart-sympathy, without a shadow of misunderstanding or a break of constant love. It is a comfort to think that again they may be walking "hand in hand."

Widely different in physique, they were not unlike in many elements of character and mind, while in a certain sweet, unassuming simplicity, in quick and sustained generosity, in a keen sense of humor, in occasional moods of withdrawal from persons and things about them, and above all in a controlling instinct to live and labor amid "the things of the spirit," they were strikingly similar.

Mrs. Stowe's face, like those of all her mother's children, showed the delicate refinement of the Foote mask, overlaid by the stronger and more sanguine Beecher integument. Her curling, crispy hair, more or less freeing itself from the velvet bands with which she was accustomed to confine it, gave an informal grace to her head. Her eyes, whether twinkling with merriment or subdued to thoughtfulness, were always kind and pleasant. Her slender frame, with something of the "scholar's stoop" of the shoulders (although so faithful a mother and housekeeper might claim other reasons besides study, for that), was neatly but not stylishly dressed. Her manner was ever self-possessed, gentle, considerate; without the graces of one habituated to society, she was most evidently a gentlewoman, born and bred.

The sturdy English Beecher stock, infused with the poetic Welsh sensibility of the Wards, and combined with the refinement of the old Connecticut Foote family, found its highest fruition in Harriet and Henry Ward, whose natures were so richly and variously gifted. The home atmosphere in Dr. Beecher's Litchfield household, and afterwards in Boston, was pre-eminently religious and theological, with such incessant exercise in intellectual discussion that the children—particularly the younger ones—without much direct school training, grew up instinctively absorbing from their elders a familiarity with all the more serious questions of the day, which no amount of pedagogy could have drilled into them. Yet Harriet's schooling began at five years of age; and long before she was put at the task of writing compositions, the facility of unconscious absorption gave her the benefit of the master's discussion with the older scholars in history, rhetoric, moral philosophy, etc., so that her native powers of thought and of expression were very early available. Her avidity in reading was another marked characteristic; and the quick, appreciative spirit was at an unusually early period receiving its stores for future use. The fact that she found nutriment in such *un*juvenile authors as Paley, Bishop Butler, Bishop Heber, Richard Baxter, and Cotton Mather in her father's library, at once indicates and accounts for the strength of her mental fiber and moral sense, while the poetic fancy was bewitched with the "Arabian Nights" and "Don Quixote," and with the Byron and Scott that Dr. Beecher gave to his children and read with them. Some years at the school of her elder sister Catharine, in Hartford, had rapidly developed the sensitive, eager little woman, for from dreaming and writing poetry she was turned to Latin and arithmetic, Butler's "Analogy," French and Italian.

On her return home, at about the age of seventeen, she passed through the severe ordeal so well described as "experiencing religion"—a discouraging doctrinal process, which, only after four years of exhausting argument, and counsel from her wise brother Edward and her liberal-souled sister Catharine, she finally reduced to the simple principles of love and trust, in which her whole after life was passed. Affectionate, unselfish, profoundly religious by nature, sensitive, poetical, with more than a touch of the mystical in her spiritual aspirations, she had found in Christ the influence which was to move and guide her, and which, through all the bitter and joyful experiences of a long, varied, and notable life, was indeed the heart of it. It is not possible to understand this woman without comprehending how absolutely the love of Christ possessed and inspired her.



Uncle Tom

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building close
adjoining to "the house" — as the negro always par excellence
designates the masters dwelling — In front it had a neat
garden patch where strawberries raspberries & a variety of
& vegetables
fruits flourished under careful tending — ~~[illegible]~~ The whole
scarlet
front of the dwelling was covered with a large big-
nonia & a native multiflora rose which entwisting
& interlacing left scarce a vestige of the building
to be seen & ~~in the spring was redundant with~~
~~its clusters of roses & in summer so [illegible] brilliant~~
~~with the scarlet tubes of the [illegible]~~ Various
~~gay~~ brilliant annuals such as marigolds four
o'clocks & petunias found here and there a thrifty
corner to ~~vegetate~~ unfold their glories & were the delight
& pride of aunt Chloe's heart

FACSIMILE OF THE "UNCLE TOM" MS.

Of course the present brief sketch cannot even outline Mrs. Stowe's life, or depict her character; it will but try to recall with affectionate remembrance some of her traits and ways.

The faculty of unconscious absorption, which has been mentioned as marking her school days, was always of great value to her. When, in 1832, Dr. Beecher went to the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, in Cincinnati, Miss Catharine accompanied the family to establish the Western Female Institute, and Harriet was (as she had been in Hartford for a while) her chief assistant. In the Life of Mrs. Stowe by her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, is related the incident of her visiting Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati, in 1833, and going to see "an estate that afterward figured as that of Colonel Shelby in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" The lady who was with her at the time said afterward: "Harriet did not seem to notice anything in particular that happened, but sat most of the time as though abstracted in thought. When the negroes did funny things and cut up capers, she did not seem to pay the slightest attention to them. Afterwards, however, in reading 'Uncle Tom,' I recognized scene after scene of that visit portrayed with the most minute fidelity." And yet a letter that she wrote at that time to a friend contained not a word about plantations or slavery, but was altogether given up to education and their new college.

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[1] Of the illustrations accompanying this article, the Richmond portrait, the portraits of Mrs. Stowe's father and mother, and the pictures of the homes in Andover, Litchfield, and Mandarin, are reproduced, by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., from the "Life of Mrs. Stowe" by her son, Charles E. Stowe.

Mrs. Stowe's absorptive faculty, indeed, never failed her. How many times, in friendly circles, she would seemingly drop out of the conversation and be intent on her thoughts—perhaps, if in her own home, or in some familiar haunt, with a book or with writing, or merely in a "brown study"—when suddenly she would rouse, join in the talk, and show a complete knowledge of what had been going on. Never seemingly on the alert; going about, in doors or out, much of the time, in dreamy mood; often appearing utterly indifferent to scenes or sounds without her, in some mysterious way she would be aware of it all, and often astonish her companions with remarks on matters that had escaped those who thought themselves wider awake than she.

H. B. Stowe

(1841)
From a Pastel by Richmond

Her susceptibility to Nature in all its manifestations was an unending delight to her life, and an enrichment of her imagination. Her love of flowers and all vegetal growth, and her intimate knowledge of that whole realm, were evident in the blooming beauty and verdure that embowered her successive homes, and illuminate the pages of every book she ever wrote—from the trailing vines and ferns and scarlet poppies and golden oranges of "Agnes of Sorrento" to the docks and dandelions of Sam Lawson's huckleberry pasture. And her inherited artistic taste and small advantages of instruction in drawing when a girl gave her a facility with pencil and brush which she persistently improved, and which has preserved many a picturesque bit of natural beauty.

Nor were her affinities confined to inanimate Nature. The flies, the bees, the birds, the dogs (her especial pets and familiar companions), the cats, the denizens of the barnyard, the deacon's bony nag and the village race-horse, the majestic Italian buffalo and the belligerent ram that butted over the tithing-man and caused Dr. Lothrop's "Laughin' in Meetin'"—these and many more she knew and loved and made to live afresh in her vivacious pages.

As to children—read "Little Pussy Willow," "A Dog's Mission," and "Queer Little People"—the stories of animals and pets for little folks' enjoyment and unconscious leading towards the beautiful and the generous; remember the exquisite loveliness of Eva and the mischievous pranks of Topsy; recall the witchery and grace of the little Presbyterian girl turned Episcopalian, in "Poganuc People;" stroll again along the rugged, sea-dashed rocks of Orr's Island with Mara, the pretty "Pearl" of that rough retreat; see how this sympathetic soul appreciated boy-nature in Mara's little friend, misnamed Moses—the friendless Spanish waif thrown on that Puritan coast—and in Mary's lover, Jim, of "The Minister's Wooing" (the most artistic and complete of all her books), and—but the list is too long: re-read, and be assured that her mother-heart embraced all that is beautiful, perplexing, interesting, annoying, comical, and, alas! tragical, that boy life and girl life have for mothers to know.

In a dainty little book entitled "Under the Old Elms," Mrs. Mary B. Claflin, the widow of ex-Governor William Claflin, of Massachusetts (who has recently herself passed away), has told many interesting things of the well-known visitors who often sojourned with them in that lovely old home in Newtonville. Among these are some pleasant memories of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Beecher. One incident concerned Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Whittier, who "were congenial spirits, and their favorite amusement when they chanced to be together at 'The Old Elms' was telling ghost stories. . . . These days will live in the memory of all who were fortunate enough to hear from their lips stories of tappings and ghostly visitations, and of music from the spirit land. Mr. Whittier would smite his knee, as was his custom when anything pleased him, and Mrs. Stowe's merry laugh would echo through the house."

This recalls a lovely winter spent in Italy (1859–60), when Mrs. Stowe, with two of her daughters and her son, and Mr. Beecher's daughter, passed two months in Florence, one in Rome and one in wandering along the shores of southern Italy, in company with a number of Brooklyn friends—two separate parties, but in close daily companionship. In Rome Mrs. Stowe had Wednesday evening receptions; and it occasionally happened that, after the generality of guests had departed, a few would remain. Then conversation ran into free and friendly talk, with quip and jest and repartee, and when it turned into the channel of story-telling the fun waxed high. One evening, besides the neighbor-group and a few young American students who had run down from German universities for a visit with home friends, there were present Charlotte Cushman, Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, Robert Browning (whose gifted wife was a dear friend of Mrs. Stowe, but whose health precluded her from social enjoyments), and that prince of publishers and genius of *raconteurs*, James T. Fields, with his charming wife. The stories came from all quarters of earth and sea and sky, and, seated in the midst, Mrs. Stowe, with twinkling eyes and provocative quietude, was one of the most apt in capping story with story, while her glee at a good point scored—whether her own or another's—was delightful to see and most infectious. The laughter was almost continuous; it was like a sparkling, roaring bonfire, interrupted only for the brief throwing on of new fuel in the shape of a fresh story, and then flaming up again. It would be hard to imagine a merrier group.

Mrs. Stowe's *vis comica* was like that of her brother

Henry, and, indeed, like that of Abraham Lincoln, not only a lubricator amid the grinding machinery of life, and a solace in times of depression and discouragement, but a brightener of all seasons for those around and a powerful weapon in discussion, when a quick-turned jest would flash an argument and penetrate where logic could find no entrance. Her books are full of it, and it is one of the essential charms of her graceful, attractive style.

MRS. STOWE'S HOME AT MANDARIN, FLORIDA

An always noticeable thing about Mrs. Stowe was her serenity. A favorite quotation of hers was, "He that believeth shall not make haste," and to one who saw her frequently it would seem impossible (at least within the last twenty years) that she could be moved to agitation or profound emotion. And yet this was she who saw and recorded those tremendous scenes of tragedy in "Uncle Tom," who recalled the thunderous threatenings and denunciations of "Dred," who depicted the agonies of hopeless love in Padre Francesco of the "Agnes," who revealed the bitter misery of mother-love over a lost boy in "The Minister's Wooing," and who in almost every one of her books showed how

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest tones of woe.

Her soul was sensitive to every wind of heaven and of earth, and yet, amid sorrows and sufferings, excitements and struggles of many kinds, the prevailing temper of her spirit was serenity.

MRS. STOWE'S HARTFORD RESIDENCE

She first came into the Brooklyn circle of her brother Henry's friends in the spring of 1850, two or three years after the founding of Plymouth Church, Dr. Stowe's family being on their way to Brunswick, Maine, where he had accepted a professorship in Bowdoin College. It was the year when the country was deeply moved over the slavery question; when Daniel Webster slew his own fame in the "Seventh of March Speech," favoring the luckless bargain proposed by Henry Clay, "the Great Compromiser," by which California was to be admitted as a free State in exchange for the Fugitive Slave Law. And this outrageous law, which not only gave Southern slave-owners the right to pursue and recapture their escaped slaves in free States, but made it the duty of the free citizens of those States to assist in the hunting of men, women, and children, was the beginning of the end. It brought the horrors of actual slave-catching into the consciousness of Northern people; it aroused the dulled Northern conscience and the sluggish Northern temper. The distresses of hunted fugitives, the breaking up of families that for ten and twenty years had been living useful lives of freedom, and forcing their members to scatter and flee or to be carried back to slavery, often torn, wounded, and bleeding—all this, with memories of hunted slaves along the Kentucky and Ohio border line, so passionately moved the spirit of this woman that she burned to do something in aid of the poor sufferers. Her pillow, nightly wet with tears of pity, gave her no repose; and amid the cares and trials of making a new home in a strange place, with four little children to care for (one a baby in arms), and all the petty details of household life about her, she "was in the Spirit," and the Voice said also to her, "What thou seest, write!"

DR. CALVIN E. STOWE
(1868)
From a Photograph in the possession of Mr. J. R. Howard

MRS. STOWE IN LATER LIFE

The world knows the story of the wonderful book—how it aroused the North, England, the civilized world, to the possible horrors of American slavery, "made the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law an impossibility," and stirred tens of thousands of growing youth and stalwart men to such depths that Kansas, Frémont and the Republican party, John Brown, Abraham Lincoln, and Emancipation followed in quick succession. Not that the book did it all, but that it was the solvent of genius that precipitated the gathering Anti-Slavery sentiment and made it visible, ponderable, effective, there is no doubt.

Take one instance of thousands. At the celebration of Mrs. Stowe's seventieth birthday at "The Old Elms," under the auspices of her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., June 12, 1882, when Whittier, Holmes, and others of note graced the occasion, among the gathered guests was Judge Albion W. Tourgée, the author of that powerful picture of the South and the negro after the war, "A

Fool's Errand." On being invited to speak, he addressed Mrs. Stowe as his mother; told how the reading of "Uncle Tom" when he was a mere lad stirred in him such a rage at the wrong and enthusiasm to see it righted that it seemed to change him from boy to man: so that when the war came, with this still burning in him, he broke away from college and entered the army at the very first call. It had shaped his whole life, filling it with zeal for a sacred cause. The sight of this strong man in tears of gratitude and reverence, and of the modest little lady looking up at him with childlike unconsciousness and surprise as she put her hands into his, stretched out to her at the close, was very touching and impressive. Doubtless all of Tourgée's Southern books came from this early impulse, and they have done potent work in the cause of the lowly; yet doubtless, too, there were innumerable other hearts and heads, and helpful lives, inspired by that labor of love. Its effects were incalculable, and, so long as the world thinks, Mrs. Stowe will live as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and as one of the greatest forces of her generation.

MRS. STOWE AND MR. BEECHER

From a Photograph by Gurney, New York, owned by Mr. Davis Garber, and reproduced with his permission

The element of justice was very strong in Mrs. Stowe's character; so that, while the world was startled by the hideous pictures of slavery under cruel masters, the gentler side of the picture was no less faithfully given, although, at the time, it made but little impression. So keen an observer as Joel Chandler Harris, of the Atlanta (Georgia) "Constitution," in his introduction to the first of his fascinating "Uncle Remus" books (new edition), says: "Mrs. Stowe . . . attacked the possibilities of slavery with all the eloquence of genius; but the same genius painted the portrait of the Southern slave-owner, and defended him." The kindly Colonel Shelby and his tender-hearted wife, and the careless but generous St. Clare with his arguments about slavery to his Vermont aunt, are quite as notable, if not as powerful, as the plantation horrors of Legree.

MRS. STOWE'S BIRTHPLACE, LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT

Yet it is the woman herself that we are now interested in, and the simplicity and naturalness of her character appeared in nothing so remarkably as amid the tumult of applause and adulation that arose with the unexampled instantaneity and wide extent of the circulation of her book. Writing from Brunswick, in July, 1852, to one of the Brooklyn friends, after some bright chat about family matters, she continues:

> Do you want to hear of my European correspondence? Well, then: *Imprimis*, a note, edged with black, sealed with the royal arms of England, states succinctly that "Colonel Grey has been commanded by His Royal Highness Prince Albert to acknowledge the receipt of Mrs. Stowe's letter, dated the 30th of March, and to thank her for the copy of the work that attended it." It is dated Buckingham Palace. Think of that! The very note smells of palaces. One fancies Colonel Grey seated amid Titians and Correggios, carving, gilding, and what not. Think what Colonel Grey's eyes must have rested on only a moment before and a moment after! Think of the wonderful fact that Royal Highness actually for as much as five minutes was made conscious of the existence of your most obedient! Truly, what am I, and what is my father's house!!
>
> Then, nextly, is a note, neat, terse, and dignified, from Macaulay, saying that he had read my work, "he could not say with pleasure—for no work on such a subject could give pleasure—but with respect both for the talent and benevolence of the author."
>
> Then comes a letter of four pages—frank, able, and very cordial—from the Earl of Carlisle. Yesterday a very warm-hearted, cordial note from Dickens. I got also four very precious lines from Kossuth—*worth in my eyes the letters of a dozen kings*.
>
> Well, how do you feel now? Will this do? . . .
>
> Tell Eunice [Mrs. H. W. Beecher] I *don't* feel proud because my baby has teeth before hers. I think just as much of her as if it hadn't happened.

When, in the following year (1853), Mrs. Stowe went, with her husband and her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher, to England, and was herself received into the "palaces" of which she had written half in awe and half in fun, her sweet simplicity of manner and genuine modesty won all hearts. She was never a bit "spoiled" by all her honors, but went her way, giving and receiving kindness on every hand. That same faculty of noting little things as well as great, however, gave her Yankee keenness many morsels of private enjoyment. She once told the friend to whom

DR. LYMAN BEECHER

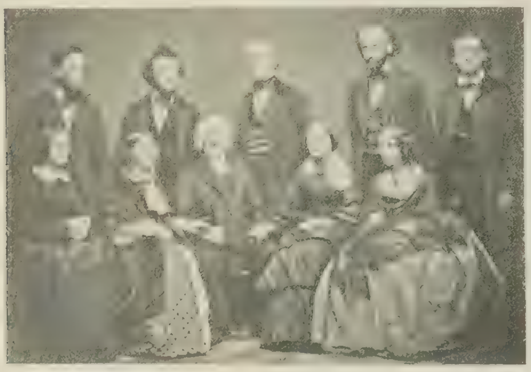
MRS. STOWE HENRY WARD BEECHER

(About 1861)

From a Photograph in the possession of Mr. J. R. Howard the above letter was written that, during a reception at the Duchess of Sutherland's, she was intensely amused at hearing one *grande dame* say to another, "It's fortunate she's so quiet"—as if they had expected to see some great, bouncing, "impossible" woman in the celebrated authoress whom they must treat politely.

The readers of The Outlook owe much to Mrs. Stowe for her generous aid and untiring labor during the early years of "The Christian Union." Her pen, her influence, her counsel, her suggestions, were faithful and effective for making its prompt successes. But to enter upon that would open up too many matters of interest, and we must find an end.

It would be easy to fill pages of The Outlook with illustrations of the peculiar moods, the charming traits, the really lovely characteristics of this delightfully human but truly saintly woman. Yet, when all is said, the source and all-permeating influence of her life was Christian love—love to Christ and perfect trust in the divine goodness, amid all the trials and distresses of earth, of which she had to bear many of the hardest and most grievous, and love to all of God's children, towards whom her heart went out in incessant affection and benefaction. One of the men who were her brother Henry's earliest friends in Brooklyn, and one whose friendship was close and faithful to the end, had become also a well-beloved friend of hers. He was visiting her at the Old Stone Cabin in Andover, and one afternoon she told him that she often arose in the morning at half-past four and went out to enjoy the birds and the dawn, and she challenged him to join her. The next morning they went out, and in that rare, sweet atmosphere they talked, and were silent, together. And she read to him some verses which she had written at such an hour. Since then they have been read and sung by many, to whom they have brought the very peace of Christ. No more appropriate close could be found for these fugitive memories than one or two of the stanzas of her hymn of the dawn, for they express, not only the calmness and beauty of the fresh day, but also the serenity of the unending dayspring of love and faith that lighted her life:



Thomas William Edward Charles Henry
Isabella Catharine Dr. Beecher Mary Harriet

THE BEECHER FAMILY

From a Photograph in the possession of Mr. J. R. Howard

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
  When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
  Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
  The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
  In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

. . . .

Still, still with Thee! As to each new-born morning
  A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
  Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

. . . , ...

LYMAN BEECHER

(Mrs. Stowe's Father)

ROXANNA FOOTE

(Mrs. Stowe's Mother)

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
  When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
  Shall rise the glorious thought: I am with Thee!

Personal Recollections

In response to a request from the editors of The Outlook, the following reminiscences of Mrs. Stowe, and of appreciation for her work and aims, have been elicited.

FROM EDWARD EVERETT HALE

I feel quite sure that no person would have met Mrs. Stowe for an hour who would not have seen that she was a person of remarkable natural genius—unless, indeed, the hour happened to be one when, by accident, almost, her attention was devoted to some special subject which interested her particularly, and therefore in that hour she seemed absent-minded. I have seen her come into the house to make a friendly visit, and take up a book within the first half-hour of that visit and interest herself in it, and then sit absorbed in the book, and in nothing else, till it was time for her to go home in the evening. I have known her, simply because she had an interesting book in her hand which she wished to read, take a street-car going out of town, and ride three or four miles without observing that she should have been going in the other direction. You might have fifty such stories of absent-mindedness told to you; but they are not fairly characteristic stories. They only illustrate the intensity with which she gave herself to any subject which she had in hand.

THE ANDOVER HOME

She was absolutely conscientious in the preparation of her stories. I remember that in one of them it was necessary that she should introduce a young couple who, on a very small income, married and lived in a cheap little house in a disagreeable quarter of the lower part of New York. She would not sketch the details even of an unimportant chapter describing this life without acquainting herself personally with the manner of life of people who lived thus, as she never had lived herself, that the lights and shades might be absolutely true to nature. I do not believe that she ever exaggerated anything for artistic effect. We know very well that nothing that she wrote was undertoned. I think she forgot herself entirely in her literary work.

After the year 1852 I was so fortunately placed that I knew a great deal of her literary work and her habits of composition. She had nothing of the mechanical book-maker about her. If she wrote a book, it was because she thought it ought to be written, and was resolved to write it for the glory of God and the good of the world.

When I was made the editor of "Old and New," six of us, who were all twenty-five years younger than we are now, met together and with mutual accord determined that we would write a story, which I believe I may say is well known, called "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other." We were three women and three men. The women were Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, and my sister Lucretia; the men were Frederick W. Loring, Frederick Beecher Perkins, and myself. I made the plan of the story, with A. B., C. D., E. F., and so on, for the heroes and heroines; I assigned to each writer the part which each writer should take; and everybody entered with much spirit into the arrangement. Alas! our dear friend Loring was killed by some roving Apaches before he had more than made notes for his part of the story; but for love of him we included some scraps of his letters in the book as it was made up. It is a good illustration of the accuracy of criticism that the only thing, I believe, which the critics determined on was that Mrs. Stowe wrote the whole of the Guilford chapter, which was in fact the contribution of Mr. Frederick Perkins. Nobody, in any printed article which I saw, designated with correctness a single author of the five.

In the original draft of the story I said that the three heroes and three heroines would come together in Chicago in October, and there "meet their fate." It was so ordered that the great fire in Chicago took place in the very month which I had thus foreordained, eight months before. I had the pleasure myself, before the ruins were cold, of going over the ground and making the study for the closing act of that history.

I do not think that Mrs. Stowe knew, any better than any one else, which of her works were going to please the public. I am not sure that she cared. An author's judgment is never worth much on such a subject. I am sure that no publisher knows in advance. And I have long since ceased to think that the public's verdict of any book is any more correct than the verdict of a small circle of judges. That is to say, there is many a lost novel which has quite as much worth as stories that have had what the booksellers call a "run."

FROM JULIA WARD HOWE

Another crowned one has gone from our midst. In the fullness of years, and in the days in which rest is most earnestly to be desired, all that was mortal of Harriet Beecher Stowe has been laid with kindred dust. Her life has, for long years, been one of feebleness, of bodily and mental infirmity, but she bequeaths to us a record bright and imperishable. The gift of genius was hers, a gift whose value was enhanced—shall we say, a hundredfold?—by her noble conception of its responsibilities. With no stronger weapon than a woman's pen did she take upon herself the vindication of a wronged and oppressed race, and the arraignment of the mighty institution which held it only a little above the condition of the beasts that perish. The spark kindled by her imagination spread into a fire that lighted up two continents with its glow. She portrayed the negro, and truly, as possessed of every human attribute, as capable of culture and as worthy of freedom. She held up slavery to the abhorrence of the later civilization, with which it was in strange and glaring contradiction. The witness was accepted. The apparently hopeless cause which she so warmly espoused triumphed, as in the end God's causes will always triumph. The American Nation, yea, the human race, owes a debt of endless gratitude to this woman, who lived simply and modestly among us, faithful in the exercise of her nearer duties, and in the employment of her great abilities which makes hers a name to be held in lasting honor and remembrance.

FROM RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON

I am not familiar with Mrs. Stowe's publications, other than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which I read many years back. Although without experience, observation, or hearsay of such conditions as are mainly described in this work, I had no doubt that, near the border-line of slave territory, they must have existed to some extent; otherwise a tale so graphically and feelingly and powerfully told was impossible to mere human invention. I read the work with intensest interest, and conceived deepest admiration for the genius of the author.

As for the influence of this particular work, in my opinion there is nothing in the history of Letters to compare with it. The first appearance of "Waverley" in Edinburgh, of "Ivanhoe" in London, of "Quentin Durward" in Paris, vast as was the influence of each of these, were, taken together, far behind the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Of all works of fiction it has led in the strength and endurance of its earliest impression.

FROM CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

In private life, noble qualities endeared her to those who were so fortunate as to know her. She had a deep, affectionate nature, great magnanimity, freedom from petty views, jealousies, and affectations, a certain high and noble charity for the sin and weakness of the world, not a touch of Pharisaism, and a simplicity that made her ignore as unimportant many of the conventionalities. Though she had moods of abstraction and dreaminess, the uniform tenor of her life was cheerful; though she saw the evil of life, she was an optimist, for underneath all other mental processes was an abiding faith in the Divine Goodness. Without exact literary training, and cultivating literature as a means rather than an art, she possessed the artistic temperament; she drew, she painted flowers with unusual sentiment wherein was expressed her love for them, she had a great dash of dramatic power in narration, and she had that final gift to the novelist, the power of the raconteur; her taste in music was for that which was either gay or stirring, or which appealed most strongly to heroic sentiment; she had a remarkable appreciation of the various moods of nature, and an admiration, which seemed natural, for that which is best in art. Notwithstanding her serious comprehension of life, she liked gayety, and enjoyed what in the phraseology of the last generation used to be called fun—a capacity which seems to be dying out of modern life. And, perhaps most important of all in a person of her moral intensity, she had a broad and keen sense of humor—humor with the fiber not all refined out of it. She had the excellences and the defects of the talented and now historic family to which she belonged—courage of opinion, desire to be right at any cost, entire confidence in the correctness of its own views, indeed self-confidence which sometimes carried its members into nonconformity with general opinion and drew upon them the charge of eccentricity. Nor can her make-up be accounted for without allowing her that indefinable something in the accomplishment of results which we call genius.

FROM MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

In the August "Atlantic Monthly" Mrs. James T. Fields writes:

It was my good fortune to be once in Rome with Mrs. Stowe, when she came unexpectedly face to face with an exhibition of the general feeling of reverence and gratitude towards herself. We had gone to the room of the Brothers Castellani, the workers in gold. Mrs. Stowe was full of enthusiasm, and we lingered long over the things which the brothers brought forward to show. Among them was the head of an Egyptian slave carved in black onyx. While we were enjoying it, one of the brothers said to Mrs. Stowe, "Madam, we know what you have been to the poor slave. We are ourselves but poor slaves still in Italy—you feel for us—will you keep this gem as a slight recognition of what you have done?" She took the jewel in silence, but her eyes were filled with tears, and it was impossible for her to speak.

. . . .

It was much at variance with her natural taste to appear before the public as a reader of her own stories, as she did in the autumn and winter of 1872 and '73. She was no longer able to venture on the effort of another long story, and yet it was unwise for her to forego the income which was extended to her through this channel. She wrote: "I have had a very urgent business letter saying that the lyceums of different towns were making up their engagements, and that if I were going into it I must make my engagements now. It seems to me that I cannot do this. . . . I feel entirely uncertain, and, as the Yankees say, 'didn't know what to do nor to don't.' My state in regard to it may be described by the phrase, Kind o' love to —hate to—wish I didn't—want ter—I suppose the result will be I shall not work into their lecture system."

. . . .

"Cold weather," writes Mrs. Stowe, "really seems to torpify my brain. I write with a heavy numbness. I have not yet had a *good* spell of writing, though I have had all through the story abundant clairvoyance, and see just how it must be written; but for writing some parts I want *warm* weather, and not to be in a state of a 'froze and thawed apple.' . . . I hope to get a clear, bright month in Florida.

"I did want to read some of my story to you before I went. I have read it to my husband, and, though one may think a husband a partial judge, he likes it. All I want now to go on is a good *frame*, as father used to say about his preaching. I want calm, soft, even dreamy, enjoyable weather, sunshine, and flowers."

The Higher Life of Philadelphia[1]

By Talcott Williams

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL

Apology is the keynote with which most Americans approach the discussion and description of their cities. For Philadelphia I have no apologies to make. It has its faults. I know them well. But I honestly believe that as I write there is not, the world over, a civic million and a quarter in which so many men and women are enjoying safety, security, food, shelter, and comfort, at so low a cost in personal effort and labor, as in this city. No city in which so many families have their own roof and doorstep. None in which the Church of Christ is so much the support of the poor and supported by the general mass and not by the rich. None in which so small a percentage live either as the very poor or the very rich, or in which so large a percentage live with neither poverty nor riches. This city, in all its history self-governing, has stopped the increase of its debt, a feat of self-denial to which no European cities have yet been equal. It has lowered its debt when theirs are rising by leaps and bounds, strangling trade with an irredeemable mortgage. It has paid for its water-works and its gas-works out of profits, repaved its streets at the expense of street railway corporations, and gained communication to its very heart at the expense of rival railroad companies. The realty improvements to this end have directly added to the taxable wealth of the city, and the indirect revenue from this source would be deemed a brilliant return if these viaduct lines were municipal. It has provided itself with one great park, selected with far-sighted wisdom thirty years ago, and in the past decade twenty-seven small parks, so that no home, when the system is completed, will be over half a mile from green grass and a children's playground. It jealously preserves its historic monuments when other cities destroy them. It led every American city in the kindergarten and manual training, though failing to keep pace with their full development. Faults exist, lamentable, depressing, and serious. Being a city in which the control vests in an enormous number of small taxpayers, who live in small houses in a small way and have small views, civic standards are both low and narrow. The sum spent on street-cleaning is not one-quarter large enough, and the streets are dirty, though improving. Wretched pavements were long tolerated, until 200 miles were laid at the cost of some $7,000,000, paid by the street-car companies, and as many miles more by the city. The water, while lavish in amount—four or five fold that given in Europe—is poor in quality, and public opinion is sluggish. A foul ooze of petty blackmail surrounds police operations in some districts. While twelve hundred policemen on ward and division committees were forced to resign six years ago, and by charter no office-holder can step inside a primary or convention, police and official influence is constant and omnipresent, though the efficiency of civic administration steadily improves. The schools are low in standard, and, what is worse, they satisfy the great mass. They are poor, and by the side of schools in Berlin or Paris make but a poor comparison; but, on the other hand, it is not necessary to provide meals at the public expense for tens of thousands of famished scholars; and if one must choose between a great government machine which by its iron bureaucratic efficiency raises schools to a high level and by its military burdens and heavy taxation depresses wages to a starvation level, the choice seems to me easy.

In a city thus constituted and organized, the problem presented by effort for a higher life is to crown the edifice already erected by thrift, security, and comfort, with spiritual aspiration and inspiration, and to improve what has been done by giving form and grace to what is now formless, always graceless, and too often shameless. The Church—I use the term in its broadest sense, for all the worshipers of God in the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish communions—is the first, and infinitely the most powerful, of these agencies. If it did its work, there would be nothing else to do. But it does not do its work. A tithe, under both Judaic and Christian dispensations, has come to be the recognized dedication to better things.

ELM AT BROAD AND WALNUT STREETS

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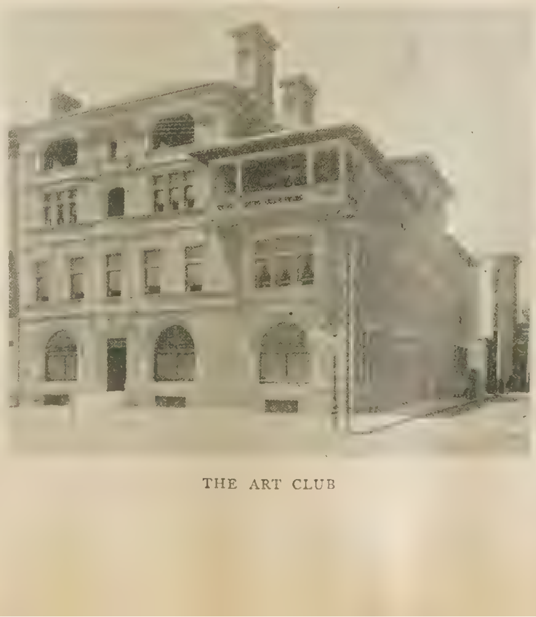
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895); "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896); "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Melville E. Stone (The Outlook for February 22); "The Higher Life of Boston," by Edward Everett Hale (The Outlook for March 28); "The Higher Life of New Orleans," by Grace King (The Outlook for April 25); and "Buffalo, the City of Homes," by the Rev. W. Burnet Wright, D.D. (The Outlook for June 27).

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

In Philadelphia, in 1890, there were 664 church edifices, with a value of $28,023,365. This was just half a tithe (5 per cent.) of the taxed real estate. Add to the churches themselves the rectories, hospitals, and various institutions (exclusive of those non-denominational), and a full tenth of the realty of the city is dedicated to the service of God. If there are added the schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions conducted by Christian men, not a tithe, but a tithe and a half, of the city's realty is in common Christian ownership dedicated to this higher cure of soul and body. I dare say other cities would give a like response to a like analysis, but I confess I am always awed by this unconscious and unostentatious tribute to the spiritual, and appalled that it accomplishes so little.

The churches of the city had, in 1890, 335,189 communicants. One-half of these were Roman Catholics (163,658), and the Roman Catholic population, adding baptized to communicants, is about 200,000 or so. If I turn aside from these, it is not from lack of admiration of the good work done by this ancient Church, but to enforce the responsibility of the communion whose privileges I share. The population for which the Protestant communion is responsible is about 800,000, deducting all others of every kind and creed. This population contains about 534,000 over fourteen years old, capable of church membership under the ordinary Protestant view. The recorded membership of these churches is one-third of this number. It was my privilege to have a missionary as my father. I passed my boyhood in a Mohammedan city, a bare fraction of whose population was nominally Christian, sunk in superstition and image-worship. If I had been told of a city in which every third adult in four-fifths of the population had assumed the solemn vows of church membership, I would have looked for a city of God on earth. If Philadelphia is not that, where lies the fault? In divided churches. In scattered responsibility. In 546 organizations where 100 would do the work infinitely better. In lack of all sense of territorial responsibility, so that the wearied clergymen I know are doubling and triplicating each other's trips, like milkmen, seeking each a family or two in a block. In utter refusal to recognize responsibility of the Church as a whole to the city as a whole. Always and everywhere denominationalism crucifying the Son of man at the gate that the priest and the Pharisee in the temple may be secure in the ritual, the creed, and the organization by which each seeks to worship a God in his own image.



THE ART CLUB

Yet, with all this sad lack, with this failure to keep at united work all this vast army of men and women, once at least in their lives touched with a sense of divine consecration—all other influences in the city are small by the side of those which stream from these churches. High liquor license in this city would have been a miserable failure but for the Law and Order Society, whose small expenditure each year maintains a vigorous detective watch on licensees, and opened the campaign, when high licenses were first granted, with a fund of evidence as to the character of the unworthier applicants. "Speak-easies" (illicit dram-shops) there are. They are small, obscure, in alleys, serving some one small demoralized neighborhood, or, in instances both better and worse, in a friendly way supplying a few neighbors with beer or whisky. But where, with 1,000,000 population, the city had 5,773 liquor-saloons under low license, and more of the hole-and-corner pest-holes than now, to-day 1,250,000 people have but 1,670 saloons, and a revenue of nearly $1,670,000 is added to civic resources. Arrests for drunkenness have decreased. Drinking on the streets is visibly less. The highest credit is due to our upright, courageous, and elected judiciary for these results. The Evangelical Christian League has done a most important work in suppressing the reappearance of gambling in and about the city, and in cleansing sundry plague-spots by the sound, judicious method of collecting evidence and then attacking the owner of the property with advice to purify or face the certainty of publicity and prosecution.

JOHN WANAMAKER

These are the two most conspicuous agencies for this particular work; but the real factor of improvement is the steadily rising tide of Christianity. When I remember what good men and women were praying for fifteen to eighteen years ago, and what has been accomplished since, I wonder that the churches do not unite in a special thanksgiving to God. Two or three great lotteries were then selling openly all over the city and advertising in the newspapers. Gambling-houses could be found up a flight, and often open from the street, for "bucket-shop" transactions, all over the central part of the city. A hideous plague-spot, which a modest woman could scarcely enter, stretched along an open street. Concert saloons and dives were accessible by the dozen. Prize-fights, thinly disguised as glove-fights, were of nightly occurrence. Liquor was sold, in defiance of law, at scores of low entertainments. Lotteries to-day are banished from papers, streets, and mails—the last and first because a Philadelphia Presbyterian elder became Postmaster-General. Gambling-houses and bucket-shops are closed, or exist only in hiding. The concert saloons, dives, and prize-fighting are all substantially suppressed, and there have succeeded dime theaters, which, though sometimes vulgar, are rarely indecent, and maintain a far higher moral standard than do more high-priced entertainments. Open licensed liquor-saloons, which were 1 to every 34 families, are now 1 to every 147 families. The center of the city has been in large measure purified. The streets are freer of evil than ever before.

These broad changes are only a part. The churches so constantly advertise their anxious desire to prepare us for another world that their good work in this is missed by most of the community. Of the money expenditure of the churches in a number of leading congregations whose balance-sheets I have seen, considerably over half is devoted to objects outside their own worship and expenditure. This proportion probably obtains as to the $1,000,000 raised yearly by the Protestant Episcopal churches and the $700,000 contributed for all purposes by Presbyterian churches. It is true of most Protestant churches. What is the result? A great network of libraries, of night schools, of guilds, of singing-schools, of industrial training-schools, which in the aggregate exceed all other like agencies put together. Each year sees these increase. The largest church in the city, Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, the Temple, in which Mr. Russel Conwell is doing a work akin to Spurgeon's, gathering a congregation of 5,000, supports a hospital and conducts a free "college," with 497 in its day and 1,585 in its night classes, whose over-pretentious name must not blind one to sound work on lines limited but useful. It has branch schools scattered over the city. By its lecture course, its concerts, its musical training, its clubs, its gymnastics, and a score of organizations, it honestly endeavors, and with surprising success, to make the church for all its members the center of social and intellectual as well as religious life. This is a single example nearly matched by Bethany Presbyterian Church. But every church does its share in this wide work. The libraries connected with Presbyterian churches alone number 70,000 volumes. The guilds connected with a single Episcopal church have 2,000 members. Nothing in all that is done in the city has appealed to me more than the patient efforts of pastors of small churches in laboring factory suburbs to provide lecture-rooms, organize classes, and develop an intellectual life.

INDEPENDENCE HALL

Health is the first of civic needs. The College of Physicians for a hundred years has been the expert medical adviser of the city. At the close of the last century it guided the struggle with yellow fever; and let us not forget that our American cities have been more successful in these contests with semi-tropical fevers than have European cities under similar semi-tropical summer isothermals, though the latter often make the braver outward show. In this century, and only three years ago, when cholera was an impending possibility, a delegation from the College, headed by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, waited on the Mayor and pointed out the need of asphalt pavements on certain slum streets. Councils at once appropriated $400,000. I know no other American cities, and few anywhere, whose acceptance of expert judgment would be so prompt. In ten years past, Hamburg, Marseilles, Madrid, and Granada have paid heavily for a disregard of like warnings. Pure water is the chief health need of the city, and a citizens' committee of fifty has for a year, through an efficient sub-committee, conducted experiments and carried on investigations to determine the best filtration system, and there is fair prospect that one will be adopted without the intervention of a pestilence, the heavy tuition fee paid by Hamburg under German city government. The prevention of tuberculosis has been for some time the purpose of a small but active society, which has diligently published and agitated and has secured several lesser reforms, notably one in the city hospital, while it is a mere question of time when the registration of all tubercular cases will be required. The New Century Guild has carried on investigations into the hygienic conditions under which women are employed, and improved them, besides, what is quite as important, drawing public attention to healthful surroundings provided by employers. Sweating, due in part to the influx of a Jewish population, has been fought by several agencies, including one headed by the Rabbi Krauskoff, and legislation secured providing inspection and restriction. In the prevention of contagious diseases, particularly of smallpox and scarlet fever, the city is singularly in need of active agitation, and the absence of any vigorous education of public opinion on the subject of vaccination renders it tolerably certain that a smallpox panic will rouse the public in the near future. The Women's Health Protective Association, under the indefatigable leadership of Mrs. John H. Scribner, has cried aloud and spared not in denouncing dangers to health. It has shared with other organizations in public meetings on the pure-water issue; it has maintained a monthly inspection of street-cleaning, and done useful service in raising the public din indispensable to public reform. The Civic Club, whose active efforts have been more devoted to education, has also its committees on subjects relating to health, has organized meetings, and has urged reforms. It is due to all these causes that Philadelphia has a steadily diminishing death-rate, that deaths from tuberculosis have shown a remarkable decrease, and that the increase to the well and working years of its citizens may be favorably compared with that of European cities with far more favorable climatic conditions.

PHILADELPHIA WORKINGMEN'S HOUSES; THERE ARE 150,000 OF THESE

The intellectual education of Philadelphia owes more in its higher life to the University than any great city I know owes to its leading institution of learning. Most universities live apart from the cities in which they live. Few owe much to the city government. Continental universities are Imperial or State. The University of Pennsylvania is civic, owes a noble site to the city government, houses its law school in a city building, and in countless relations is accepted by various city departments as adviser. While the University has received large gifts, the largest from its present Provost, its characteristic is the number of small gifts. With 3,000 students, the University is the center of an active associated intellectual life which reaches thrice this number of active men and women scattered through the community. Under the management of its two successive Provosts, Dr. William Pepper and Mr. C. C. Harrison, this University teaches the community as well as its matriculates. Clubs, societies, and conventions center about most universities; but these are usually limited to professional students and the immediate university group. In the University of Pennsylvania the aggregate membership of such societies reaches nearly 3,000. The large lay membership is actively engaged in raising money as well as directly occupied in the field to which it is devoted, and single years have seen $80,000 raised, in large sums and small, in this way, for the use of the University. The Archæological Association, the largest and most important of these, has created a museum which is rapidly taking its place as one of the first ethnological collections in the country, and its Babylonian Committee has raised over $70,000 for the exploration of Niffer, to-day the most important archæological work in progress anywhere, under any auspices. Its fruits are divided between the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople and the University Museum, already the owner of the largest collection of Babylonian tablets save those in the Louvre and the British Museum. Carried on for eight years by a small group of men led by Dr. William Pepper, Mr. E. W. Clark, Mr. Clarence L. Clark, Mr. C. C. Harrison, Mr. W. W. Frazier, and others, this exploration is a movement of well-directed, liberal support of pure learning. In addition, the Museum has had expeditions in Yucatan, Florida, and the Southwest, and has one now in Peru and one in Malaysia. The interest it has created in museums has led to the organization of Educational and Economic Museums, both supported by the city. It is a remarkable proof of the wide horizon of interest in the city that, independent of the University, but aided by those interested in it, Peary's Arctic Expedition had its chief support in Philadelphia, where over $16,000 has been raised, in average sums of $23. This has been succeeded by an effort to organize an Antarctic expedition, promoted by the competent efforts of Mr. Angelo Heilprin. The Philadelphia Geographical Club heard in January Mr. Peary's report, and in March the report of Dr. Donaldson Smith's exploration along a route of 4,000 miles in East Africa. Of how many other cities was it true last summer, or any year, that its citizens were supporting archæological research in Babylonia, an Arctic expedition, investigation in Florida and Yucatan, with two other expeditions under preparation?

Public education suffers in Philadelphia from the inorganic, amorphous character of a city which, like London (to which it bears various local and internal analogies), has grown by the coalescence of different neighborhoods. These jealously retain local control of local schools, so that Philadelphia has never yet had a thoroughly organized civic school system. Low standards in regard to education shown by the well-to-do, too small a proportion of whose sons go to college, as well as by the larger laboring masses, have aggravated a faulty organization. The Public Education Association has for fifteen years formed a small, active, and most useful center for effort in school reform. It has failed, as has its successor in these efforts, the Civic Club, in its efforts to reform the organization of the schools; but, by the valuable and highly practical expedient of paying for the beginnings of reforms, kinder-

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY

Harrison S. Morris

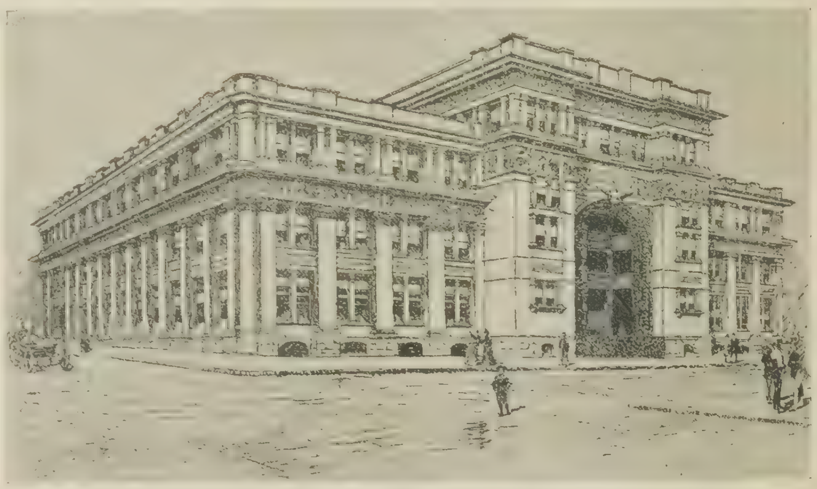
Dr. S. Weir Mitchell

Anne H. Wharton

C. A. Brinley

E. J. James

gartens have been introduced—a work promoted by a society directed to the end—cooking and sewing added to the school curriculum, and two large manual training schools opened. These are all now reforms accepted and supported by the city. In educational reform the Civic Club has for two years past led and organized local reform work. Wisely organized to educate and inform its members as to public needs quite as much as to agitate directly for reforms, and most ably led by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, the Civic Club has skillfully avoided the methods which turn some reformatory societies into noisy busybodies. A number of papers of more or less importance have been read before it. It has organized an exhibition of works of art suitable for school-rooms, and, more important still, has for two years carried on an active canvass for the election of women as ward school directors. This has been successful only when a regular party nomination has been secured from the political machine, but the energetic canvass carried on in one ward, the Seventh, was a typical example of the extent to which women can be organized, interested, and made effective in political work.


DREXEL INSTITUTE

The library problem stands next to the school problem. The same fission which afflicts all else has bequeathed, often as the lamentable legacy of one generation to the indifference of another, a large number of small, scattered, and special libraries, the latter often of individual excellence and value. Two subscription libraries divided this field, and have suffered from the flood of cheap books. No public library has hitherto existed, and no large endowment has been given one. The Pepper bequest of about $250,000 has, however, been wisely employed as a nucleus for a free library, of which Dr. William Pepper is President, and with it have been associated eight local libraries previously established by the Board of Education. These were generally due to local initiative, and it is the happy result partly of plan and partly of circumstance that Philadelphia, thanks in large measure to the zealous efforts of Mr. George B. Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, now has a library system, with an annual income of $100,000, which promises to combine the advantages of a strong central free library with local libraries enlisting local support, often by the provision of a building, and bringing books near the homes of each section—for these are not branches for distribution, but independent collections of books. One such branch, started by the College Settlement and assumed by the city, is in a Jewish immigrant population, whose appetite for books is natural to a race whose land had the earliest library town on record, Kirjath-Sepher. With 3,000 volumes, this library has had the extraordinary overturn of 300 volumes a day, and there are weeks which it closes with the last book gone from its shelves.

The three great educational foundations of the last half-century, left by Stephen Girard, V. Williamson, and A. J. Drexel, in all some $15,000,000, have gone in Philadelphia to what are essentially trade and technical schools. Girard College, whose work is familiar, up to recent years was a monument of the building mania, the educational Juggernaut under which so much of American education and learning is crushed and buried. Twenty years past have seen a great improvement in the methods of the school in the introduction of training in the mechanic arts suited to modern conditions; and its 1,524 boys, though their education is cut short at eighteen, furnish trained recruits to the great army of industry, the demand for its graduates exceeding the supply. The Williamson Trade School, a few miles outside of the city, teaches trades to 159 boys more on manual training lines. Both these house, feed, and care for the boys, and are industrial schools.

The Drexel Institute, thanks to having at its head a man —Dr. James MacAlister—trained in both the theory and method of education, has broken new ground. Taken as a whole, I regard it as the most important substantive addition to educational equipment made anywhere in a decade. Most such institutes make on the student of education the impression of a somewhat haphazard growth. The Drexel is ordered and organized. Its free lecture course, in subjects, in the experts it summons, and in the pay it

James McAlister

Frank Thomson

Mayor Warwick

Mrs. E. D. Gillespie

C. C. Harrison

Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson

offers, is comparable to the Lowell, though without the priceless advantage of publication. Its scientific departments serve two distinct ends: one, to furnish the many a technical training; the other, to give the few the opportunity for long-continued and systematic research and study, without barring the entrance by any scholastic requirements but capacity to do the precise work proposed. Strong believer as I am in general cultivation, it is, I submit, well, in a world of many powers, to open direct paths to learning. Technical training in the Drexel has, in addition, a carefully developed artistic as well as scientific basis. A library and museum, both small but both well related, furnish working tools and inspiration. The Drexel offers the art school wedded to the scientific laboratory to produce technical training in handicraft; with lectures, library, and museum to furnish liberal cultivation. Some 2,000 students have responded to this noble endowment and felicitous organization, one particularly fitted to supplement the work of manual training schools, and to meet the problem of that large number of both sexes whose breadwinning must begin at eighteen or nineteen years of age.

Art study and art applied to industry are the twin notes of the day. Twenty years ago we were all asking for it. To-day, in this single American city, which no one calls an "art center"—odious term (all places are centers to the earnest and all circumference to the tepid)—has 3,500 students in various classes drawing from cast or figure, and some 6,000 to 7,000 pupils of all ages in various institutions learning the rudiments, and much more than the rudiments, of various mechanic trades. Besides this, manual training and object work—modeling and the like—runs through all the public and most private schools, much of it in both being but poorly done for lack of adequate training and effective supervision. The Academy of Fine Arts addresses itself to the training of artists, and has 244 pupils in advanced work. The Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, an outcome of the Centennial, in its special training for textiles is still the leading institution in the country, and was for many years the only one. It gives in addition general instruction in the methods and decoration of all the artistic crafts, and has 765 students. Insufficiently endowed and scantily supported by the city, this school owes its growth, as do so many other like institutions, to the sedulous efforts of a few women, led and organized by Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, a great-granddaughter of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Two or three local institutes, of which the Spring Garden Institute, with 617 pupils, is the largest, give training in the arts, in handicrafts, and in simpler electrical engineering. Begun forty years ago, and up to a year ago, when it was given $100,000, having received only $33,600 in endowment, the Spring Garden Institute has gone on growing under local and neighborhood management and support, getting a building, collecting a library, building a hall, widening and increasing its courses, and receiving new ideas all the more readily because no large endowment has relieved it from the necessity of appealing to the public. It is now, as it was in 1841, the fortunate product of local city needs, local enthusiasm, and local regard. We all admire this sort of thing in a mediæval city. Why not admire it now? Philadelphia has six or seven such institutions, and no man can be fortunate enough to be asked to address one without new joy that an American city furnishes these simple, inexpensive, self-reliant centers of instruction, cultivation, and industrial training. The Master Builders' Exchange has established its trade school in building, plumbing, etc., and since 1891 its bricklaying class has had the recognition of three powerful unions. The Master Plumbers have another trade school, and the Master House-Painters one in their trade.

The broadest work in the prosecution of education outside of the schools is in the hands of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. Less organic in its connection with the University than its English models, this society, which owes everything to the efforts of Professor E. J. James, now does most of its work by paid lecturers, though a number of college professors share in its courses. A pioneer in this field in this country, the American Society has set out to organize centers for lecture courses which shall be as near as may be self-supporting. It has failed in getting organized consecutive work. It has succeeded in stimulating in its twenty-four centers in and about Philadelphia, with an attendance of 8,000 or 10,000, a vast deal of discursive reading. The number of books bought and read is amazing. It has been the center of a local intellectual awakening, most valuable although it has not taken shape in students who pass examinations. Local development with a view to permanent organization is the

CITY HALL

Dr. William Pepper

Herbert Welsh

A. J. Drexel

Horace Howard Furness

George B. Roberts

Hon. E. S. Stuart

Robert B. Ogden

chief feature of its policy under its present President, Mr. F. B. Miles. Annually it holds a summer meeting of a month in the University, whose lecture courses have been of marked ability, attracting picked audiences. More than one man of long experience has found himself in this meeting facing the best audience he has ever addressed. In the same field of post-school work, though on a different level, are the New Century Guilds organized by Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, who I sometimes think has avoided every possible error incident to efforts for working-girls. Begun by polling its members for the studies they desired, it has had 900 in its classes, though now but 179, and a membership of 500 use its rooms. It forms the center of an association of all such guilds in the city, with a membership varying, but running over 15,000. The Young Men's Christian Association in its central building has 1,500 students, and under the management of its Secretary, Mr. Halsey Hammond, reaches in various ways over 5,000 members, with branches over the city. The Women's Christian Association has turned its energies to the erection of a ten-story lodging-house, which houses over five hundred young women and provides them, under a single roof, with all the needs of a civilized life for three dollars a week. I hesitate to say which is the most extraordinary—that such a building should have been erected, or that it is full, well-managed, and happy.

CARPENTERS' HALL

The only American Guild Hall

The slums of Philadelphia are relatively small, but they offer a most difficult problem because there are scattered over the city, in the rear of the houses of the well-to-do, small groups of houses inhabited by the depraved. It was early noted that bringing Lazarus to the gate of Dives may be well for neither. These slums will never be redeemed until Christian men and women learn that when Christ said neighbor he meant neighbor. Consecutive work is, however, rendered difficult by the summer divorce between rich and poor which disorganizes all city work. The one seriously congested district in the city has been made the center of work by a College Settlement of women and of another by students from Princeton. Of the two the former has been the more successful. It has become the focus of a neighborly activity which takes many useful forms. The number directly affected is not very large, and I am unable to see that it differs very greatly from the mission work in constant progress in our large cities by churches, but its effect is unmistakable, and it has been accompanied by the creation of a park and library, both receiving city support.

The impulse to village improvement has its representative in the Fairmount Park Art Association, now twenty-five years old, with 1,100 members, which has expended on works of art $250,000. This Association began its work considerably earlier than any like society of which I know, and has expended considerably more money. Again one must regret low standards. Conventional and non-critical admiration has dictated too many purchases, though some of the commissions have resulted in work altogether admirable. How noble a thing it is for a small, well-organized group of men and women to devote themselves for twenty-five years to making beautiful the city in which they live! The Art Club, organized eight years ago, gives in its gallery two annual and successive smaller exhibitions. The Civic Club has energetically agitated to procure legislation to provide a jury of experts on works of art given to the city or erected in its limits. Mr. Harrison S. Morris, the managing director of the Academy of Fine Arts, has made it the center of associated action to provide decoration for the new City Hall; Philadelphia, more liberal than New York, providing prizes and an appropriation to pay for prizes for the competition. The Small Parks Association has organized and led the movement for small parks, which Councils have bought and are providing for. Germantown, Chestnut Hill, and other suburbs have active village and road improvement societies. The Civic Club, active in many directions, has organized in the Seventh Ward a school movement for clean streets, with street receptacles for paper provided by the Club. Railroads usually do naught but make a town hideous. The Pennsylvania Railroad sets an example to all railroad corporations by lining its tracks and bedding its depots with turf and flowers. Not less important than beautifying parks is the furnishing of playgrounds for children. A munificent provision of $500,000 has just been made by will by Mr. Richard Smith for this purpose. Each summer, on slender means, the Culture Extension League procures the opening of school yards, vacant lots, and city parks not yet laid out, as playgrounds, teachers being hired to supervise the games. To the general effort to improve city appearances must be credited the active interest in its monuments. The Colonial Dames and other Revolutionary organizations have taken up the work of restoring Independence Hall and its adjacent buildings. The former has begun the erection of memorial tablets. Bartram's Garden and his historic house have been bought by the city, made a park, and, under the active co-operation between city and university, Mr. Eisenhower, Superintendent of City Property, has, with a wise liberality, called in the advice of Professor Macfarlane, holding the chair of Botany.

Great tracts of efforts are necessarily omitted here. I have, after all, but considered the blossoming efforts of the great organic structure which constitutes a city. On its history I have spent much patient study. To the anonymous service of any great city it has always seemed to me that a man might gladly dedicate a lifetime and die happy if he had been privileged to aid in its upward march, though no man knew his name and no office recorded his work. To Philadelphia no man can give this study and this labor without the conviction that its history has been one of steady and continuous development, and that all labor given to its service is rewarded a hundredfold by the glad consciousness of sharing in a winning fight for those things which make for the salvation of man and the coming of the City of God.

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

The Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.

By John Willis Baer

FRANCIS E. CLARK
(Eighteen years old)

"Some twenty-seven years ago, in the old lecture-room of the Kimball Union Academy in Meriden, N. H., a boy of sixteen arose in the weekly prayer-meeting and gave a simple testimony for Christ. His words were few, but they came from a sincere heart; and upon one at least who heard them they made an impression that has lasted, with the friendship which began with them, for over a quarter of a century.

"That brief prayer-meeting testimony was a precursor of the Christian Endeavor movement. It was a keynote to the mighty symphony of prayer and praise which is arising from two millions and a half young hearts to-day.

"He was a modest, unassuming boy, yet withal very determined and wonderfully persuasive. He possessed a sensitive temperament, with instincts which were almost womanly in their delicacy and refinement, and yet he was every whit a man, strong, courageous, fond of manly sports, full of life and fire. He was all this as a boy of sixteen, and those who know him best to-day will tell you that he is all this and more as a man of forty-four."

Thus writes the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, D.D., about his classmate and bosom friend, Francis E. Clark.

Francis Edward Symmes—for Dr. Clark's father was Charles Carey Symmes, a native of New England, as was his wife—though he has many generations of New England blood in his veins, was born under the Union Jack, in Aylmer, Quebec, September 12, 1851. The father died of cholera at Three Rivers, P. Q., in 1854, while absent from Aylmer on a business trip. From Mr. S. J. Jarvis, of Aylmer, I learn the following interesting facts:

"After her husband's death, Mrs. Symmes, who was not a novice at teaching, opened a young ladies' academy at the old homestead, 'Cherry Cottage.' This institution flourished exceedingly well, and many bright girls were made brighter and happier by their association with Dr. Clark's mother. The past pupils are still to be found, and they will invariably tell you that the happiest days of their lives were when they were eligible to be called 'cherry-birds.' They will tell of the wonderful way in which 'dear Mrs. Symmes' used to instruct them in God's own book. They say there was none that could teach its truths as she could. Nor do they forget the curly-headed Frank, who was so smart a boy; and they are greatly pleased that he has been so used by God for furthering the Master's work."

Dr. Clark's mother, sister, and brothers are buried in the cemetery a few miles from Aylmer, on the road to Ottawa. An aunt and cousins on his mother's side, besides numerous relatives of his father, still reside in Aylmer.

Mrs. Symmes lived but five years after her

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.
(1892)

WILLISTON CHURCH, PORTLAND, ME.

husband's death. Left an orphan so early in life, Dr. Clark tells me that, though he well remembers his mother, the face of his father lingers with him only as a vague memory. But God made up to him his great loss by providing for him new parents in the persons of the Rev. E. W. Clark and wife, a devoted uncle and aunt, who took him to Claremont, N. H., and into their home and hearts, adopted him (it being the wish of his mother) as their son, and gave him a liberal education. It was at this time that his name was changed from Symmes to Clark, his adopted father's and his own mother's name. There, in his new home, a country parsonage, under the best of religious training, he became a Christian at an early age, and decided to be a minister of the Gospel. Uncle and Aunt, or rather Father and Mother, Clark are both living to-day. Mr. Clark's voice was heard throughout the vast Mechanics' Building, Boston, in earnest prayer at the opening session of the last International Endeavor Convention. The mother is still an interested and active worker in the cause of missions. From Kimball Union Academy in Meriden he entered Dartmouth College, graduated with an honor in 1873 and with a good record as a scholar, and studied theology three years at Andover. From Andover he went immediately to his first pastorate at the Williston Church, Portland, Me.

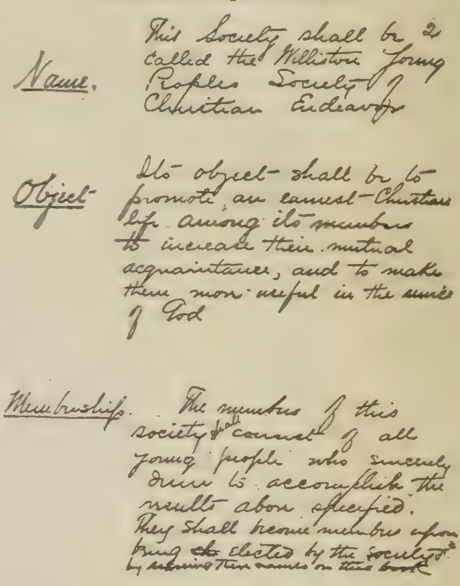
The Williston Church was at that time a new "mission," which had been started by a few earnest Christian people in a growing part of the city. The congregation was very small, and the services were held in a building which looked little like a church. Mr. Clark, however, soon became known as a preacher of ability, a zealous worker, and a devoted pastor. Large numbers rallied about him, and it became necessary to erect a church building of considerable proportions. Loved by all, especially by the young, Williston Church soon became famous for its evangelistic spirit and practical Christian work.

"It was in many respects an ideal church, and it had an ideal pastor; and these together furnished the ideal conditions for the Christian Endeavor organization. It came into being naturally, as the blossom comes. It was designed by a devoted pastor to meet the needs of a single church. It had in its conception no mixture of personal ambition, or denominational pride, or ecclesiastical rivalry. The man who conceived it believed in youthful piety and practical Christianity. He was himself an exemplar of these two ideas, and he had been conspicuously successful in realizing them in the church of which he was pastor; the Christian Endeavor constitution was the material mold in which these ideas found their natural development."

From Williston Church Dr. Clark was called in 1883 to the pastorate of Phillips Church, South Boston, where he ministered for four years. In 1887 the tide of Christian Endeavor had reached a mark that compelled National attention. The movement must have an official representative, and at the National Convention held at Saratoga the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., pastor of Union Church, Boston, Mass., presented a resolution which recommended the adoption of the "Golden Rule" as the official organ of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. At this time Dr. Clark was urged to become its editor, a position for which he was especially fitted, having inherited literary ability from his mother (a woman with poetical tastes and temperament), and having had experience at Dartmouth as one of the editors of "The Dartmouth." It was some time before he was fully persuaded that he ought to give up his pulpit for the editor's chair. At this same convention Dr. Clark was elected President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

CONSTITUTION.

Fac-Simile of Original Constitution.



Name. This Society shall be 2 called the Williston Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor

Object. Its object shall be to promote an earnest Christian life among its members to increase their mutual acquaintance, and to make them more useful in the service of God

Membership. The members of this society sh consist of all young people who sincerely desire to accomplish the results above specified. They shall become members upon being ~~ele~~ elected by the society ~~by signing their names on this book~~

Christian Endeavor deals with spiritual matters and methods of service so largely that little is really known about its own machinery; a new generation of Christian Endeavorers has come forward since the United Society was formed; and, naturally, they may not be acquainted with its origin and its object.

PARLOR WHERE THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY WAS ORGANIZED

DR. CLARK AT HIS OFFICE DESK

For a few years after the formation of the first Society of Christian Endeavor, Mr. Pennell, Mr. Van Patten, Mr. Stevenson, of Portland, and Dr. Clark, with one or two others, did the work of the United Society. They furnished the information to those who wished it, and answered numberless letters. First, Dr. Clark made a hectograph copy of the constitution, and sent that out to inquiring friends. Then a supply of constitutions was printed for general distribution.

Thus things went on until the year 1885, when the United Society of Christian Endeavor was legally incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine (though it was afterward transferred to Massachusetts), for the purpose of publishing the necessary Christian Endeavor literature, and of furnishing the necessary information concerning the principles of the movement. That was the object of the United Society then, and it is no different to-day.

"CHERRY COTTAGE," AYLMER, QUEBEC, CANADA—BIRTHPLACE OF DR. CLARK

It is not the United Societies, you will notice, as it is often erroneously called, but the United Society, whose office is to supply information to those who desire it. It assumes no authority and levies no taxes. It seeks no control of State unions, local unions, or individual societies. Its corporate membership consists of all Christian Endeavorers who care enough for the privilege of voting at its annual business meeting to pay one dollar a year to support its work, or twenty dollars for life membership. Its trustees represent the different denominations. They are all well known, many of them most eminent in their respective denominations. They are all men who by their weight and character have commended the Society to their own denominations, and have thus largely promoted its growth. To many of them are due the increasing confidence and rapid growth of the Society in their respective denominations.

The United Society is, as I have said, a bureau of information, and is self-supporting. With a small income, it has accomplished its world-wide work most efficiently.

During all these years the "Golden Rule" has enabled Dr. Clark to contribute his time without a cent of expense to the Society of Christian Endeavor. It has paid his salary, and has enabled him to visit other lands in the interests of Christian Endeavor.

This is, briefly, the history of the organization called the United Society, which was founded in prayer, and has been carried on in the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause it represents. It has strictly minded its own business. It has interfered with no local society and no local union. It has left matters of local development where they should be left—to the pastors and churches, and to the societies and unions, State and provincial. It has received the commendation of wise and level-headed men in all denominations, and the manifest favor of God, in that during the years spanned by this brief recital Christian Endeavor has spread into every land, has grown faster than any other religious organization ever grew, and has constantly been bringing forth its peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Dr. Clark's acceptance of the editor's chair of the "Golden Rule" and the presidency of the United Society was an epoch in the history of Christian Endeavor. God called him to these places of honor and responsibility, and has led him all these years. A passenger once asked a pilot on a treacherous water if he knew every rock and shoal; the answer was, "Oh, no, but I know where the deep water lies." Dr. Clark turns the wheel that keeps the craft Christian Endeavor in the

J. WILLIS BAER
Secretary Christian Endeavor Society

WILLIAM SHAW
Treasurer Christian Endeavor Society

"deep" water. A firm believer in the deep, powerful, religious life expressed in the Church of Jesus Christ, he is an enthusiastic champion of the young people and their ability to do Christian work, appealing to the heroic and devout in their lives. A man of sincere simplicity and at the same time resolute strength, quiet, unassuming, always persistent, never obstinate, always aggressive, never pugnacious, always courteous, never punctilious, always religious, never sanctimonious, a friend of self-respecting interdenominationalism, an enemy of narrow sectarianism, Francis E. Clark is an ideal Christian Endeavorer.

Editor-in-chief of the "Golden Rule," President of the World's Union of Christian Endeavor, the United Society of Christian Endeavor and of its Board of Trustees, his is a busy life. I presume no other man living to-day has the acquaintance of so many young people throughout the world. He has not only addressed conventions of young people in every State, Territory, and Province in the United States and Canada, but he has made several trips to Great Britain and Continental Europe, and has also made a complete circuit of the globe, meeting with and addressing thousands in all foreign and missionary lands. It is easy to believe that a leader with his opportunities and successes must have great executive ability. He has it, and has it to almost a wonderful degree. Dr. Clark has surrounded himself with associates whom he delights to trust, and, like General Grant, he delegates certain departments of work and lines of policy to his subordinates; while still guiding with a master hand, he expects these associates to direct affairs in their departments, and places much of the burden of responsibility for success or failure upon their shoulders.

Dr. Clark's home is in Auburndale, one of the suburbs of Boston. It is here, free from interruptions and callers, that he does much of his editorial and other literary work. When not called away to meet appointments at conventions—and he has many such engagements—he divides his days equally between his study in his home and his office at headquarters, 646 Washington Street, Boston.

Any sketch of Dr. Clark's life would be incomplete without generous mention of his wife and family and his home life. Max Müller has said that "all really great and honest men may be said to live three lives: there is one life which is seen and accepted by the world at large—a man's outward life; there is a second life which is seen by a man's intimate friends—his household life; and there is a third life, seen only by the man himself and by Him who searcheth the heart, which may be called the inner or heavenly life." Dr. Clark's public life is fairly well known the world around. It must be so, naturally, and we need no longer dwell upon it. If you want to see the best side of this man whose name is a household word in many countries, look in with me upon his home life. Step with me to the door of his hospitable home. Even before you receive a hearty and affectionate greeting from the man, you will have received a generous welcome if you glance up at the main girders of the porch, for here, in a dozen different languages, the word *welcome* is beautifully carved. You will be at once invited into his library, which is also the "family" room, for this is a typical American home. It is here more often than upon public functions that you will meet Dr. Clark's "better seven-eighths," and their four children. Mrs. Clark is beloved by a great host of people, for not only did she make deservedly loyal friends in both Dr. Clark's parishes, as she has in their present home, but she has been his traveling companion upon many of his pilgrimages in this and other lands. She has much of her husband's executive ability, and is the originator of many methods of Christian Endeavor and other church work. She is especially qualified in every way to be the wife of the leader of two million and a half young people. Let me say of her what the Rev. Charles Perry Mills, of Newburyport, Mass., the pastor who organized the second Christian Endeavor Society, once said of Dr. Clark: "Some men are gentle without strength, some are strong without gentleness; he has both gentleness and strength." All who know Mrs. Clark will say that she has both gentleness and strength. Personal knowledge from several years of intimacy convinces me that a peep into the home life of the family would give the same uplift that the personality of the two heads of the family has given to thousands outside of the home, whose contact has been only with their outward lives.

Then, lastly, there is a third life—that seen only by God and the man himself. I cannot trust myself to speak of that. My privileges have been many, in that my associations with Dr. Clark have been intimate and affectionate, and I think I know something, too, of the deep spiritual life that is his. There have been experiences that have been confidential, that have given me inlets into his very heart-life, yet, with Müller, let me say, "It is seldom that we catch a glimpse of those deep springs of human character which cannot come to the surface even in the most confidential intercourse, which in every-day life are hidden from a man's own sight, but which break forth when he is alone with God in secret prayer—aye, in prayer without words."

DR. CLARK AT HOME

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.—JOINT POTENTATES

Among all the houses in a Scottish parish the homeliest and kindliest is the manse, for to its door some time in the year comes every inhabitant, from the laird to the cottar woman. Within the familiar and old-fashioned study, where the minister's chair and writing-table could not be changed without discomposing the parish, and where there are fixed degrees of station, so that the laird has his chair and the servant lass hers, the minister receives and does his best for all the folk committed to his charge. Here he consults with the factor about some improvement in the arrangements of the little commonwealth, he takes counsel with a farmer about his new lease and promises to say a good word to his lordship, he confirms the secret resolution of some modest gifted lad to study for the holy ministry, he hears the shamefaced confession of some lassie whom love has led astray, he gives good advice to a son leaving the Glen for the distant dangerous world, he comforts the mother who has received bad news from abroad. Generations have come in their day to this room, and generations still unborn will come in their joys and sorrows, with their trials and their affairs, while the manse stands and human life runs its old course. And when, as was the case with Dr. Davidson in Drumtochty, the minister is ordained to the parish in his youth, and, instead of hurrying hither and thither, preaching in vacancies, scheming and intriguing, he dwells all his days among his own people, he himself knows three generations, and accumulates a store of practical wisdom for the help of his people. What may be the place of the clergyman in an English parish, and what associations of sympathy and counsel the rectory may have for the English farm-laborer, it is not given to a northern man to know; but it is one good thing at least in our poor land that the manse is another word for guidance and good cheer, so that Jean advises Jock in their poor little perplexity about a new place to "slip doon an' see the Doctor," and Jock, although appearing to refuse, does "gie a cry at the manse," and comes home to the gude wife mightily comforted.

The manse-builders of the ancient days were men of a shrewd eye and much wisdom. If anywhere the traveler in the north country sees a house peeping from among a clump of trees in the lap of a hill where the northeaster cannot come and the sun shines full and warm, then let him be sure that is the manse, with the kirk and God's acre close beside, and that the fertile little fields around are the glebe, which the farmers see are plowed and sown and reaped first in the parish. Drumtochty Manse lay beneath the main road, so that the cold wind blowing from the north went over its chimneys, and on the east it was sheltered by the Tochty woods. Southward it overlooked the fields that sloped toward the river, and westward, through some ancient trees, one study window had a peep of the west, although it was not given to the parish manse to lie of an evening in the glory of the setting sun, as did the Free Kirk. Standing at the gate and looking down beneath the beeches that stood as sentinels on either side of the little drive, one caught a pleasant glimpse of the manse garden, with its close-cut lawn and flower-beds and old summer-house and air of peace. No one troubled the birds in that place, and they had grown shameless in their familiarity with dignities—a jackdaw having once done his best to steal the Doctor's bandana handkerchief, and the robins settling on his hat. Irreverence has limits, and in justice to a privileged friend it ought to be explained that the Doctor wore on these occasions an aged wide-awake and carried no gold-headed stick. His dog used to follow him step by step as he fed the birds and pottered among the flowers, and then it always ended in the old man sitting down on a seat at the foot of the lawn, with Skye at his feet, and looking across the Glen where he had been born and where for nearly half a century he had ministered. Kate caught him once in this attitude, and was so successful in her sketch that some have preferred it to the picture in oils that was presented to the Doctor by the Presbytery of Muirtown, and was painted by an R.A. who spent a fortnight at the manse and departed with some marvelous heads, still to be identified in certain councilors and nobles of the past. Both are hanging in the same house now, far from Drumtochty, and there they call one "Public Capaucity" and the other "Private Capaucity," and you require to have seen both to know our kindly, much-loved Moderate.

As John grew old with his master and mellowed, he would make believe to work close by, so that at times they might drop into talk, recalling names that had died out of the Glen, shrewd sayings that fell from lips now turned to dust, curious customs that had ceased forever, all in great charity. Then there would come a pause, and John would say, "Aye, aye," and go away to the bees. Under the influence of such reminiscences John used to become depressed, and gently prepare Rebecca for the changes that were not far off, when Drumtochty would have a new minister and a new beadle.

"The Doctor's failin', Becca, an' it's no tae be expeckit that a'll be lang aifter him; it wudna be fittin', an' a'm no wantin't. Aifter ye've carried the bukes afore ae minister for five and thirty year, ye're no anxious for a change; naebody 'ill ever come doon the kirkyaird like the Doctor, an' a' cudna brak ma step; na, na, there's no mony things a' michtna learn, but a' cudna brak ma step."

Rebecca went on with her dinner in silence; even capable men had weaknesses somewhere, and she was accustomed to those moralizings.

"A'm the auldest beadle in the Presbytery o' Muirtown—though a' say it as sudna—an' the higher the place the mair we 'ill hae tae answer for, Becca. Nae man can hold the poseetion a'm in withoot anxieties. Noo there wes the 'Eruption' in '43"—it could not be ignorance which made John cling to this word, and so we supposed that the word was adopted in the spirit of historical irony—"that wes a crisis. Did a' ever tell ye, Rebecca, that there wes juist ae beadle left the next morning tae cairry on the Presbytery of Muirtown?"

"Aye, forty times an' mair," replied that uncompromising woman; "an' it wud set ye better tae be servin' the Doctor's lunch than sit haverin' an' blawin' there."

No sane person in Drumtochty would have believed that any human being could dare to address John after this fashion, and it is still more incredible that the great man should have risen without a word and gone about his duty. Such a surprising and painful incident suggests the question whether a beadle or any other person in high position ought to be married, and so be exposed to inevitable familiarities. Hillocks took this view strongly in the kirkyard at the time of John's marriage—although neither he nor any one knew with how much reason—and he impressed the fathers powerfully.

"Becca cam frae Kilspindie Castle close on thirty year syne, and John's took the bukes aboot the same time; they've agreed no that ill for sic a creetical poseetion a' that time, him oot an' her in, an' atween them the Doctor's no been that ill-servit; they micht hae lat weel alane.

"She's no needin' a man tae keep her," and Hillocks proceeded to review the situation, "for Becca's hed a gude place, an' she disna fling awa' her siller on dress. As for John, a' canna mak him oot, for he gets his stockin's darned and his white stock dune as weel an' maybe better than if he wes mairried."

The kirkyard could see no solution of the problem, and Hillocks grew pessimistic.

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

"It 'ill be a doon-come tae him, a'm judgin', an' 'ill no be for the gude o' the pairish. He's never been crossed yet, an' he 'ill no tak weel wi' contradickin' . . ."

"She wudna daur," broke in Whinny, "an' him the beadle."

"Ye ken little aboot weemen," retorted Hillocks, "for yir gude wife is by hersel' in the pairish, an' micht be a sanct; the maist o' them are a camsteary lot. A'm no sayin'," he summed up, "that Becca 'ill gie the beadle the word back or refuse to dae his biddin', but she 'ill be pittin' forrit her ain opeenions, an' that's no what he's been accustomed tae in Drumtochty."

They were married one forenoon in the study, with Drumsheugh and Domsie for witnesses—the address given by the Doctor could hardly be distinguished from an ordination charge—and John announced his intention of accompanying his master that afternoon to the General Assembly, while Rebecca remained in charge of the manse.

"It wudna be wise-like for us twa," explained the beadle, "tae be stravagin' ower the country for three or fower days like wild geese, but the pairish micht expect something. Noo, a've hed ma share o' a Presbytery an' a Synod, tae say naethin' o' Kirk Sessions, but a've never seen an Assembly.

"Gin ye cud get a place, a' wud spend ma time considering hoo the officer comes in, and hoo he lays doon the buke, an' sic like; a' micht get a hint," said John, with much modesty.

So John went alone for his wedding tour, and, being solemnly introduced to Thomas, the chief of all beadles, discussed mysteries with him unto great edification; but he was chiefly impressed by the Clerk of the Free Kirk Assembly—into which he had wandered on an errand of exploration—who was a fiery-faced old gentleman with a stentorian voice and the heart of a little child.

"Ye never heard him cry, 'Officer, shut the door,' afore a vote?" he inquired of the Doctor. "Weel, ye've missed a real pleesure, sir; gin ye stude on Princes Street, wi' the wind frae the richt airt, ye micht hear him. A' never heard onything better dune: hoo ony man wi' sic a face and voice cud be content ootside the Auld Kirk passes me."

John was so enamored of this performance that after much cogitation he unburdened his mind to the Doctor, and showed how such a means of grace might be extended to Drumtochty.

"Noo, if there wes nae objection in order, aifter ye hed settled in the pulpit an' hed yir first snuff, ye micht say, 'Officer, shut the door.' Then a' wud close the kirk door deleeberately in sicht o' the hale congregation, an' come back tae ma place, an' Peter Rattray himsel' wudna daur tae show his face aifter that. Ye hae the voice an' the manner, Doctor, an' it's no richt tae wyste them."

In public John defended the Doctor's refusal as a proof of his indulgence to the prodigals of the parish, but with his intimates he did not conceal his belief that the opportunity had been lost of bringing the service in Drumtochty Kirk to absolute perfection. John's own mind ran on the mighty utterance, and so it came to pass that the question of mastery in the kitchen of the manse under the new régime was settled within a week after his ecclesiastical honeymoon.

"Rebecca"—this with a voice of thunder from the fireplace, where the beadle was reading the "Muirtown Advertiser"—"close the door."

The silence was so imperative that John turned round, and saw his spouse standing with a half-dried dish in her hand.

"Ma name is Rebecca," as she recovered her speech, "an' there's nae ither wumman in the hoose, but a'm judgin' ye werena speakin' tae me, or"—with awful severity—"ye've made a mistak', an' the suner it's pit richt the better for baith you an' me an' the manse o' Drumtochty.

"For near thirty year ye've gane traivelin' in an' oot o' this kitchin withoot cleanin' yir feet, and ye've pit yir shoon on the fender, an' hung up yir weet coat on the back o' the door, an' commandit this an' that as if ye were the Doctor himsel', an' a' cud dae naethin', for ye were beadle o' Drumtochty.

"So a' saw there wes nae ither wy o't but tae mairry ye an' get some kind of order in the hoose; noo ye 'ill understand the poseetion an' no need anither tellin': ootside in the kirk an' pairish ye're maister, an' a'll never conter ye, for a' ken ma place as a kirk member an' yir place as beadle; inside in this hoose a'm maister, an' ye 'ill dae what ye're bid, always in due submission tae the Doctor, wha's maister baith in an' oot. Tak yir feet aff that steel bar this meenut"—this by way of practical application; and when, after a brief pause, in which the fate of an empire hung in the balance, John obeyed, the two chief officials in the parish had made their covenant.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that they carefully kept their bounds, so that Becca would no more have thought of suggesting a new attitude to John as he stood at the foot of the pulpit stair waiting for the Doctor's descent than John would have interfered with the cooking of the Doctor's dinner. When the glass was at set fair, they even exchanged compliments, the housekeeper expressing her sense of unworthiness as she saw John in his high estate, while he would indicate that the Doctor's stock on Sacrament Sabbath reached the highest limits of human attainment. The Doctor, being left to the freedom of his own will, labored at a time to embroil the powers by tempting them to cross one another's frontiers, but always failed, because they foresaw the consequences with a very distinct imagination. If he asked Rebecca to convey a message to Drumsheugh, that cautious woman would send in John to receive it from the Doctor's own lips; and if the Doctor gave some directions regarding dinner to John, Rebecca would appear in a few minutes to learn what the Doctor wanted. It was an almost complete delimitation of frontiers, and the Doctor used to say that he never quite understood the Free Kirk theory of the relation between Church and State till he considered the working agreement of his two retainers. It was, he once pleasantly said to the minister of Kildrummie, a perfect illustration of "co-ordinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination." It is just possible that some one may not fully grasp those impressive words, in which case let him appreciate other people's accomplishments and mourn his ignorance, for they were common speech in Drumtochty, and were taught at their porridge to the Free Kirk children.

It is an unfortunate circumstance, however, that even a scientific frontier wavers at places, and leaves a piece of doubtful territory that may at any moment become a cause of war. Surely there is not on the face of the Scottish earth a more unoffending, deferential, conciliatory person than a "probationer," who on Saturdays can be seen at every country junction, bag in hand, on his patient errand of "supply;" and yet it was over his timid body the great powers of the manse twice quarreled disastrously. As a guest in the manse, to be received on Saturday evening, to be conducted to his room, to be fed and warmed, to go to his bed at a proper hour—ten on Saturday and ten-thirty on Sabbath—to be sent away on Monday morning in good time for the train, he was within the province of Rebecca. As a minister to be examined, advised, solemnized, encouraged, to be got ready on Sabbath morning and again disrobed, to be edified with suitable conversation and generally made as fit as possible for his work, he was evidently within John's sphere of influence. It was certainly the beadle's business to visit the dining-room on Saturday evening, where the young man was supposed to be meditating against the ordeal of the morrow, to get the Psalms for the precentor, to answer strictly professional questions, and generally to advise the neophyte about the sermon that would suit Drumtochty, and the kind of voice to be used. One thing John knew perfectly well he ought not to do, and that was to invite a probationer to spend the evening in the Doctor's study, for on this point Rebecca was inexorable.

"A' dinna say that they wud read the Doctor's letters, an' a' dinna say they wud tak a buke as a keepsake, but a' can never forget ane o' them—he hed a squint and red hair—comin' oot frae the cupboard as a' opened the door.

"'There's juist ae wy oot o' the room, an' it's by the door ye cam in at,' a' said; 'maybe ye wud like tae come an' sit in the dinin'-room; ye 'ill be less distrackit.'" And

Rebecca charged John that no probationer should in future be allowed to enter the Doctor's sanctum on any consideration.

John's excuse for his solitary fault was that the lad thought that he could study his sermon better with books round him, and so Rebecca found the young gentleman seated in the Doctor's own chair and working with the Doctor's own pen, unblushing and shameless.

"Gin ye want Cruden's Concordance"—this was when Rebecca had led him out a chastened man—"or Matthew Henry tae fill up yir sermon, the books 'ill be brocht by the church officer."

Rebecca's intrusion, in turn, into John's sphere was quite without excuse, and she could only explain her conduct by a general reference to the foolishness of the human heart. It came out through the ingenuousness of the probationer, who mentioned casually that he was told Drumtochty liked four heads in the sermon.

"May I ask the name of yir adviser?" said the beadle, with awful severity. "The hoosekeeper? A' thocht so, an' a' wud juist gie ye due intimation that the only person qualified an' entitled tae gie ye information on sic subjects is masel', an' ony ither is unjustified and unwarranted.

"Fower heads? Three an' an application is the Doctor's invariable rule, an' gin a probationer gied oot a fourth, a' winna undertake tae say what michtna happen. Drumtochty is no a pairish tae trifle wi', an' it disna like newfangled wys. Fower!" and the scorn for this unorthodox division was withering.

Rebecca realized the gravity of the situation in the kitchen, and humbled herself greatly.

"It wes as a hearer that he askit ma opinion, an' no as an authority. He said that the new wy wes tae leave oot heads, an' a' saw a' the hay spread oot across the field, so a' told him tae gither it up intae 'coles' (haycocks), an' it wud be easier lifted. Maybe a' mentioned fower—a'll no deny it; but it's the first time a' ever touched on heads, an' it 'ill be the laist."

Upon those terms of penitence John granted pardon, but it was noticed on Sabbath that when Becca got in the way of the retiring procession to the manse, the beadle was heard in the kirkyard, "Oot of ma rood, wumman," in a tone that was full of judgment, and that Rebecca withdrew to the grass as one justly punished.

This excellent woman once accomplished her will, however, in spite of John, and had all her days the pleasant relish of a secret triumph. Her one unfulfilled desire was to see the Doctor in his court dress, which he wore as Moderator of the Kirk of Scotland during the Assembly time, and which had lain ever since in a box with camphor and such preservatives amid the folds. It was aggravating to hear Drumsheugh and Hillocks—who had both gone to the Assembly that year for the sole purpose of watching the Doctor enter and bow to the standing house—enlarging on his glory in velvet and lace and silver buckles, and growing in enthusiasm with the years.

"It's little better than a sin," she used to insist, "tae see the bonnie suit gien the Doctor by the Countess o' Kilspindie, wi' dear's knows hoo much o' her ain auld lace on't, lyin' useless, wi' naebody tae git a sicht o't on his back. Dinna ye think, man"—this with much persuasiveness—"that ye cud get the Doctor tae pit on his velvets on an occasion, maybe a Saicrament? The pairish wud be lifted; an' ye wud look weel walkin' afore him in his lace."

"Dinna plead wi' me, wumman; a' wud gie a half-year's wages tae see him in his grandeur; but it's offeecial, div ye no see, an' canna be used except by a Moderator. Na, na, ye can dust and stroke it, but ye 'ill never see yon coat on the Doctor."

This was little less than a challenge to a woman of spirit, and Rebecca simply lived from that day to clothe the Doctor in embroidered garments. Her opportunity arrived when Kate's birthday came round, and the Doctor insisted on celebrating it by a party of four. By the merest accident his housekeeper met Miss Carnegie on the road, and somehow happened to describe the excellent glory of the Doctor's full dress, whereupon that willful young woman went straight to the manse, nor left till the Doctor had promised to dine in ruffles, in which case she pledged herself that the General would come in uniform, and she would wear the family jewels, so that everything would be worthy of the Doctor's dinner.

"Hoo daur ye!" began John, coming down from the Doctor's room, where the suit was spread upon the bed; but his wife did not allow him to continue, explaining that the thing was none of her doing, and that it was only becoming honor should be shown to Miss Carnegie when she dined for the first time at the manse of Drumtochty.

CHAPTER XVI.—DRIED ROSE-LEAVES

Townspeople are so clever and know so much that it is only just something should be hidden from their sight, and it is quite certain that they do not understand the irresistible and endless fascination of the country. They love to visit us in early autumn, and are vastly charmed with the honeysuckle in the hedges, and the corn turning yellow, and the rivers singing in the sunlight, and the purple on the hillside. It is then that the dweller in cities resolves to retire as soon as may be from dust and crowds and turmoil and hurry to some cottage where the scent of roses comes in at the open window and one is wakened of a morning by the birds singing in the ivy. When the corn is gathered into the stack-yard, and the leaves fall on the road, and the air has a touch of frost, and the evenings draw in, then the townsman begins to shiver and bethink him of his home. He leaves the fading glory with a sense of relief, like one escaping from approaching calamity, and as often as his thoughts turn thither he pities us in our winter solitude. "What a day this would be in Drumtochty!" he says, coming in from the slushy streets and rubbing his hands before the fire.

This good man is thankful to Providence for very slight mercies, since he knows only one out of the four seasons that make our glorious year. He had been wise to visit us in the summer-time, when the light hardly dies out of the Glen, and the grass and young corn present six shades of green, and the scent of the hay is everywhere, and all young creatures are finding themselves with joy. Perhaps he had done better to have come north in our springtime, when nature, throwing off the yoke of winter, burst suddenly into an altogether indescribable greenery, and the primroses were blooming in Tochty woods, and every cottage garden was sweet with wallflowers, and the birds sang of love in every wood, and the sower went forth to sow. And, though this will appear quite incredible, it had done this comfortable citizen much good to have made his will and risked his life with us in the big snow-storm that used to shut us up for fourteen days every February. One might well endure many hardships to stand on the side of Ben Urtach and see the land one glittering expanse of white on to the great strath on the left and the hills above Dunleith on the right, to tramp all day through the dry, crisp snow, and, gathering round the wood fire of an evening, tell pleasant tales of ancient days, while the wind powdered the glass with drift and roared in the chimney. Then a man thanked God that he was not confined to a place where the pure snow was trodden into mire, and the thick fog made it dark at midday.

This very season of autumn, which frightened the townsfolk and sent them home in silence, used to fill our hearts with peace, for it was to us the crown and triumph of the year. We were not dismayed by the leaves that fell with rustling sound in Tochty woods, nor by the bare stubble-fields from which the last straw had been raked by thrifty hands, nor by the touch of cold in the northwest wind blowing over Ben Urtach, nor by the grayness of the running water. The long toil of the year had not been in vain, and the harvest had been safely gathered. The clump of sturdy little stacks, carefully thatched and roped, that stood beside each homestead were the visible fruit of the long year's labor, and the assurance of plenty against winter. Let it snow for a week on end, and let the blast from the mouth of Glen Urtach pile up the white drift high against the outer row of stacks—the horses will be put in the mill shed, and an inner stack will be forked into the threshing-loft, and all day long the mill will go with dull, rumbling sound that can be heard from the road, while within the grain pours into the corn-room, and the clean yellow straw is piled in the barn. Hillocks was not a man given to sentiment, yet even he would wander among the stacks on an October evening, and come in to the firelight full of moral reflections. A vague sense of rest and thankfulness pervaded the Glen, as if one had come home from a long journey in safety, bringing his possessions with him.

The spirit of October was on the Doctor as he waited for his guests in the drawing-room of the manse. The Doctor had a special affection for the room, and would often sit alone in it for hours in the gloaming. Once Rebecca came in suddenly, and though the light was dim, and the Doctor was seated in the shadow by the piano, she was certain that he had been weeping. He would not allow any change to be made in the room, even the shifting of a table, and he was very particular about its good keeping. Twice a year Rebecca polished the old-fashioned rosewood furniture, and so often a man came from Muirtown to tune the piano, which none in the district could play, and which the Doctor kept locked. Two little pencil sketches, signed with a childish hand, Daisy Davidson, the minister always dusted himself, as also a covered picture on the wall; and the half-yearly cleaning of the drawing-room was concluded when he arranged on the backs of two chairs one piece of needlework showing red and white roses, and another whereon was wrought a posy of primroses. The room had a large bay window opening on the lawn, and the Doctor had a trick of going out and in that way, so that he often had ten minutes in its quietness; but no visitor was taken there, except once a year, when the wife of the Doctor's old friend, Lord Kilspindie, drove up to lunch, and the old man escorted her ladyship round the garden and brought her in by the window. On that occasion, but only then, the curtain was lifted from the picture, and for a brief space they stood in silence. Then he let the silken veil fall and gently arranged its folds, and, offering his arm with a very courtly bow, led the Countess into the dining-room, where Rebecca had done her best, and John waited in fullest Sabbath array.

The Doctor wandered about the room—looking out on the garden, mysterious in the fading light, changing the position of a chair, smoothing the old-fashioned needlework with caressing touch, breaking up a log in the grate. He fell at last into a reverie before the fire—which picked out each bit of silver on his dress and shone back from the black velvet—and heard nothing till John flung open the door and announced with immense majesty, "General Carnegie and Miss Carnegie."

"Welcome, Kate, to the house of your father's friend, and welcome for your own sake, and many returns of this day. May I say how that white silk and those rubies become you? It is very kind to put on such beautiful things for my poor little dinner. As for you, Jack, you are glorious," and the Doctor must go over Carnegie's medals till that worthy and very modest man lost all patience.

"No more of this nonsense; but, Sandie, that is a desperately becoming get-up of yours; doesn't he suit it well, Kit? I never saw a better calf on any man."

"You are both 'rael bonnie,' and ought to be very grateful to me for insisting on full dress. I'm sorry that there is only one girl to admire two such handsome men; it's a poor audience, but at any rate it is very appreciative and grateful," and Kate curtsied to each in turn, for all that evening she was in great good humor.

"By the way, there will be one more to laugh at us, for I've asked the Free Kirk minister to make a fourth for our table. He is a nice young fellow, with more humanity than most of his kind; but did not I hear that he called at the Lodge to pay his respects?"

"Certainly he did," said the General, "and I rather took a fancy to him. He has an honest eye and is not at all bad-looking, and tells a capital story. But Kit fell upon him about something, and I had to cover him. It's a wonder that he ever came near the place again."

"He has been at the Lodge eight times since then," explained Kate, with much composure; "but he will on no account be left alone with the head of the household. The General insulted him on politics, and I had to interfere; so he looks on me as a kind of protector, and I walk him out to the Beeches lest he be massacred."

"Take care, my dear Catherine," for the Doctor was a shrewd old gentleman; "protecting comes perilously near loving, and Carmichael's brown eyes are dangerous."

"They are dark blue." Kate was off her guard, and had no sooner spoken than she blushed, whereat the Doctor laughed wickedly.

"You need not be afraid for Kate," said the General, cheerfully; "no man can conquer her; and as for the poor young padres, she made their lives miserable."

"They were so absurd," said Kate, "so innocent, so ignorant, so authoritative, that it was for their good to be reduced to a proper level. But I rather think your guest has forgotten his engagement. He will be so busy with his book that even a manse dinner will have no attraction." The Doctor looked again at Kate, but now she wore an air of great simplicity.

It was surely not Carmichael's blame that he was late for Dr. Davidson's dinner, since he had thought of nothing else since he rose, which was at the unearthly hour of six. He went out for a walk, which consisted of one mile east and another west from the village, and, with pauses, during which he rested on gates and looked from him, lasted two hours. On his return he explained to Sarah that his health had received much benefit, and that she was not to be surprised if he went out every morning at or before daybreak. He also mentioned casually that he was to dine at the manse that day, and Sarah, who had been alarmed lest this unexpected virtue might mean illness, was at rest. His habit was to linger over breakfast, propping a book against the sugar-basin, and taking it and his rasher slice about, which was, he insisted, the peculiar joy of a bachelor's breakfast; but this morning Sarah found him at ten o'clock still at table, gazing intently at an untouched cutlet, and without any book. He swallowed two mouthfuls hurriedly and hastened to the study, leaving her to understand that he had been immersed in a theological problem. It seemed only reasonable that a man should have one pipe before settling down to a forenoon of hard study, but there is no doubt that the wreaths of smoke, as they float upward, take fantastic shapes, and lend themselves to visions. Twelve o'clock—it was outrageous—six hours gone without a stroke of work! Sarah is informed that, as he has a piece of very stiff work to do, luncheon must be an hour later, and that the terrier had better go out for a walk. Then Carmichael cleared his table and set himself down to a new German critic, who was doing marvelous things with the Prophet Isaiah. In three thick volumes—paper-bound and hideous to behold—and in a style of elaborate repulsiveness, Schlochenboshen showed that the book had been written by a syndicate, on the principle that each member contributed one verse in turn, without reference to his neighbors. It was, in fact, the simple plan of a children's game, in which you write a noun and I an adjective, and the total result greatly pleases the company; and the theory of the eminent German was understood to throw a flood of light on Scripture. Schlochenboshen had already discovered eleven alternating authors, and as No. 4 would occasionally pool his contribution with No. 6, several other interesting variations were introduced. In such circumstances one must fix the list of authors in his head, and this can be conveniently done by letters of the alphabet. Carmichael made a beginning with four, K A T E, and then he laid down his pen and went out for a turn in the garden. When he came in with a resolute mind, he made a précis of the Professor's introduction, and it began, "dear Miss Carnegie," after which he went to lunch and ate three biscuits. As for some reason his mind could not face even the most fascinating German, Carmichael fell back on the twelve hundredth book on Mary Queen of Scots, which had just come from the library, and which was to finally vindicate that very beautiful, very clever, and very perplexing young woman. An hour later Carmichael was on the moor, full of an unquenchable pity for

Chatelard, who had loved the sun and perished in his rays. The cold wind on the hill braced his soul, and he returned in a heroic mood. He only was the soldier of the Cross who denied himself to earthly love and hid a broken heart. And now he read A'Kempis and the "Christian Year." Several passages in the latter he marked in pencil with a cross; and when his wife asked him the reason only last week, he smiled, but would give no answer. Having registered anew his vow of celibacy, he spent an hour in dressing—an operation, he boasted, which could be performed in six minutes, and which on this occasion his housekeeper determined to review.

With all the women in the Glen, old and young, she liked the lad, for a way that he had and the kindness of his heart, and was determined that he should be well dressed for once in his life. It was Sarah, indeed, that kept Carmichael late, for she not only laid out his things for him with much care and judgment, but on sight of the wisp of white round his neck she persuaded him to accept her services, and at last she was satisfied. He also lost a little time as he came near the manse, for he grew concerned lest his tie was not straight, and it takes time to examine yourself in the back of your watch, when the light is dimming and it is necessary to retire behind a hedge lest some keen Drumtochty eye should detect the roadside toilet.

John had brought in the lamp before Carmichael entered, and his confusion was pardonable, for he had come in from the twilight, and none could have expected such a sight.

"Glad to see you, Carmichael"—the Doctor hastened to cover his embarrassment. "It is very good of you to honor my little party by your presence. You know the General, I think, and Miss Carnegie, whose first birthday in Drumtochty we celebrate to-night.

"No wonder you are astonished," for Carmichael was blushing furiously; "and I must make our defense, eh, Carnegie? else it will be understood in Free Kirk circles that the manse is mad. We seem, in fact, a pair of old fools, and you can have your jest at us; but there is an excuse even for our madness.

"It is long since we have had a young lady in our Glen, and now that she has come to live among us—why, sir, we must just do her bidding.

"Our Queen has but a little court, but her courtiers are leal and true; and when she ordered full dress, it was our joy to obey. And if you choose to laugh, young sir—why, you may; we are not ashamed with such a Queen, and I do her homage."

The Doctor stooped and kissed Kate's hand in the grand manner which is now lost, after which he drew out his snuff-box and tapped it pleasantly, as one who had taken part in a state function; but there was the suspicion of a tear in his eye, for these things woke old memories.

"Kate's a willfu' lassie," said the General, fondly, "and she has long ruled me, so I suppose her father must do likewise." And the General also kissed Kate's hand.

"You are both perfectly absurd to-night," said Kate, confused and red, "but no Queen ever had truer hearts to love her, and if I cannot make you knights, I must reward you as I can." And Kate, ignoring Carmichael, kissed first her father and then the Doctor. Then she turned on him with a proud air, "What think you of my court, Mr. Carmichael?"

"It is the best in Christendom, Miss Carnegie"—and his voice trembled with earnestness—"for it has the fairest Queen and two gentlemen of Christ for its servants."

"Very prettily said"—the Doctor thought the little scene had gone far enough—"and as a reward for that courteous speech you shall take Her Majesty in to dinner, and we old battered fellows shall follow in attendance." There was a moment's silence, and then Carmichael spoke.

"If I had only known, Miss Carnegie, that I might have . . . put on something to do you honor too, but I have nothing except a white silk hood. I wish I had been a militiaman or . . . a Freemason."

"This is your second remarkable wish in my hearing," and Kate laughed merrily; "last time you wished you were a dog on Muirtown platform. Your third will be your last, I suppose, and one wonders what it will be."

"It is already in my heart"—Carmichael spoke low—"and some day I will dare to tell it to you."

"Hush," replied Kate quickly, lifting her hand; "the padre is going to say grace." As this was an official function in John's eyes, that worthy man allowed himself to take a general view, and he was pleased to express his high approval of the company, enlarging especially on Carmichael, whom, as a Free Kirkman, he had been accustomed rather to belittle.

"Of coorse," he explained loyally, "he's no tae be compared wi' the Doctor, for there's nae minister ootside the Auld Kirk can hae sic an air; and he's no set up like the General, but he lookit weel an' winsome.

"His hair wes flung back frae his forehead, his ee'n were fair dancin', an' there wes a bit o' color in his cheek. He hes a wy wi' him, a'll no deny, 'at taks wi' fouk.

"A'm no sure that he's been at mony denners, though, Becca, for he hardly kent what he wes daein'. A' juist pit the potatoes on his plate, for he never lat on he saw me; an' as for wine, a' cudna get a word oot o' him."

"Ye're lifted above ordinary concerns, John, an' it's no tae be expeckit that a beadle sud notice the way o' a lad wi' a lass," and Becca nodded her head with much shrewdness.

"Div ye mean that, Rebecca? That cowes a'; but it's no possible. The General's dochter an' a Free Kirk minister, an' her an Esculopian—"

"Love kens naither rank nor creeds; see what ye did yersel', and you beadle o' Drumtochty;" and John—every man has some weak point—swallowed the compliment with evident satisfaction.

Meanwhile they had fallen on this very subject of creeds in the dining-room, and Kate was full of curiosity.

"Will you two padres do me a favor? I knew you would. Well, I want to know for certain what is the difference between the two Kirks in Drumtochty. Now which of you will begin?" and Kate beamed on them both.

"Whatever you wish we will do, Kate," said the Doctor; "but you will have me excused in this matter, if you please, and hear my friend. I am tired of controversy, and he has a fair mind, and, as I know well, a pleasant wit. Tell Miss Carnegie how your people left the Kirk of Scotland."

"Well, the dispute began"—and Carmichael faced his task manfully—"about the appointment of clergymen, whether it should lie with a patron or the people. Lord Kilspindie had the nomination of Drumtochty, and if every patron had been as wise as our house, then there had been no disruption."

The Doctor bowed, and motioned to Carnegie to fortify himself with port.

"Other patrons had no sense, and put in unsuitable men, and the people rebelled, since it is a sad thing for a country parish to have a minister who is not . . ."

"A gentleman? or straight? Quite so," chimed in Kate; "it must be beastly."

"So a party fought for the rights of the people," resumed Carmichael, "and desired that the parish should have a voice in choosing the man who was to take charge of . . . their souls."

"Isn't that like soldiers electing their officers?" inquired the General, doubtfully.

"Go on, Carmichael, you are putting your case capitally; don't plunge into theology, Jack, whatever you do . . . it is Sandeman's—a sound wine."

"Then what happened?" and Kate encouraged Carmichael with her eyes.

"Four hundred clergymen threw up their livings one day and went out to begin a Free Kirk, where there are no patrons.

"You have no idea—for I suppose you never heard of this before—how ministers suffered, living and dying in miserable cottages—and the people met for service on the seashore or in winter storms—all for conscience' sake."

Carmichael was glowing, and the Doctor sipped his port approvingly.

"Perhaps they ought not to have seceded, and perhaps their ideas were wrong; but it was heroism and a good thing for the land."

"It was splendid!" Kate's cheek flushed. "And Drumtochty?"

"Ah, something happened here that was by itself in Scotland. Will you ask Dr. Davidson not to interrupt or browbeat me? Thank you; now I am safe.

"Some one of influence went to old Lord Kilspindie, who had no love for the Free Kirk, and told him that a few of his Drumtochty men wanted to get a site for a Free Kirk, and that he must give it. And he did.

"Now, Carmichael," began the Doctor, who had scented danger; but Kate held up her hand with an imperious gesture, and Carmichael went on:

"The same person used to send to the station for the Free Kirk probationer, and entertain him after a lordly fashion—with port, if he were worthy—and send him on his way rejoicing—men have told me. But," concluded Carmichael, averting his face from the foot of the table, "wild horses will not compel me to give that good Samaritan's name."

"Was it you, Davidson, that sanctioned such a proceeding? Why, it was mutiny."

"Of course he did, Dad," cried Kate; "just the very thing he would do: and so, I suppose, the Free Kirk love him as much as they do yourself, sir?"

"As much? far more. . . ."

"Had I known what downright falsehood the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty was capable of, I would never have allowed him to open his mouth."

"Well, I am satisfied at any rate," said Kate, "and I propose to retire to the drawing-room, and I know who would love a rubber of whist by and by. We are just the number."

A minute later Carmichael asked leave to join Kate, as he believed she was to have him for partner, and he must understand her game.

"How adroit he is to-night, Jack!" But the General rather pitied the lad, with whom he imagined Kate was playing as a cat with a mouse.

"Have you ever seen the face below the veil?" for they did not talk long about whist in the drawing-room. "I do not think it would be wrong to look, for the padre told me the story.

"Yes, a very winning face. His only sister, and he simply lived for her. She was only twelve when she died, and he loves her still, although he hardly ever speaks of her."

They stood together before the happy girl-face enshrined in an old man's love. They read the inscription: "My dear sister Daisy."

"I never had a sister," and Carmichael sighed.

"And I never had a brother." Their hands met as they gently lowered the veil. "Well, have you arranged your plans?" and the Doctor came in intent on whist.

"Only one thing. I am going to follow Miss Carnegie's lead, and she is always to win," said the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty.

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Tendencies in Collegiate Instruction

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Within fifty years the American college has entirely changed its organization, character, and purpose. On the desk, as I write, lies a baccalaureate discourse, preached thirty-one years ago, by the President of a New England college. It was a commemoration discourse summing up the results of twenty-five years of incumbency by the retiring President; and was at once a brief history of the institution, a bird's-eye view of its then present state, and a forecast of its probable future. The college was, and still is, a representative New England college, in the second rank as to size, but holding then, and continuing still to hold at the present day, an honorable position. In 1865, when this sermon was preached, the college had counted half a century of useful years, and had educated eighteen presidents and sixty professors for herself and for other colleges. It retains to-day such vigor that at its commencement a few days ago the college showed every sign of vigorous life, and announced plans in due form for celebrating its approaching one hundredth anniversary. The institution is so fairly representative of the type-form of the smaller New England college that a comparison between its constitution, character, and purpose half a century ago and the constitution, character, and purpose of the average small college of to-day is reasonable and is worth making.

Singularly enough, the first sign of development that one would expect—that of increase in number of students—does not appear. The small college after half a century is still the small college; and undergraduate instruction is still carried on mainly in small colleges. A few universities, such as Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, do now, indeed, number large classes of undergraduates. But the average number of undergraduate students in the colleges has scarcely been doubled in fifty years. In 1836 the college under review had one hundred and sixty-eight undergraduate students; it has less than three hundred to-day. The number of undergraduate students now at Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, Middlebury, Bowdoin, Bates, Colby, Trinity, will to-day average only slightly over two hundred. In other States some large and well-equipped institutions still keep their undergraduate divisions of very moderate size. Johns Hopkins has but one hundred and ninety undergraduates, Columbia (Arts) but two hundred and sixty, New York University (Arts) but one hundred and eighty-one, according to the last catalogues. The distinguishing characteristic of the modern college as compared with its ancestor is not mere size; the flight of fifty years has not greatly changed the numerical ratio, which still is governed by specific rather than general educational considerations.

But in other respects changes amounting to a revolution have come. The most noticeable of these changes is in the kind and extent of equipment used for college work. The complexity and expense of the modern organization has so developed that one almost doubts the earlier figures. It is almost incredible to us now that a college could exist at all with the slender endowment fund thought sufficient seventy-five years ago. "When the college," says this President in his baccalaureate discourse, "came from the hands of the Legislature as a chartered institution, its whole corporate property, buildings, funds, lands, and library, was worth less than five thousand dollars." "Hope," he truly says, "was the corner-stone." Yet the college did very good work with its five thousand dollars. It could not do good work to-day with that endowment. It could not even get a charter in New York State. For the State law in New York fixes a minimum of five hundred thousand dollars endowment to be possessed by the college as a condition precedent to conferring upon the college the power to grant degrees. In practice much more than five hundred thousand dollars is needed for even a small college. Amherst is not rich with two and a half millions of endowment. Exactly what proportion of the five millions of Johns Hopkins, of the four millions of the New York University, or of the ten millions[1] of Columbia, goes to the support of the instruction of the two hundred undergraduates one cannot say, but it is certainly a sum vastly exceeding any estimates current fifty years ago. It is probably under the mark to say that the complexity and extent of the equipment needed for a college, measured in either men or money, has increased tenfold in half a century.

It has increased because the character of the college education has changed. College education has changed in at least three respects. The college of to-day teaches young men instead of boys; it develops all faculties instead of the intellectual and moral faculties alone; it undertakes to train its student for many professions and occupations, instead of for but one or two. Seventy-five years ago the average college period was in the years from fifteen to nineteen; to-day it is in the years from eighteen to twenty-two. Before me lies the collegiate record of a single New England family. Its progenitor came to Boston in 1639. His son graduated at Harvard in 1662, aged nineteen; the grandson graduated at Harvard in 1701, at nineteen; the great-grandson graduated at Yale in 1756, at twenty; the great-great-grandson graduated at Yale in 1790, at nineteen; and the son of the last named graduated at Yale in 1820, at nineteen. The uniformity in age is not exceptional; it represents the general practice of the time. But the next two generations illustrate a new practice. The son of the man who graduated in 1820, at nineteen, himself graduated in 1869, at twenty-two; and the latest representative of this particular family will graduate at twenty-two next year. Here again the fact is not exceptional. The average age of the graduating classes of the ten leading colleges this year is over twenty-two years. The college period has entirely changed. Youths of eighteen to twenty-two, not boys of fifteen to nineteen, are now in colleges.

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[1] These figures are not exact, no precise information as to endowments being available, but they are under rather than over the actual amounts in each case.

And they are in the colleges to be trained in more than one direction. The modern college undertakes to develop the student in directions not within the plan of training of the earlier methods. The physical side, for example, is cared for. The college president of fifty years ago expected that a considerable proportion of his students would gain intellectual and moral power at the expense, partial or total, of the physical organization. In 1839 a professor, in his inaugural address at the same college which has served us as a text, says: "The plans which have been devised to secure the health of studious young men have generally failed. The subject of physical education has been and still is strangely neglected in this country, in every class of society; but the defects of this neglect are oftenest seen in our educated young men. Many of these, even before their study is completed, are so enfeebled as to be unfitted for enjoyment or usefulness; many find a premature grave just as they are entering on active life; many more have paralyzed physical and intellectual powers as the melancholy result of excessive or injudicious application. The efforts that have been made to prevent such evils have been attended with only partial success, and it would seem that nothing but bitter experience can induce the young to avoid the causes which produce them." The hopeless professor told the truth for his day. But a new day has certainly come. Physical education is now a regular part of every college curriculum, and the gymnasium dominates the campus. It is certainly not physical education which is neglected in our colleges to-day.

In fact, nothing which is demanded is neglected. For the whole paternal idea of collegiate intellectual discipline, prescribing specific, limited, and unvarying studies, has passed, with the raising of the average entrance age from fifteen to eighteen. College discipline was paternalism pure and simple in 1838. "What are the studies," continued the professor just quoted, "required for a thorough education? Briefly stated, they are Greek, Latin, mathematics, the philosophy of the human mind, logic, rhetoric, and practical moral and religious instruction. Reading should be sparingly pursued, except in connection with the course of study. He who reads much at an early stage of education, like the youthful traveler, will indeed find much to gratify his curiosity, but, not having learned to apply the principles of philosophy and taste, he will derive little practical improvement." Certainly, this is the voice of an earlier, not of a present, college day. For the whole conception has broadened. The college question is not now, What minimum list of "Studies Required for a Liberal Education" can be drawn up? It is rather, How wide an educational tender can this college make? The college of to-day fits for any occupation, and offers the broadest possible opportunity. Of the three local institutions, mentioned earlier in the article as having a moderate number of undergraduate students, New York University offers 162 strictly undergraduate courses, Johns Hopkins quite as many, Columbia somewhat more. *Nihil a me alienum puto* is the doctrine of the modern college, and this, as compared with the college doctrine of fifty years ago, implies a change so great as to be virtually a revolution.

That all these changes are for the better will not be everywhere agreed, but they are certainly in the line of an evolution. The general tendencies seem to be toward the disappearance of the college cloister life as a separate and peculiar influence, and to be toward the uniting of the college opportunity with the other influences of education. The progress of time has broadened the view of both professor and student. The attitude is no longer the intensely personal—the, collegiately speaking, provincial—attitude of half a century ago. In 1838 the newly appointed professor of English literature in our before-quoted college has his opportunity to give an inaugural lecture, and here is what he has to say concerning English poetry and English fiction, and concerning his own mission as instructor: "But, while our language is distinguished by such excellences, and while it abounds in writers who, in various respects, possess such high merits, and who have done so much honor to their country and their race, the student needs, and urgently too, directions and cautions in his perusal of our prominent and standard authors. Of English essayists, I am acquainted with none, unless at times Johnson forms a noble exception, whose pages are not fraught with sentiments and a spirit decidedly opposed to the Gospel of Christ. The whole current of thought which is pursued in them, and the entire impression which they are adapted to create, is undeniably unevangelical. Among the poets of high and established reputation, with the exception of Milton, who possesses a peculiar character and occupies a peculiar station, but two, Young and Cowper, give prominence to the distinguishing truths of Christianity, breathe in their writings a strictly Christian spirit, and urge the performance of purely Christian duties. The mass pander to the evil passions and to the licentious inclinations of men; and slight would be the danger to the Christian principles, and to the purity of mind and the moral habits of the young, from all which heathen 'minstrels ever said or sung' compared with the mischievous influence which those who have written in our own language are fitted to exert, beginning no farther back than Dryden, whose poverty and profligacy led him, regardless of decency and conscience, to minister to the vices of a most dissolute age, and coming down to the debauched and reprobate Byron, whose works are suited to prepare men to think and feel like fiends, and, with the brute, to wallow in the sty. Of the works of fiction, the mass are the merest trash, fit only to be allowed to pass unimpeded to that oblivion to which they are so soon destined. They are all alike calculated to produce, in a greater or less degree, an intoxication of mind disqualifying for vigorous effort and high improvement, as well as unfitting for the serious and more important duties and for the severer trials of life. To examine these different classes of writings and to exhibit the peculiar traits, as it regards their excellences and defects, of prominent works in each, and to furnish, as far as may be practicable, security to the youthful mind against adopting erroneous views, and imbibing an unchristian spirit, and being seduced from truth and duty, from happiness and heaven, must be an object of high and inestimable value." Certainly these would be strange utterances for a professor of English literature to make to-day. Yet just this type of complacent and omniscient professor used to be common in our colleges. He has disappeared, and his disappearance is significant.

Significant also is the lessening of the importance of the individual graduate at commencement. He used to deliver an oration, to receive flowers, applause, congratulations, to be considered a completed and important example of learning. Now, in the midst of a crowd of classmates, he silently takes his degree, and passes almost unnoticed to join the ranks of the workers in the world.

The student, the professor, the college, all are becoming parts of a system of education rather than important separate forces. It is only when we look at the progress of education as a whole that we can rightly estimate the significance of the changes in a separate factor, such as is the college.

Books and Authors

Marcou's Life of Agassiz [1]

The reading public will take much interest in the perusal of this new Life of Agassiz. While it is a work largely in the interests of science, describing fully for the first time the achievements of one who left an abiding impress on the scientific progress of this age, it is also a life of a man who in a very recent past was widely known and admired, and whose wonderful personality will long be remembered.

Mr. Marcou was Agassiz's friend for thirty years, and is the last survivor among the naturalists who came to America with him. These facts incline one to a favorable prejudgment of his work; and, indeed, he has written a genuine biography—no eulogy nor panegyric; full of admiration for his subject, yet keeping truth constantly in view, not ignoring the failings of the man nor the errors of the naturalist. He has also skillfully interwoven accounts of many of Agassiz's contemporaries in science, or of such of his assistants or students as have become eminent; and a full bibliography much increases the worth of his volumes.

Agassiz's earliest researches in natural history were in the province of ichthyology; and herein he became well known, even while a student at Munich, for his work (in continuation of Spix's) on the fishes of Brazil. Later, his "Poissons Fossiles," in spite of its artificial classification, greatly heightened his reputation. The marked achievement, however, of his scientific career at Neuchâtel, where he was a professor for fourteen years, was his advocacy of the glacial theory. To De Charpentier is due the credit of the discovery of this theory; but Agassiz, who was at first strongly opposed to it, became, from observation, wherein he always excelled as a naturalist, its advocate and ablest defender—also greatly widening the range of its application, till it developed into his teaching in reference to the ice age. The famous "Discours d'ouverture" at Neuchâtel on this subject, given here in full in French as it was delivered, is called by his biographer "the climax of his scientific life as far as originality of research is concerned;" and although it must be owned that he here gave too much rein to his imagination, yet it is also true that from this time on his solid teaching concerning glacial action came to be more and more accepted; and, if we can trust Mr. Marcou's authority, his advocacy "advanced fully thirty years the recognition of the glacial theory, and he, and he alone, established the great 'Ice Age.'"

Agassiz came to this country in 1846, at the age of thirty-nine; and here he spent the rest of his life—the portion richest in fruitful results, if not in scientific activity. Most of this time he held a professorship in the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard University. His career in America is marked by the establishment of the well-known Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, and by the wide popularization of science which he effected throughout this country.

The Museum was one of the eager dreams of Agassiz's life, and one which he lived to see nearly approach realization. The history of the inception and growth of this enterprise is told by Mr. Marcou with his usual accuracy and fullness. Agassiz obtained for this object during the last fourteen years of his life the immense sum of $700,000—"the success entirely personal, and due wholly to his power of persuasion;" he lived to see the Museum in a position of intimate relations with the first museums of Europe; while as a center of original research and as an educational institution, the best proof of what it accomplished even during his life is found in the record which these volumes furnish of students there trained under his direction.

The remarkable popularizing of science which Agassiz effected among us was due chiefly to his ability as a lecturer. He was a born teacher, and this was one of his methods. From those first lectures of his at the Lowell Institute, onward and outward spread the circle of his influence; the *élite* and the common people crowded to hear him and hung upon his words, while his popularity grew at a rate that astonished himself. As a speaker, the power of his personality appeared; and yet Mr. Marcou points out that, as he became increasingly sensitive to applause (even courting it and waiting for it), the lecture was "too theatrical" to be his best method of teaching, which he claims was in describing and explaining specimens, with a few students about him, where he had no thought of effect and showed himself "a wonderful and rare naturalist and incomparable teacher."

The most important contribution which Agassiz made to natural history during his life in America was his "Essay on Classification." This was issued as the introduction to what was to be a great work, in ten costly volumes, upon the Natural History of the United States; but, like so many other of his schemes, it was begun but not completed, for only four volumes ever appeared. He meant it to be also a popular work, like his lectures; but he failed; very few could follow what he made so profound and philosophical. Even the "Essay on Classification" his biographer shows came at an inopportune time for influencing his contemporaries. It was in the very next year (1859) that Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared, and deeply impressed the scientific world. Agassiz at once took decided ground against Darwin. Following Cuvier, he did not believe in the descent of species. He claimed that he was not the foe of evolution or of development, but only "averse to drawing too hasty conclusions" unwarranted by facts; and to the end of his life he characterized the transmutation theory as "a scientific mistake, untrue in facts, unscientific in method, and mischievous in tendency." In the commotion which Darwin's book caused Agassiz stood almost alone, even his pupils in a body turning against him; and the bitter controversy which ensued separated him from some who had been his chief friends. If his attitude towards this question left him on what appeared to be the losing side, his biographer is surely right in claiming that he no less declared himself the true savant who would not give up his facts—which reminds one of those striking words nearly at the close of his life, "A physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle;" and as for his present and future fame, it is to be remembered that this question is still open. In the chapter which records this controversy Mr. Marcou makes it quite evident where his own sympathy lies. It is the only portion of his work tinged by strong partisanship.

Agassiz possessed a charm of personality which can hardly be described. His large frame, magnificent head, high forehead, searching eyes, were the signs of an unusually active mind and emotions intense and easily moved. He was brilliant in conversation, and of manners most winning; he was generally happy and good-natured, as he was kind and generous; and his friends were more and more drawn to love him. Yet, attractive, even fascinating, as he was, this "leader of men and above all a charmer" is said never to have been a good judge of character. Vain of applause and open to flattery, he was imposed upon by pretenders. He was of an eminently social nature—he must live surrounded by students or admirers—yet he was no manager of men; he must persuade or he could not control; he was continually in difficulty with his assistants; sometimes, as in the case of his secretary, Desor, they tried to take advantage of him, but more often it was his inconsistency or lack of tact—too familiar where he should have held his dignity, or giving reasons where he should have given orders—which made trouble and led to serious dissensions and separations. In money matters he was utterly unbusinesslike, always in debt from some visionary scheme or other; and yet his biographer's claim is just, that his Museum proves he must have had in him "something sternly practical mingled with his habitual idealism;" and he well calls him "at the same time a dreamer and a man of action."

In spite of his home influences, Agassiz became in early manhood a skeptic; but afterwards he gradually came to believe in a Divine Creator; and Mrs. Agassiz says, in her life of him, that this belief was the keynote of his study of nature. He was liberal towards all religious convictions; if he showed any sympathy, it was with Unitarians; he hated form, disliked theology, and would not talk about it. At heart he may have been a gentle Deist; or that "silent prayer" at Penikese, about which Whittier wrote a poem, may reveal the simple Quaker. He gave no clue at the last, so far as his friends declare. He raised himself in bed, and, exclaiming, "Le jeu est fini," he fell back and died.

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In Richard Le Gallienne's *Retrospective Reviews: A Literary Log* (2 vols., Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), the trait that attracts one's attention first, while reading these reviews, is that the critic displays an appearance of having read the books that he criticises! Often he picks out small flaws that a mere cursory glance could not detect. For instance, he grieves sorely at Mr. Pater's over-nice alterations in the second edition of "Marius the Epicurean." Like other men of his *genus criticum*, Mr. Le Gallienne is out on a quest, in these latter days of rampant industrialism. Browning is dead, and Tennyson is dead, and Swinburne is twanging his harp to the same unchanging tune, pretty, but a little trite. Where shall we find a new poet? Mr. Le Gallienne and the rest of the critics continue to manipulate their search-lights. As a postscript to his whimsical preface, Mr. Le Gallienne utters this mature conviction: "William Watson, John Davidson, Francis Thompson, and W. B. Yeats are the greatest poets since Algernon Charles Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Morris, George Meredith, and Coventry Patmore, long since classic—a classic, by the way, being an old book which continues to be read by young men." Ah, Mr. Le Gallienne! how could you say this after gushing over Lord de Tabley! Possibly because the review is retrospective! It is commonly known that the book reviewer is omniscient. Mr. Le Gallienne's omniscience does not reveal itself too obtrusively in these volumes, for he restricts his reviews to what has been somewhat arbitrarily denominated "pure literature." He makes observations only upon poetry, essays, the drama, and novels. His remarks are often penetrating and just. Much as he admires Browning and Meredith, he points out as the fault of their later work that they came in the end to see, not realities, but the image of realities. They might be said to discourse in a style of ultimate inference; at any rate, of Mr. Meredith this is the case. If Mr. Le Gallienne has any weakness as a "book-taster," to use Carlyle's rude phrase, it is that he finds almost everything "very good." Perhaps sometimes he writes an adverse criticism. If so, he has here suppressed it. His canon of criticism, "that the critic is still a gentleman though anonymous," throws light upon this peculiarity. No one need gird at Mr. Le Gallienne; he writes good English, and says ingenious things, many of which are true.

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[1] *Life, Letters, and Works of Louis Agassiz.* By Jules Marcou. Macmillan & Co., New York. 2 Vols. $4.

It is a great pleasure, at a time when so much strain, stress, and morbid emotion impose themselves upon the readers of verse, to come upon a volume so sound in its feeling, so delicate in its perceptions, so refined in its expression, so thoroughly wholesome in its view of life, as Miss Sophie Jewett's *Pilgrim and Other Poems.* Miss Jewett has been known for a number of years to magazine readers under the pseudonym of Ellen Burroughs, and there have gathered about this name those associations which are created by good work. In this little volume Miss Jewett has collected her scattered verses, and thus affords her readers an opportunity of measuring her progress, and of arriving at some estimate of her quality. She does not attempt many forms, but she discloses thorough knowledge of the forms she uses; among them the sonnet, the rondeau, a group of poems in various meters which she calls "other lyrics," and a very delicate and finished group of songs. Miss Jewett has a trained literary conscience. One who reads her sympathetically feels that she is likely to write too little rather than too much; to be held back from a complete expression of herself by distrust of her power rather than stimulated to over-expression by too great confidence. Delicacy of feeling and of expression are qualities which lie on the very face of her work. She is possessed with the aspiration which seems to lift so many American women to the highest plane of aim and action, and she has the stimulus of a faith which, while never obtrusive and very sensitive to opposing currents, still holds itself steadfast through the shadows which lie upon it or pass over it. Feeling so delicate and workmanship so conscientious are always prophetic of better things to come, and if one notes here and there a phrase where the poetic thought runs over shallows, the reader is also impressed with the conviction that the writer of these verses needs but the enrichment of life to supply qualities which are not lacking in her work, but which have not yet come to their full development. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Controversy is the soul of ecclesiastical history. Every one makes theological claims that some one else is in a hurry to deny, and of the making of polemical books there is no end. To the papal claims has been accorded undue importance, for claims of supremacy and claims of authority in reality negate themselves, because when the fact exists there is no necessity to make any claim. Claims always begin to be made after the reality has evaporated. This is eminently the case with the claims of the See of Rome. Yet it is thought that by an iteration of these assertions of precedence and intellectual infallibility, the fact will again be materialized. Perhaps! Yet there are many who believe that the world does not move backward, and that the social and mental status of the Middle Ages can never be reproduced by a Pusey or a Pugin. The Rev. Mr. Rivington was a "Cowley Father," and then became from an Anglo-Catholic a Roman Catholic. Consequent upon this he wrote a book called "The Primitive Church and the See of Peter," a work intended to prove that one could not get to heaven if he did not admit that the Pope of Rome had the sole right to tell him what to believe and to do, and that, without some force emanating from this Pope, the sacrament ordained by Christ were empty of grace. In reply to this Dr. William Bright, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge, wrote various articles now collected into one volume, *The Roman See in the Early Church, and Other Studies in Church History.* Dr. Bright triturates Mr. Rivington exceeding fine, and then piles upon the "ex-Cowley father" an Ossa upon a Pelion of erudition. The "Other Studies" also in reality bear upon the question of the position of the Roman See in history. Dr. Bright is an authority in the realm of Church history. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending July 10. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

To the new translation of Balzac the Macmillan Company have added *Pierrette* and *The Abbé Birotteau,* both translated by Clara Bell, whose admirable work in this department is coming to be very widely recognized. Mr. Saintsbury furnishes a preface.

It would not be easy to find a more charming combination of material, title, manner, and dress than are found in Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's sketches of travel in England, published by the Macmillan Company, under the title *A Cathedral Pilgrimage*—a dainty volume which takes its readers into some of the quietest and loveliest localities in England, into the heart of its richest history, and into the presence of its noblest architecture. Mrs. Dorr is a very agreeable writer, who knows her own quality, and neither endeavors to strain it nor to break away from it.

The very interesting chapters in *The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln,* prepared by Miss Ida M. Tarbell, which have appeared in the pages of "McClure's Magazine," have now been issued in book form, with one hundred and sixty illustrations, including twenty portraits of Lincoln. The chapters, as they have appeared from month to month, have been so widely read that most readers are already familiar with the writer's method, with the results she has obtained from fresh investigations, and with the genuine human interest of her narrative. This is, in the truest sense, a popular life of Lincoln. No other account of one of the greatest of Americans has set him so distinctly in his early surroundings, or has shown him so intimately in his early associations. This volume covers that period of Mr. Lincoln's life which has been most obscure, and throws new light upon it. It will have further attention when the work is completed. (S. S. McClure, New York.)

David Lyall's *Heather from the Brae* is a volume of short stories, or character studies, dealing with Scottish life. They are true to nature, simple, and of a strong religious tendency; they lack incident and humor. (The Revell Company, New York.)——*Ginette's Happiness,* by "Gyp," is not as sprightly as most of this witty French lady's novels. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.) From the same publishers comes Frank Frankfort Moore's *Daireen,* a *fin de siècle* love story of a languid kind, but with some clever bits of Irish character-drawing. ——A collection of short stories, written with a purpose, by Sarah Warner Brooks, is entitled *My Fire Opal.* (Estes & Lauriat, Boston.) The writer is interested in the prison reform movement.

Sir John Lubbock has a capital subject, one which no one could treat better, in *The Scenery of Switzerland, and the Causes to which it is Due.* No one can have enjoyed the mountains, lakes, and rivers of this wonderful country without having had a desire to know what stupendous natural forces underlie its physical geography. That a book like this has not been written before is remarkable. It is essentially a geological treatise, but is not too technical to be easily understood, and is clearly and profusely illustrated. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Adoniram Judson Gordon, a biography by his son, Ernest B. Gordon, is an admirable life of an admirable man. Dr. Gordon's son has inherited his father's spirit, and the book is full of filial love for all that his father stood for. This love, however, shows its strength, not in expression, but rather in repression—the son apparently feeling the needlessness of eulogy. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

The Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, Robert E. Speer, has written a careful study of Christ as a man, under the title of *Studies of the Man Christ Jesus.* (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

The literature of child study is becoming voluminous. As the subject of child study progresses, it is seen that there are two methods of gathering facts: one, the collection of those facts which support the student's theories; the other, the collection of facts for the purposes of study. This latter method is the one that helps mothers best, for what most mothers need is the widening of their field of observation. *Child Observations* is a collection of facts made by the students of the State Normal School at Worcester, Mass. It has a valuable introduction on child study, what it is, and how to study the child, by the principal of the school, E. H. Russell. The work of the students is edited by Miss Ellen Haskell. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.) This book is valuable for mothers; it introduces us to the resemblances and the differences between children, and compels us to see that much that seems remarkable in individual children is remarkable only because the common facts of childhood are not generally known. No intelligent mother wishes to be provincial in her knowledge of childhood. It is the range of her knowledge which enables her to meet with intelligence the problems of her own child.——*Select American Classics* (American Book Company, New York), containing selections from Irving, Webster, and Emerson, well bound, and printed on fairly good paper, is sold at 60 cents.

Books Received

For Week ending July 10

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Select American Classics. 60 cts.
Riehl, W. H. Die Vierzehn Nothelfer, and Trost um Trost. Edited by K. E. Sihler. 30 cts.
Ebner-Eschenbach, Marie v. Krambambuli. Edited by A. W. Spanhoofd. 25 cts.

ESTES & LAURIAT, BOSTON

Brooks, Sarah W. My Fire Opal and Other Tales. $1.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Moore, Frank F. Daireen. $1.25.
"Gyp." Ginette's Happiness. Translated by Ralph Derechef. 50 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Frye, Alex. E. Home and School Atlas.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Phillips, Andrew W., and Irving Fisher. Elements of Geometry. $1.75.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Haskell, Ellen M. Child Observations. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Lubbock, Rt. Hon. Sir John. The Scenery of Switzerland.
Two Queens. From the Memoirs of Baron Simolin. Preface by F. Max Müller. 50 cts.
Balzac, Honoré de. Pierrette and The Abbé Birotteau. Translated by Clara Bell. $1.50.
Dorr, Julia C. R. A Cathedral Pilgrimage. 75 cts.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Gordon, Ernest B. Adoniram Judson Gordon. (Biography.) $1.50.
Lyall, David. Heather from the Brae. 75 cts.
Speer, Robert E. Studies of the Man Christ Jesus. 75 cts.

ERNEST E. RUSSELL, NEW YORK

Russell, Ernest E. The Reason Why. $1.

The Religious World

A New Step Forward at Chautauqua

Bishop John H. Vincent has announced a purpose to introduce at Chautauqua, during the present season, what he happily calls "The new education in the church," with the object of promoting biographical study. He quotes Mrs. Humphry Ward's use of Professor Jowett's words: "We shall come in future to teach almost entirely by biography. We shall begin with the life most familiar to us—the life of Christ—and we shall more and more put before our children the examples of great persons' lives, so that they shall have from the beginning heroes and friends in their thoughts." The experiment to be made at Chautauqua will be confined, this summer at least, to a single chapter in the New Testament —a representative chapter—historical, biographical, replete with fundamental doctrine, and designed, as few single chapters in the New Testament are, to afford broad views of revealed truth and stimulate faith and piety in the mind of the student. A little book entitled "Heroes of Faith," containing the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, being a study in the Greek New Testament for beginners, prepared by Burris A. Jenkins, D.B., with an introduction by Professor Joseph Henry Thayer, will constitute the basis of this summer's work. It is a simple and natural guide to the student along this line of inquiry. Besides this special class-work, "the new education in the Church" will later on include a seminar for the exhaustive study of the higher forms of home study and Sunday-school work, and will aid special classes in Biblical exegesis and literature. Special attention will be given to story-telling, picture-teaching, and the conversational method. The biographical method will enter into the regular devotional services at Chautauqua this summer, and will be used as a stimulus of spiritual life. It is within the scope of this new education in the Church to promote the scientific study of childhood, give a more critical treatment of the Bible, unite ethics and evangelical truth, enlarge the study of Christ as human and divine, familiarize the Church with the biographical centers of sacred literature and Church history, and lift up higher standards of personal character and attainment in the Church, the Sunday-school, and the home. Certainly this is a large field, with wonderful possibilities. Biblical biography contains charming stories of childhood, of home life, of struggles with poverty and discouragement, of ingenuity, of persistency, and of triumph. The biographical study of the Bible puts principles into concrete form; it arrests attention; it illustrates and demonstrates; it appeals to the imagination; it paints indelible pictures on the walls of memory; and it furnishes companions to love and comfort our whole life through.

Bishop Potter and the Lambeth Conference

The Lambeth Conference to meet in May, 1897, will discuss many important questions relating to the Anglican Church throughout the world. A cable dispatch to the New York papers states that Bishop Potter, of this city, has been requested by the Archbishop of Canterbury to attend a series of meetings convened by the Primate of the English Church in connection with the approaching Conference and to be held at once. The members of the committee to arrange the subjects for discussion comprise representatives of the Church in England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and the United States, and are as follows: The Rev. Dr. Edward Benson White, Archbishop of Canterbury; the Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple Maclagan, Archbishop of York; Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin; the Rev. Dr. R. Machray, Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of Canada; the Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, Bishop of London; the Rev. Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham; the Rev. Dr. James Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester; the Rev. Dr. Charles John Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol; the Rev. Dr. G. H. Wilkinson, Bishop of St. Andrew's; and the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York.

A Pilgrim Monument Unveiled

Provincetown, Mass., the place where the Pilgrim Fathers first landed, was on July 14 historically recognized by the State and the town authorities. A great throng of people from many parts of New England gathered in Provincetown to witness the unveiling and dedication of a large monument which has been erected in front of the Town Hall. Two large bronze tablets bearing memorial inscriptions are inserted in the sides of the monument. The occasion was observed by the townspeople with many demonstrations of joy; flags were displayed from the public buildings, and many of the private dwellings were handsomely festooned with flags and streamers. Literary exercises were held in the Town Hall, over which Mr. A. P. Hannum, of the Board of Education, presided as master of ceremonies. Mr. W. T. Davis, Chairman of the Old Colony Commission, formally presented the monument to the State of Massachusetts. Colonel Henry A. Thomas accepted it on behalf of the Commonwealth, and then gracefully presented it to the town, for which it was accepted by the Board of Selectmen. Addresses were made by Congressman John Simpkins; William S. Green, of Fall River; Shebnah Rich, the Cape Cod historian; Colonel Samuel E. Winslow, of Worcester; and Edwin S. Barrett. An original poem, written for the occasion, was read by Miss Cora H. Howes, and the exercises were appropriately concluded by singing "America." Recently The Outlook published a notice of the unveiling of a stone of memorial in the John Robinson Church at Gainsborough, England, in memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is quite evident that the public is appreciating more and more the debt of gratitude which we owe to the spirit and influence of the Pilgrims.

Millions of Bibles

The American Bible Society has lately issued its annual report. This shows that the total issues of the Scriptures by the Society at home and abroad for the year ending March 31 last amounted to 1,750,283 copies. The issues of the Society during the eighty years of its existence amount to 61,705,841 copies. These millions of volumes have been circulated in nearly one hundred different languages and dialects in all parts of the earth. More than one-half of its issues in 1895 went into the hands of the pagan, the Mohammedan, and nominally Christian people outside of the United States; 383,000 were sold in China alone. The Society expended during the year $503,500.52. Agents of the Society report a successful year's work in all parts of the world, except, perhaps, in Cuba and Turkey, both of which countries have been disturbed by internal dissensions. The British and Foreign Bible Society has issued, since 1804, 147,363,669 copies, while seventy-three other societies have issued more than 257,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions.

Robert College

Robert College has been for thirty-three years a center of Christian education in Turkey. The catalogue for 1896 has just come to us, and gives interesting facts concerning its work. Its history is too familiar to the Christian world to need more than a reference. Its founder was a New York merchant, Mr. Christopher R. Robert. In 1860 he invited the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., to join him in the effort to raise funds for the establishment at Constantinople of a college which should offer to young men, without distinction of race or creed, the opportunity to secure thorough education, equal to that obtainable in a first-class American college, and based on the same general principles. In 1863 the College was opened by Dr. Hamlin in a rented house at Bebek on the Bosphorus. Mr. Robert furnished all the necessary funds until his death in 1878, and then bequeathed to it one-fifth of his estate. His benefactions must have aggregated about $400,000. In 1864 "The Trustees of Robert College of Constantinople" were incorporated in the State of New York, and the College included with other similar State institutions in the University of New York. In 1869 an iradé for its establishment was granted by his Imperial Majesty the Sultan to the Legation of the United States at Constantinople, securing to the College all the advantages bestowed by the Imperial Government upon educational institutions in Turkey. In 1871 the first building, since called Hamlin Hall, was completed, and in 1892 the second, called Science Hall, was inaugurated. The College owns three residences—the President's house and two houses for professors. One interesting feature of the catalogue is its account of the graduates of the College. Since its beginning in 1863 it has graduated 311, the total number of students during that time being 5,574. It is interesting to note the various occupations of the graduates. They are found in almost all the avenues of work. Among them are clerks, merchants, bankers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and Government officials. The College has a preparatory school which covers three years of study, and which has been recently enlarged, and is now in pressing need of a separate building. The collegiate department occupies five years, and includes the various courses of our own colleges, and also thorough courses in the ancient and modern Armenian language and literature, and a Bulgarian course, whose object is to give the Bulgarian students as good and solid instruction in their vernacular as can be obtained in any Gymnasium in Bulgaria. There is also a Turkish course, which is optional. Physical culture is receiving more attention than formerly. There is also instruction in both vocal and instrumental music. The religious instruction is not controversial, but practical and unsectarian. The students are required to attend the morning prayers with which the work of the classes opens on week-days, and on Sundays the boarders are required to attend the morning and evening religious services and the afternoon Bible class conducted by the professors of the institution. The study of Christian evidences is included in the College curriculum.

Centers for Missionary Inspiration

In the July number of the "Missionary Review of the World" its editor-in-chief, Dr. Pierson, gives an interesting description of the "Henry Martyn Memorial Hall" connected with Cambridge University, England, which stands both as a memorial to the noble men who have gone to the various foreign fields from the colleges, and as a constant plea for more laborers. This building was erected in 1887. It is not large, and its principal features are a hall for general meetings, with small anteroom used as janitor's room and library. The outside is plain and modest, but the interior is a model of good taste and adaptation to its purpose. "The windows are small and high, leaving the side walls for a high wainscoting of wood surmounted by small panels filled with white painted scrolls bearing the names of men who have gone forth to mission fields, followed by the names of their particular colleges and the date of their departure for the field, and, if deceased, the date also of their departure from the field for a higher service above." Dr. Pierson says: "No student can come into this hall for a daily prayer service or an occasional missionary meeting without thus being compassed about with a great cloud of witness-bearers, whose constant and pathetic pleading for more laborers to enter the wide harvest-field he cannot but hear. Such a hall is the most effective and eloquent missionary advocate one can ever hear, and it is bound to make new missionaries so long as it stands." He then describes the various panels and inscriptions, beginning at the right hand of the platform-end of the hall and proceeding toward the right back to the point of starting. First is the inscription, "Ye have entered into his labors;" and underneath:

Henry Martyn. St. John's.
North India. 1805-12.
James Hough. Corpus.
South India. 1816-26.

Then in succession around the top of the wainscoting run the inscriptions: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few;" "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" "All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth;" "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations;" "One soweth, another reapeth;" and underneath these are the names and dates as indicated above. Also beside the tablets are portraits, flags of the different missionary countries, fresco devices with symbols for the Apostles, and a large colored chart showing the missionary statistics of the world, etc. "This hall has been designed and admirably adapted to feed and foster an intelligent and devoted type of missionary heroism." Oxford University is planning to build a similar structure to be called "Bishop Hannington Memorial Hall." The site is already purchased, and a building standing on the site is to be remodeled for the purpose. The students are making a noble effort to secure the needed funds, but about £2,500, or $12,500, more are required to complete it for use. Dr. Pierson suggests the erection of such a building in America, say in New York or Brooklyn, to be called "Brainerd Memorial Hall" or the "Judson Memorial." It would be an inspiration to missionary service and sacrifice, and could serve as a rallying point for departing and returning missionary students. He asks in closing: "Who will take the lead in providing this new nucleus for missions among our devoted young men and women?"

Swedish Lutherans in America

The old Swede Church in Philadelphia, one among the oldest of the Protestant churches in the United States, celebrated recently its one hundred and ninety-seventh anniversary. The present year marks the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Swedish Lutheran Church in America, it being in the year 1696 that King Charles XI. of Sweden issued the memorable royal order to the ecclesiastical state department to provide religious instructors for the Swedish colonies in America, then settled in what are now known as the States of Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. In 1696 the Rev. Andrew Rudman was selected as the first clergyman, and he was permitted to select for himself a fellow-laborer in his office, and for this Dr. Svedberg, who was well acquainted with him, proposed the Rev. Eric Bjork. To these two clergymen a third was also added by the King's command—the Rev. Jonas Auren. Before they left Sweden they were granted an audience with his Majesty, who most kindly received them, and commanded them to be the bearers of the books which the King had presented to the Swedes in America. Among these books were 500 copies of Luther's Catechism, translated into the American Virginian language. Upon the books the King's name was stamped in gilt letters. These books are now very rare in Pennsylvania, the old families of Swedish descent prizing them very highly. On June 25, 1789, the Swedish congregations in this country were, by royal order, granted the independence asked, and virtually transferred to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. The above facts we condense from an interesting historical article by Louis G. Northland in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean."

Berea College

This unique institution, which antedates the war, and is situated 130 miles south of Cincinnati, on the line between the "blue grass" and the mountains, has completed another successful year. Commencement, June 24, was held in the immense tabernacle, and attended by several thousand people. A notable scene was presented when Professor Rogers, who in 1859 was "warned" to leave the State by a company of sixty prominent citizens, shook hands with the Hon. John D. Harris, who pleaded guilty to having been one of that "gang"! Addresses were made by Dr. W. E. Barton, of Boston, the Rev. H. M. Penniman, of Chicago, who has recently become connected with the work at Berea, and the Hon. J. M. Ashley, of Toledo, O. Mr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, has headed a movement for securing $200,000 endowment, pledging himself to give one-fourth the amount. The students have subscribed above $3,000, and a considerable sum will be raised in Kentucky. President Frost has made many new friends in the East during the last year, and says in his annual report that "the tone of the school was never better than to-day, and the number of persons who are watching it with friendly interest was probably never so great." Berea is distinctively Christian, but controlled by no sect. Until larger endowments can be secured, about $12,000 must be provided each year by contributions from friends of the cause.

In San Francisco

A paragraph in The Outlook of June 13, on the condition of affairs in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, has called out the following letter, which we print in this place that all sides of the question may be known:

I have read with interest your article on the First Church of this city. The writer is evidently not at all familiar with the affairs of the church as they exist to-day, and bases his opinion upon conditions which do not exist. Were the difficulties of the church confined to the Dr. Brown affair, our problem would be a simple one, but we have an accumulation of discords that have been disturbing the peace of the church for ten years past, and this, coupled with the fact that the supporting families of the church have removed to a portion of the city remote from the present location, has brought about a condition which renders it imperative that the church property should be sold and a spot more convenient to our church families be selected. The past six years have demonstrated that if we remain in the present location the property will be consumed in expenses and lost to religious purposes. If we move now, the property can be sold for enough money to build a handsome church situated in a more convenient location and leave a surplus in the treasury of from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. We know of no man, foot-loose, East or West, that could take that pulpit and save the property to Congregationalism. The men that might do it are doing in their own pulpits as great, if not greater, work than they could do in San Francisco, and there are no inducements that can be offered here that would warrant any minister of the Gospel in leaving a successful and useful work in the East to undertake a task which the Board of Officers of the First Church and Society and a large majority of its members consider, from past experience, hopeless, and we must submit that we have quite as good opportunities for correct judgment on this question as has the editor of The Outlook. Could the First Church have been left to settle its own difficulties, it is possible that in time the removal of the First Church to a more convenient location, and an endowment (which has been contemplated) of the present property for evangelistic down-town work might have been accomplished, but the ministers who have assumed control of Congregational affairs on the Coast seem to have lost confidence in the ability of the First Church to handle its own affairs and precipitated by their action a condition that rendered an *immediate* closing of the church and its sale an absolute necessity- Dr. Brown and his friends, who constitute a large majority of the church membership, have been at all times in full accord with the entire Board of Officers of the Church and Society, Dr. Brown himself being willing to leave this city and coast whenever the interests of Christianity will be best served thereby.

J. H. MORSE.

Brief Mention

Bishop Temple, of London, says that during the last twenty-five years Anglican Churchmen have contributed about $400,000,000 to religious objects.

A museum in Berlin has secured possession of Luther's Bible which he used in his study. Its margins are covered with notes in the Reformer's handwriting. It was printed in Basle in 1509, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

The Rev. George L. Robinson, D.D., pastor of the Roxbury (Mass.) Presbyterian church, has resigned in order to accept a call to the chair of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in Knox College, Toronto, Canada.

The Disciples of Christ in California have raised money to sustain an English Bible Chair in connection with the Stole University, to which Professor S. M. Jefferson, Professor of New Testament Literature in Bethany College, has been called.

The very handsome Methodist Episcopal church at Washington, N. J., was dedicated recently by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the "Christian Advocate," who preached from the text, "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand" (Isa. xxxii., 8). The sermon was a particularly strong appeal for liberality in religious things. The new church is said to be the handsomest in northern New Jersey.

"The Congregationalist" says: "The call of the Rev. Dr. F. W. Baldwin, of East Orange, N. J., to the Chair of History and Economics, just established at Bates College, is another evidence that the partition between Free Baptists and Congregationalists is decidedly thin. If his own church permits him to accept this summons of his Alma Mater, his influence, we are sure, will promote still further friendly relations between the denominations."

The sum of $18,500 has been raised for the semi-centennial in honor of the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Brooklyn, and the sum is constantly growing. The special committee hopes to complete the full amount of $25,000 by November 19, when it is proposed to celebrate the semi-centennial of Dr. Storrs's pastorate in the Church of the Pilgrims by special services in the church, and in all probability a great mass-meeting in the Academy of Music. No doubt the citizens of Brooklyn will be glad of an opportunity to join in a general tribute of honor to one of the city's most prominent preachers.

The Home Club

The Homes and the City Franchises

Women, as a usual thing, do not pay much attention to the granting of a franchise, or to the forming of trusts, because they too rarely realize how close to the home the privileges of a franchise may come. The housekeepers of Brooklyn have just had a lesson in this respect. Two years ago there existed in Brooklyn seven independent gas companies. Through competition the price of gas went down to ninety cents a thousand. It was possible then, if a housekeeper did not like the quality of the gas delivered, or was dissatisfied with the bills rendered, to change to some other gas company. But now the seven gas companies are incorporated under the title of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, and gas has risen to $1.25 per thousand, with no possible redress for poor gas or excessive bills. If the housekeeper uses gas in Brooklyn, she must take it from the Union Gas Company. This company represents a capital of $15,000,000. It is a well-known fact that a large part of this capital would come under the head of watered stock, but interest must be paid on $15,000,000 by the consumers of gas in Brooklyn, whether that interest represents invested capital in fact, or whether it represents so much paper. There is talk of an attempt to destroy this monopoly. Probably the sudden rise in the price of gas in Brooklyn will do more to change the sentiment of the people and hasten the day when gas, like water, will be delivered by the city, than any amount of argument or printed matter could have accomplished.

A Bird Day Suggested

The Agricultural Department at Washington has issued a circular calling attention to the fact that from all parts of the country reports come of the decreased number of native birds. The causes given are the clearing of the forests, the draining of swamps, and more especially the killing of birds for feathers and for game. The egg-collecting is also held responsible, although there are many who insist that egg-collecting has but very little to do in the decreasing of bird life in our forests. Laws protecting birds have been passed in several of the States, but with the protecting of birds, as with everything else, the law unsupported by public sentiment accomplishes its purpose but feebly. It is believed now that a day set apart in the schools, and known as Bird Day, would increase the knowledge of birds, and for the children to know them better would mean to love them better. The circular says that the general observance of a bird day in our schools would probably do more to open thousands of young minds to the reception of bird lore than anything else that can be devised. In several of the States, at the expense of the State, lists of the birds peculiar to the States, and even to certain localities in the States, have been issued. The knowledge of birds should come to children, not through books, but through observation. They should be taught to observe them, to recognize them, to know something of their habits, and as soon as this is done the life of a bird will become sacred to a child. There has been issued a circular which shows that in some States, through ignorance, large sums have been expended in killing birds that are supposed to be injurious to farmers, and the authorities hoped, by calling special attention to the importance from a commercial point of view of the preservation of bird life, to succeed in arousing a popular interest, that in the near future would result in our forests again re-echoing to the songs of the birds as in former years. The proposition is made to combine Bird Day and Arbor Day, and this meets with approval.

Rational Requirements

The Philadelphia Board of Health enforces the act of June 18, 1895, which makes it obligatory for superintendents of Sunday-schools, parochial schools, and private schools to exercise the same care in regard to the health of the children as is enforced in the public schools; that is, each pupil must present a certificate of successful vaccination, or else of having had smallpox. It is surprising that there are clergymen and Sunday-school superintendents who are opposing the Board of Health in this matter. Often, when the question of contagion is discussed, it is spoken of as though indifference to one's neighbor and ignorance of the danger of contagion were peculiar to the class commonly termed poor. Such is not the fact. People of intelligence, fully aware of the danger of their act, will let children attend school who have been exposed to contagion in their own homes. Only recently, when measles was almost epidemic on the entire Atlantic coast among children, a small boy attended one of the most expensive schools in an Eastern city when a rash was broken out on his face, neck, and hands. His companions of nine and ten years of age commented on his appearance to him and to each other. Twenty-three cases of measles broke out in that class-room within the next two weeks. The little seed-sower of this epidemic almost died, his exposure at the time bringing about complications that were most serious.

Diphtheria, that dread of every mother, swept over a school, leaving after it empty homes and almost broken hearts. This was a private school, whose circular stated that the number of pupils was limited. The price of tuition was very high, and the school considered very select. Presumably the parents of all the children sent to this school were intelligent people, and yet one mother permitted her child to attend school regularly from a house where there were two cases of diphtheria, a fact not known to the community until the white ribbons were hung on the bell of that house. Terror seized the heart of every mother who had a child in that school, but it was too late, and every day one child and another dropped out of the ranks of that little school, and from twelve pupils eleven fell victims to the disease and six died. Character is the protection of the community. Intelligence, or law itself, protects fully only when enforced by character, and that, fortunately, is not a question of income.

The church should stand for the highest in every community. If the church tries to evade the law, if it does not uphold it, it ranks as an evil with the saloon in just so far as it fails to live up to the law.

Eternal Vigilance the Price of Safety

The necessity of housekeepers exercising the greatest care as to the source of their milk supply is becoming more and more evident. In New York City there are thousands of cows stabled, whose milk is distributed through the city. The inspectors have discovered that these cows are not housed or cared for in obedience to the laws of sanitation—or, to use a more homely word, in obedience to the laws of cleanliness; for sanitation is cleanliness as every housekeeper should know it. Nothing will protect the people from unclean and diseased milk but their own intelligence and care. After the milk enters the house the most constant oversight will not make it clean if it has not been properly protected in transit, or if it is not the product of a healthy cow. The consumer must be educated to high standards in order to compel the producer to protect his product and sell only that which is uncontaminated. Legislation can do much, but legislation will not be enforced unless public sentiment demands it.

For the Public Good

An effort is being made to publish the old Dutch Records of New York. The Board of City Records some time ago agreed that these old annals should be translated and published in a series of seven volumes. They limited the number of sets to three hundred. James Grant Wilson, of the American Authors' Guild, was President of the committee appointed by the Mayor to supervise the translation and the publishing of these records. It has been discovered, just at the point where the Board of Records was giving the contract for printing, that the Board had acted without authority, and that the work could be done only with the permission of the Board of Aldermen. It is to be hoped that some agreement will be reached by which these valuable records can be placed on the shelves of the libraries for the use of the people. It is especially advisable that this should be done now, when the interest in colonial history is so active and is being so widely encouraged by patriotic societies and school-teachers.

School-Room Hygiene

The National Council of Education which convened recently in Buffalo brought together the leading educators of the country. One of the most interesting papers presented was the report by William A. Mowry, of Hyde Park, Mass., Chairman of the Committee on School Sanitation. The title of the report was "School-room Hygiene." This report was based on papers received from teachers all over the country who had made a special study of the hygienic conditions of their own school-rooms. The report stated:

> Throughout the whole country the deplorable hygienic state of the school-houses is such as to demand serious attention and prompt relief. Some years ago, in one large Eastern city having more than 1,200 school-rooms, it was found that the average of all the rooms gave less than seven square feet of floor-space and less than ninety cubic feet of air-space to each pupil, while it is now generally agreed that the necessary floor-space for each pupil in a school-room should not be less than twenty-five square feet, and with the best ventilating appliances every school-room should furnish three hundred cubic feet of air-space per pupil.
>
> Severe charges are also frequently made by oculists against the schools. They assert that studying injures the eyes, and that the school-room is responsible for numerous cases of defective eyesight. The evils complained of are chiefly the result of wrongly constructed school-houses.

The Council listened to a paper by Dr. Aaron Cove, of Denver, Chairman of the Committee on City School Systems, on "The Business Side of City School Systems."

Untrammeled Experts

It is interesting, in connection with the recent discussion of the value of expert opinion when the question of art for the public was being decided, to know that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees to decide on the decoration of the new library building at Peoria, Ill., one of the trustees, a physician, said, in response to the suggestion that a detailed scheme should be required of the artists before the question was decided: "When you call me in to attend a patient, you do not make me analyze my course of treatment and tell you my reasons for prescribing certain drugs; and when you call in an artist, you should not exasperate him with questions, but give him the benefit of the same confidence." The logic of this declaration prevailed, and the artists, once chosen, were allowed to follow out the bent of their genius and training. The result, according to report, fully justifies the course of action pursued, for it is said that the library decorations are in perfect harmony with the purposes of the building, making it one of the most restful of rooms.

The Evils of Coffee-Drinking

The leading medical societies of Paris and Germany have published a protest against the evils of excessive coffee-drinking. These evils, they declare, are almost as serious as those of alcoholism, and the victim of excessive coffee-drinking finds the habit as hard to overcome as does the victim of alcohol. The circular protests against the use of coffee by growing children, which it claims is becoming more common every year. The symptoms of coffee poisoning are insomnia, depression of spirits, lack of appetite, and nausea.

Unity

The Daughters of the Revolution of New York have agreed on a new Constitution which unites the chapters. This settles the disputed questions that gave rise to so much trouble in the spring. The Long Island Branch of the society is recognized now as a separate chapter.

For the Little People

The Rose's Wonder-Book

By Edward A. U. Valentine

If I only had the eyes
Of the wingèd butterflies,
I could read the words of wit
That upon the rose are writ!
How my curious spirit grieves
O'er those flut'ring fifty leaves
Nature has so nicely bound,
When the insects hover round
And within its pages peep!
Surely, its red leaflets keep
Wondrous tales and elfin lore,
Over which they love to pore!
There, I fancy, honey-bees
Learn the verses and the glees
They are all so fond of humming
In their going and their coming!

Polly Popcorn

By Jessie F. O'Donnell

The Popcorn farm-house was delightfully situated in a grove, where great spreading leaves waved over it, sheltering it from storms and sun. Popcorns were so numerous that it afforded cramped quarters.

They were a branch of the Maize family, widespread through our dear America—a powerful and bounteous family, possessing broad acres of rich land, and pouring wealth lavishly into the coffers of the Nation.

Phœbe Popcorn was one of the Maizes, but now mistress of a household of her own, comprising Papa Phineas Popcorn, portly and dignified, as became the father of so promising a family; Aunts Patience and Prudence, dear old-fashioned souls! and a troop of little Popcorns—Peleg, with his smooth, broad head, "like a philosopher's!" said Papa Phineas, and his nose "like a pug puppy's!" said mischievous little Pat, who was too full of pranks and possibilities ever to be taken for a philosopher; and solemn Peter, so puffed up with the consciousness of his superiority to the rest of the Popcorns, his head could scarce hold its own wisdom.

Then there were the Popcorn girls: stately Penelope, and pretty Pauline, and precise, housewifely Priscilla, whom they called "Miss Prim;" plain little Polly, her brain full of impossible dreams; and Baby Primrose, the pet and posy of the Popcorns!

They looked exactly alike in their plain yellow garments, but even a Popcorn has an individuality; and so it was that Polly, although she came of a practical and hard-headed stock, was a poet and prophet, dimly conscious of a power in her soul that promised something better and broader than this cramped life in the thatched homestead.

"I don't believe we are to stay packed away here forever!" Polly confided to Penelope, who shook her head as she answered:

"You *will* believe it, Polly, when you get to be a young lady. I used to dream of a prince who would take me away to a palace of pearl and opal. He hasn't come, Polly. I'm still plain Penelope Popcorn. Better put such thoughts out of your head, child."

Polly smiled brightly at her sister's pensive face. "I know the prince will come for her some time. There's a place where dreams come true, I know!"

"Miss Prim" pursed up *her* little lips in a "prunes and persimmons" manner, and told Polly her time would be much better employed in packing away stores of starch and oil for family use; but Polly again whispered to herself: "All of us can't be housekeepers; there's a place for poets somewhere, I know."

Aunt Prudence pondered over Polly in much perplexity. "No good came from getting out of one's sphere," she said. "Polly must be content with her particular place in the Popcorn farm-house; she would surely get into trouble by reaching after outside things." Then she would sing in a thin, piping voice a song caught from the farmer as he walked through the Maize forests:

> Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest!
> Homekeeping hearts are happiest,
> For those that wander they know not where
> Are full of trouble and full of care:
> To stay at home is best.

But Polly went on dreaming her strange, beautiful dreams, in spite of ridicule and disapproval. Poets and prophets are rarely appreciated by people like the Popcorns, yet perhaps their pretty fancies are as true as the facts of the most practical philosopher.

Certain it is, in this particular case the little poet was right, for the Popcorn family had been bound in a strong enchantment by a powerful fairy called Dame Nature, and were not those prosaic, yellow-robed creatures at all, but beautiful white princes and princesses in disguise. The Popcorns did not know it. Ah, no! like many people in this world, they didn't dream they were enchanted, and possibly would never learn it, unless revealed by some greater power. Thus Dame Nature held the Popcorns in their commonplace disguise till they should meet the Heat Fairies who alone could set them free.

Through the beautiful summer the Popcorns stored away starch, sugar, and oil in plenty. Autumn came; the waving green forests grew brown and withered, rustling drearily in the wind which crept under the eaves of the farm-house, till the brothers and sisters snuggled closer together for warmth. One day, the farmer, gathering up all the Popcorn homesteads, carried them away to hang on rafters in a great barn for long weeks. Papa Phineas's family grew harder and drier than ever, and even hopeful Polly could scarcely preserve her precious faith in the place where dreams come true.

After many days, the little homestead was taken to a room where children played round a fire in an open grate, and eagerly watched the Popcorns as they were taken from the farm-house and thrown into a spacious wire apartment, where they rattled against each other in profound amazement.

Then some one took this queer new house and thrust it directly over those glowing coals. The pleasant warmth permeated the Popcorns through and through, and, presto! change! What wonderful thing was happening?

Papa Phineas was performing a polka; "Miss Prim," heretofore the model of propriety, hopping about in a marvelous white gown, with so many stiff skirts she looked like a balloon; Peleg, the ponderous philosopher, was light-headed as a poet; the twins were parading ruffled pea-jackets and puffed trousers; Aunt Patience wore a superb cap, with the daintiest of fluted ruffles; and placid Aunt Patience had flounces galore.

Polly could hardly persuade herself that she was awake, for poets are often as surprised as any one at the realization of their dreams; and it was bewildering, indeed, to see the Popcorn family skipping and leaping around each other, amid the clapping of fairy palms, for the little Heat Fairies were as delighted at the change they had wrought as any of the Popcorns.

It was the strangest, prettiest sight in the world—like the blossoming of white roses, or the bursting of snowy foam into bubbles and spray; like the flowering of some graceful fancy in a poet's brain; like white butterflies springing from worn-out chrysalides.

Polly rubbed her puzzled eyes as she saw Penelope holding up an embroidered petticoat and listening graciously to—was it the prince of whom her sister dreamed? Or was it only one of those poky Popcorn cousins, whose advances Penelope had always pretended to despise? How different he looked with those nodding plumes! and Penelope appeared pleased and content.

Funny little Pat was prancing about with Primrose in his arms; while solemn Peter was turning himself inside out in his delight, and executing a double somersault in the air; and even Mamma Phœbe was frolicking with the Popcorn uncles and aunts and cousins, till Polly's head whirled.

How was it with herself? Polly looked at her unchanged dress with a thrill of dismay; but just then she felt a sudden sharp pain, which set her trembling like a poplar-leaf, and, lo! Polly Popcorn was no longer an insignificant little person, but a beautiful maiden in a spotless, fluffy gown, with just a hint of the detested yellow garb in the golden slippers on her pretty feet, soon twinkling in and out to the tune of "Pop! goes the weasel!" as merrily as if she had never been pinched into a corner in the old farm-house. One of the Heat Fairies had touched her with his flame-tipped wand, and in an instant her dreams had come true!

Stories of Pigeons

The story is told of a flock of pigeons that outwitted a hawk. Hawks can fly high with less effort than the pigeons, and they both know it. This flock of pigeons were terribly frightened one day by the appearance of a hawk between them and the cote. If the hawk flew higher than the pigeons, he would swoop down and catch at least one of them. The pigeons worked hard to keep above the hawk; he lazily rose in the air, keeping just under them. Suddenly the pigeons closed their wings and literally fell below the hawk, falling so rapidly as to astonish the hawk. Before he recovered, the pigeons were safely housed in the cote, in the well-house, and two were in the kitchen. The other day—it was Sunday—a man came out of a stable with a bag in his hand. He came out into the middle of the street, and, looking up, gave a peculiar call. There was nothing in sight. He called again and again. Suddenly a beautiful gray pigeon dropped at his feet. In a moment another seemingly fell. In a few minutes about one hundred pigeons were on the street, all fluttering and crooning and bobbing about, a mass of beautiful grays, with touches of silver and green and gold and red, as the setting sun touched them. They almost touched the man, he was so close to them. He opened the bag and threw out cracked corn, and soon the flock were busily eating. They rose in a body, circled round and round, and then began lighting on the roof of the house and stable. Above the stable was a large cote, that had room for about fifty pigeons.

The Elephant's Change of Temper

Do you suppose that when an elephant has a toothache the ache is in proportion to his size? If so, it must be terrible for an elephant to have the toothache. A dentist tells this story of an elephant that belonged to a circus. He was very good-natured, but one day when his keeper went near him he made a vicious switch at him with his trunk. The keeper knew the elephant so well that he said at once the elephant was sick; something was the matter with him. He sat at a safe distance from the elephant and watched him. The elephant trumpeted loudly and acted as though he was very angry, but no one could decide what was the cause of the change in this good elephant's disposition. This continued for three days. At the end of that time one of the men said, "Why, when Jack (that was the elephant's name) lies down, he keeps rubbing one side of his head; I think he has got the toothache;" and everybody immediately said, "Yes, that's what's the matter." The elephant was chained safely to posts and iron rings, so that he could not move, and the dentist was sent for. The dentist looked in his mouth and saw that one tooth was badly decayed. He touched it, and the elephant trumpeted as though in great pain; then the dentist went to work and filled the tooth. After a time the elephant seemed to understand that the dentist was trying to do something for his pain, and he gave every evidence of appreciating the attention. Some weeks later the dentist visited the winter quarters of the elephant and the elephant recognized him. It was rather an expensive operation, for it cost one hundred dollars to fill that one tooth. Doubtless, then, the elephant's toothache is a larger ache than either you or I ever know when our teeth ache.

The Spectator

Among quiet people of only ordinary means hospitality has its penalties, and under most conditions it is something of a trial to both of the parties to it. The Spectator has long been of the conviction that those not in the habit of being entertained had as well not be invited out, and that those not in the habit of entertaining had much better not make exceptions to the general rule of their lives. For these convictions he has good reasons founded on personal experience, strengthened by the confessions of many others who have been bored as the Spectator has been bored. When the unaccustomed grand dinner or ball must be attended, the whole course of the family life of the quiet man is disarranged, and he says fifty times to himself on the momentous day, "I wish this abominable thing were over." Now, this is not a very festive mood of preparation for the entertainment that is provided; the consequence is inevitable. He is not entertained, he contributes nothing to the enjoyment of others. Of course he keeps all this to himself, and his women folk are left ignorant of the suffering he tries to conceal. But they see that something is the matter, and they contrast the head of their house unfavorably with the men who are more at ease on such occasions, with men who are trained by long experience to know what to do and what to say at such solemn functions. For the head of a family to be thus depreciated in the opinion of his own nearest and dearest is a loss very hard to make up, and one that the Spectator cannot contemplate unmoved. The going out to unaccustomed places works its active hardship most upon the man; but when the unaccustomed entertainment is given, then the women are apt to get a dreadful amount of punishment. Something is sure to go wrong. The ducks will be tough beyond experience; the salt will get into the ice-cream; the champagne will be put on the hearth to warm, and the claret will be placed in the ice-buckets. These things are sure to happen. The guests will notice them and be uncomfortable for fear that the hosts are suffering; and the hosts—well, the hosts will wish that it was all well over with. And when it is over, what will happen? Mrs. Host will be sure to have a good cry, and waken in the morning with a headache that gives promise never to get any better. So the Spectator is convinced that real kindness would permit the quiet people to stay quietly at home, and that real wisdom would prevent such quiet people from turning their home upside down and spending more money than they can afford in order to make both themselves and their friends uncomfortable.

* * *

The Spectator has said what he has with much hesitation, and he does not mean to go around, as some writers have been known to do, and ask his friends if they have read his piece in The Outlook on mistaken hospitality. No, the Spectator will "lay very low" about this, because he knows, just as well as he knows that he is a sinful man, that he will—if his life be spared a few years longer—have to go to many places of entertainment which will afford him no more enjoyment than two or three hours in a dentist's chair. Indeed, he would not say what he does if he did not hope that some one else would take up the matter in the same view, and, expressing these ideas in better and more popular fashion, work a reform which might result in the Spectator's exclusion from the twelve-course dinner and the post-midnight ball. And yet, when he thinks of it, the Spectator would not be left out. To be left out entirely would indicate that the Spectator is a surly fellow and only fit for social Coventry. No, he does not wish to be left out; he only desires that within his little and usually happy circle such things may not be. Then there would be no question of inclusion or exclusion, and all of such could take their slippered ease without the dread of those other times when a man, with the feelings of a trooper or the thoughts of a monk, would have to tie up his neck in stiff white linen and imitate the manners and the sentiments of a waiting gentlewoman.

* * *

But balls and dinners are not the only forms of mistaken hospitality. There is such a thing as house company—house company which suffers and makes to suffer. The Spectator, in what he is saying and what he has said, makes no allusion to those who have ample places and generous means. To them hospitality is a matter of course, as much a matter of course as the comfortable balance in the bank. The Spectator alludes only to those quiet people who live in small houses which are not larger than the regular occupants need for their comfortable and decent lodgment. Why such persons should stuff their houses with visitors passes the Spectator's comprehension. Who enjoys it? The guests certainly don't, for they are placed in narrower quarters than at home; the hosts don't like it, for they are frequently all but crowded out of house and home; the servants like it least of all, for their work is doubled and trebled, and their wages only increased by inadequate tips which insult rather than compensate. When such a visit is over, the hosts are apt to say, "Well, thank goodness! that is over," and the guests when they get home will congratulate themselves, and possibly remark with sighs of satisfaction, "Ah, bless us! are we not glad indeed to be at home again!" Writing these things down, they look cynical. And yet the Spectator is not a cynical man. On the contrary, he loves his kind as much as the next one. Upon this occasion, however, he speaks plainly, because he feels deeply. A man with five thousand dollars a year cannot be expected to do the things that a man with ten times that income would do without a second thought. Then why should Mr. Rusticus in his cottage, or Mr. Suburban in his Queen Anne villa, be expected to fill up his few little rooms in imitation of Mr. Midas, who has half a dozen houses of fifty rooms each, and servants so numerous that they can hardly keep out of each other's way? If he happen to be in himself a pleasant fellow, it is Mr. Midas's bounden duty to be hospitable to the utmost; but the others, unless they have gifts approaching genius, should entertain as little as possible, and then on the smallest possible scale. This suggestion is made out of kindness to all concerned, for the visited suffer no more in such times than the visitors; both are thoroughly uncomfortable, and both are heartily glad when the encounter at close quarters is finished.

* * *

The Spectator has known persons so ill-advised in their hospitality that they have invited guests to stay with them even though they live in flat or apartment houses. Few flats that are constructed are large enough to accommodate more than two persons; and then the relations of these persons should be most intimate and confidential—such, for instance, as husband and wife. Flats are so small that the amount of individual privacy to be enjoyed in them is most inconsiderable. Even the privilege to sigh, to sneeze, or to snore must be shared with the other occupants. Under such circumstances, what could be more uncomfortable than to be in a flat with visitors—visitors with whom a degree of formality needs to be preserved? The Spectator knows whereof he speaks, as he has in such circumstances been both the visited and the visitor. Emerson in one of his essays gives this counsel: "Lovers, preserve your strangeness." That advice might be given to friends quite as well. An intimacy which has no reserve is sure to end in disenchantment, if not in estrangement and active hostility. An intimacy accompanied by great discomfort is sure to end that way. So this is why the Spectator, from a full and a sad experience, has written in this way and counseled against ill-considered and mistaken forms of hospitality. Cherish the kindly feeling with all your heart, do the good and the generous deed with an open hand, but do not make both deed and feeling costly alike to him who gives and him who receives.

Notes and Queries

I am just entering the pastorate of a Congregational church in a town of some 3,000, where probably one-third of the inhabitants do not go to church. Our church during the last two years has been through very trying experiences and has had no settled pastorate. Can you advise me as to methods of work, etc.? As far as I have read, I am a strong believer in Christian evolution. Am inclined to the taking up of the social questions of the day, believing that they are vital questions for Christian churches to consider and deal with. What commentaries would you recommend me to procure on "Acts" and "Romans" dealing with the practical life of to-day? M.

Lacking definite information, we can only in a general way respond to your request for advice. Draw around you the most faithful and active of the church, avoiding all semblance of personal partiality. Through these as a nucleus endeavor to quicken all with the spirit of Christian service. To draw in the unchurched, the "Men's Sunday Evening Club," presenting a varied programme for the second service, the core of which is a short but earnest address on some vital subject, has proved very effective. Probably Dr. Abbott's commentaries come nearest to what you inquire for. We suggest that you read Dr. Gladden's "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age."

> "Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
> Between the fair city and me,"

closes the second verse of Mrs. Ellen H. Gates's hymn, No. 20, Gospel Hymns No. 1, or No. 15 Gospel Hymns Complete, "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land."

Kindly quote the first line of the hymn on the topic "The Church," containing

> "There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
> There God my Saviour reigns."

W. R. B.

It is in one of Watts's versions of the 122d Psalm, beginning "How did my heart rejoice to hear."

Can you give me the remainder of the familiar quotation commencing "I'd rather be a toad and live upon the vapor of a dungeon—"? Also, can you tell me who is the author of these lines?

B. J.

The remainder is:

> "Than keep a corner in the thing I love
> For others' uses."
>
> —Shakespeare's Othello, Act III., Sc. 3.

Please inform me where I can get the poems written by Eugene Field. Some of them have been published of late in "McClure's Magazine."

B. D.

Collections of Mr. Field's poems are published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Will you kindly inquire for us through the columns of your paper whether any art school in our country or elsewhere has among its students a Christian organization or any united effort on a Christian or philanthropic basis? At present we know only of an art students' church in Paris, which has given pleasure to American students abroad. In one art school in Ohio a short weekly prayer-meeting found favor with many of the students. During the past winter several students have taken classes in a mission Sunday-school, and now a plan is made to work through the churches. We very much desire to have Christian fellowship with other art schools such as exists between colleges, in order that our own work may be encouraged and strengthened. Any one who can inform us concerning anything that is done elsewhere will do us a great favor.

ART STUDENTS.

Can any of the older readers of The Outlook furnish me with a sonnet called "April," published at least twenty years ago in the "Atlantic Monthly"? It began:

> "No days such honored days as these,
> When first fair Aphrodite reigned."

I had supposed it was by Helen Hunt Jackson, but I am not able to find it. E. H. K.

I see that credit is given to Julia Gill for the poem "Christ and the Little Ones." The poem was written by Mrs. Marcia Locke Bailey, of Providence, R. I., and after her death published with other beautiful pieces of hers in a little volume called "Star Flowers." It was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1882. Mrs. Bailey also wrote "The Mistakes of My Life Are Many." C. V. W.

Any church desiring to dispose of about fifty copies of "The Church Hymn-Book," compiled by Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872, or twenty-five copies of "Gospel Hymns Consolidated," in fair condition, will please correspond with

REV. CHAS. N. GLEASON.

Edgartown, Mass.

To whom does T. B. Aldrich refer in the words,

> "There's one, a later-laureled brow,
> With purple blood of poets in his veins,"

etc., in No. XXV. of his "Later Lyrics," entitled "When from the tense chords of that mighty lyre"?

J. J. W.

Can some one please inform me the name and address of the proper person to correspond with to know definitely about "The Society of Mayflower Descendants," and to whom to apply for membership? F. R.

Correspondence

What Converted Me to Silver Coinage

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Up to a few years ago I had given little attention to the currency question. So far as I considered it at all, it seemed conclusive that one standard was all there could legitimately be, one final money article into which all currency, and thus all financial transactions, must be convertible. How simple most of the public questions seem when regarded superficially!

When the political prominence of the currency question became accentuated by the panic, the withdrawal of gold, the loss of business, and the idleness of men with families to support, I began to read and think. I was a gold-standard man, and was prejudiced by the fact of silver advocacy coming almost wholly from the small, silver-producing States. This looked like protection in the manufacturing States—self-interest carried into public affairs. I first read President Andrews's "Honest Dollar." I saw clearly enough that contracting the standard money meant a corresponding reduction in prices. General Walker and other authorities confirmed my own opinion that the quantity of standard money had a direct and marked effect on prices. On a steadily declining market men will hold back from investing and buying; they will buy as little as possible; the enterprising men will suffer, failures will be more frequent, debts will be harder to pay. Industries are chiefly carried on by energetic, sanguine men who use borrowed capital and credit to the fullest extent. A regular decline in their merchandise in hand adds greatly to their chances of failure. The disinclination to invest tends strongly to repress industry, the failure of employers dislocates employment. Thus it was apparent that appreciation of the standard money and depreciation of prices tended to depress industry, precipitate panics, and throw industrious men into unsteady employment or enforced idleness. The rate of wages is a small matter compared with the steadiness of work. The personal demoralization of workers and workers' families is greatly increased by lack of work and broken income.

Next my attention was directed to Mexico, where my own business connections gave me some personal knowledge. In the twenty years of our gold standard we had been beset with panic and depression. Almost half of that period has been "dull times," and three distinct financial panics had turned business men gray, and had converted numberless wage-earners into vagrants and tramps. Starting from a revolutionary collection of States, with almost no industries, and with an ignorant population, Mexico had progressed and prospered in a phenomenal way.

My own business with Mexican merchants, manufacturers, and miners had steadily grown. Scarcely ever a failure occurred, and frequent interviews with Mexican customers brought the information that wages had advanced, that business and employment was steady, and capital abundant. Foreign investments flowed in freely.

All this while Mexico had free coinage of gold and silver, and, consequently, a silver currency which was steadily depreciating in comparison with foreign currency and gold. But prices did not depreciate. A house or a machine or a horse or wheat was worth as much this year as last, and would be worth as much next year, barring minor fluctuations. Fears of a decline retarded no one, the actual decline bankrupted no one. Men had regular work. Imported goods were converted from the foreign invoices to the local currency, sold and paid for accordingly, without other difficulty than we find in pounds sterling or francs or marks into dollars.

International exchange is *exchange*, and a bushel of wheat or an ox's hide will bring a yard of woolen, a cwt. of tin, just the same whether a pound sterling stands for five American dollars or nine Mexican dollars. It will take no more work to produce the wheat or the hide, whether it is rated at two shillings or at four. I thus found that no disadvantage had accrued to Mexico by reason of her free coinage and silver standard, but manifest advantage. Our own conditions are not identical with those of Mexico, but the unfavorable influences of a coin contraction and lowered prices are intensified by our greater dependence upon trade and credit. As we have suffered vastly more than Mexico, as we are better situated to stand on our own feet, I reached the conclusion that free coinage had no terrors in store for us, but, on the contrary, would immediately restore prosperity, and thus I became a free-coinage man at the old ratio independent of other nations. By your leave I shall later say a word about the so-called 50-cent dollar and repudiation.

N. O. NELSON.

One Phase of the Higher Life of Brooklyn

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The articles in The Outlook upon the higher life of different cities have been a means of instruction and stimulus to all readers. Brooklyn is behind many other cities in some respects. It is badly lighted. It is not as well paved as it ought to be, though during the past year so many improvements have been made that this reproach will soon be but a matter of history. Brooklyn has not many art treasures, no good book-store, only a few monuments, and it is lacking in trees. But it has a splendid park, is crowded with fine churches, and has one of the best libraries in the country. Besides, "the Brooklyn Institute" is already becoming world-famous. There is one aspect of the higher life of Brooklyn which is not receiving the praise it deserves. In one respect she can hold herself head and shoulders above other cities, and that is because of the concerts which are held every summer at Brighton Beach. These concerts owe their existence to the self-sacrificing efforts of a few noble and clever Brooklyn women who have formed themselves into a society for the cultivation of musical taste among the masses. For eight years they have worked and striven, in the face of discouragement and sometimes almost overwhelming odds, to not only exalt the musical taste of the public, but to furnish to that public the best music obtainable in the country, at a cost within the reach of the humblest lover of music. As I am not a member of this society, nor acquainted with its president or officers, I can say all this without suspicion of flattery, or in any way as an advertisement. It is a simple act of justice. The public is far too insensitive to its benefactors. It often takes as a matter of course opportunities, advantages, which it would not have were it not for the self-sacrifice of some people whose sole motive is the public good. Here we have the opportunity of hearing the finest music in the world, rendered by one of the best orchestras in the country, conducted by one of the greatest conductors the world has ever seen, a man famous on two continents. What do we pay for these concerts? Twenty cents apiece, occasionally forty cents! I can buy as many tickets for the whole season as I have time to use, and they will cost me no more than the price charged for one seat in the Opera-House during the winter. It seems to me that when the Music Hall at Brighton is not well filled, it shows a singular disregard of great opportunities for culture, for recreation, for refreshment of the spirit, for the uplifting of the soul. The "Evening Telegram" had the other evening an article on the "Music Cure." It spoke of how music soothes tired nerves, and gives rest and relaxation to worn-out hearts, acting as medicine in many cases of troublesome disease. When I read this article, I thought of these Seidl concerts this summer.

The great difference between this "Seidl Society" and many others is that its object is not self-interest, it is pure benevolence. It is plain that such music cannot be furnished at such a price without some people putting their hands in their pockets and giving largely. Is this not as good as endowing a library, giving to a college, as good as many of the charities which win applause from every one? I have often thought that if some rich men would endow the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York, and make it possible for these great singers and musical artists to be heard by the great mass of music-lovers, of hungry, thirsty, aspiring men and women, who now cannot afford even a glimpse of the inside of the Opera-House, or one strain of glorious song to gladden and refresh them, it would be as noble an act as the founding of the Astor Library, or the building of the Chicago University, or President Low's gift to Columbia. For it cannot be denied that music has an indispensable place in the culture of the community. Even if it did not minister to the culture of the mind, the higher development of the whole nature, it would have its glory in that it is a recreation, a solace amid the whirl and stress of daily life. The people cannot do without it. If the higher forms of it are denied them, they will seek it in places which are a disgrace and a blot on our civilization. It is not alone for the people of Brooklyn that these noble women of Brooklyn are working. They are of help to the development of the higher life of New Yorkers as well. Of course it takes longer for people in New York to reach Brighton than for people in Brooklyn. But the concerts are worth the journey. Indeed, the whole community cannot be too grateful to Mrs. Langford and the other women who are doing so much for the cultivation of taste for the higher forms of musical art.

KENYON WEST.

Non-Resistance

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will The Outlook please explain the difference between non-resistance in extreme cases and selfishness?

It is so easy to let things go as they are and to feel that we need not interfere in other people's affairs, that the doctrine of non-resistance as explained by Tolstoï seems to me a very dangerous one.

Already, not only Congressmen, but some Church members, are saying that the missionaries in Armenia ought to come home, that they really have no right to be there if the Turks do not want them.

Must we believe that England and Russia did right in not resisting Turkish wickedness by force if need be? To some of us it has looked like selfishness, but is it to be counted to them for righteousness? Must my sympathy, my love for my neighbor, be wholly for the Turk, and not for the Armenian, especially the Armenian woman? Is it, after all, through love for the Turk that Christendom has used only mild persuasion?

How is it possible to love one's neighbor as one's self, and not defend her when she is in danger, whether it be from a wild beast or a devil in human form?

Are we to suppose that if the good Samaritan had arrived a few minutes earlier he would have stood by until the thieves had pounded the man into a state of unconsciousness, and then have come forward and offered his services?

And, taking the other side, would not the greatest love of the robber try to prevent his committing a crime, using force if necessary?

It is better for a robber to be killed than that he should commit a crime.

Christ teaches resistance in time of danger in Matt. xii., 29.

The extreme doctrine of non-resistance seems to me pernicious. Christianity is positive, not negative. The slaves would be slaves still but for the Union Army. Christ *cast out* devils. We have not that power, but we can *restrain* them. A man who does not believe in government ought to live where there is none, or he is not true to his convictions.

G. W. S.

Regents' Examinations

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Now that the final examinations in the public schools of New York State are over for the year, and those of our Seniors of the High Schools who "passed the Regents" have received their diplomas of graduation and have gone forth to prepare for more advanced education, or have entered the career of business life—to them I send this first appeal, trusting that by and through them the Faculties of our High Schools may be influenced; that they may arouse our Boards of Education throughout the State, and through that power that the Board of Regents may awaken to the great importance of a decided change in their examination papers.

Every year come the reports of mental and physical "breakdowns" caused by over-exertion and strain of study to pass "the Regents." While the general plan of examinations may be beyond criticism, a proper change in details would prevent the constantly recurring cases of positive injustice to individual students.

I would suggest a uniformity in the text-books used, or the preparation of several sets of examination papers, so that each school may have papers whose questions apply directly to the books that have been there studied. I have known of cases where Regents' papers have contained questions that could not be answered by any information contained between the covers of the text-book on the subject that has been used by a particular school, although the book had been carefully selected, and ranked among the best to be obtained.

I would suggest a system of substitute papers, so that a student who, for any reason, is unable to take the examination with his class may have an opportunity for a private examination at another time. A case occurred recently in one of our largest schools where a student who was prepared to take them found that Regents' examinations upon three of his subjects were set down for the same date. An appeal was made to the Board of Regents to secure change of date or permission for a private examination. This not being granted, the student was obliged to omit the subject, solely on account of lack of time for taking it.

We frequently have cases where students who are fully prepared for the work fail to secure their diplomas because of illness at examination time.

I would suggest that all papers securing a mark of seventy or more from the local teacher should be forwarded to the "Regents" for revision, so securing a thoroughly impartial marking. Upon a close paper it is often next to impossible for a teacher to avoid being somewhat influenced by personal prejudice, or by the previous work which the student has done in the class-room.

I have known a case of this kind where a teacher had marked a paper below a pass—thrown it out as beyond question a failure. An appeal was made, and, against strong opposition by the teacher, the paper was forwarded to Albany, and the pupil promptly and unhesitatingly given a "pass."

A high standard for examinations is what makes the diplomas of value, and while I would not reduce the standard, I would plead for more equal and exact justice to individual students and individual schools.

What can be done about it? ITHACA.

[Publisher's Department]

THE WESTERN COLLEGE AND SEMINARY

FORTY years ago, at Oxford, Ohio, two young women were graduating from a new institution which was destined to become an important factor of educational life in the Central West. Mount Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Massachusetts, was then laying the foundations for the present system of women's colleges in America. The associates and friends of Mary Lyon, who were familiar with the Mount Holyoke system, as it had been applied with such happy results in the East, were desirous of seeing the same system introduced under favorable auspices in the great States west of the Alleghanies. Of this Seminary Miss Helen Peabody was a graduate, and for a time had been a member of its Faculty. When, therefore, the Western Female Seminary received its charter, in the year 1853, and a little later called Miss Peabody to inaugurate the Mount Holyoke system at Oxford, it was as a daughter of Mount Holyoke that the school began its work. No better selection could have been made for the responsible duties that awaited her. The school to-day is a living monument to the long, faithful, and capable service of its first Principal. Added to her natural endowments and training, which abundantly qualified her for her position, were indomitable courage and perseverance. On January 14, 1860, she saw that first, dearly bought home of the Western burned to the ground. A second structure and a better one rose from the ruins. On April 7, 1871, she again saw the Seminary building in ashes. A third edifice was placed on the same foundations in the latter part of the same year, to reward her devotion and express the esteem in which her work was held by the pupils and patrons of the Seminary. Through stirring providences of fire and pestilence and war her woman's faith never wavered; her hope for the future of the school was unfaltering. Since her resignation as Principal, eight years ago, Miss Peabody has lived in Pasadena, California. Her home is a kind of Mecca for those who were her students in the thirty-three years during which she presided over the institution. Their reverence for the godly woman, whose days of active service are over, has been handed down from mothers to daughters, and all who know her history delight to do her honor.

The Front Porch

Miss Leila S. McKee, of Danville, Kentucky, a graduate of Wellesley, succeeded Miss Peabody, and is now the able and capable President of the College. She has raised the standard of instruction to full college work, and is keeping it abreast with the best colleges of the country. Until her administration the school was continued on the Mount Holyoke plan, and each student was required to do a certain amount of domestic work daily. In later years this plan has been greatly modified, both at Mount Holyoke and Oxford. Although the lighter housework is done by the students, it occupies but half an hour daily, and is really more in the nature of relaxation than that of serious work.

A prominent feature of the College is its location. The buildings rise from an eminence which overlooks the Miami country, in one of the most beautiful and healthful regions of Ohio. There is a campus of sixty-five acres, and the picture one has of it from the pike, a mile out of Oxford, is not soon forgotten. The long drive winding up to the main building; a glimpse of Alumnæ Hall, with its ivy-clad tower; the pretty little brook; the summer-house; the smooth-clipped lawn; the acres of woodland stretching away at one side; the great front porch, embowered in rose and honeysuckle—all of these are gathered up in one's first impressions of the very agreeable outdoor surroundings with which the Western is favored. Nor is the impression indoors less pleasing. The cool and quiet library, with its handsome alcoves, its inviting shelves, and its splendid Tillinghast window; the art gallery; the pretty parlors; the pleasant chapel; the well-lighted reading-room, with its tables of fresh periodicals and its easy chairs; the neat and restful rooms for the pupils—all add to the favorable impression made upon the visitor.

The Western is a home as well as a school. It has never been an ambition of the management that the College should be large in its numbers. The wish is rather to select students who will maintain in scholarship and in character the high standard of excellence of which it is justly proud. The number admitted to its classes is limited, and for this reason the home feeling is the more easily cultivated. It is a household where each pupil comes into intimate relations with all the members. A visitor almost invariably speaks of the sympathy that seems to exist between the faculty and the students. This is a recognition of a great factor constantly operative in the life of this College. Each teacher knows every girl in the institution, and the girls all know each other. The interest of one is made the interest of all, and a staunch little democracy exists within the boundaries of the campus, in which character is constantly acting upon character. And this feeling of kinship does not cease when the school-days are over. The alumnæ are thoroughly loyal to the institution, and are its most devoted friends. They have a lively organization and several branch societies in which good fellowship and kindly interest are cultivated and perpetuated. These meetings and reunions of the alumnæ have given a stability to the College as helpful to its work as they have been delightful to the members. A substantial proof of this is a handsome fire-proof building presented to the College in 1893 at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, and known as Alumnæ Hall. A library having a capacity of one hundred thousand volumes occupies the whole north end of this building. The cases and shelving for the books are of electroplated bronze, made after the pattern of the new Congressional Library at Washington. Laboratories for the departments of physiological and biological sciences occupy the ground floor; a lecture-room and several of the recitation-rooms are located on the second floor; while the whole upper floor of this building is devoted to art. The departments of Art and Music offer exceptional advantages under the direction of six competent instructors.

It is an aim of the Trustees of the Western to select for the members of the Faculty teachers of thorough Christian culture from the best colleges of the land. The object of this policy is to secure for the Western the best and most approved methods of instruction pursued successfully in other institutions. The University of Michigan, the University of Chicago, Oberlin College, Vassar College, Smith College, Mount Holyoke College and Seminary, and Wellesley College, and several of the leading schools of music, are thus represented in the work of the Western, while many of its Faculty have done advanced work abroad. While the College is undenominational in character, it has always been in active sympathy with the practice and precepts of the Christian religion. The Bible is systematically and thoroughly studied under instructors whose attitude toward it is devout and reverent.

Sophomore Shepherdesses—Tree Day

The Western is often, and justly, commended for the health of its students. A prime necessity for this was secured at the outset in a healthful location. But in the complicated conditions of modern social life much more is required. In light, heat, ventilation, plumbing, water supply—and diet, exercise, physical training, cheerful surroundings, and agreeable companions as well—there are sanitary conditions requiring vigilant and intelligent care. These are matters for experts, and no expense has been spared to secure the best hygienic results. Col. Latham Anderson, of Cincinnati, a sanitary expert of wide experience and observation, was employed last year to make a thorough examination of the sanitary condition of the buildings and premises, and closed his report in these words:

"I desire to express my admiration for the high state of discipline of the institution everywhere apparent, especially as affecting the cleanliness and sanitary condition of the place. An unusual degree of intelligence and sound judgment has been evinced by the management in the precautions which have been taken for maintaining good hygienic conditions. The conservatism of the general management is also shown by the fact that tank water, as I am informed, has never been used for cooking purposes, although, as shown by the above examination, it is sufficiently pure for such purposes.

"It would be well for the rising generations of students if all educational institutions were managed with the same care and intelligence apparent here."

Every student is required to receive a systematic physical education under the direction of a competent expert. The system of training is after the method of the Anderson School of Gymnastics at New Haven. In cases of defective muscular development the intelligent application of such a system to the wants of a particular individual often secures results of the highest value. In addition to the regular gymnasium work, a large athletic field gives ample opportunity for outdoor sports, and athletics are in high favor with the Western girls. Tennis, cricket, basket-ball, baseball, and bicycling vie with each other in popularity, and doubtless contribute in no little degree to the excellent health the students enjoy.

The campus of the Western, beautiful at any time, is never more attractive than at the "Tree Day" season. May and June divide honors with October, for the trees are then in their glory, and its bit of woodland is the pride of the College. "Tree Day" is celebrated in the month of May, and the Western is the only "Western" college which makes a special feature of the ceremony. It has become the grand fête of the year, and guests attend from miles around. The students appear in costumes of every contrivance and color, and a spirit of fun and good will and merrymaking pervades the exercises. The ceremonies consist in farewells by the Senior Class to the tree they planted in the Freshman year, followed by the planting of another tree by the present Freshman Class. A splendid pageant forms part of the ceremonies, and there are many speeches, witty and learned, and much hilarity and frolic. The Western should be visited on "Tree Day" to be seen at its best. The grounds are in gala array, the girls are more charming than any landscape, and the mirth and light-hearted gayety in which the exercises are conducted realize a college girl's idea of a "good time."

The Trustees and Alumnæ Association are now engaged in an undertaking to raise a fund of fifty thousand dollars to endow the Chair of Christian Evidences, and to be known as the Helen Peabody Endowment Fund. Mrs. Calvin S. Brice has lately sent to her Alma Mater, by cablegram from St. Petersburg, a subscription of one thousand dollars to this fund.

The Western has undoubtedly a future before it. With its unique and most creditable history; with the affection of its alumnæ; with its unsurpassed location; with its handsome grounds and buildings; and with its excellent Faculty, there is every prospect that it will continue to grow in its influence and usefulness.

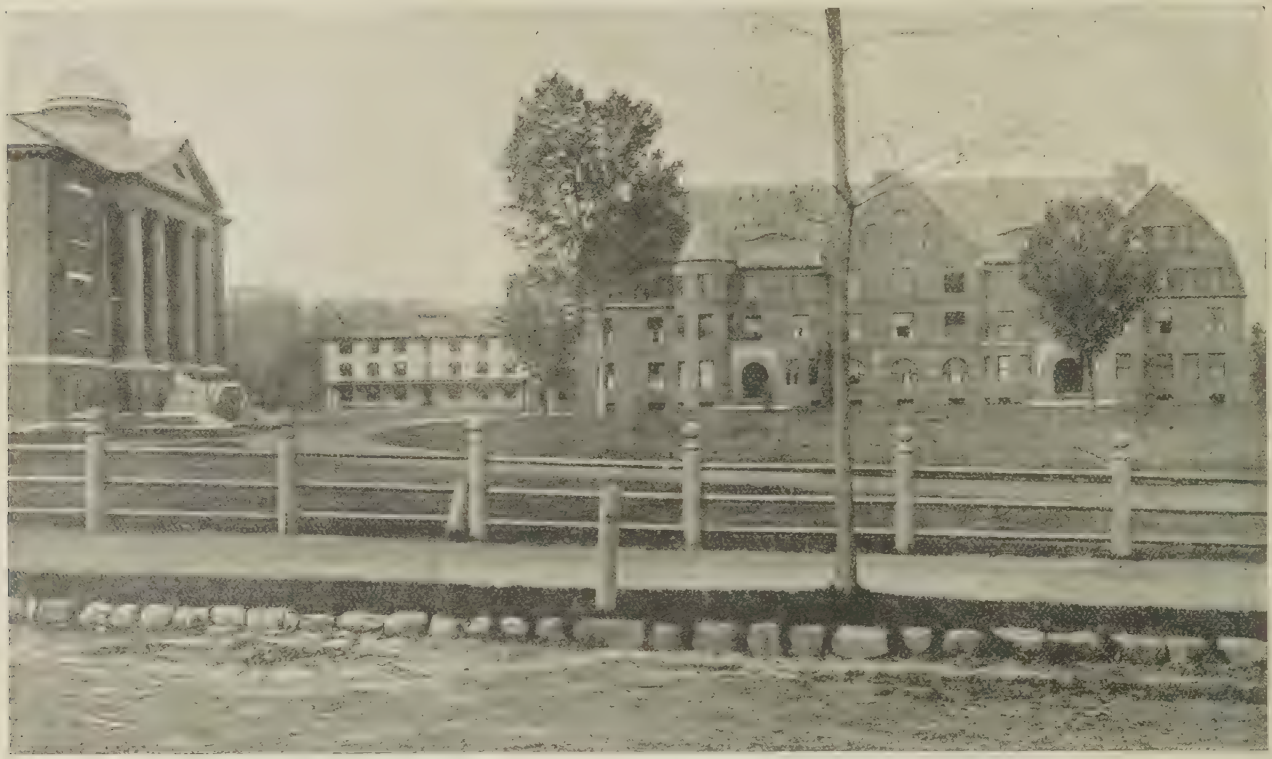
The accompanying cuts give some idea, though an inadequate one, of the beauty of the place. The graceful outlines of Alumnæ Hall; the stately proportions of the Main Building, with its vine-covered chapel; the charm of the winding drive; and the hills and dales of the rolling campus, cannot be reproduced by the photographer's art. To realize it all you must visit old Oxford town and look with your own eyes over the fair possessions of this queen of "Western" colleges.

Alumnæ Hall

JESSIE TRIMBLE.

Cincinnati, July, 1896.

[Publisher's Department]



Abbot Academy, of Andover

As a school distinctively Christian in influence and instruction, Abbot Academy aims to prepare its girls for useful, earnest lives, and provides exceptional opportunities for thorough intellectual culture and the best development of character. Founded in 1829 in the old historic town of Andover, Mass., twenty-three miles north of Boston, it enjoys a healthful climate and is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery. The Academy grounds comprise twenty-three acres laid out in beautiful walks and lawns, including a large grove of majestic oaks. Abundant opportunity is thus offered for healthful outdoor exercise, which is required of all. As Andover is the seat of several other educational institutions, certain incidental benefits are thus derived from mutual sources, while its proximity to Boston renders available the advantages in art and science which that city offers. The equipment of Abbot Academy is acknowledged to be exceptionally complete. Draper Hall, the largest and most imposing of the school buildings, is one of the finest of the kind in the country. No care or expense has been spared in its arrangement and construction. It is admirably ventilated, lighted, and heated. The rooms are mostly arranged *en suite*, allowing a parlor and bedroom for two pupils. Each young lady has a separate bed, her own bureau, closet, and toilet conveniences. The building stands at an angle which permits every room to have the sun during some part of the day. Separate floors entirely distinct are devoted to Music and Art. The wing of Draper Hall is devoted to the German classes, while Smith Hall is the home of the French students. Here the most pleasant accommodations are provided, each pupil having a room to herself. The pleasant parlors and dining-room present a homelike appearance which adds to other attractions. Abbot Hall, the old academy, contains the assembly hall, class-rooms, laboratory, and gymnasium. In the Academy library of five thousand volumes, catalogued by the card system, are found carefully selected books, many of which are especially supplied as an aid in the studies of Literature, History, Science, and Art. The library is open at all times, as is also the reading-room, which contains all the desirable magazines and newspapers of the day. Attendance at Sunday morning service is required. Those who have been reared in the Episcopal Church worship in Christ Church; all others attend the South Congregational Church, where free sittings are provided for the school. No visits are made or received on this day, as Tuesday evening and Wednesday (not Wednesday evening) are set apart for recreation. Visitors may also be received out of study hours on other days. For 70 years Abbot Academy has drawn its pupils from all sections of the country, thus establishing a service equally adapted to all. Until 1853 the Academy was in charge of a male Principal. At this date the principalship passed into the hands of Miss Nancy J. Haseltine, niece of the celebrated Abigail Haseltine. Six years later she was succeeded by Miss Philena McKeen, under whose charge the Academy enjoyed thirty-three years of unprecedented success. In 1892 Miss McKeen was ably succeeded by Miss Laura S. Watson, in whose charge the school now is. Abbot Academy certainly enjoys an enviable position among the educational institutions of the United States, won by time-honored efforts in behalf of the young women intrusted to its care. The illustrated annual catalogue contains full information of the facilities and opportunities of the several Literary and Scientific courses, and also of a thorough College Fitting course, offered by this institution.

Miss Laura S. Watson, Principal

[Publisher's Department]

Chicago as an Educational Center for Women

The University of Chicago, with its great money endowments, its splendid equipments of special buildings for the natural sciences, its facilities for post-graduate work, its equal opportunities for men and women, has drawn the attention of the entire country away from the far East as the educational Mecca of students, and bids fair to change the educational center of the United States from New England to the southern shore of Lake Michigan. The single fact that this great university in its incipiency provided three commodious and finely equipped buildings for the accommodation of its women students shows the importance it attaches to their higher education, and sets a standard for their intellectual development such as no other city in the United States can boast.

It has long been known to well-informed people that the standard of intellectual culture among women in Chicago has for many years been the highest, and while it is well said that comparisons are odious, yet it is true that as long ago as the meeting of the Women's Congress in 1882, when the Chicago Woman's Club entertained that highly cultured and dignified body of women, the superiority of Chicago women as speakers, parliamentarians, and in general ability to guide and inform audiences was generally and generously recognized. At that time a distinguished woman from New York City said: "I feel as if the Chicago women were a deep sea in which we Eastern women swim as small and unimportant boats."

The women's clubs of Chicago are the most numerous and enroll the largest membership of those of any city of the United States. They also contain the largest proportion of women who are college graduates. Two of these clubs, the Fortnightly, with a membership limited to 200, and the Chicago Woman's Club, with a membership of nearly 800, have very handsomely equipped club-rooms which occupy the entire fifth floor of one of the great business blocks in the heart of the city. Here, over a quiet cup of tea or chocolate, which can always be obtained on call, the best women of Chicago meet to discuss matters of general interest or to formulate plans for the humane and Christian enterprises for which they are so noted. The presidency of the National Confederation of Women's Clubs, with its 200,000 members, has, for the second time, been awarded to a Chicago woman, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, notwithstanding a vigorous attempt on the part of Eastern members to remove it to New York.

Academy of Sciences

All the pupils of Chicago schools, public and private, have the advantages possessed only by great cities, of access to the great libraries of the city; to its Art Institute, now among the finest in the country; to its museums, which contain many of the most valuable things shown at the Columbian Exposition; to its great Academy of Science, etc. The musical and other entertainments are also an important factor in a liberal education for girls. The Thomas concerts continue throughout the winter season, and as the rehearsals are given on Friday afternoons they are attended by hundreds of pupils from the schools. The best musical artists come to Chicago every winter.

The great Chicago Conservatory of Music and Elocution, under the direction of Samuel Kayzer, with its finely equipped studios in the Auditorium, and its corps of teachers in each department, from the front ranks of the profession, offers the opportunity to the pupils of Chicago schools for education in all branches of musical and dramatic art which New York and Boston have until recent years monopolized.

A great deal of the credit of the general high standard of culture among Chicago women is due to the Chicago private schools for girls, which, ever since the great Chicago fire, have been doing singularly effective, if quiet, work. Among the twelve or fourteen long-established schools for girls in Chicago, only two receive more than twenty boarding pupils, none receive over thirty, while the majority receive only ten or twelve in the families of the principals. This restriction has had the effect of bringing the young girls who are boarding pupils into close personal relation to the principals of these schools, to the great advantage of these pupils, since among the principals of the private schools of Chicago are to be found women distinguished not only as educators but as scholars and writers to a degree scarcely equaled by any other city in the country.

Another interesting fact in regard to these private schools is that all make a specialty of fitting girls for college, and every September witnesses the interesting spectacle of special trains for college students. Usually these trains are decorated with flowers furnished by the officials of the various roads, and the young ladies leave Chicago for Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley under the happiest auspices of attention and éclat.

One of Chicago's leading schools for girls is the Loring School, on Prairie Avenue, founded in 1876 by Mrs. Stella D. Loring and Miss Howells, a sister of W. D. Howells. This school is now under the principalship of Mrs. Loring, a most cultured, scholarly woman, who, besides her large number of day pupils, receives into her family twelve young ladies as boarding pupils. The Loring School gives especial attention to college preparatory work, and its certificates admit to the leading colleges for women and co-educational universities without entrance examinations. At Mrs. Loring's home the pupils meet the literati of the city, as Mrs. Loring gives frequent evenings when distinguished people read papers or give musical recitals or meet with members of her family socially.

On Indiana Avenue near Twentieth Street are the two spacious buildings occupied by the Holman-Dickerman School, under the principalship of Mrs. L. C. Holman and Miss F. S. Dickerman. The course of instruction embraces all the studies included in a thorough English education, and especial attention is also given to the study of French. The school numbers among its pupils and alumnæ the daughters of some of Chicago's most prominent families. While this has been strictly a day school in the past, Mrs. Holman and Miss Dickerman intend receiving a few boarding pupils into their home in the fall.

Further south—for these are South Side institutions—is to be found the Kenwood Institute, on Forty-seventh Street, near the Lake. The principal, Miss A. E. Butts, receives into her large and finely appointed home about twelve boarding pupils. This school has the distinction of being the only girls' school affiliated with the University of Chicago, thus obviating the necessity of entrance examination. A certificate from the principal of Kenwood Institute admits to the University of Michigan, the University of Wisconsin, Vassar College, Smith College, and Wellesley College without examinations. Special attention is given to the study of art history, illustrated lectures being given regularly on this subject.

On Oakenwald Avenue, also near the Lake, is Ascham Hall, a school for young ladies. The principal is Miss Kate Byam Martin, a sister of Mrs. Charles Henrotin. Miss Martin's school is noted for the attention it gives to modern languages and to art. Examinations for the University of Chicago are given quarterly at Ascham Hall. Miss Martin, having lived many years abroad, speaks French and German with fluency. She is the author of several well-known works of fiction and travel. Miss Martin receives twelve young ladies into her house.

Eight miles west of the city, but connected with it by numerous lines of electric and steam cars, in the beautiful suburb of Oak Park, is the Scoville Place School, Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, principal. This school is named for the gentleman whose spacious mansion, surrounded by five acres of lawn, the school has occupied since his death. On account of its size, large and finely furnished rooms for pupils, and its general superior equipment, this school has been named the Ogontz of Chicago schools. It accommodates twenty-five boarding and one hundred day pupils. It is especially noted for the attention given to the use of good English in speech and composition. Its certificates admit to all the best colleges for women. Mrs. Starrett is well known in the literary world, not only for magazine articles on educational topics, but for several books on ethical and social subjects. Her "Letters to a Daughter" have been read by thousands of young girls during the past ten years.

Beautiful Kenilworth, a few miles north of Chicago, on the heavily wooded bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan, possesses one of the most thoroughly equipped schools in the country, Kenilworth Hall. Within easy reach of the city by numerous suburban trains, with a most beautiful natural environment, are situated the home of Mrs. Babcock, the principal, and another building devoted exclusively to the purpose of recitation and study. Mrs. Babcock is an experienced teacher of widespread reputation. While, if desired, pupils are prepared for college, the special inducements offered by this school are delightful home associations and a most thorough course of study along general lines under Mrs. Babcock and a corps of competent assistants. Numerous graduates of Kenilworth Hall, prominent in society and literary circles, attest the thoroughness of Mrs. Babcock's training. Mrs. Babcock receives twelve boarding pupils into her home.

Art Institute

The truth is, that Chicago, possessing its unsurpassed opportunities for general culture, with such finely equipped schools, offers inducements which are proving sufficient to cause parents to turn their eyes thither when considering the question of the education of their daughters.

Bits of Fun

Making His Mark.—She—Have you heard that our minister is to be tried for heresy? He—Yes, it is quite a distinction for so young a man.—*Brooklyn Life.*

He Wondered.—"Dearest," she said, cooingly, "I wish you were a great statesman, with your picture on our greenbacks." "I wonder if she knows that a man has to be dead to get his picture on the currency," he thought to himself. There are some things it is better not to know.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. Anstey, the author of "Vice Versa," tells a story to illustrate the inappropriate way in which Scripture texts are sometimes used. At a small seaside resort in England a generous citizen presented a number of free seats for the promenade, each adorned with an iron label stating that "Mr. Jones, of this town, presented these seats for the public use. The sea is his and he made it."—*New York Tribune.*

In one of the smaller towns of Kentucky lives a negro familiarly known as "Tim White." On one occasion it was necessary to record his full name. The not unusual supposition that "Tim" stood for "Timothy" was met with flat denial. "No, sah! My right name is What-timorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be White. Dey jes' calls me Tim fo' short, sah."—*Exchange.*

It is not often that the House of Commons has the chance of enjoying a good and innocent joke. But it found the occasion the other night, and at the expense of Mr. John Burns, who is far too earnest a man to indulge in jokes of malice prepense. "Since I came into the House, four years ago," Mr. Burns said, "the confidence of the public in it has much diminished." The laughter that here broke forth prevented him from finishing the sentence.—*Household Words.*

"It is a wonder to me," said Willie Wishington, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. There are people who can decide in an instant what it would take others a long time to consider. I met a man the other evening who is that way." "Was he a lawyer?" "I don't know. But he had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"—*Washington Star.*

Mark Twain has been telling the South African pressmen some yarns and cracking some jokes at his own expense. One of the latter is related by a Johannesburg paper. Mark was talking about South Africa's numerous recent afflictions. "Yes," he said, "you have had a fearful time here lately—what with wars, revolutions, rinderpest, locusts, drought—and me. I guess you can go no further with plagues. Now that I've come, you must take a change for the better."—*Westminster Gazette.*

The preacher spoke of little things,
  Their influence and power,
And how the little pitted speck
  Made all the apple sour.

He told how great, big, sturdy oaks
  From little acorns grew,
And how the tiny little stone
  The burly giant slew.

But the cyclist sat there unimpressed
  By all the speaker's fire,
Until he went outside and found
  A pin had pierced his tire.
—*Wilkesbarre News Dealer.*

One old-fashioned divine of my early youth (writes A. K. H. B.) preached every Sunday upon "The Broken Covenant." At length the long-suffering parishioners could stand it no longer, and a deputation was organized to visit the manse. The deputation informed the minister that they were extremely weary of hearing continually of "The Broken Covenant," and that there was a general desire to have at least one new sermon. "You shall have it," said the worthy minister, in conciliatory strain; "you shall have a perfectly new sermon next Sunday." Accordingly the church was fuller than usual, and a thrill of satisfaction ran round when the text was announced in these words: "And the cup was found in Benjamin's sack." "Let me tell you, my friends," said the preacher, "the day is coming when all your sacks will be rypit. And what, think you, will be found in them? Yes, what will be found in them? Again I ask you, what will be found in them? The first thing found in them will be 'The Broken Covenant,' on which I will now proceed to speak at great length." Thus was hope dashed to the ground, and the congregation fell back into the state of utter misery in which they had listened to that dismal orator on many past days.

An Electrical Fancy

The astonishing progress of electrical science is neatly satirized by a Parisian paper, which imagines Mr. Edison, in his laboratory, hearing the news of a declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States. A young man, his assistant, rushes in, pale and out of breath, and exclaims to the great electrician:

"Oh, master, war is declared! It is terrible!"

"Ah!" says the master. "War declared, eh? And where is the British army at this moment?"

"Embarking, sir."

"Embarking where?"

"At Liverpool."

"At Liverpool—yes. Now, my friend, would you please join the ends of those two wires hanging there against the wall? That's right. Now bring them to me. Good! And be kind enough to press that button."

The assistant, wondering and half-amused, presses the button.

"Very well," says the inventor. "Now do you know what is taking place at Liverpool?"

"The British army is embarking, sir."

The inventor pulls out his watch and glances at the time. "There is no British army," he says, coolly.

"What?" screams the assistant.

"When you touched that button you destroyed it."

"Oh, this is frightful!"

"It is not frightful at all. It is science. Now, every time that a British expedition embarks at any port, please come and tell me at once. Ten seconds afterward it will simply be out of existence, that's all."

"There doesn't seem to be any reason why America should be afraid of its enemies after this, sir."

"I am inclined to believe you," says the master, smiling slightly. "But in order to avert future trouble, I think it would be best to destroy England altogether."

"To—to destroy England, sir—"

"Kindly touch button number four there."

The assistant touches it. The inventor counts ten.

"—eight, nine, ten—it is all over. There is no more England."

"Oh! oh!" screams the young man.

"Now we can go on quietly with our work," says the master. "And if we should ever be at war with any other nation, you have only to notify me. I have an electric button connecting with every foreign country which will destroy it when pressed. In ten minutes I could destroy every country in the world, the United States included. Be careful, now, that you don't touch any of those buttons accidently—you might do a lot of damage!"—*Youth's Companion.*

[Publisher's Department]

Exit the Spinning-Wheel

Woman's Work in New Fields

When the spinning-wheel and the loom went from cottage to factory, there began a world-revolution not equaled by any overturning of an old order which civilization has witnessed. When cloth was no longer spun and woven and bleached and fashioned by home skill, but came from factories and called for a price instead of for effort at first hand; when baking and brewing and churning became great separate industries, like soap-boiling, candle-making, and a score of other tasks which had once filled woman's days to the full, civilization stood on the threshold of a great new era compared to which those were unimportant times when slaves were turned loose into the condition of self-dependent freemen, and vast armies were disbanded after having forgot all crafts but the craft of war. History took on a new turn in this revolution, or evolution, to which almost no other can compare. The hands and hearts and minds of millions of women, born and yet to be born, stood ready for new occupations in large degree, and some of the gravest questions this old world has propounded stared in the faces of both men and women then, nor have they ceased their insistence or their gravity even now.

In what may woman engage to do best justice to her powers and most good with them, and suffer least detriment to her womanliness? We are told that there are over two thousand occupations open to women to-day, as against only three to which they could turn a generation ago. The general aspect of the world to-day toward a woman at the bar or on the jury, for instance, is far different from what it would have been thirty years ago, but there are still thousands who are unreconciled to such conditions, and among womankind there are almost as many, proportionately, who view with dread the prospect of going into the world as bread-winners, as there were a half-century ago. To these the first choice of occupation is one of the very first which opened to the woman in search of opportunity. Teaching is the nearest and dearest work to the truly feminine heart, and although it was one of woman's first resources, it has been outclassed by none subsequent to it, either in the extent of its demands or the rewards they offer. From the college presidency to the teaching of babes, there is call in every field for the capable woman; but in no branch of labor, educational or otherwise, can women find a field so peculiarly their own as in the kindergarten.

Kindergarten! Beautiful word, suggesting the flowers of childhood and the tender study and love and care of the coaxing gardener, who is wise beyond the point where men expect roses to flourish under the same treatment as violets, but give to each tender plant the care which, by minute, individual study, they have found it to be in need of. This branch of education is offering, perhaps, the most and the choicest inducements of any occupation open to women. It is a field in which they need fear no stress of competition except among themselves, for in it there can be none of the vexed strife between men and women, such as works so sorely on the spirits of those women who choose the more advanced stages of educational work. In it, moreover, women find a vocation which is more than bread-winning, a calling next of kin to their crown of glory, motherhood! For that sacredest of offices it fits such as God may, in time, elevate thereto; and for those who may always find their work outside the walls of home, it opens up opportunities of a depth and breadth and beauty any one might well envy. The science of child-study, to which it has given birth and impetus, is assuming proportions and revealing charms which take captive the finest minds, and from being first misunderstood as a scheme for "amusing children," kindergartning has come to be recognized as one of the most subtly delicate and beautiful, as well as one of the most important, of all sciences.

From Mrs. J. N. Crouse, the Principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College, No. 10 East Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill., where many of the best teachers in the country have been trained, it was learned that the demand for good teachers far exceeds the supply, and that places are sometimes open months looking for "the right woman." Further inquiry also brought out the facts that a knowledge of kindergartning is a strong recommendation for applicants for ordinary positions the country over, and that salaries may be said to be better in this than in almost any other branch of woman's work. For instance, teachers who have had but two years' instruction receive from $500 to $600 per year for services during half a day through the school year, and students who have had three or four years of theoretical and practical instruction receive from $800 to $1,500 per year. These, then, are some of the facts of one of the promising and honorable avocations open to women.

About People

—Dr. George Taylor Winston, President of the University of North Carolina, was unanimously elected President of the University of Texas. He has accepted.

—Christina Rossetti is to have a memorial in Christ Church, Woburn Square, where she attended for nearly twenty years. It will consist of a series of paintings for the reredos by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

—In an interview on the late Jules Simon, Rochefort said: "Although he was Minister several times, he accomplished the feat—a rarity, under the circumstances, which deserves emphasizing—of acquiring no fortune and dying poor."

—John Hardy, the inventor of the vacuum brake, died recently in Vienna, where for many years he had been employed by the State railroads. He was born in 1820, worked for a time under George Stephenson, and is believed to have been the last survivor of his assistants.

—Besançon was the birthplace of Victor Hugo and Pasteur. Its Town Council recently had a warm debate over the question whether the town lycée, now named after the former, should be named the Lycée Pasteur instead. The advocates of the change declared that Pasteur had cured many people in the department, while Victor Hugo had never done anything for them. But a majority of the Council voted to retain the present name.

—Miss Kingsley, the African traveler, gives an amusing account of the beginning of her love of adventure. She was at the Canary Islands, and, hearing "very dreadful accounts of the dangers and horrors of traveling in West Africa," she felt she must go, out of mere feminine curiosity. She continues: "I asked a man who knew the country what I should find most useful to take out with me, and he replied: 'An introduction to the Wesleyan mission, because they have a fine hearse and plumes at the station, and would be able to give you a grand funeral.'"

—The wife of Bishop Wightman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has given to Bishop Hurst, for the American University, an autograph letter of John Wesley, written March 31, 1790, the closing paragraph of which is as follows: "As soon as possible you should put the Believers in Bands and introduce ye whole Methodist Discipline. But, I pray, do not introduce slouched hats; let us not imitate Clowns or Quakers. Next to the Bible, I love Common Sense. Therefore I wd never be singular for singularity sake. I am, dear Billy, your affectionate Friend and Brother, J. Wesley. Beware of women."

—Writing of Dr. Newman Hall, a correspondent of the London "Daily News" says: "Never were fourscore years borne more brightly and buoyantly than by the great Congregationalist minister, who first saw the light on May 22, 1816. It is but a brief while ago that I watched him chasing an omnibus in the Strand with all the nimbleness of a man of thirty; and when, one day this week, he came into the library of Vine House, Hampstead, to greet me, it required a distinct effort of the imagination to realize that Dr. Newman Hall was within a day or two of eighty. No stranger who met him and conversed with him, without being informed beforehand of the fact, would dream of charging the famous successor of Rowland Hill with the burden of forescore years. His good health Mrs. Hall attributes in large measure to her husband's bright way of looking at things in general, and to his singularly happy temperament."

—A letter in the daily papers suggests that some lasting memorial of Mrs. Rundle Charles, the well-known author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," would be in harmony with the wishes of the large circle of friends and readers who hold her and her work in warm appreciation, and to whom her death is a deep sorrow and an irreparable loss. Mrs. Charles, the writer adds, took a great interest in the North London Hospital for Consumptives, near which she lived, and for many years she regularly attended its committee meetings. She also frequently visited the sick and suffering in the wards. It is felt that many would like to contribute towards the endowment of a bed to be called "The Elizabeth Rundle Charles Bed," thus forwarding the work so dear to her, and at the same time appealing to the sympathies of the public at large. Contributions may be sent to Basilwoodd Smith, Branch Hill Lodge, Hampstead Heath, London, N. W., England.

—Major J. B. Pond, in a recent article in the "Cosmopolitan," writes as follows of Jonn B. Gough:

> It is strange, but it is a fact, that although Gough never broke down in his life as an orator, and never failed to capture his audience, he always had a mild sort of stage-fright which never vanished until he began to speak. To get time to master this fright was his reason for insisting upon being "introduced" to his audiences before he spoke, and he so insisted even in New England, where the absurd custom had been abandoned for years. While the chairman was introducing him, Mr. Gough was "bracing up" to overcome his stage-fright. By the way, let me say right here (as the phrase "bracing up" has two meanings) that the slanderous statements often started against Mr. Gough, to the effect that he sometimes took a drink in secret, were wholly and wickedly untrue. In his autobiography Mr. Gough has told the story of his fall, his conversion, and his one relapse, and has told it truthfully. He was absolutely and always, after his first relapse, a total abstinence man in creed and life. There never lived a truer man.

—Ernst Curtius, the well-known German Hellenist, who died in Berlin on July 11, was born at Lubeck on September 2, 1814, and, after a preliminary training in the college of his native town, pursued his studies at the universities of Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, and in 1837 visited Athens, in company with Professor Brandis, in order to begin at headquarters his researches into Greek antiquities. Subsequently he accompanied Otfried Müller in his archæological expedition to the Peloponnesus. On the death of that eminent scholar in 1840, he returned to his native country; was made doctor by the University of Halle; taught for some time in the colleges of Berlin; became professor extraordinary there, and was appointed tutor to Prince Frederick William, the father of the present Emperor of Germany, and Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences. In 1856 he succeeded Hermann as professor at Göttingen. He went to Athens to undertake excavations at Olympia in April, 1864, and in 1875 was sent by the German Government to Greece, where he concluded a convention with the Greek authorities, by which the Germans obtained a monopoly of the excavations at Olympia. Since 1870 he had been director of the antiquarian department in the Royal Museum.

They Didn't Know What to Make of It

Once upon a time there was an island in the Pacific Ocean inhabited by a people that had no acquaintance with matters outside their own domain. On a certain day there was a terrific storm at sea, and among the things thrown upon the shores of the island was a ladder.

When the islanders saw the ladder they marveled much as to what it was and for what purpose created.

Some thought one thing and some another. Finally there were but two opinions, and behind each was ranged half of the people, the other half being behind the other opinion.

One party held that the rungs of the ladder were intended to hold the sides together, while the other party as stoutly maintained that their purpose was to keep the sides apart.

However the people might agree or differ as to what the ladder was intended for, upon the rung question they stood unalterably divided, one side holding to the keep-apart theory, while the other side clung to the theory of hold-together.

If an islander set the ladder upon its side and proceeded to prove, at least to his own satisfaction, that it was the section of a fence (although he would not go so far as to explain what kind of an animal it was that was so large that he could not get through the palings and yet so sluggish that he could not top so low a wall), it was only for a moment that he received attention; for it was only a question of time how soon the old contention asserted itself, and the people began again the old question as to the object for which the rungs were created and put in place.

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The same result was sure to follow when some other theorist placed the ladder flat upon the ground and sought to show that it was the skeleton of a raft, or possibly a well-ventilated palanquin. The keep-apart and hold-together controversy was sure to rekindle.

There is no knowing how long this condition of things might have gone on had not a sailor from some far-off country been washed ashore.

He was shown the ladder, and was asked in signs what it was for. He replied by standing it on end against a tree and mounting into the latter's branches.

The islanders were astonished, but their minds, as usual, reverted to the old puzzle—were the rungs designed to keep the sides apart or to hold them together?

The sailor explained that both parties were equally in the wrong; the rungs were, there neither to keep the sides apart nor to hold them together. But the sides were there to hold the rungs in place.

Moral: Very much depends upon the point of view; and, ten chances to one, notwithstanding you think you know it all, there may be a few things not included in your mental stock-in-trade.—*Boston Transcript.*

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The Sherman Statue

The National Sculpture Society has replied to the Sherman Statue Committee of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee in regard to the criticism by the Committee that the National Sculpture Society did not protest until after the award for the statue had been made to Mr. Rohl-Smith. Mr. Ward says that that is true. The National Society was in entire ignorance of what had taken place in the Committee after the decision of the committee of experts had been given until the announcement of the successful artist's name was made public. As soon as this was known the Society made its protest. Mr. Ward calls attention to the fact that $80,000 of public money, money that belongs to the people of the United States, is to be expended on this statue, and that the National Sculpture Society wishes to call the attention of the people to the way in which their money is used. Mr. Ward says: "The question is whether, by trusting to your own, in neglect of more competent because more instructed, judgment, you have undertaken to misspend this public money by directing the expenditure of it upon a less worthy work of art than might have been obtained for it." That is the controversy in a nutshell. The qualifications which would make a man a good general would not necessarily make him a competent judge of art. Mr. Ward says: "It is a question whether the training and experience that confer authority in every profession and in every trade shall confer authority in the choice of public works of art, to be paid for with public money. This is the question upon which we have notified you that we should appeal to the public." The method of appeal adopted by the National Sculpture Society is to request the competing artists to put their models on public exhibit, not only in the city of New York, but, as far as practicable, in other cities, in order that the people who have contributed the money may have the opportunity, so far as their education permits, to judge of the merits of the work selected, and also that these models may be made the occasion for educating the people to the value of an art not so highly appreciated in this country as it should be. All the artists, with the exception of the successful competitor, have agreed to meet the request of the National Sculpture Society. Mr. Rohl-Smith doubts his ability to meet the wishes of the Society, because of illness and his absence from the country until autumn.

Baptist Young People's Union

The Baptist Young People's Union of America, which held its sixth annual International Convention of four days, July 16–19, at Milwaukee, Wis., is an organization within the Baptist Church similar in purpose and work to the Epworth League in the Methodist Church, and to the Society of Christian Endeavor in the various denominations in which it is active. The Milwaukee Convention was attended by about 12,000 delegates from local, State, and provincial unions in all parts of the United States and Canada, and was a fine exhibition of religious zeal and enthusiasm. One of the peculiarities of this Union is in the geographical subdivisions of the territory which it covers and the emblematic color of each. Canada is represented by red badges and banners; the Northern States west of the Mississippi River by blue; the Northern States east of the Mississippi River by gold; and the Southern States are known in the Convention by their green emblems. The general headquarters of the Union are in Chicago, where "The Baptist Union," the official organ of the movement, is published, and is supported by a $50,000 fund. The Union was organized in Chicago in 1891 in pursuance to a call issued by the Baptist Church. It has enjoyed a wonderfully rapid growth. One of the encouraging features of this denominational union is its tendency toward union in the Baptist denomination, for it brings together in annual convention the young people of the Northern and Southern branches of the Baptist fold, and cannot but be a strong factor in preparing the way for union between these branches. Another special work is the Gospel car service which it sustains. Four of these "churches on wheels" are kept busy in the work of evangelism, especially on the frontiers of the West, where they have done a splendid service.

One of the cardinal features of the forces which the Milwaukee Convention represents is the "Christian Culture Course," especially prepared by scholarly pastors and professors and pursued by thousands of young Baptists all over the country. These courses are recognized to be invaluable to the increased intelligence and efficiency of the Baptist young people. The early prayer-meetings each morning were seasons of spiritual refreshing. The first was termed a "Surrender Meeting;" the second, a "Praise Meeting;" the third, a "Promise Meeting," and the fourth, which was held on Sunday morning, was an "Enduement Meeting." These were held simultaneously in four Baptist churches in different parts of the city. The Convention proper was held in the Milwaukee Exposition Building, with a seating capacity of 12,000, and it was crowded to overflowing at each session. President John H. Chapman delivered the opening address, and the welcome of the "Cream City," her churches and people, was extended by representative ministers and city officials. The annual reports of the President, the Board of Managers, the Secretary and Treasurer, were all received with demonstrations of great joy, as they showed evidence of spiritual and material prosperity. One whole afternoon was profitably devoted to the topic "The Young People's Society a Training-School of the Church." "The Young People's Society as a Working Force" was the general topic of a number of conferences on "New Members," "Literature," "Temperance and Evangelism," "Junior Work," "Social Work," and "Missions," all of which were subdivided and each phase of the subject presented by those best able to do so. These conferences were new departures in this Annual Convention, and were warmly welcomed. Three other new features in this Convention were the "State and Provincial Rallies," "Departmental Rallies," in which each of the four distinctive colors held separate rallies, and the "salutation of the flags," consisting of a beautiful service in which the departmental colors, the American flag, and the Union Jack were all greeted with great enthusiasm. Almost every pulpit in Milwaukee was occupied by Baptist divines on the Lord's Day. The Convention was conceded to be the best in the history of the Baptist Union.

Reason Enough

A party of women once had the privilege of inspecting a factory devoted to the manufacture of spool thread. Their cicerone was the proprietor of the factory, one of the largest and most complete in the world.

What most impressed the visitors, however, was not the size and evident prosperity of the plant, but the beauty of the place. Not only was every hygienic and commercial comfort attended to, but, so far as possible, every æsthetic consideration was observed as well. Around each wall of the spacious, well-windowed apartments where the work was done ran a broad, exquisitely painted frieze. The figures upon the frieze were a dainty dancing company, beautiful in color as well as in form, and fit to grace the walls of a dwelling rather than a mill.

Finally one of the women, a practical, plain-spoken dame, asked the owner why he made beauty such an object.

"I don't see the use of a frieze like that in a factory," she said, bluntly. "Why do you have it?"

The mill-owner smiled. "Well, come to think of it, it is a very practical reason," he said. I find that it makes better thread."—*New York Sun.*

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Editorial Criticism

There are many people who mistake an editorial office for a bureau of revision. One of these wants "a specific criticism, rather than the inevitable printed slip so discouraging to would-be writers." If editors had single manuscripts to deal with, rather than scores and hundreds; if they and their publishers were philanthropists, with no living to make; if it didn't matter whether the day's work were finished with the day, or left over to week after next—then it might be possible to meet these demands. But, even then, an altruist of any prudence could hardly gratify this correspondent:

"If the accompanying manuscript is not wanted for publication, please mark with a cross in the list below, to indicate in which grade you honestly consider it belongs.

"Excellent.

"Good.

"Middling.

"Poor."

This is not an exhaustive classification by any means, and the criticism thus conveyed would be of small value. But imagine the writer's wrath at getting back his (or her) communication marked "poor" or "middling"! An editor makes enemies enough by simply returning MSS. which the writers feel to be much better than most that he prints: why should he go out of his way to add insult (as it would be considered in many cases) to injury?

"I have convinced myself that there is some merit in the inclosed short story, otherwise I would not trouble you to examine it. If unavailable, I should esteem it most highly, in returning MS., if you would spare me a word saying whether or not you found the story entirely wanting in merit."

These two sentences don't seem to fit together. If you have formed a definite and positive opinion on a given subject, why ask for another fellow's, unless to prove (what you may have already suspected) that he is an ass? It is a free country; nobody denies your right to believe, if you like, that your work is admirable, that you are an unappreciated genius, and that those who think otherwise are soulless numskulls. An editor, if he understands his business, does not pretend that his judgment of a MS. is final and infallible. It may contain beauties that escape his hasty glance; some one else may like it, if he does not. He has no desire whatever to offer an opinion on its merits or demerits; his concern is simply to determine whether he wants to use it or not. If he doesn't, you can't force him to buy it; it is a free country for him too, thus far at least.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Laughter

There ought to be societies formed for the encouragement of laughter. A real laugh is not common, for it must be remembered that a snicker is not a laugh.

The Puritans were inclined to frown upon laughter as frivolous, and therefore wicked. Life was a very grave affair to them, an almost constant struggle for existence, and they had no time to make merry. The first two centuries of their national life were busy years. Privations were many, and the Indians were almost continually on the war-path. It is small wonder, perhaps, that they rarely enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Philosophers and cynics sneer at laughter. Goldsmith (who was always laughing) tells us of "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind," and the scornful Byron says, "And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'tis that I may not weep."

Many people are afraid to laugh because they think it common; so they repress their merriment with a smile.

They do wrong. Nature evidently intended us to laugh, or children would not know how. Laughter is healthful, and provocative of good morals as well as of good health. Hamlet says that "one may smile, and smile, and be a villain," and so one might; but no one could laugh and laugh, and be a villain.

To smirk, grin, guffaw, or smile is not to laugh. A good, whole-souled, hearty laugh is a panacea for many ills, and worth a doctor's prescription.—*Golden Days.*

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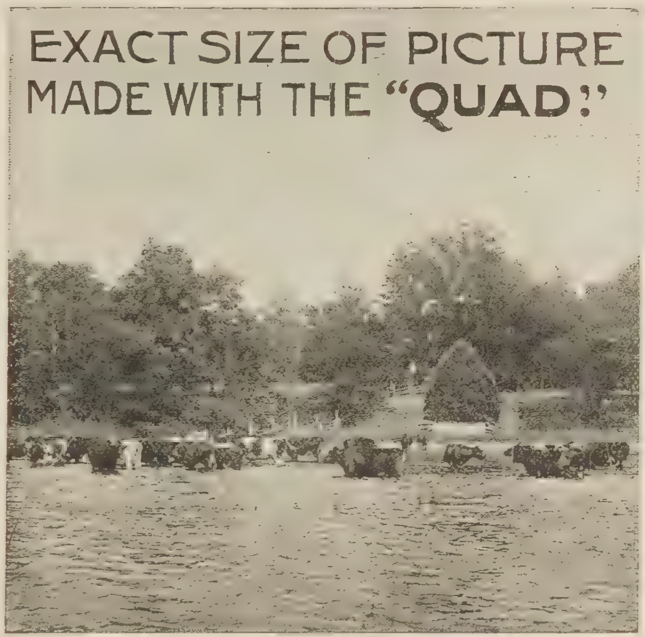

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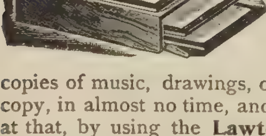

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To Hafiz

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Though gifts like thine the fates gave not to me,
O Hafiz, one thing we both hold in fee—
Nay, it holds us; for when the June wind blows
We both are slaves and lovers to the rose.
In vain the pale Circassian lily shows
Her face at her green lattice, and in vain
The violet beckons, with unveilèd face;
The bosom's white, the lip's light purple stain—
These touch our liking, yet no passion stir.
But when the rose comes, Hafiz—in that place
Where she stands smiling, we kneel down to her.
—*The Critic.*

Matterhorn Quests

By Richard Burton

As men essay the Matterhorn—
That peering peak of stone and snow—
To view, some matchless Alpine morn,
The petty world stretch far below,
Though after all their toil and pain
They can but clamber down again,

So yearning souls essay the heights
Of spirit, setting dangers by,
And recking naught of low delights
The flesh affords; you ask them why,
They know not; some divine unrest
Bids them to climb and do their best.
—*Exchange.*

The Hour Draws Near

By J. G. Whittier

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because He lives.
—*Selected.*

Hammer and Anvil

By John Clifford, D.D.

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he; then said, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.
—*Selected.*

Work

By Mrs. E. B. Browning

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil,
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines
And Death's mild curfew shall from toil assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dewdrop with another near.
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A Childlike Naturalist

In his "Life, Letters, etc., of Agassiz," Professor Marcou gives this sketch of Gressly, one of Agassiz's early companions:

"Agassiz had to pay for his lodging, which consisted of a small bedroom poorly furnished, and which soon became a true pandemonium of the most sordid kind. He boarded when in Neuchâtel at a third-rate inn, called Le Poisson, kept by the sister of the artist Jacques Burkhardt. When traveling—always on foot—there was even less expense; for Gressly entered the first farm on his road, and asked for food and lodging. He had already roamed all over the Swiss Jura Mountains to make the observations which had resulted in the excellent 'Observations géologiques sur le Jura Soleureis,' and was well known personally or by reputation by almost all the country people, who always received him kindly, giving him a place at their table and a bed to sleep in—or more exactly on; for he slept with his clothes on, even with his shoes on. The farmers liked Gressly extremely, because he not only told good stories, but also gave good advice for finding springs, digging wells, and he indicated good places for marls and clays used in agriculture, and for stone quarries. Like a child, as he was all his life, he played with the children, making cocks and boats and dancing frogs out of pieces of old almanacs or newspapers. As an example of his cheap way of traveling, he once started with a small sum of money in his pocket, then he forgot that he had any money, and remained two or even three months without spending a penny, going from farm to farm, and returned loaded with the most splendid and rare fossils. And when asked why he had stayed so long without writing—'Why,' said he, 'you forgot to give me any money, and I was obliged to do as well as I could with my friends the paysans, who generously gave me board and lodging as I went along; a slow process,' he added, 'which took much of my time.' 'But, Gressly, I gave you some money before you started, and I saw you, if I remember rightly, put it in that pocket,' indicating the pocket. Gressly put his hand in his pocket and brought out the gold pieces which had been there, forgotten, ever since he started two months before."

Whaling by Electricity

That the field for the application of electricity is practically unlimited is again demonstrated by a seafaring man who proposes to go out and kill whales with it.

The salt had so much faith in his scheme that he engaged an electrician to build a dynamo that would generate an alternating current of 10,000 volts. That dynamo he will have rigged up in his ship, and then he will sail away to the north to capture the whale in a fin-de-siècle manner.

Captain Charles W. Hershell, of Halifax, owner and commander of the whaling ship Rosalie, is the man who intends to wipe out the customs and traditions of the whaling industry with a small wire and a large dynamo.

As to the method of application, the captain explained it to a New York writer as follows:

"I am going to place the dynamo on the whaler, and not put it into operation until the whaling grounds are reached. On board I will have a big reel of heavily insulated wire.

"The reel will be placed in the smaller boat in which we go out to meet the whale. We shall have several thousand feet of wire on the reel. One end will be connected with the dynamo. At the other end, which will be in the smaller boat, will be a hard rubber stick, about four feet in length. The wire will run through that stick, so that it may be handled easily and safely.

"At the end of the stick will be attached a piece of metal twenty-four inches long and one inch in diameter. The point of that needle will be sharp, so as to penetrate the flesh of the whale easily.

"The hard-rubber stick and the big needle will be used just as we use the harpoon today. When near the big fish, as near as we get in the old way, the harpooner will throw the electric barb.

"At the time there will be a current of 10,000 volts running through the wire. When the point of the needle strikes the whale a current connection will be formed with the dynamo, and the whale will get the full shock of the high voltage and be dead in the fraction of a second."—*Boston Globe.*

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A. A. R., Springfield, Mass	10 00
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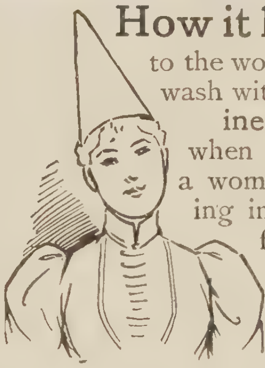

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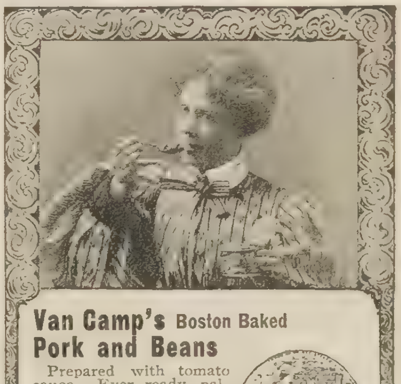

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The Business World

The Week The alarmists, pessimists, and bear speculators had their own way with the stock market last week and on Monday of this week. The political situation, the cessation of London buying of stocks, and the increased gold exports gave them their opportunity, and even the illness of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was most unreasonably urged as a reason for lower prices. It is noted that the average of prices fell as low or lower than that at the time of the Venezuelan "panic," but professional critics term the week's condition as "depressed" rather than "panicky." There was a rally on Friday and Saturday, but an accented decline on Monday of this week, checked only at the close of the day. Railway stocks suffered almost universally and evenly, and the losses ran from one to eight per cent.; the so-called "Granger" stocks showed the greatest reductions. Governments declined to about 112 for coupon bonds. The industrials suffered considerably, especially Sugar, Leather, and Tobacco. The exports of gold formed a very serious feature of the week. The reserve is rapidly reaching the $90,000,000 level, and talk of a new bond issue is again current, but is generally denied. It is announced that the New York bankers have decided to turn $15,000,000 of their accumulations into the Treasury, and it was this report which on Monday afternoon checked the depression in the market. On Monday Burlington closed at 63¾ (asked), Louisville and Nashville at 45⅝, Lake Shore at 139, Missouri Pacific at 17, New York Central at 91½, St. Paul and Omaha at 33½, Western Union at 78, General Electric at 22, Manhattan at 93½, Michigan Central at 95, Chicago and Northwestern at 93, Illinois Central at 91½. As might be expected, the volume of general business trade is small, and the industrial markets dull; exports of wheat, however, were 2,963,000 bushels, as against 2,167,000 bushels the previous week, and 1,652,000 bushels in the corresponding week of last year. The total number of business failures for the week is given by "Bradstreet's" as 255, as compared with 219 the previous week, and 214 the corresponding week last year.

Chinese Railways The London "Times" says: "The text of the edict of the Emperor of China respecting the construction of railways in that country has now reached London. The Emperor begins by stating that he has read the memorial of the Ministry of War recommending the appointment of a high officer to take charge of the construction of railways. The latter, the Emperor observes, are most important for the maintenance of trade as well as for the employment of the masses of the people. Hence he has decided to encourage railways in every way. Recently he instructed the princes and ministers to commence with a line in the neighborhood of the capital, and they put the work of surveying a route between Peking and Tientsin under the care of Hu, a provincial judge. Hu's report has also been read by the Emperor, and from this it appears that the line, starting from Tientsin, would take the route of the western banks of the Grand Canal, and, passing northwards, wonld cross the southern parks and terminate at the Lukon bridge, in the western suburbs of Peking, traversing a distance of about 80 miles. The estimate for the construction is 2,400,000 taels. The Board of Revenue and the Viceroy of Chi-li are to supply the necessary funds. With reference to the grand trunk line from Peking to Han-kau, the Emperor says that, as the distance is great and the cost immense, he grants the privilege of constructing it to wealthy men in the various provinces who can show a capital of 10,000,000 taels or more. As this line will, therefore, be a purely commercial affair, government officials are ordered not to interfere with the gains or losses of the company, and the promoters are promised tokens of imperial approbation if they are successful. The edict is addressed not only to people in the capital, the provinces, and other dependencies of the empire, but also to 'our people laboring in other lands.'"

How the Roads Will be Built A struggle is going on between British and French, or Russo-French, syndicates competing for railway and other public works contracts in China. The French, on the whole, says a London press telegram, "seem to be getting the best of it. The Pekin government, according to advices received in London and Paris, besides assenting to the construction of a narrow-gauge single line from Tungchow to the Tonquin frontier, where it will join the French line, have given the Russo-French syndicate contracts for a projected trunk line between Hankow and Canton. Nominally this big enterprise will be carried out by native contractors, but with French money and by French engineers. Ten civil and railway engineers have just left Paris for the East in connection with these contracts. On the British side contracts have been secured for railway extension from Tientsin to Pekin. German and American private enterprises in the new development of China are not heard of"

British Armaments and Trade A manifesto on recent political events bearing on Imperial policy, trade, and armaments has been issued by the British Increased Armaments Protest Committee. "It concludes by stating (1) that the total of British trade has not by any means advanced in proportion with the area and population of the Empire—that, in brief, trade does not follow the flag, and that the disproportionate growth of armaments forms an increasingly severe strain upon industry; (2) that by far the greatest proportion of our trade always has been and still is, not with our colonies, but with foreign countries, and especially certain of them which are affected by our political policy; (3) that the proportion and in some cases the amount of colonial trade is not increasing, and that recent acquisitions which have involved a heavy political and financial burden have only infinitesimally increased that trade; (4) that British labor is losing and not gaining, and will probably lose still more heavily by the extension of the Empire; (5) and, finally, that a large and increasing portion of our wealth accrues from loans to and investments in foreign countries, a fact which helps to show the folly of perpetually increasing armaments, and gives a new reason for a non-provocative and conciliatory foreign policy."

The Biggest Farms in the World Some of our far Western ranches are still pretty large, but the Australian "station" has nothing to equal it on this side of the globe. An Oregonian paper thus describes some of these "stations:"

> One James Tyson has about 2,000,000 acres, or a territory nearly as large as three States like Rhode Island, one and one-half Delawares, or even one-third the size of Vermont, or one-seventeenth the size of Iowa. He has nearly 1,000,000 sheep or the equivalent in cattle. One Mr. McCaughey has one station of 1,214,877 acres, with some 500,000 sheep. James Wilson has 640,000 acres, or just 1,000 square miles, in one station, and over 400,000 sheep. I have a friend in the interior, whom I visited recently, who has 500,000 acres and 300,000 sheep. One can drive 100 miles on a straight line on his estate. Of this 500,000 acres, 70,000 are freehold, and the rest is leased from the Government of New South Wales on long time, for a definite annual rental. I have another friend, a member of the New South Wales Parliament, who holds 240,000 acres in Queensland on long lease, at an annual rental of one farthing, or one-half cent, per acre. Recently the Government sunk an artesian well on this land that flows 3,000,000 gallons per day, according to newspaper reports. Most of this station, I am informed, is good land. All these stations, like the petty dukedoms of Europe, are named, and the names, when pronounceable, are not easily forgotten. But their names serve a better purpose than mere ornament. As there is a considerable difference in altitude, latitude, soil, vegetation, breed or care of sheep, there is a very noticeable difference in the wool, and the reputation of the station has no little influence on the price of the respective clips. In the English trade reviews, or prices current, the names of the stations of Australia become as familiar to a large business class as are the names of the nations of the globe to the average educated man.

Mining in British Columbia The "Engineering and Mining Journal" says: "The attention that is now being paid to British Columbia as a promising and safe field for the investment of capital in mining enterprise is fully warranted by the past few years' development work, carried out under great difficulties. These difficulties have consisted, firstly, in the inaccessibility for many months in the year, under ordinary conditions, of some of the best mining territory, and, secondly, even in the summer months, want of continuous communication by water and rail. The latter obstacle is being rapidly overcome, and the most important camps, before snow comes again, will be in much better shape for regular shipments, and at fair freight rates instead of those they have hitherto experienced. The former drawback, viz., that of a long and severe winter, cannot be changed, but it will be materially mended in the future by the railroad extensions now being carried out, and which will be kept open just as are the Canadian Pacific and other northern roads."

Flax Culture The experimental culture of flax in the Puget Sound country, conducted this year over a wide area under the supervision of the Puyallup station, promises to be attended with satisfactory results. The establishment of a plant for handling the raw product on Bellingham Bay is also in progress, and next season may see Puget Sound flax culture assuming commercial importance. Many tests of the product have been made by manufacturers and experts, in every case returning the most encouraging results by comparison with the best product of Europe, both in quality of fiber and amount of yield, and also in the value of the seed for commercial purposes. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce, which recently sent a large quantity of flax straw to Barbour & Sons, the great manufacturers of Lisburn, Ireland, have been informed that the samples were excellent and very similar to that grown in the Courtrai District, Belgium, the recognized home of superior flax.

The British Consular Service The seemingly paradoxical statement is made by the English trade paper, the "Iron and Coal Trades Review," that the United Kingdom has perhaps the most complete and costly consular service in the world, and yet that it has on the whole unquestionably the most ineffective, from the traders' point of view. "This," the journal quoted says, "is a broad and sweeping charge to make in reference to any branch of the service, but, unfortunately, it is 'an ower true tale.' Every trader, every manufacturer, every exporter knows to his sorrow how difficult it is to get the consular and diplomatic officers of her Britannic Majesty's Government to meet their reasonable views and aspirations in reference to commercial affairs. Our old tradition of the service, which has become crystallized into a confirmed habit, is that the consular officer is not required to take any initiative in introducing or promoting business, but has simply, like Captain Cuttle, to 'stand by' until he is called on to do something, which is usually a mere matter of routine, and of no particular service to anybody. The German consul is generally a much more sentient being. He is always ready, perhaps for a substantial consideration, to aid in advancing the interests of his country's commerce, whether it affects the community or merely the individual."

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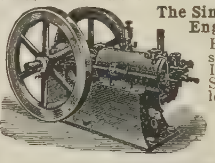

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One day Shalounine, who had just that very morning returned to the capital from Odessa, called at the Sheremetieff Palace for the purpose of reporting his arrival, as in duty bound, to his owner. He had brought with him a barrel of delicious Crimean oysters for presentation to the Count, but left them in his carriage at the palace door until he should have obtained his master's intimation that his gift was acceptable.

On entering the presence of the Count the banker found him surrounded by a party of guests and engaged in berating his chief butler for neglecting to provide oysters for the breakfast to which they were about to sit down. The butler was explaining to the Count that there were no oysters to be got in the capital at that moment for love or money. Catching sight of the serf-banker, the Count exclaimed:

"Oh, it is thou again: thou art come to pester me once more for thy liberation! Thou knowest that it is useless. I should not know what to do with thy money. But, stay, I will tell thee something: Get me some oysters for my breakfast and thou shalt have thy freedom!"

Shalounine bowed low, left the room, fetched the small barrel of oysters which he had left in his carriage at the door, and laid it at the feet of his master.

As soon as the barrel had been opened the Count called for a pen and paper, wrote out a declaration emancipating both the banker and his family from serfdom, and then, bowing courteously to the man who but a moment before had been his slave, exclaimed: "And now, my dear Mr. Shalounine, will you give us the pleasure of your company at breakfast?"

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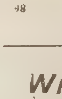

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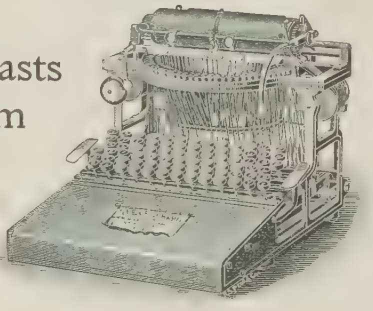

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 29 August, 1896 Number 9

THE delivery of an address by the Lord Chief Justice of England before the American Bar Association would be, whatever subject might be chosen, an event of strong interest to the public as well as to the legal profession. In choosing as his topic "International Arbitration" Lord Russell made his address of last week of the highest possible importance; no public utterance of the year—not even the most noted political speech—has been more widely published and more fully discussed. The paper was admirably written, was expressed with clearness and precision, and was beyond criticism in spirit and temper. Lord Russell, in fact, did not confine himself to the subject announced, but covered in a broad way the entire origin, history, and nature of international law, with special reference to the part taken by this country in its development. He dwelt with courteous emphasis on the statement that "to the United States—to its judges, writers, and statesmen—we largely owe the existing rules which relate to a state of peace and which affect the rights and obligations of powers which during a state of war are themselves at peace," and recalled the fact that this country has been engaged in thirty-two out of the sixty successful cases of arbitration since the close of the War of 1812. As a historical survey Lord Russell's paper leaves nothing to be desired. It would be well worth reading if it were only for its splendid definition of civilization: "It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great literature and education widespread—good though those things be. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice." Its expression of the belief that no possible calamity could be greater than strife between the two great English-speaking races was equally welcome and forcible. When, however, Lord Russell approached the future of international arbitration, he disappointed many of his hearers. If not pessimistic, he was at least over-cautious. Like the Hon. E. J. Phelps in a recent review article, Lord Russell seems to labor under the idea that those who favor forward steps are expecting an immediate millennium. The difficulties he finds are not insuperable; the friends of international arbitration do not ignore them, but seek to obviate them. Whether a court be permanent or formed for each occasion; whether the nations form an international army to enforce its decrees or rely on moral force and the knowledge that coercion is always possible (and what else now maintains the "balance of power" in Europe?); whether the definition of "national honor" as a cause for war is possible or not—at all events there is ample evidence that the scope of international arbitration is easily capable of wide enlargement, and that immediately; that the road to this end is the one to follow; and that mutual concession and good will among the nations can find a way, or make one.

◆

Mr. John Morley's article in the current "Nineteenth Century" is the fullest and ablest response yet made to Lord Salisbury's request for light on the trend of public opinion as to the settlement of the Venezuelan question, and as to a permanent method of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Morley treats both the less and the greater questions lucidly, acutely, and forcibly. How he feels about the latter is shown in the words, "To leave it alone would, in the opinion of the present writer, be nothing short of a great disaster to one of the greatest causes now moving the Western world." His analysis of the correspondence convinces him that there is no serious difficulty in shaping the functions and constitution of a tribunal. The real difficulty, he thinks, is in framing an exception clause—in specifying, that is, matters not subject to arbitration. But even this he thinks "not beyond the expert skill of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney." Mr. Morley gives full force to Mr. Olney's claim that an arbitration without an award is no arbitration at all, and is clearly of the opinion that there need be little practical trouble with questions of "national honor" and territorial claims. Speculative claims as to territory are not likely to appear between these two countries: real questions, like that now existing about Alaska, are precisely the best ones for arbitration. Neither nation is at all likely to assail the "integrity or national honor" of the other. Mr. Morley warmly commends the temper shown at the Washington Conference last spring. He believes in an effective, workable plan; "to insist upon a plan which shall make a miscarriage of justice impossible is equivalent to throwing up the task." Lord Salisbury will find in Mr. Morley's article strong approval from a political opponent for what has been done, and urgent advice not to let a deadlock occur when the possibilities are so great and success so near at hand.

◆

With regard to the Venezuelan matter, Mr. Morley fears that a miscarriage of a settlement is still possible. He calls the whole subject in dispute a petty question, adding, "It will be ridiculous or criminal if it ever becomes more than a petty question," and "A quarrel with America on the question of arbitrating a boundary-line that has been in active and lively dispute at intermittent periods for more than half a century has been viewed from the first with the deepest incredulity and abhorrence." The correspondence indicates that the great difficulty is as to the districts settled under a claim of right by British colonists. Mr. Olney's position that if the British title were defective these colonists must look to Great

Britain for redress if injured, and that if the question of title cannot be arbitrated there is nothing to arbitrate, is really impregnable. Mr. Morley does not say so, but he evidently thinks so. He points out, however, that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney are really coming close to agreement by concession. The first says (we quote Mr. Morley's summary): "I will not promise to accept the line which the arbitrators may find to be the true boundary, if it should prove to hand over to Venezuela lands in the occupation of British subjects. But I shall feel myself bound not to disregard any recommendations which the arbitrators may make as to these occupied lands, and which seem to be 'calculated to satisfy the equitable rights of the parties.'" Mr. Olney says: "Let the arbitrators draw the true boundary on the historic and legal merits of the case; if the arbitrators find British subjects in occupation of what, on the merits of the case, is established as Venezuelan territory, such weight and effect shall still be given to this occupation as international law and the equities of the particular matter may seem to require." With mutual desire for a settlement, parties who are as close as this should be able to come to a settlement. That Lord Salisbury should invite comment and advice upon a diplomatic correspondence not yet closed is not merely a novelty in international affairs, it is an indication of an appeal to reason and common sense in place of the old reliance on national selfishness and political intrigue; that his invitation should have elicited such a reply as Mr. Morley's is alone enough to have vindicated the wisdom of his unusual course.

⁂

In a recent interview with the correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, indicated the policy of the new Liberal Government with regard to the United States. His statement, which was doubtless meant to be authoritative, referred to several questions which have caused friction between this country and its northern neighbor for some time; such as closer trade relations, fisheries, the coasting trade of the lakes, the alien labor law, and the bonding privilege. The question of deep waterways was also mentioned. All these matters should, to quote Mr. Laurier's words, "be taken up together and dealt with in a broad, serious, and comprehensive spirit, on one anvil." As regards trade relations, he is prepared to make an arrangement with the United States for the free exchange of such natural products and manufactured articles as could be agreed upon. This goes further than the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, which was abrogated at the close of the Civil War. With regard to fisheries, Mr. Laurier favors an arrangement resembling that effected under the Treaty of 1854 and the Washington Treaty of 1871, whereby the ports and inshore waters of both countries were made free to the fishermen of both on equal terms, and the markets for the fish of both countries also made equally free. The question of deep waterways is now acquiring great importance in the Dominion, and those who favor the scheme are making vigorous efforts for its practical recognition by the Government. Mr. Laurier expresses the hope that the United States and Canadian Commissioners who are now considering the question will report a practicable plan whereby the twenty-foot channel which is now open for vessels between Buffalo and the head of Lake Superior will be continued to the Atlantic seaboard. He favors the joint participation of the United States and Canada in this great work, as well as a joint control of the waterway system when completed—a control, however, which must in no way compromise the sovereignty of Canada over its own territory. These are questions of great and far-reaching importance; that of the waterways is especially so. Its chief benefit would be the lessening of transportation charges to the farmer of the Canadian Northwest and to the farmers of our Western and Northwestern States, and it would result in increasing the profit from their grain. Mr. Laurier may, we think, rest assured that his friendly policy and straightforward declarations will be met by the United States Government in a conciliatory spirit, and we cannot doubt that more cordial political relations between the two countries will be thereby inaugurated.

⁂

The vexatious and protracted Manitoba school question is at last nearing settlement. Three Ministers of the Manitoba Government have recently conferred with the authorities at Ottawa, and an agreement is stated to have been arrived at between the Provincial and Dominion authorities. It has not been published, but there is a general impression, against which no contradictory evidence has been given, as to its main features. In the first place, Manitoba will not recede from the position already taken on the main point—the abolition of separate schools as a part of the educational system. Second, the Dominion Government, in accordance with promises before the election, has definitely abandoned the policy of coercion, and will proceed to act in a conciliatory manner regarding the details of the proposed settlement. The question thus becomes one of compromise between Manitoba and the separate school party. The main terms of the compromise are as follows: The Provincial Government, while declining to re-establish separate schools, offers to allow religious instruction in any school at a certain time each school-day of the week, and these religious exercises may be ordered by the Board of Trustees or introduced by petition of the ratepayers. One or more denominations are allowed to agree upon a form of religious exercises, and the offer includes an agreement to pass legislation compelling school boards to employ one Roman Catholic teacher for every fifty Roman Catholic children, and one Protestant teacher for every fifty Protestant children. Another concession is that, in districts in which French is the language of the children, teachers must employ the bi-lingual system of teaching French and English. The fact that the above terms are substantially the same as were offered by the Manitoba Commissioners some time ago is a strong presumption that they will afford a basis of final settlement now. They will secure a large share of Roman Catholic control over the children of Roman Catholic parents. The clause referring to petition by the ratepayers will secure the appointment of a Catholic teacher whenever the proper conditions are complied with. Already in the Canadian press there is a disposition to regard the school question as removed from federal politics.

⁂

The German Reichstag has passed a sensible law restricting essentially gambling operations upon stock exchanges. The new law forbids stocks and bonds of corporations to be listed on the exchanges until the corporations have published at least one year's profit and loss account. Government officials are to require from the companies in question a full statement of their financial condition, for which the directors of these companies are to be held personally responsible. If this statement proves to contain falsehoods, or to have omitted important facts and thus misled investors as to the value of the stock, the directors are made liable for any losses incurred by the buyers. Such an act as this will not only prevent the robbery of the investing public by the promoters of companies whose affairs will not bear investigation, but it will also prevent the directors of companies whose property has a real value from possessing so great an advantage over outside investors. Such companies as most of the American Trusts, for example, would be required to submit a sworn statement of assets and liabilities, profits or losses, and the public would have practically the same opportunity as the directors of estimating the real value of the stock. It would be impossible for directors to force the market value up by declaring unearned dividends and then to force it down by passing earned dividends, profiting both by the rise and the fall at the expense of the general public. In short, it would make purchases of stock exchange securities partake less of the nature of gambling and more of the nature of investment. Such a measure will certainly appeal to all those who have supported the American bills to prevent gambling upon the exchanges, and it is to be hoped that in the future the protection of the investor as well as the protection of producers will form a part of the legislation against the illegitimate operations on our exchanges.

❀

On Wednesday evening of last week, at the Madison Square Garden, Mr. Bourke Cockran replied to the speech delivered by Mr. Bryan in the same hall the week before. There was an immense audience present, and the speech was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Cockran took the position that the vital issue in this campaign was the effect of the free coinage of silver upon the wages of labor. He declared that the free coinage of silver meant a fifty-cent dollar. The value of gold, he said, would not be lessened; all the governments in the world could not affect its value. The value of silver would not be raised; the silver mine-owner would "get cheated with the rest." The coined silver dollar would merely have the present value of silver bullion; the price of products would double, and the laborers would be the sufferers. In reply to Mr. Bryan's argument that the laborers would receive more employment under rising prices than under falling prices, Mr. Cockran said that this was merely another way of saying, "If the laborer is willing to have his wages cut down, he will get more work." Mr. Cockran maintained that wages would not rise as rapidly as prices, and therefore the laborer's real return would be lessened. In reply to the argument of the free-coinage advocates that it was the creditor class they wished to reach, Mr. Cockran declared that the laboring class was the principal creditor class. "The laborer," he said, "is always a creditor for at least one day's work." The bankers, he declared, were not creditors, for, despite their capital and surplus, they must keep in reserve twenty-five per cent. of the money lent them by their depositors. The laborers were the great creditors; their wages were the first mortgage upon the earnings of every corporation and every individual employer. "This proposal of the Populists is an attempt to enlist the farmer in a conspiracy to reduce the wages paid to labor." The men back of it in the West and South, he said, were the "professional farmers who want to pay low wages, and the unreconciled slaveholders who would like to pay no wages." The laborers, he said, were benefited by falling prices, and the men who supported the gold standard and falling prices were the men who supported an increase in labor's share of the product of industry.

❀

Mr. Bryan delivered a second political speech in the town of Tivoli, N. Y., on Saturday of last week. In the main it was a criticism of the position of his opponents. He declared that they were divided upon every point, and had no remedy to offer for the evils of our present financial condition. They were divided, he said, as to whether the gold standard was a good thing which the country ought to retain, or a bad thing which the country was to get rid of through an international agreement. They were divided as to whether the free coinage of silver should be denounced because it doubled the value of silver to the mine-owner, or because it would not raise the value of silver at all, and simply lower the value of a dollar to fifty cents. They were similarly divided upon the question of falling prices. One speaker declared that there had been no fall in prices, and the next speaker that it was the greatest blessing in the world to have prices fall. In reply to the criticism that the advocates of free coinage were similarly inconsistent in declaring that their policy would furnish relief to the debtors and at the same time maintain silver dollars at par with gold dollars, Mr. Bryan said that the free coinage of silver would lessen the demand for gold as well as increase the demand for silver, and that it would bring relief to the debtors through an increase in the currency. The fundamental principle governing the currency, he said, was as simple and clear as the fundamental principle governing irrigation. In irrigation it was simply that water flowed down hill; in currency it was simply that the value of money, like the value of everything else, depended upon the law of supply and demand. If there is a relative increase in the supply of the currency, its value falls and prices rise; if there is a relative decrease in the supply of currency, its value rises and prices fall. Every voter, he said, was able to determine whether he would be benefited by the policy which meant higher prices and cheaper money, or one that meant lower prices and dearer money.

❀

Mr. McKinley the same day delivered at Canton a speech somewhat longer than usual to a visiting delegation of twelve hundred voters from Pennsylvania. He said that there were two issues in the campaign. One was a return to the tariff policy under which the Nation prospered, and the other was the avoidance of the financial policy proposed by the party responsible for the tariff policy under which the Nation is now suffering. The wing of the Democratic party which controlled the Chicago Convention, he said, "is just as much in favor of free trade as the wing of the Democratic party in control of the Administration." "Most of those prominent in that Convention were conspicuous leaders in the assault upon our industries and labor made by the Fifty-third Congress. They are devoted to this un-American and destructive policy, and were chiefly instrumental in putting upon the statute-books tariff legislation which has destroyed American manufacturing, checked our foreign trade, and reduced the demand for the labor of the American workman." This wing of the Democratic party, he continued, having "cut wages in two," now wants to "cut in two the money in which wages are paid." "The other wing of the Democratic party," he said, "is patriotically standing for the public honor, and is opposed to free silver, because it believes that such a policy would disturb existing values and contract the currency of the country by depriving us of the use of gold and putting us upon a silver basis." "What we want," Mr. McKinley declared, "is business activity and confidence. With business confidence restored, money will be invested in private and public enterprise, and when so invested labor will be well rewarded, and the toil of the husbandman will be fully requited. Without confidence money will be hoarded and the wheels of industry stopped, and what that means many of the men before me know. . . . We cannot restore confidence by a proposition to debase the currency of the Government and scale down public and private obligations."

* * *

Secretary Hoke Smith, of the Department of the Interior, has resigned from the Cabinet, and ex-Governor David R. Francis, of Missouri, has been appointed his successor. Ex-Governor Francis has long been the leader of the gold wing of the Democratic party in Missouri. Secretary Smith's resignation is due to his decision to give Mr. Bryan his active support during the approaching campaign. The most interesting political convention of the week is that which assembles in New York the day we go to press. The supporters of Mr. Platt have an overwhelming majority, and most of these supporters are urging that Mr. Platt shall himself accept the nomination for Governor. Thus far, however, Mr. Platt has persisted in declining the honor. "I do not want to be Governor," Mr. Murat Halstead reports him to have said, "but to be just a plain, simple boss." In some of the doubtful States West and South—for example, West Virginia and North Carolina—the Populists and Democrats have failed to effect a fusion. Senator Squire, of Washington, hitherto a Republican and now a candidate for re-election, has declared in favor of Bryan. Nevertheless the Republicans claim that they will carry all the Pacific States, and point to the fact that hardly more than one Republican paper out of a hundred has joined the free-silver bolters. Senator Mitchell, of Wisconsin, who was a gold Democrat up to the time of the Chicago Convention, has declared his allegiance to the candidate and platform adopted by the majority of his party. The Hon. E. J. Phelps, of Vermont, our Minister to England during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, has written a long and earnest letter against the support of Mr. Bryan. He declares that he will support Mr. McKinley. "I am not a Republican," he says, "and I never shall be. But in the throes of a deadly malady I cannot afford to reject the only physician who is in a situation to help me, because his political opinions are different from mine, or even because I think there are better physicians than he, if they could only be had in time." Dr. Otto Arendt, the German bimetallist, whose opinion against independent free coinage of silver by the United States we quoted a few weeks ago, announces that in view of present political conditions his attitude has changed. He still believes that international agreement is the safe and true way of restoring silver to its former place in the currency and restoring prices to a normal level; but he believes that under present conditions the triumph of the free-coinage party in the United States offers the surest road to such an agreement.

* * *

By an interesting coincidence, hardly had Dr. Nansen arrived in Norway from his Arctic adventures, which we outlined last week, when the news was received that his vessel, the Fram (which he left embedded in Polar ice in order to make with one companion a dash toward the North Pole), had arrived at a fishing village on the North Cape. Captain Sverdrup and all on board were well. After Nansen left the vessel, the Fram drifted north and west as he had predicted, and in July last had reached the very high latitude of 85° 57′, which is only about twenty miles short of the latitude attained by Nansen himself, and is very far in advance of that reached by any previous explorer. Nansen's "highest North," by the way, was 86° 14′—not 83° as by a slip of the pen we stated last week. Since July 10 the Fram has been working southward, and it took her but a month to reach open water. All indications show that the approach toward the Pole from Franz Josef Land is the most likely to meet with success, and there is fair reason to hope that Mr. Jackson, who is now in Franz Josef Land, may next year go beyond Nansen's "furthest North." The Fram stopped at Danes Island, on the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, on her way back, and her crew found M. Andrée there. He has since returned to Norway, having abandoned his plan of crossing the Polar regions in a balloon this year on account of adverse winds.

* * *

Judge Simonton, of the United States Circuit Court in South Carolina, who became prominent by his decision against the Dispensary Law of that State, has recently granted an injunction more remarkable than any of those that have attracted so much attention during the past few years. At the request of a small road in the hands of a receiver, he has issued a temporary injunction forbidding the Seaboard Air Line and the Southern Railway Company from making contemplated reductions in freight rates, and directing them to restore their rates to a former schedule. The power to issue such an injunction is said to be found in the Inter-State Commerce Law. This law, it will be remembered, was adopted by Congress against the protests of the railway companies in order to secure competitive rates for their patrons. That it should be used to prevent competitive rates is a singular anomaly.

The Church of England in Parliament

Since the English Church in Ireland was disestablished, in 1868, there has not been a session in which the concerns of the Church of England were more before Parliament than they are in the one just prorogued to meet again on October 31. The principal matters affecting the Church are: the parish schools, the sale of benefices, the marriage of divorced persons, and Lord Salisbury's appointment of bishops.

But for the need of further help for the parish schools from the Imperial Treasury, the Education Bill—a Government measure, and the most contentious English measure of the last thirty years—would never have been introduced. The bill was as much in the interest of the Church of England as though it had been drawn up for discussion in convocation. All its more important changes were directly in the interest of the Church. The Benefices Bill is a private member's measure, for which the Government takes no responsibility, and on which its supporters are free to vote as they choose. It was introduced by Lord Cranborne, the elder son of the Premier, who is even more zealous in his advocacy of the interests of the Church than his father. The Cranborne Bill, however, unlike the Education Bill, seeks to give no new constitutional advantages or privileges to the Church, and it involves no subsidies from the Imperial Treasury. Its aim is to put an end to frequently recurring scandals, by imposing new conditions on the transfer of what is known as the right to make presentations.

The majority of English Church livings—rectories, vicarages, and perpetual curacies—are private property, and oftentimes go with the landed estates out of which the ecclesiastical parishes are formed. Some English landlords have as many as nine or ten of these livings in their gift. What is meant by "in their gift" is that, when a living becomes vacant, the lord of the manor has the nomination in his hands. He presents to a living, and the new incumbent, having proved himself satisfactory to the bishop of the diocese, is formally admitted. Once admitted, he is in possession for life; and the lord of the manor, or whoever the patron may be, has nothing more to do with the living until the next vacancy occurs. When ecclesiastical patronage is attached to estates in the possession of Roman Catholics, the owners lose their rights to presentation. It is invested for the time being in one or other of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The great landowners, as a rule, exercise these peculiar rights in connection with the Established Church with care and discretion, and usually with satisfaction to the bishops. There is seldom a scandal in connection with these presentations. Scandal arises in connection with livings in the gift of needy people, who, when a living seems likely to become vacant, turn the right to the next presentation into cash. In connection with livings in such hands there has long existed a regular trade. There are numerous agencies in London which make a specialty of advowsons, and when these agencies have a living on hand they advertise it, in just the same way as estate agents advertise houses and lands. These advertisements can be seen any day in the columns of the "Times" or the "Standard." The expert advertisement-writers of New York could not produce more attractive advertisements than some of those emanating from the brokers in Church livings. The advertisements usually make a central point of the advanced age of the present incumbent. This, of course, is a most important fact for a purchaser; for no one desires to invest money in a living when he may have to wait twenty years before he can present to it. A living is not a marketable property unless the incumbent is advanced in life, and the vacancy may be expected at an early date. The advertisements also describe the character of the Church service, whether it is High or Low.

High Church livings are in greatest demand, and it is always important for a prospective rector or vicar to know the character in this respect of the parish to which he is going. If the incumbent he is to replace has been a Low Churchman, the church wardens will be Low Churchmen too. They stay on after the old incumbent is gone, and may give trouble to a new incumbent of High Church tendencies. The age of the incumbent and the character of the service having been stated, there usually comes in these advertisements of advowsons for sale a glowing description of the parish and the surrounding country. The society of the neighborhood comes in for some notice, and oftentimes stress is laid on the fact that the fishing in the neighborhood is good, and that a pack of hounds meets a few miles away. Occasionally emphasis is laid on the fact that there are no Dissenters in the parish—no Wesleyans, Congregationalists, or Baptists; and that there is no school board.

For years past, sincere and earnest Churchmen have been shocked at the open manner in which the brokerage and auctioneering of Church livings have been carried on. The Cranborne Bill is one of several efforts which have been made to regulate and check the sales. It is not possible to stop entirely the sale of advowsons. They are as much private property as houses or land. But the new law will throw some obstacles in the way of bargains like those common in the past, and will give additional powers to the bishops in dealing with cases where advowsons have been corruptly sold.

The transfer of an advowson with immediate possession is to be prevented by requiring a year's interval to elapse between the acquisition and exercise of a right of patronage. If a vacancy occur within this period, the right to present to the living lapses to the Crown. This is a vital alteration in the law, as it sets up an element of risk which will not be lightly faced by a man who is making the investment solely with a view to the settlement of a son or a son-in-law. Another clause in the bill prevents advowsons from being conveyed to the wife of a clergyman, or to trustees in behalf of a clergyman. This does away with a common method adopted by clergymen of acquiring livings. The new powers conferred on the bishops give them authority to demand detailed information as to the previous history of a clergyman who has been presented to a living; and in case a presentee has not been in orders for two years, or for any other well-established reason is unfitted for the work, the bishop may refuse to induct him into the living. Further powers are conferred on the bishops of dealing with incumbents who, either through infirmity or disloyalty to work, neglect their parochial duties. This clause gave rise to much contention in and out of Parliament, as there is no fund from which an infirm clergyman of the Church of England can be superannuated.

The bill bearing upon the marriage of divorced persons had its origin in the House of Lords. Its author, Lord Halifax, the President of the Church Union, wishes to relieve clergymen of the duty of marrying persons who have obtained divorces in the civil courts.

The other question concerning the Church, now before Parliament, comes up in a singular way. The two divisions of the Established Church are represented by two outside organizations which concern themselves with matters of Church policy and of Church defense, each from its own particular point of view. One of these is the Church Association; the other is the Church Union. The Church Association is composed of Evangelical Churchmen, of adherents of the Church of England who are opposed to the sacerdotalism of the High Church party in the Anglican communion represented by the Church Union. It was the Church Association which in 1889 instituted the abortive prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln. It lodged allegations of illegal ritualistic practices against the Bishop, and promoted the trial at Lambeth Palace, which occupied the attention of the English Churchmen for more than a year. Since then little has been heard of the Church Association until recently, when it was announced that the Association was about to petition Parliament in regard to Lord Salisbury's appointments to the ecclesiastical bench.

The grievance of the Association is that out of the thirty-four bishops in England, only five are Evangelical Churchmen. The others are ritualists. Lord Salisbury, the Association complains, has appointed sixteen bishops, thirteen of whom are of the High Church party, and hostile, as the Church Association contends, to the good of the Church as a whole. The members of the Association are anxious that a Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the way in which Lord Salisbury has bestowed ecclesiastical patronage. Their petition to Parliament is to that end. Little direct result will accrue from the petition. Royal Commissions are appointed at the instance of the Government, and no one anticipates that Lord Salisbury will sanction a Royal Commission charged with the task of reporting upon the way in which he has discharged the most delicate duty of an English Premier. There can be no debate in Parliament on the petition. All that can be done with it is for the member who presents it to demand that its prayer be read from the table by the Clerk. In this way the Church Association will get on the record in the Journal of the House, in the Hansard Reports, and in all the newspapers, its protest against the manner in which the ritualistic party is being allowed to dominate the Church. But to the majority of observant English people this domination is nothing new. One has only to go into rural England and into suburban

London to note the all-pervading activity and the aggressiveness of the section of the Anglican Church against which the Church Association for the last forty years has been waging unsuccessful warfare in Easter vestry meetings, on the lecture platform, in the law courts, and occasionally in Parliament.

The Commonwealth

IV.—The Engineer

The secret of modern civilization lies in the fact that God is doing our drudgery for us. Work which used to be done by muscles is now done by machinery. Man is relieved from mere muscular toil that he may think—and by thinking may grow less an animal, more a man. This marks the difference between the Indian paddling his canoe down the river or across the lake, and the American carried over the same waters in the steamboat; between the Puritan maiden with her own arm turning the spinning-wheel, and the modern factory in which a thousand wheels are turned by steam or water. It is true that laborers have sometimes bitterly resisted the introduction of machinery, because they thought it would deprive them of the chance of earning their daily bread; but there is no doubt that machinery has multiplied the demand for labor. A thousand men are employed by the railroad to one employed by the old stage-coach, and the telegraph and telephone have created a new class of workers, before unknown. It is true that Ruskin complains bitterly of machinery because it reduces man to a machine; but there is no doubt that the general effect of machinery has been to raise the intellectual standard of labor as well as to increase the demand for it. The laborer of to-day has to work more with his brain, to be more intelligent, than the workman of an analogous grade in the eighteenth century. Thus machinery has rendered a double service in the development of the race: it has increased the demand for work and the compensation for it, and so has enriched the common people; and it has demanded a higher degree of intelligence, and so has educated the common people.

This is the work of the engineer and inventor. He is enabling us to harness nature to our industries and compel her to do our drudgery for us; rather, he is enabling us to understand and accept her silent offer to put herself and her illimitable strength at our service. Thus he is putting a lever under the race and slowly elevating it. He is emancipating humanity from drudgery and setting it free for intellectual endeavor and so for intellectual development. He is preparing the way for the author, the school-teacher, and the preacher. He is widening their constituency. He is making possible cheap books, cheap newspapers, and cheap periodicals. Not an unmixed benefit, the reader will say. That is true. Few benefits are unmixed with evil; few evils are unmixed with good. But these are the early steps in an education the future of which will be worthier. Who can estimate what Watt and Stephenson, Morse and Edison, Ericsson and Bell, have done for the improvement, not only of the material conditions of life, but of intellectual and spiritual life itself?

The railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, and the telephone have annihilated distances, and so have brought men together. They have prepared for the realization of a brotherhood which before seemed an impossible ideal. The fleet of steamships crossing the Atlantic Ocean unite England and America by invisible bonds, which make war far more difficult than it was a century ago. The iron railways across the continent bring San Francisco nearer to New York than Washington was to Boston in Colonial days. But for the railroad and the telegraph the union of the States would be impossible. With them the danger of separation from misunderstanding and mutual ignorance is almost wholly overcome. And this is but a single and familiar illustration of the service rendered to the Commonwealth by the inventor and the engineer. The steam-engine quickens human activities and enhances human energies, the telegraph condenses speech, the factory compels companionship in labor, the railroad and steamboat conduce to the mobility of the race and so to the erasure of provincialism, the printing-press distributes information. The engineer and inventor are promoters of wealth-distribution, of human leisure, of intellectual development, of industrial co-operation, of universal brotherhood. The importance of their share in building up the Republic of God on the earth is beyond all measurement.

The Art of Living

The law of opposites under which men live is very strikingly brought out in the endeavor to secure a sound and intelligent adjustment to one's time; a relation intimate and vital, and at the same time deliberately and judicially assumed. To be detached in thought, feeling, or action from the age in which one lives is to cut the ties that bind the individual to society, and through which he is very largely nourished and educated. To live deeply and really through every form of expression and in every relationship is so essential to the complete unfolding of the personality that he who falls below the full measure of his capacity for experience and for expression falls below the full measure of his possible growth. Life is not, as some men of detached moods or purely critical temper have assumed, a spectacle of which the secret can be mastered without sharing in the movement; it is rather a drama, the splendor of whose expression and the depth of whose meaning are revealed to those alone who share in the action. To stand aside from the vital movement and study life in a purely critical spirit is to miss the deeper education which is involved in the vital process, and to lose the fundamental revelation which is slowly and painfully disclosed to those whose minds and hearts are open to receive it. No one can understand love who has not loved and been loved; no one can comprehend sorrow who has not had the companionship of sorrow. The experiment has been made in many forms, but no one has yet been nourished by the fruit of the tree of knowledge who has eaten of that fruit alone. In the art of living, as in all the arts which illustrate and enrich living, the amateur and the dilettante have no real position; they never attain to that mastery of knowledge or of execution which alone gives reality to a man's life or work. Mastery in any art comes to those only who give themselves without reservation or stint to their task; mastery in the supreme art of living is within reach of those only who live completely in every faculty and relation.

To stand in the closest and most vital relation to one's time is, therefore, the first condition of comprehending one's age and getting from it what it has to give. But while a man must be in and with his time in the most vital sense, he must not be wholly of it. To get the vital enrichment which flows from identification with one's age, and at the same time to get the detachment which enables one to see his time in true relation to all time, is one of the problems which require the highest wisdom for solution. It is easy to become entirely absorbed in one's age, or it is easy to detach one's self from it, and study it in a cold and critical temper; but to get its warmth and vitality and escape its narrowing and limiting influence is so difficult that comparatively few men succeed in striking the balance between two divergent tendencies.

A man gets power and knowledge from his time in the degree in which he suffers it to enlarge and vitalize him; he loses power and knowledge in the degree in which he suffers it to limit his vision and confine his interests. The Time Spirit is the greatest of our teachers so long as it is the interpreter of the Eternal Spirit; it is the most fallible and misleading of teachers when it attempts to speak for itself. The visible and material things by which we are surrounded are of immense helpfulness so long as they symbolize invisible and spiritual things; they become stones of stumbling and rocks of offense when they are detached from the spiritual order and set apart in an order of their own. The age in which we live affords no concrete illustration of the vital processes in society and means of contact with that society, but it is comprehensible and educative in the exact degree in which we understand its relation to other times. The impression which the day makes upon us needs to be tested by the impression which we receive from the year; the judgment of a decade must be corrected by the judgment of the century. The present hour is subtly illusive; it fills the whole stage, to the exclusion of the past and the present; it appears to stand alone, detached from all that went before or is to follow; it seems to be the historic moment, the one reality amid fleeting shadows. As a matter of fact, it is a logical product of the past, bound to it by ties so elusive that we cannot trace them, and so innumerable and tenacious that we cannot sever them; it is but a fragment of a whole immeasurably greater than itself; its character is so completely determined by the past that the most radical changes we can make in it are essentially superficial; for it is the future, not the present, which is in our hands. To get even a glimpse of the character and meaning of our own time, we must, therefore, see it in relation to all time; to master it in any sense we must set it in its true historical relations. That which to the uneducated mind seems portentous is lightly regarded by the mind which sees the apparently isolated event in a true historic perspective; while the occurrence or condition which is barely noticed by the untrained, seen in the same perspective, becomes tragic in its prophecy of change and suffering. History is full of corrections for the mistaken judgments of the hour; and from the hate or adoration of contemporaries the wise man turns to the clear-sighted and inexorable judgment of posterity. In the far-seeing vision of a trained intelligence the hour is never detached from the day, or the day from the year; and the year is always held in its place in the century.

Now, the man of culture has pre-eminently the gift of living deeply in his own age, and at the same time seeing it in relation to all ages. It has no illusion for him; it cannot deceive him with its passionate acceptance or its equally passionate rejection. He sees the crown shining above the cross; he hears the long thunders of applause breaking in upon execrations which they will finally silence: he foresees the harvest in the seed that lies barely covered on the surface; and, afar off, his ear notes the final crash of that which at the moment seems to carry with it the assurance of eternal duration. Such a man secures the vitality of his time, but he escapes its limitation of vision by seeing it clearly and seeing it whole; he corrects the teaching of the Time Spirit by constant reference to the teaching of the Eternal Spirit imparted in the long training and the wide revelation of history. The day is beautiful and significant or ominous and tragic to him as it discloses its relation to the good or the evil of the years that are gone. And these vital associations, these deep historic connections, are brought to light with peculiar clearness in literature. Beyond all other means of enfranchisement, the book liberates a man from imprisonment within the narrow limits of his own time; it makes him free of all times. He lives in all periods, under all forms of government, in all social conditions; the mind of antiquity, of mediævalism, of the Renaissance, is as open to him as the mind of his own day, and so he is able to look upon human life in its entirety.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

Dear Outlook: I have already contributed to the Vacation Fund what I thought I could afford, but your statement in The Outlook of this week as to your lack of funds leads me to write you this note.

I will send to the Fund between the 20th and 25th of this month $10 in addition to my first contribution. I cannot conveniently send the money now, and I judged from what you said that it might suit you to be able to reckon on this trifle, which I heartily wish were a thousand times more.

Yours sincerely, M. N. P.

The above letter shows the value of a living, active interest as clearly as it can be shown. There is anxiety lest the income to The Outlook Vacation Fund should not meet the demands of the present season. Many girls have been promised a vacation, and if the money does not come to The Outlook these girls must be disappointed. The receipt of one hundred such letters as the above, each guaranteeing $10, would provide for every girl who has been promised a vacation this year. The Outlook hopes that there will be no diminution in the weekly amounts received until after the 15th of September. An average income for the season of $500 a week will enable The Outlook to provide the New York Working-Girls' Vacation Society with the funds it needs.

THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged	$4,069 32
A Friend	1 00
F. J. H., Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va	5 00
B. B., Norwich, Conn	2 00
A. B. and A. B., Stockbridge, Mass	13 00
B. M., Narragansett Pier, R. I	25 00
Lake Placid	50 00
J. W. N., Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
Miss S. E. W., Holden	5 00
Mrs. A. W. C., Piermont, N. Y	10 00
M. E. C., Foo Chow, China	4 00
The Adirondacks	20 00
L. P. M., Zanesville, O	10 00
A Friend, North Stonington, Conn	10 00
A Friend of the Working-Girl	2 00
Two Friends, W. R	5 00
W., Norwich, Vt	2 00
Three Friends	6 00
Cotocheset Christian Endeavor Society (second contribution)	25 00
Friends at Nazareth, Pa	2 00
M. S. W., Upper Montclair, N. J	2 00
J. M. S., Chicago, Ill	20 00
G., Fremont, O.	10 00
A Friend, Providence, R. I	2 00
Mrs. J. W. F., Homer, N. Y	5 00
J. B., New York, N. Y	10 00
Anonymous, Hartford, Conn	5 00
"In His Name," Moorhead, Minn	2 00
Honesdale	1 00
L. H., Buffalo, N. Y,	10 00
M. E. P., Cambridge, Mass	2 00
G. H. B., South Norwalk, Conn	1 00
M. C. L., Chicago, Ill	5 00
From a Friend, Gardiner	5 00
H. H., Canastota, N. Y	5 00
A Friend	1 50
Friends, Windsor, Conn	15 00
Scatterers of Sunshine	2 00
Teachers of G. S. No. 50	8 00
R. B. S	1 00
A Friend, Bristol, R. I.	3 00
H. and G., Buffalo, N. Y	10 00
A. E. T., Glyndon, Mass	5 00
F. L., Buffalo, N. Y	2 25
R. T., New York, N. Y	2 00
Two Sisters, I. H. N	22 00
M. H. H., New Haven, Conn	18 00
J. A. M., I. H. N	1 00
A Friend, Fall River, Mass.	1 00
Miss C. B., Philadelphia, Pa	2 00
A Friend, Franconia, N. H.	5 00
J. L. F., Baldwinsville, N. Y	4 78
M. P. F. B., Brunswick, Me.	10 00
Another Worker, Oak Park, Ill	5 00
E. S. C., Hamilton	5 00
Mrs. C. M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
M. J. H., Portland, Me	2 00
Detroit Friend of the Cause.	2 00
Mrs. M. R. E., Burlington, Vt	10 00
T. J. W	25 00
A Little Mite	1 00
Worcester	10 00
L. and R	25 00
C. M., New York City.	25 00
C. S., Alhambra, Cal	1 00
Mrs. J. P. W., Norwalk, Conn	5 00
X., Fairfield, Conn	10 00
C. C., Council Bluffs, Iowa	25 00
For My Soldier Boy	5 00
I. M. T., Meriden, N. H	5 00
Total	$4,635 85

The Spectator on the East Side

The Spectator was reminded very forcibly the other day of the indignation which patriotic New Yorkers felt at the Federal census-takers of 1890, who did their work in New York City during the summer months, and made out the population to be very much less than was anticipated. "Why," said one of the Spectator's friends at that time, "more than half of the people of this town are out of it by the first of July, and what's the use of taking a census then? Count over the people you know and see how many of them, and especially of their wives and children, are left. I tell you it's only hard-working people, like you and me and the East Siders, that are left; and the East Siders are all at Coney Island on Sundays and holidays." The Spectator recalled this as he strolled about the lower East Side on his last holiday, which he had determined to use in seeing something of this supposedly deserted "other half" of the city. He wished that his friend could have been with him. It is a peculiarity of comfortable optimism that it doesn't go out of its way to see uncomfortable facts. The average New Yorker knows only by hearsay of the East Side. He may indeed occasionally get over into that section, but he confines his attention and his presence to the avenues of travel, and if he should perchance turn into one of the side streets he quickly recognizes the fact that he is in a disagreeable locality, and one where he may attract attention because of his good clothes, and may even rub up against unpleasant shoulders, and he jumps aboard a car and gets away from the place of contamination as soon as possible. This is particularly true of the family of the prosperous New Yorker, who are still less likely to see the East Side in summer, being more happily employed in woods and fields and on hotel piazzas if they go out of town, or in any event finding "slumming" a decadent and doubtful pleasure.

In the Jewish Quarter

Mulberry Bend, from the Five Points

* * *

For the benefit of comfortable optimism the Spectator took along his kodak that holiday afternoon. He is new to the kodak—he places himself in subordination to the instrument here, as is proper in these days of illustrated journalism—and will not say how many of his snap shots were failures, nor does he expect the amateur to view his work with a critic's eye. But the first view will show how far the Spectator's friend was correct in saying that the East Side is at Coney Island on a holiday. A good deal of it is indeed there; but still the impression made upon the Spectator as he walked through the streets was of "a great multitude, which no man can number." There is scarcely ever any thinning out of the East Side's teeming street population; it may be that the houses themselves are less populous on a holiday, though one can scarce look at any row of windows in a five-story tenement without seeing women's and children's faces through the fire-escapes and the plants and boxes and various household stuff that encumber them.

On the Street in His Nightgown

* * *

There is indeed one point—perhaps the Spectator may be pardoned for saying Five Points—which shows a notable diminution of New York's population on this hot day. The neighborhood of the Five Points long ago lost the large criminal population which in bygone years gave it its bad pre-eminence as a haunt of wickedness, but until recently it was one of the most thickly populated sections of the great city. "Mulberry Bend," with its swarms of rookeries and rear tenements, was but a stone's throw from the Five Points, and it was crowded to suffocation with the lowest class of Italians, more expressively known in New York street parlance as "dagoes." Now the Bend is no more, except to history. It is being transformed, by the slow degrees which still characterize certain branches of the city's work, into a public park. The tenements have been razed, the cellars filled up, and the ground leveled. Though the hawkers that used to render the street impassable still abound, with their jargon of cries that are more unintelligible even than those of their American congeners, there is breathing-space all around now. The shopkeepers really seem to be uncomfortable with the open sky before them, and the stranger need no longer fear the wiles of the "puller-in" along the adjacent Baxter Street. The stupendous change in the Bend has made the "old clothes man" lose his bearings and his heart for fitting out the passer-by with a complete outfit of garments "cheaper than you could steal 'em, and shust inside."

Mulberry Bend, from Bayard Street

* * *

Going north on Mulberry Street, however, we seem to find all of the "Bend's" crowded-out population. It is a peculiarity of the streets in the Italian quarter that they are bisected by several business thoroughfares, such as Canal and Grand Streets. The steps of the large buildings on these streets adjacent to the slums form the summer resorts of the tired mothers, driven by the heat from their tenement quarters around the corner. Swarthy, poorly dressed, without head-covering, they are usually far from pretty, but they are not all so poor as one might think, to judge from the heavy gold earrings and chains that they frequently wear. However else they may differ from their more fortunate sisters, they are like them in their love for their babies, and, as in the picture of the young Madonna shown herewith, though the mother be bonnetless, the baby's head is often carefully protected with a pretty cap.

An East Side Summer Resort

* * *

Babyhood ceases quickly, however, on the East Side, and the "bambino" soon learns to walk alone, or more often in the charge of a baby slightly larger than itself. The Spectator wishes he could show a picture of the two little tots who were playing around a street basin used for watering horses, and who greeted him with a bright smile in answer to his cheerful inquiry, "Having a good time, little ones?" though they evidently did not understand the words; or the little lad carrying two babies across the street, one under each arm, apparently afraid to leave either alone. The fountains are surrounded by children, who furtively dip their hands and splash in the cooling fluid when the policeman or the "white angels" of the Street-Cleaning Department are not about. The drinking fountains that dispense warm Croton without money and without price to him who cannot afford the price of a glass of two-cent soda next door are numerously patronized, by the children particularly; while the free ice-water fountain in "Paradise Park" (Five Points) does a bargain-counter business on this summer holiday.

A King's Daughters' Drinking Fountain

* * *

"Rosalina! Rosalina!" the Spectator hears in a childish treble, and sees little five-year-old calling to two-year-old to hasten after three-year-old. They have a tin cart with a string, and are going down

A "Little Father"

through Leonard Street to play on the steps of the gray old Tombs in the late afternoon when the stones are cool. Sometimes the mother follows them with the one-year-old, sitting there on the broad, low steps to nurse her baby and gossip with a neighbor who has joined her in their "outing." And sometimes it is a "little father" who is sent out with the baby to find a cool place where the little one can have a nap. Down on the steps of the Criminal Courts building the Spectator saw the "little father" shown in the picture—a bronzed little fellow he was, coatless and hatless and shoeless, but with a good head and an honest face, and such a warm, warm heart! As the Spectator approached he said to himself, "Now I'll ask the little chap to let me take a picture of baby Tessa, and I'll call it 'A Good Boy and a Good Girl.'" But just as the Spectator came near, the affectionate brother, without noticing his approach, bent over and kissed the lips of the little sleeping sister. The Spectator said nothing, took his picture without attracting any notice, and passed reverently on. Warm hearts and true there are in humble tenements and beneath ragged shirts. God bless the little father and the sleeping baby! says the Spectator for his readers.

Little Lord Fauntleroys of the East Side

* * *

Not all East Siders are poor, though. There are silks and diamonds aplenty there. For the East Side is a large district, and the Spectator has taken the reader through only a few streets. Even in the "Bend" there are wealthy bankers and ticket-brokers, to say nothing of prosperous padrones and saloon-keepers. Not far from Roosevelt Street the Spectator came across a couple of veritable "Little Lord Fauntleroys," with ruffles, curls, clean faces, and—that priceless possession of an East Side boy—a bicycle. The Spectator looked around for the stern old Earl when he discovered these boys, but they seemed to be at large in the streets without a keeper, and apparently enjoying themselves in spite of the curls and the cleanliness. On the next block he found some ragged small boys seated astride an iron fence-rail in front of one of the business buildings. "Hey, Misteh! see me ride my bicycle!" said one of them as the Spectator came up. And as the Spectator walked on he wondered whether the aristocracy of the East Side knows how its own other half lives!

An East Side Fire-Engine House

* * *

Public buildings, parks, pavements, and fountains on the East Side all tell the story of the new interest which is being taken in the "nether world" by the rulers of democracy. It is true that one cannot entirely approve of the expenditure of large sums of money upon buildings of a negative usefulness, such as fire-engine houses, when those positive shapers of character, the school-houses, are overcrowded, inconvenient, and often utterly lacking in architectural distinction. To say this, however, is only to exercise a New Yorker's birthright of criticism of the powers that be—a birthright which is, indeed, freely exercised even among the supposedly patient toilers of the East Side. The Spectator was watching with much amusement the gambols of a horde of street gamins around a large fountain in a public square in the Hebrew quarter, when a man by his side said, "That's a great place to put a fountain!" Thinking he meant approval of the idea, the Spectator responded sympathetically. But he found that the citizen was strongly opposed to having the fountain in that place. "You see," he said, "it has car-tracks on all sides of it, and we drivers always has to be on the lookout for the kids, or they'll get run over as they scatter when the police comes. Then the big kids are always duckin' the little fellers, and that makes trouble for their mothers. And at night, when the pressure's on the water, it runs all over the street and makes a muss." The Spectator had been looking with unrestrained satisfaction at the enjoyment of the boys, one of whom had taken his shirt off and given himself a free bath, amid the howls of his mates, but he saw now that nothing good comes without its possible evil. Just then there was a warning cry as a policeman hove in sight, a sudden scattering of the crowd of mischief-makers, and when the policeman came to the fountain the square was almost deserted. Reaching down into the fountain's basin, the policeman dragged out a very small boy who had hoped to escape notice, set him on the pavement, gave him a single spank, and started him off! Truly it seemed that benevolence might mean one thing to the boys and another to the adults of the East Side. But, as the day was extremely hot and the Croton keeps fairly cool to the touch, the Spectator's sympathies as he went home were, on the whole, with the boys—as they always are.

Some English Notes

The selling of academic degrees purporting to come from American colleges is still a trade in England, despite all the exposures of its fraudulency. The following letter has been received by a clergyman there. I copy from the original, *verbatim:*

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY, U. S. A.

7 Westwick Gardens, W. Kensington Park,
London, 24 Mar., 1896.

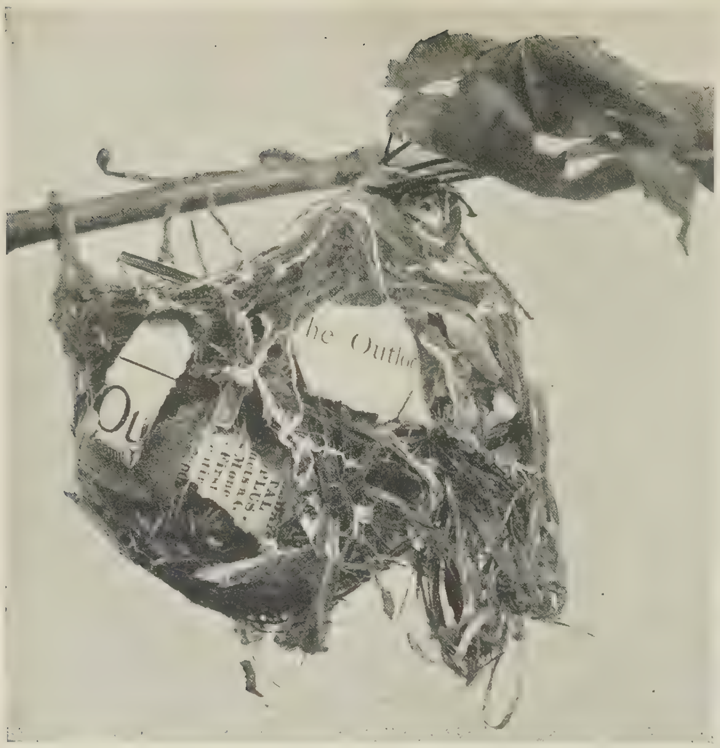
Rev'd Sir: As you are about to change your sphere of duty to the vicinity of ——, I wish to state that, as the Representative of a distinguished and fully chartered University in the U. S. A., I shall be very pleased, in recognition of your great Learning, ability, and Piety to promote you to a Degree and Title of Doctor or Bachelor in any order for which you are evidently eligible. Many Ministers of Denominational Churches have received these nominations with the greatest satisfaction. Perfect confidence is requested and given. I shall be pleased to hear from you. I remain, Rev'd Sir,

Yours faithfully,
C. J. SAYERS, LL.D.

Rev. —— ——.

This precious bit of imposture is accompanied by a printed circular purporting to be the opinion of Flavel S. Thomas, M.D., Ph.D., Professor of Medicine and Surgery, U. S. A., and to be taken from the Boston "Herald," on "The Current Value of University Degrees," both in a professional and a pecuniary view, together with several other recommendations of the goods thus offered for sale. It would be interesting to know whether this traffic is attempted anywhere else than among British investors, with whom too many doubtful American "securities" have been marketed.

Americans who have wondered at the persistency with which the antique style of railroad car maintains itself in England will be interested in the remark of the London "Standard" that nothing acceptable has yet been devised "to make an English railway carriage as safe as an American car, always excepting the risk of being 'stuck up' ["held up" is meant] by a party of armed bandits." This confession is elicited by a recent event which has attracted much remark in England—a ferocious assault on a woman by a man occupying the same compartment on the London and Brighton Railway. Railway carriages in England, being divided up into four or five close compartments, give opportunity for such crimes, and means of signaling to those in charge of the train are not always within reach. The gravity of the situation appears in the fact that the London Board of Trade has addressed the Railway Companies' Association a letter upon the subject, declaring that "the evil assumes in the public mind the proportions of a serious social scandal." The companies are urged to consider what means can be adopted to abate the evil. It is a curious fact that the matter has been discussed since 1864 without result, except to prove the inadequacy of the means that would seem most simple and effective, viz., to reserve certain compartments for ladies only. It is a fact that many ladies decline to use these, on account of the number of mothers with small children whom they find in them. The only remedy which seems to be acknowledged as effective is the adoption of the American style of car in place of the present old-fashioned coach, but the expense of the change is an objection. It appears, moreover, that men now feel themselves at risk in these closed compartments quite as much as women, and strongly object to being alone in them with any unknown female passenger. Men thus circumstanced have had criminal charges falsely brought against them, to their unspeakable misery. Aware of this, a cautious man who finds himself left by his fellow-travelers as the solitary companion of a strange woman prefers to vacate his place for one where there is more company. In view of this state of things, the adoption by some American companies of the English term "coach" as a designation for our totally different style of vehicle is a curious anomaly, and savors strongly of "Anglomania." J. M. W.



A Bird Subscriber to The Outlook

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In these days of sharp competition between rival newspaper publishers to increase their circulation, the wide earth has been scoured to secure new readers for enterprising journals, but The Outlook is the first periodical that has soared above sublunary things, and, by its calm and intelligent discussion of public questions, and especially by the space which it has given to outdoor topics and natural history, has attracted the attention of the inhabitants of the air.

In proof of this statement, which needs no sworn affidavit of your publisher, I inclose a photograph, taken at Twilight Park, in the Catskills, of a nest belonging to a red-eyed vireo—sometimes called the preacher-bird, and, therefore, as a mother, of course, interested in the trend of religious thought and in theological discussion. This bird is in the habit of suspending its nest from the branch of a tree, a custom not common to most birds, while, whenever practicable, it employs newspaper scraps as part material for the structure.

The present nest hung low from a tree, about ten feet above a much-frequented roadway, close to Ledge End Inn, yet the mother bird showed little alarm at the traffic passing directly below her house, which commanded a magnificent and expansive view. The nest was discovered by Mrs. M. J. Donnelly, of Brooklyn, who has spent several seasons in Twilight Park, where her outdoor classes in bird-study have been exceedingly popular with young and old alike. During the present season she has made observations of no less than fifty-five varieties of birds in and around the Park, and within an hour and a half, on the Fourth of July, she counted twenty-one varieties from the porch of Cosy Cabin—my own abiding-place, which has been made musical with the song-birds, no doubt partly attracted by the presence of my wife's Java sparrow in his cage on the piazza, and also by that past-master in bird-lore, John Burroughs, who was a welcome guest at Cosy Cabin on the day in question.

Since the Park was established, in 1887, no one has been allowed to shoot or injure any living thing within its borders, and this, no doubt, will account for the number of birds, squirrels, chipmunks, porcupines, raccoons, and other creatures, who have grown wonderfully tame, the birds nesting under piazza roofs and flying with food to their young across groups of a dozen people without fear, while the chipmunks are so domesticated that they will eat out of your hand, and in one cottage, whose owner is a vegetarian, and who largely subsists on nuts, they climb on the table after every meal and help themselves to the family store.

But to return to our preacher-bird. After watching the progress of the family growth until the nestlings had grown strong enough to fly, Mrs. Donnelly took possession of the nest, and found, as shown in the photograph, that it was largely constructed of extracts from a last year's number of The Outlook. The date of the issue cannot be seen, but on the under side of the largest scrap are advertisements of two boarding-schools, showing that the mother bird had evidently been deeply concerned in the future of her young as well as in their immediate nurture.

The nest is beautifully constructed of strips of the bark of the yellow birch, and it is a work of art in every respect. The red-eyed vireo is a beautiful songster, and John Burroughs praises its melodious efforts in "Wake Robin" and his other writings.

I am sure that you will be glad to number it among your subscribers, and I trust that you will not miss the opportunity of increasing the circle of your bird readers in Twilight Park, where The Outlook is always a welcome guest.

Charles F. Wingate.

Twilight Park in the Catskills.

What the Birds Say

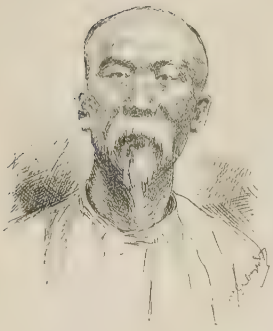
Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush, say, "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

JOHN BURROUGHS WATCHING THE BIRDS

Li Hung Chang and General Grant

By Frederick D. Grant



Li Hung Chang

The visit to the United States of his Highness Li Hung Chang, following his European trip, recalls agreeably to my mind my visit to China in company with my father, General Grant, during the late spring and summer of 1879. It was during this most interesting visit that I made the personal acquaintance of the great Viceroy, as he was General Grant's devoted friend and most hospitable host throughout our stay in China generally, and especially in Tientsin. His Highness seemed to feel that he and General Grant were kindred in spirit and mind. He said as much several times to my father. Li Hung Chang took the greatest pleasure in having his photograph taken with my father's, on various occasions; the collecting of these photographs became, in fact, quite a fad of his. During one of our visits he was heard—in making some comparisons—to say, "General Grant and I have suppressed the two greatest rebellions known in history."

The Viceroy is a superb-looking man, immensely tall. In stature he towered over all of us. He has a massive head and a strong, intellectual face, keen, glittering eyes, and his presence is that of a great prince, accustomed to the homage of his fellowman. He seemed to have the greatest interest and earnest curiosity in meeting my father, whom he received with marked honors and Oriental courtesy. Li Hung Chang's personality grew upon me, and every time I saw him I was more and more impressed with his greatness.

GENERAL GRANT AND LI HUNG CHANG[1]

At Canton, Mr. Holcombe, our Acting Minister to China, brought us the news that the Chinese authorities at Pekin had given orders that General Grant should be received with unusual distinction. On reaching Canton we passed the "Bogue" forts which guarded that great city, and as the Ashuelot was seen approaching with the flag at the fore, which indicated that General Grant was aboard, all the Chinese gunboats fired salutes, which our vessel returned. We reached the Canton dock about 9 o'clock P.M., May 5, where we were received by the American and foreign residents, and were escorted by the American Consul, Mr. Lincoln, to his house. On the following day General Grant and party paid their formal visit to the Viceroy, Liu Kun, at the viceregal palace, the Viceroy having sent sedan-chairs for our conveyance. He had notified Mr. Lincoln that when General Grant came to visit him he wished to order that all the houses of the city be closed and the streets vacated, saying that this was the custom when the Emperor of China passed through a city, and of course it should be done for General Grant. My father immediately said, upon hearing this, that he would feel greatly indebted if such an order would not be issued, as he especially desired to see the people of the country. Therefore it was announced to the people of Canton that the distinguished "foreigner" was coming to do honor to the Viceroy, and that they must do honor to him and his party. Our procession to the viceregal palace was a stately affair. The streets were lined with troops. General Grant went first, in the Viceroy's huge green sedan-chair, which was surmounted by a silver globe, borne by eight coolies, and surrounded by a guard of soldiers who cleared the streets before us. The people filled all available spaces, looking with apparent wonder upon the "foreigner," whom they saluted by clasping their hands in front of their faces in a supplicating attitude. When we left our chairs and entered the court of the palace, the Viceroy was awaiting us at the door, with his court and officials. He received General Grant in a manner which appeared to us reverential. With the Viceroy was the "Tartar General," who is co-equal in rank. Each province of China has a dual head—a Chinese Viceroy, managing the civil affairs, and a Tartar General, commanding independently the troops, and being responsible to the Government at Pekin.

This visit of General Grant was returned on the following day, first by the Tartar General, and then by the Viceroy, each coming in formal state, preceded by trumpeters who announced their arrival, attended by court officials and surrounded by soldiers. Most of General Grant's time in Canton was occupied by these *serious* formalities and ceremonies. The next day the Viceroy entertained General Grant at dinner. This affair was marvelously and curiously grand, seventy courses being served, each one of which was a revelation to us foreigners. The great features of the feast were "bird's-nest soup," "shark's fins," and

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[1] We are indebted to the courtesy of the "Review of Reviews" for permission to reproduce this picture, as well as the two portraits of Li Hung Chang on pages 370 and 371.

"eggs which had been buried in the earth for forty years." It was most agreeable to us that cigars were passed freely during the dinner, and as our party had finished dining long before all the courses were served, we sat contentedly smoking, and looking upon the repast with wonder and admiration. The Viceroy apologized to General Grant for not having invited Mrs. Grant to dine, and explained that it was against Chinese etiquette for ladies to be asked to a banquet. He made amends to my mother, however, by sending to her at the Consulate the same courses which were being served to us at the palace.

Leaving Canton on May 9, we returned to Hongkong, stopping on the way at Macao, the last of the Portuguese possessions in the Far East. At Hongkong a great banquet was given by the Governor to General Grant, and two days later, May 12, our party sailed on the Ashuelot for a cruise along the coast of China. The first port that we reached was Swatow, where, after the usual ceremony of salutes, we went ashore and made a tour of the city. The Governor of Swatow presented himself to General Grant, reporting that he was ordered by his Government to pay him every possible honor, and that, as it was the usual custom to bring offerings to distinguished visitors, he had brought *a live sheep*, *six live chickens*, *six ducks*, *and four hams* for General Grant, deeming food to be the most useful and acceptable gift. My father accepted the presents with proper thanks, but immediately upon the departure of the Governor he gave all these *useful* souvenirs to the attendants of our party.

Amidst the firing of cannon we left Swatow, and landed next at Amoy, on the Island of Heamun, at the mouth of the Dragon River—an old Portuguese open port, where we were received with a warm welcome, and we left that evening for Shanghai.

RECEPTION OF LI HUNG CHANG BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

From "L'Illustration"

As we came abreast of the Woosung Forts, the Chinese from each fort fired a "Presidential" salute of twenty-one guns to my father. This was much remarked, as the Chinese salute is of only three guns, even for their Emperor, all persons receiving the same salute, irrespective of rank; but they departed from this custom as an especial honor to General Grant. As we approached the city of Shanghai, the spectacle was a grand one. There were acres of people assembled along the river. I estimated them to be 500,000 in numbers. All ships of war and merchantmen anchored in the harbor "dressed ship" and saluted. The Ashuelot's barge was made ready, and our party pulled ashore at 3 o'clock P.M., amid salvos of artillery. We soon reached the landing, which was carpeted with red cloth, a mark of royal distinction, and proceeded under escort to a large building which had been prepared for General Grant's reception. This building was crowded with the families of the most distinguished residents of Shanghai, and the Chinese Governor, with his retinue of officials, awaited my father. Addresses of welcome were here delivered. From this reception, escorted by a guard of honor, General Grant was taken to the United States Consulate, where the escort was reviewed.

We started on the morning of the 24th of May for the north of China, with the anticipation of meeting the famous Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, at Tientsin. As our ship entered the Peiho River, amid the firing of cannon and the waving of flags, we saw a yacht, carrying the Viceroy's flag, steaming towards us. The yacht came alongside of the Ashuelot, and two Mandarins came on board, bringing the Viceroy's card. Immediately General Grant left the cabin and went to the gangway, with the United States Consul, Judge Denny, and orders were given to prepare the ship for the reception of the Viceroy. In a few moments Li Hung Chang passed over the side of the Ashuelot, and was greeted by General Grant, amid the roar and smoke of the American guns saluting him, and the cheers of the sailors who had manned the yards of the vessels. After this reception, General Grant conducted the Viceroy to the upper deck, where they sat in conversation. This high compliment paid to General Grant by the Viceroy, in coming to meet him before he landed at Tientsin, surprised us all, but we were informed that when the programme of General Grant's reception was brought before the Viceroy he had declared, "I wish to be the first Chinaman to welcome General Grant into my Province."

I have already described the personal appearance of the Viceroy. My father esteemed him as one of the greatest of men. Li Hung Chang is the Viceroy of Pichili, the most important Province of China, as it contains within its boundary the city of Pekin, which is the capital of the Empire, and the open seaport of Tientsin. The Viceroy of this Province has jurisdiction over the population amidst which the Emperor lives, and protects his royal person and residence. Li Hung Chang is the chief of the War Office, and commander of the eastern armies of China. He is especially charged with the coast defenses, and is "Grand Secretary of State," by virtue of which latter office much of the diplomatic intercourse of China with foreign countries is placed in his hands. He is a nobleman, with the rank of "a thousand generations;" high or low rank in China being decided upon according to the number of generations of nobility. Li Hung Chang achieved his greatest fame during the Taeping rebellion in the early '60's, when he, a Chinaman, espoused the cause of the Tartar dynasty. Since that time he has been regarded as the guardian of the throne, and every honor has been thrust upon him, with great responsibilities and power.

After a short conversation with General Grant, the Viceroy inspected the Ashuelot, and seemed to be greatly interested in the large deck-gun with which the boat was armed. Soon after this inspection he returned to his own yacht, being saluted as he retired from our ship.

The Ashuelot continued up the Peiho River, and landed near the foreign settlement of Tientsin, where General and Mrs. Grant were conducted to the house of Judge Denny, the United States Consul. This landing was attended with the same ceremonies with which General Grant had been received since his arrival in China.

On the following day General Grant returned the Viceroy's visit at the viceregal palace, which was located at the opposite side of the city of Tientsin from the Consulate, and was on the Peiho River. The Viceroy's yacht had been sent to convey my father up the river to the palace, and he took with him, as an escort, a naval guard from the Ashuelot. Starting at the designated hour, amid shouts and cheers from all sides, our party proceeded up the river, through the city, the Chinese junks lining up on either side of the river, and all available spaces on the boats and on the banks of the river being crowded with people. The entire population of Tientsin seemed to be out to view the procession. When we arrived at the palace, a regiment of the Viceroy's troops was in line, and "presented arms" to General Grant, as he passed in the Viceroy's large yellow-lined state chair, borne by eight men; and when he reached the palace door, the Viceroy, with his court and mandarins, came forward to welcome him. The Viceroy received General Grant with, as it seemed, enthusiastic pleasure and interest, and escorted him through his palace into the audience-chamber, where they both took seats and remained conversing for some time, with the usual accompaniment of "tea."

Every day during our stay in Tientsin there was some great state function arranged in honor of General Grant, at each of which the Viceroy was present, and during each entertainment he had a photograph made of himself and my father together, occasionally honoring the rest of the company by including them in the picture.

On the second day of our visit in Tientsin the great ceremonial banquet was given to General Grant by the Viceroy, in a large temple. This was a most wonderful entertainment, and when the dinner was ended a speech was read, on behalf of the Viceroy, "welcoming General Grant to Tientsin," and expressing the "honor and happiness which the Viceroy felt in receiving him there," etc., etc. During the reading of this speech and my father's reply the Viceroy and his guests remained standing. When it was finished, General Grant answered at length, expressing thanks to the Viceroy for his welcome and for the special consideration he had received at his hands, and complimenting Li Hung Chang upon his great services to China, and all that he had accomplished for his country, etc.

During this dinner the great delicacy, "eggs preserved for forty years," was served. The Viceroy, on seeing General Grant allow this course to pass him, was disappointed, and with gracious manner turned and took up one of the eggs from his own plate with his chopsticks and placed it between my father's lips. It was quickly swallowed, with the assistance of a glass of sherry!

We made an entertaining tour through Tientsin, of which city the marked feature was the massive wall which surrounds it. After several days we left for Pekin, saying *au revoir* to our great and hospitable host, the Viceroy Li Hung Chang. We chose the easiest route to Pekin, which was by the Peiho River as far as Tung Chow, a distance of about one hundred and forty-eight miles, thence across country for twelve miles to Pekin. This trip up the Peiho River, which our party made in a fleet of eight vessels, was quite an interesting experience to us, and gave us a more thorough insight into the actual civilization of China than we could obtain during all the rest of our journey in that country. General Grant was met at Tung Chow by the officials, Mandarins with red and blue button, who had been sent from Pekin by Prince Kung, the Prince Regent, to escort him and his party to the Imperial Capital.

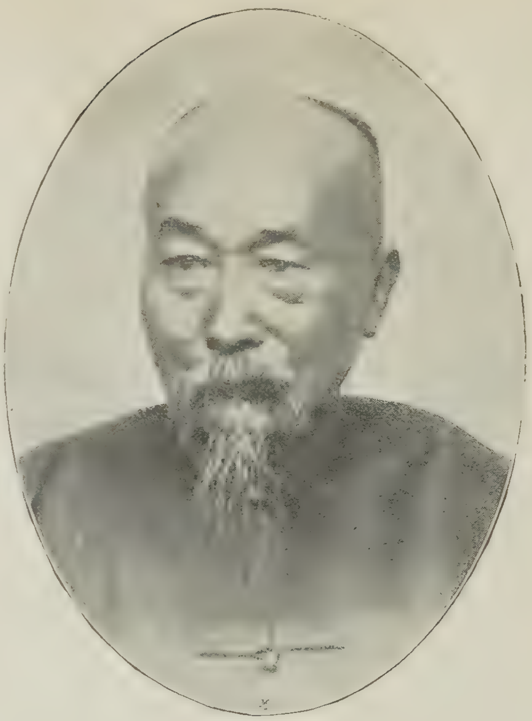
Pekin is situated on a large plain, and its towers and walls loomed up before us when we were still a great distance away from the city. We soon reached its great eastern gate, where our escort, which had preceded us, had assembled and was awaiting us. We also found there a concourse of people, among whom were other Mandarins of Prince Kung's court, who had been sent by the Regent with his welcome to General Grant, to receive him into the Imperial City. We entered through the gate, and within the walls found another military escort composed of Tartars, who wore a different uniform from that worn by our guard from Tung Chow. I understood that these were the Imperial Guards. General Grant entered the imperial sedan-chair, which was a massive yellow affair, sent for his use by the Prince Regent, and, with the United States officials, and accompanied by these Chinese guards, he and his party proceeded through Pekin. The streets had been cleared and all the dwellings closed along the route, as would have been the case if the Emperor were entering the city.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND LI HUNG CHANG

From "L'Illustration"

The American residents of Pekin, most of whom were missionaries, came in a body to the Legation to welcome my father, and a few hours later, on the afternoon of our arrival, the members of the Chinese Cabinet, accompanied by the Tartar and Chinese Governors of Pekin, presented themselves in state to pay their respects to the "distinguished foreigner." At the same time the first Secretary of the

Cabinet presented the Prince Regent's card, with messages of welcome from his Imperial Highness to General Grant, who returned his thanks to the Prince. This reception was ceremonious, though of short duration, and was attended by the serving of refreshments and "tea," after which these Mandarins, who were among the highest and most distinguished personages of the Empire, made their adieus and retired.



TAKEN AT TIENTSIN, JULY 18, 1895, AFTER LI HUNG CHANG'S RETURN FROM JAPAN

Under the left eye is seen the bullet-mark made by the shot of his would-be assassin

The Emperor was a delicate child, seven years old; consequently General Grant did not request an audience with him, which the Chinese probably considered most gracious on the part of the "foreigner" to whom they were according imperial honors. They call their Emperor the "Son of Heaven," regarding him as a sacred being, and feared that a precedent would be established which could be taken advantage of—foreign ambassadors might also demand audiences. General Grant might have properly requested the audience, as he had been at the head of a great nation, and had himself accredited representatives to other nations. The Chinese have always contended that their Emperor would receive the "rulers of nations," but not their diplomatic "agents."

The day after our arrival General Grant called upon Prince Kung at the "Yamen," where, at the door, we found the Regent, with the Cabinet and his court officials, waiting. He saluted my father in a ceremonious and courtly manner, and all of our party were presented to him. I remember that when he spoke to me he asked me about the uniform I wore—that of a lieutenant-colonel—inquiring my age, and what family I had. When I replied that I had a little daughter named Julia, the Prince *condoled* with me, and said, "What a pity!" which exclamation I, a happy young father, thought most shocking. Some one, however, explained to me that "in China girls are not counted of importance to human happiness." My natural desire was to argue the question with the Prince, but etiquette forbade. I suppose that he would have congratulated me afterwards if I had announced to him the birth of my son, Ulysses.

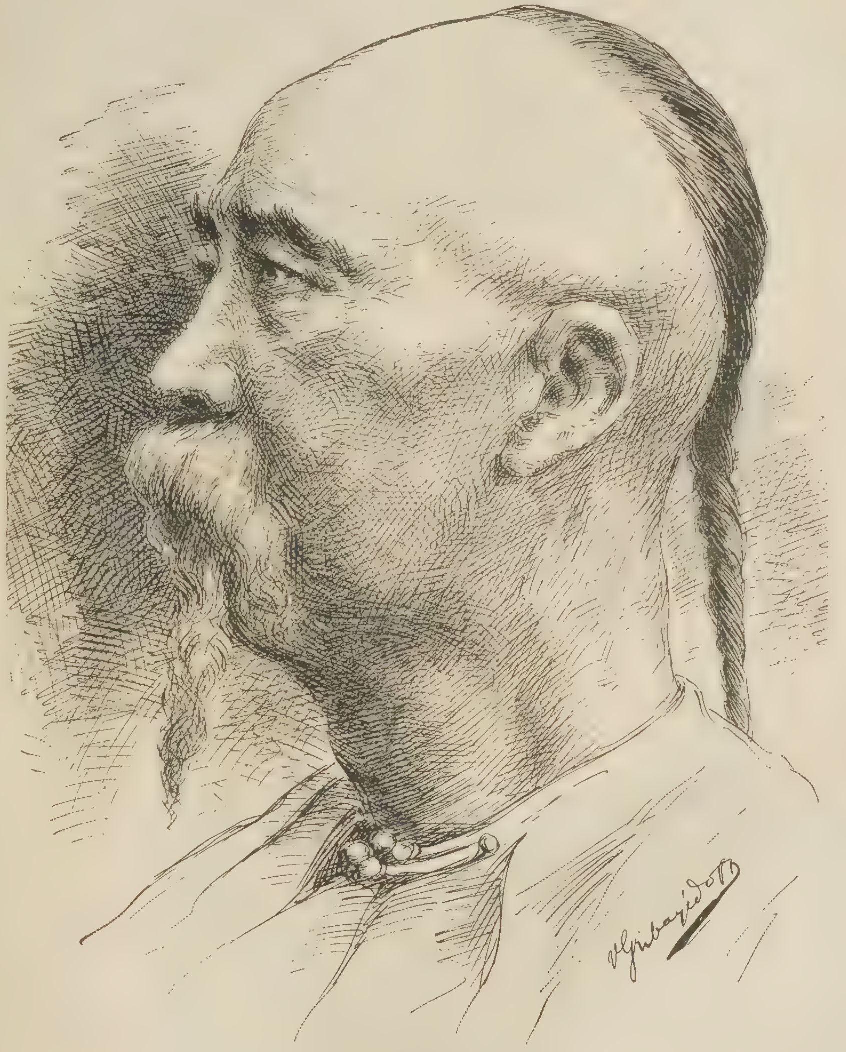
Prince Kung was a most interesting personage, I thought. He was in reality the Emperor of China, and master of four hundred millions of human beings. He was the brother of an emperor and the uncle of an emperor, and was, for the latter, acting as Regent. In presence he was most distinguished, with a finely shaped head and noble physique, being much lighter in complexion than any Chinaman whom we had met. His costume was simple, and his rank designated by the yellow in his apparel and by a yellow silk knot on his hat. His manner was impressive and courtly. After receiving General Grant, the Prince conducted him into an apartment of the palace where a great repast was served in a stately manner, and where they conversed for some time. In the beginning of their discourse the Prince talked to my father in a very ceremonious and complimentary manner, observing his guest closely at the same time; but gradually he became more and more intent and interested in the conversation, and finally threw off all reserve, and, apparently having decided that his guest was worthy of all confidence, he talked to him as a trusted friend and adviser. This gradual change of manner to warmth from that of formal ceremony was most noticeable to all present. During this interview Prince Kung confided to my father that he had received a letter from Li Hung Chang recommending that he should consult General Grant and seek his assistance as an arbitrator between China and Japan upon the question of the sovereignty of the Loochoo Islands, land recently occupied by Japan, though the Prince of these Islands had always paid tribute to and recognized the supremacy of China. This seizure on the part of Japan was considered outrageous by the Chinese authorities, and war was threatened between the two Empires. The quiet interest and open candor of General Grant's manner encouraged Prince Kung to become confiding, and after talking some time upon the subject the Prince said that he would like to discuss the question more in detail later. Having partaken of tea, our call came to an end, and we said *au revoir*, leaving to make a visit to the Tunguon College, which was under the direction of Dr. Martin, an American.

On the next day Prince Kung came to the Legation to return promptly the call of General Grant, being accompanied by the Under-Secretary of State. After the usual formalities of greeting, the Prince sat down to converse with General Grant further upon the Loochoo question. He spoke with animation and earnestness, repeating the request that my father would arbitrate upon the trouble between China and Japan. He did not fail to mention how "highly esteemed General Grant was by the Chinese," and how the latter "appreciated all the just and kind consideration which they had received during his administrations." General Grant explained that he was simply a private citizen, and traveling for pleasure, having no longer power in the Government, and that he could not, therefore, enforce any decision that might be reached; he, however, expressed great interest in all that the Prince had said to him, and replied frankly that he looked upon war as such a calamity to a country that any sacrifice short of a national humiliation should be made to avoid it, and added that war between China and Japan would cause boundless misfortune.

General Grant agreed to inform himself fully upon the question and lay the matter before the Japanese authorities, and hoped that he could make such suggestions as to bring about an adjustment of the question in a way to avert the calamity of a war. Prince Kung, whose manner had seemed very earnest and overwrought during the interview, became satisfied and pleased with my father's calm and friendly consideration, for which he thanked him repeatedly and took his leave.

Upon General Grant's return to Tientsin, the Viceroy Li Hung Chang secured several long conferences with him upon the same question of the Loochoo Islands, and later, when we reached Japan, General Grant talked upon the subject with the Japanese authorities, and the matter was adjusted through his efforts and suggestions, without the two countries being involved in the horrors of war, much to the satisfaction of both nations. General Grant later received formally the warm thanks of China and of Japan for his friendly intercession.

The Regent, Prince Kung, and the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, discussed with General Grant many state questions besides that of the Loochoo Islands, the most important one being that which referred to the development of the resources of the Empire. These two statesmen, as well as the Cabinet of China, seemed forcibly struck and amazed with the disinterested reply of General Grant upon this subject. He told them that the developments and improvements of the Empire, to be permanent and not a drain upon their nation, must be accomplished by the Chinese people themselves, without granting charters to aliens, who would use foreign money and open the way for foreign Governments to interfere with the internal affairs of China. This unselfish advice from General Grant won for him their admiration and implicit faith. It was the first time that a foreigner had ever suggested or acknowledged to the Chinese a possibility that railroads, factories, etc., etc., could be built and operated in China except under the guidance and control of foreign nations. Attention may be called here to the fact that at the present time the Chinese are beginning to construct railroads, telegraph lines, and factories, which are owned and operated by themselves.



LI HUNG CHANG

Our stay in Pekin quickly drew to a close, after numerous forms and ceremonies of state, and when we had visited all the places of interest in the city. We returned to Tientsin in our little fleet, reaching there on the early morning of June 12, and General Grant had not yet breakfasted before he received a message that the Viceroy was on his way to call upon him. He received Li Hung Chang as he stepped from his chair, and welcomed him into the Consulate, where sweets and tea were served, and the two Generals conversed together in the most animated manner for several hours. During this conversation, and all others which General Grant had with the Viceroy in Tientsin, the questions of the Loo-choo Islands and of Chinese internal improvement were discussed at length.

When we were in Tientsin the second time, we saw the Viceroy every day, as before, and he was most hospitable and attentive to my father. Many grand functions and entertainments were given for our party, at all of which Li Hung Chang was present. The most interesting and novel of these affairs was an entertainment given by the wife of the Viceroy to my mother, Mrs. Grant. Madam Li, of course, had not been present at any of the other festivities, as she lives in absolute seclusion, and it is difficult for foreigners to understand what a radical step and overthrowing of Chinese customs and etiquette this was in the distinguished lady to give an evening entertainment to Mrs. Grant. No foreign lady had ever been received before in the home of a Viceroy or other great Chinese, nor even seen Madam Li. There was much excitement and talk over this affair among the foreign colony, as well as among the Chinese, and my mother has told me that the entertainment was most interesting and delightful. Mrs. Grant, with the other foreign ladies who accompanied her, went to the palace in sedan chairs, and was received at the door by Madam Li. During the evening, when refreshments were being served, the Viceroy himself came to the door to look on the scene of his wife's entertainment, which was an entirely new and novel affair to him. No other gentleman, of course, was admitted to Madam Li's salon.

Our last visit, as our first one, to Tientsin was most interesting, and I shall ever cherish the pleasantest memories of the days passed there, and of the kind friends who entertained us, among the latter the great Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, being always the most prominent. Our stay in Tientsin ended with Madam Li's entertainment for my mother. The following morning, with our party on board, the Ashuelot steamed down the Peiho River, amidst the booming of cannon and the waving of flags, until we had passed the Waku forts. Lying at anchor some distance out at sea was the United States frigate Richmond, which awaited General Grant and his party to convey them to Japan. Near by was the Viceroy's yacht, surrounded by a fleet of Chinese gunboats. The Viceroy had preceded us to the open sea, having declared that he would bid farewell to General Grant on the extreme boundary of his dominions. Immediately after we had boarded the Richmond, the Viceroy's yacht steamed forward, stopping about two hundred yards from our vessel. The barge of the Richmond was sent to the yacht to bring Li Hung Chang and his high officials for his last visit to General Grant. This final meeting of the two Generals was impressive, and I regret that no picture was made of that memorable scene. As the Viceroy came on our ship he was received by General Grant, surrounded by officers in full uniform, while the sailors manned the yards, and a salute of nineteen guns was fired. The two friends clasped hands, and showed great regret that the time had come for them to part, perhaps never to meet again. They remained together in conversation a long time, and the Viceroy's manner was that of perfect confidence and almost affection. Finally, and reluctantly, Li Hung Chang said farewell and returned to his yacht. With all the ships dressed, flags floating on the breeze, yards manned, and amidst the roar of cannon from the Richmond, Ashuelot, and Chinese fleet, our vessel turned her bow and sailed into the open sea. General Grant had parted from his friend the Viceroy Li Hung Chang—forever.

The Higher Life of St. Louis

By the Rev. John Snyder

Church of the Messiah, St. Louis

ONE Sunday morning Mr. Beecher arose in the pulpit and said, in substance: "I hold in my hand the notice of a bazaar to be held by the ladies of the church. I refuse to read it as it is written. The notice says, 'for the sale of useful and ornamental articles.' I don't like the distinction. All *useful* articles should be ornamental; all really *ornamental* articles are useful." So, in the same spirit, I might justly say that it is hard to draw a straight line between the higher life and the lower life of a great city. The simplest material things may really contribute to the former; while things that are meant to be moral and spiritual in nature may stand as obstructions in the way of a city's better growth. Colonel Waring's "white angels" furnish a perpetual object-lesson to the great metropolis of what the humblest untrained toil may do to advance the best interests of a great city.

Who sweeps a room as by God's law
Makes that and the action fine.

Bear with me, then, if I seem at times to be wandering from my text.

In these days of extreme individualism we have almost lost the sense of corporate personality. We forget what was so plain to the ancients, that the city has a distinct life of its own, apart from, or rather born out of, the individual character of its people. And nothing is of more interest than to trace this corporate life back to its roots. St. Louis, as part of the Louisiana purchase, is of pure French origin, but the traces of its parentage survive almost entirely in the social complexion of the city, rather than in the structure of its permanent character. I think it may be justly said that no representative of the distinguished French families that ruled the social life of the city at the beginning of this century impressed himself strongly and vitally upon its intellectual, its educational, its political, or its spiritual character. Socially, the French element has been dominant, and its influence has produced that ineffable charm of social intercourse, that delightful spirit of hospitality, that refinement and geniality in domestic life, that blending of social dignity and simplicity, which are apt to characterize French people of intelligence and culture wherever found. But, for some unknown reason, the French have never been good colonists. In St. Louis, as in all other parts of the American continent, while they are thrifty, temperate, and valuable citizens, their distinct contributions to the higher intellectual life of the city have not been very great. Of course this judgment must be modified by a grateful recognition of the service rendered to the cause of religious education by the devoted, disinterested, and untiring labor of the ubiquitous disciples of Loyola and St. Xavier.

THE HUMBOLDT MONUMENT, IN TOWER GROVE PARK
The Gift of Henry Shaw

IN SHAW'S GARDEN

But the dawning life of the city was not entirely French. We find in the earliest records of the land office a few names that are distinctively Irish. Representatives both from the north and south of Ireland soon began to mingle in the stream of municipal life. Then came people from Kentucky and Virginia. Since '48 Germany has sent to St. Louis an increasing number of university-bred men, whose thirst for education, love of liberty, and alertness of intellectual life have been of incalculable value. While I recognize that "comparisons are odorous," yet I cannot withhold the expression of my conviction that in no other city have the citizens adopted from Germany been of so high a type. The stamp of slavery on Missouri frightened away many of the hardy and enterprising pioneers from New York, Ohio, and the New England States, who either remained in Illinois or hurried through to Kansas and Nebraska; while the "Alton riots" not only paralyzed that infant city, but incalculably damaged the immediate future of the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley. Nevertheless, New England sent some rare men to us, and the "Yankee schoolmarm" was almost as ubiquitous and quite as devoted as the Jesuit priest. This mingling of metals made the Corinthian bronze of our municipal character.

GOVERNMENT

Samuel Tilden once said, in substance, that the man who helped to give a good government to mankind did better service than the one who gave his country a hundred eleemosynary institutions. The remark was wise. Surely the art

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[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895); "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (January 28, 1896); "The Higher Life of Chicago," by Melville E. Stone (February 22); "The Higher Life of Boston," by Edward Everett Hale (March 28); "The Higher Life of New Orleans," by Grace King (April 25); "Buffalo, the City of Homes," by the Rev. W. Burnet Wright, D.D. (June 27); and "The Higher Life of Philadelphia," by Talcott Williams (July 25).

of living together in peace and justice is the highest result of social evolution. How has St. Louis solved the problem of civic government? Only indifferently well. We have as good a government as we deserve; very probably, as good as we desire. St. Louis is unique among American cities in being a *free city*. It received in 1875, from a Constitutional Convention, the gift of municipal freedom. But the very novelty of the condition has served to partially deprive the city of many of the advantages which the "scheme and charter" were designed to bestow. Several notable decisions of the Supreme Court have curtailed its privilege. And the absence of any purely municipal politics, separated from State and National partisanship, has left the city largely in control of the managers of the two great political organizations. Like most American cities, we suffer from the lack of a wholesome public spirit. We select our Mayor and our street-sweepers from the body of our fellow-citizens who agree with us upon the subjects of "tariff" and "free silver"! The adoption of such an astute principle in the conduct of private business would subject a man to the suspicion of lunacy, but very few people seem to object to it in public affairs. Quite recently we held an election for members of the School Board, and the Republican "bosses" forced the nominees to publicly promise to submit their official action to the decision of the Republican caucus. Upon the day of the election the voters went to the polls and solemnly gave these caucus-tied gentlemen the absolute control of the educational interests of the city. Soon after this the Supreme Court of the State made an order which these same gentlemen saw fit to disobey. The Court promptly fined and imprisoned them for contempt. Upon their return to the city an attempt was made by the "bosses" to honor them with a public reception in recognition of the service they had rendered their party in gracefully accepting constructive martyrdom at the hands of a tyrannical Democratic court. Fortunately the scheme fell through, largely, perhaps, because of the dignified and manly protest uttered by Mr. Charles Nagel, the honored President of the Council. We hear much general and spasmodic denunciation of municipal corruption, but when gentlemen of unimpeachable business integrity are willing to pay secret money for public franchises and justify their action on the ground that what they seek is for public good as well as private profit, I think I am justified in saying that we have a government as good as we deserve. Now let me hang the picture in a different light. I believe that St. Louis will be one of the first of the large American cities to adopt and work a sensible and efficient civil service reform. We have no great and arrogant political "rings" which it would require gigantic effort to throw off. Generally speaking, our "bosses" are men of little education and intellectual force. They have simply grasped at power and privileges which we have cast aside in supine indifference. As Cassius says of Cæsar:

THE FOUNTAINS AND RUINS IN TOWER GROVE PARK

> Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf.
> But that he sees the Romans are but sheep.

Substantial reform has already been achieved, and more is promised. We move slowly because the old French conservatism is in our blood. Both in its legislative and executive departments St. Louis can count a gradually increasing number of men who care more for duty than party. The Civic Federation has recently been resurrected, and, under the leadership of the Rev. W. W. Boyd, D.D., shows signs of vigorous life. The effort is being made to organize the young men of the churches and synagogues and ethical culture clubs into societies for the study of the sacred duties of citizenship. Those of us who believe that it is as absurd to shut a minister out of politics as it would be to shut a physician out of a hospital are trying to teach that religion is designed to transform this world into the kingdom of God instead of making the churches mere post-mortem emigration societies.

EDUCATION

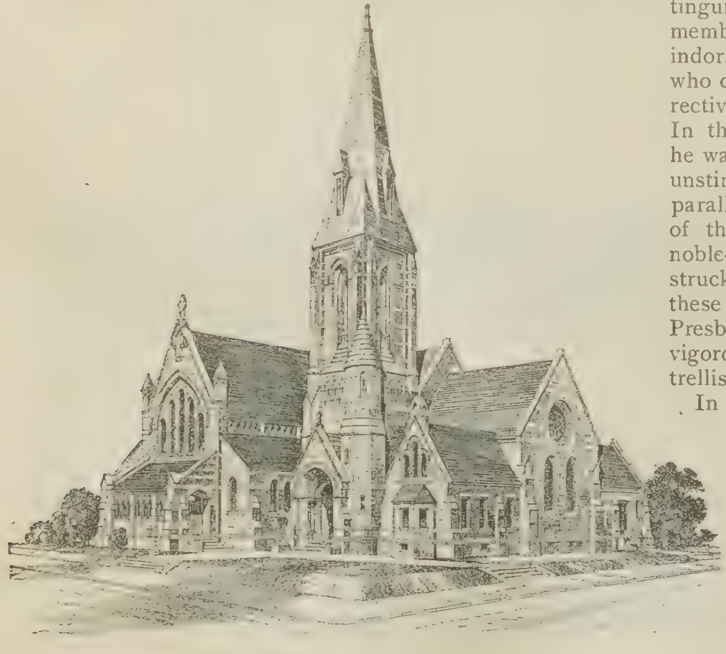
Unlike the New England States, Missouri took to the public school but slowly. For more than thirty years after its entrance into the Federal Union the free-school system of the principal cities of the State was in a very weak and disorganized condition. In the year 1857, Ira Divoll was made Superintendent of the Public Schools of St. Louis, and he may be justly called the Father of our Public Schools. His genius gave them organic life. His untiring zeal commended them to the care and tardily awakened enthusiasm of a rapidly growing city. Upon the foundation he so wisely built, Professor W. T. Harris was, perhaps, mainly instrumental in rearing a splendid educational structure. Professor Harris has since achieved an international reputation as a teacher and philosophical scholar, and the corner-stone of that reputation was laid in the work of perfecting the school system of St. Louis. Of course the arduous and admirable work of Divoll and Harris was

STATUE OF HENRY SHAW, IN SHAW'S GARDEN

ably seconded by a body of noble instructors and devoted laymen. Men like W. G. Eliot, Wayman Crow, George Partridge, Hudson E. Bridge, John Cavender, John O'Fallon, Colonel Thomas Benton, David Armstrong, Colonel Richardson, Dr. Carr Lane, and a host of others, gave an unstinted measure of unpaid toil. And, not behind these in skill, devotion, and intelligence, there were of valuable women "not a few." To St. Louis belongs the enviable distinction of being the first city of this country to embody the ideas of the brilliant Froebel in its public-school system. Miss Susan E. Blow established in this city the first public kindergarten in America. This was in 1873. We now have fifty-eight schools of this character, in which 9,000 children are enrolled. Six of these schools are for colored children, in charge of carefully trained teachers of their own race. Under the admirable supervision of Miss Mary C. McCulloch this department of instruction constantly increases in efficiency. At present our school system is under the superintendency of Professor Soldan, whose brilliant scholarship and rare executive ability afford a notable illustration of the great debt the city owes to its educated German population.

ST. LOUIS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

Very early in its history the prelates of the Catholic Church began to display a profound interest in the educational affairs of the city. In 1818 Bishop Dubourg made strong efforts to establish a Catholic college for the training of young men. The enterprise languished, and was abandoned in 1826. The effort was renewed in 1828, and the St. Louis University finally established. It numbered among its professors the celebrated Father DeSmet. Fostered by Bishop Rosatti, and the venerable prelate to whom we were proud to give the name of the "Great Archbishop" Kenrick, the University is in a highly prosperous condition.



THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH

Despite the fact that the public-school system of St. Louis is exceptionally fine, the city swarms with private schools, secular, Catholic, and Protestant. The chief of these is, of course, Washington University, so closely identified for many years with one of the most remarkable men in the history of the city's higher life. About the year 1834 a young minister came to St. Louis from Massachusetts for the purpose of establishing a Unitarian church. The presence of a very few New England families furnished a possible constituency for a movement which was then regarded as a subtle form of infidelity. This young man was William Greenleaf Eliot. Despite the damaging fact that he was both a "Yankee" and a Unitarian, he early identified himself with the developing spiritual and ethical life of the city, and for more than half a century he was the acknowledged center of every movement for advancing the higher interests of St. Louis. His influence was seen in the progressive legislation that perfected our common-school system. He was vitally associated with the establishment of every secular and Protestant philanthropic institution. He challenged the wisdom and morality of the infamous "Social Evil Law," and, almost single-handed, created the influences that wiped it from the statute-books. In this he was bitterly opposed by certain "practical" moralists, but he was backed by the ablest lawyers, prominent among whom were the Hon. Henry Hitchcock and Governor Charles T. Johnson, the most distinguished criminal lawyer in the State, and at that time a member of the State Legislature, while his judgment was indorsed by the present Chief of Police, Major Harrigan, who declared the law to be not only inefficient as a corrective of evil, but a pregnant source of official corruption. In the great work which Dr. Eliot achieved for St. Louis he was surrounded by a body of men and women whose unstinted liberality and consecrated labor can scarcely be paralleled in the history of any other American city. Most of these people were members of his own church, but noble-hearted men and women of other communions freely struck hands with him in the good work. Notable among these was James E. Yeatman, a great-souled Tennessee Presbyterian, whose genial and beneficent religion, like a vigorous morning-glory, refused to be confined to the trellis of any creed!

In 1853 the Hon. Wayman Crow, then a member of the State Senate, secured a charter for an educational institution to be known as the Eliot Seminary. A year later the school was formally organized, changing its name, at Dr. Eliot's suggestion, to Washington Institute. Three years later it became the Washington University. It is the vigorous mother of a brood of hardy educational children. Its first offspring was the night-school system, sustained at first by the gifts of Ralph Sellew, a member of the Church of the Messiah. This child was afterwards adopted by the State. In 1856 the Smith Academy was formed, bearing the honored name of James Smith. Then followed quickly the Mary Institute, an annex for the education of girls; the Law School, the Manual Training School, the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, the Medical College, and the School of Botany. Of these comely and vigorous children the School of Fine Arts, the Manual Training School, and the School of Botany are the most picturesquely interesting. The Training School enjoys the enviable distinction of being the

SPECIMENS OF ST. LOUIS DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

first of its kind on the American continent. I may go even further, and say that it was the first purely manual training school in the world. It is housed in a building given by Edwin Harrison; it is largely furnished and endowed by Ralph Sellew, Gotlieb Conzelman, and Samuel Cupples, while it has been nourished by the means of Dr. Eliot, William L. Huse, William Brown, and Ralph Sellew. So much for its healthy body. Its soul was bestowed by Professor C. M. Woodward and his able corps of assistants. The School of Fine Arts is housed in a handsome building which is the gift of Wayman Crow. It cost $135,000, and is a monument erected in memory of his only son, who died in earliest manhood. In the threshold you find a splendid bust of the creator of the school, from the chisel of Harriet Hosmer—"a gift of gratitude" from the brilliant genius whom Mr. Crow educated in art. It is under the control of Professor Ives, who was the efficient director of the Art Department of the Columbian Exposition, and who finds time to play a valuable part in the municipal government in addition to his arduous professorial duties. He is a wholesome "object-lesson" to those educated business men who cannot spare enough labor from the pursuit of the private dollar to give personal care to the supreme interests of public business.

ST. LOUIS HIGH SCHOOL

The School of Botany, under the care of Professor Trelease, is the magnificent gift of Mr. Henry Shaw, and is known to the world as Shaw's Garden. Mr. Shaw was one of those few wise rich men who believed that the "deed is better than the will." He did not "heap up riches," knowing "not who should gather them." In his own lifetime he began to build his perpetual monument, and each springtime sees his epitaph freshly written in brilliant flowers beside his quiet resting-place. Very early in his career in St. Louis, Mr. Shaw began to plan for the beautifying of his adopted home. His original gift of fifty acres for the establishment of a botanical garden was surrounded by a valuable tract of land, which is leased for the maintenance of this magnificent trust. As a pure "show garden" it is not surpassed by any other garden of the type in this country. As an instrument of botanical education its value cannot be overestimated. It is not only educating scientific botanists, but it has a school for practical instruction in the homely pursuit of market gardening. Professor Trelease tells me that no botanist living can become acquainted with the genealogy and the living representatives of that interesting but unattractive family, the cacti, without coming to Shaw's Garden. Subsequently Mr. Shaw gave the city more than 250 acres for the establishment of Tower Grove Park. The landscape gardening of this park is beyond praise, while Mr. Shaw has further enriched it with two really magnificent pieces of bronze—the statues of Shakespeare and Humboldt. The generous donor of all these objects of beauty and instruments of the higher education provided in his will that an annual sermon should be preached upon some aspect of God's goodness as revealed in nature; and that two banquets should be given every year, at which should be gathered those who, like himself, were interested in this expression of the city's higher life. Surrounded by the objects of beauty which his own generosity created, Mr. Shaw lived to a ripe and honorable old age, conscious that the coming generations would be infinitely richer because he had lived and labored for the common good. Rich men have lived and died in St. Louis, and their memories have been kept green only by the legal quarrels of their squabbling heirs. Each passing year makes Henry Shaw more of a living presence among us.

In all of the great educational and philanthropic enterprises of St. Louis one is surprised to find the same names constantly reappearing, and this surprise is deepened when one reflects upon the comparative fewness of their number. I presume this is true of every large city, but it seems to be peculiarly true here. The great body of us build our private fortunes and live our self-centered lives of good, honest citizenship, while a few disinterested men and women bear the common burden and keep alive the wholesome public spirit.

THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY

Under this head I would group all of the agencies that daily contribute to the education of the masses—of those people who are but indirectly touched by the commonly recognized instrument of instruction. Among these the newspaper easily takes first rank. St. Louis is peculiarly rich in this kind of literature. The St. Louis "Republic" is eighty-eight years old, but it has recently re-

Henry Shaw

Frederic M. Crunden
Librarian of the Public School Library

Miss Mary C. McCulloch
Supervisor of Kindergartens

James E. Yeatman

newed its youth, and is filling a constantly enlarging place in the political and social life of the people. The "Globe-Democrat," presided over by one of the most unique figures in American journalism, Mr. J. B. McCullagh, has an astonishingly large circulation in the Democratic States of the Southwest, mainly due to the fact that while its editorial columns are strictly partisan, and sometimes partial and misleading, its news columns are always filled with full and impartial accounts of passing events. I know of no partisan journal in this country that, during a campaign, contains so many of the fully reported speeches of its distinguished political opponents. Our German press, led by such able men as Carl Daenzer and Dr. Preetorious, is exceptionally high in grade. I think there is but one French journal published in the State. Our two great libraries are rapidly growing in value and importance. Dr. Shaw truthfully says that "in Mr. Frederic M. Crunden, the public librarian, St. Louis possesses one of the most highly accomplished library administrators in the world." Since the library has been made entirely free, and has established sub-stations in various parts of the city, its circulation has been immensely increased. It is housed in the upper stories of a building erected for the offices of the public-school system, but its directors are beginning to agitate for a new building that shall cost a million dollars. We are daily hoping that some rich man will desire to emulate Henry Shaw, or Wayman Crow, or James Smith, and thus secure for himself a crown of civic immortality. I could easily pick the man, but it would not be fair thus to discriminate among those who may wish to be generous rivals in securing such an enviable distinction. The Mercantile Library is governed by Mr. Horace Kephart, who has a rare genius for this type of work. Washington University plays a noble part in what may be called the system of popular university extension. Each year the institution furnishes the public, at low rates, courses of lectures by such men as John Fiske, Professor Lyon, and others, and the Ethical Culture Society, under the energetic leadership of Mr. W. L. Sheldon, has established, in various parts of the city, Wage-Earners' Self-Culture Clubs and Domestic Economy Schools for both sexes. The ablest specialists in the city keep up in these schools perpetual lectureships, and, I think, the kind of work done is peculiar to St. Louis. I know of no other similar work in any other part of the country. Most of the Protestant churches are showing an increased interest in this kind of educational activity. The "Eliot Society" of the Church of the Messiah, and the "Novel Club" of the Non-Sectarian Church, furnish excellent illustrations. Foremost among the instruments of popular education are the public parks. As Dr. Shaw has said, St. Louis has neglected its eighteen miles of river front, which should have been largely utilized for public parks, and it has, within my recollection, destroyed at least two of the breathing-places of the city to make room for public buildings. But the city is growing so rapidly, and its abundant car service is so cheap, that the great mass of the people can easily and frequently reach its semi-suburban parks. Forest Park, with its 1,375 acres, will in a few years be almost as close to the heart of the city as the "Common" is to the heart of Boston. Only a few weeks ago we possessed, I think, the loveliest park of its size in this country. It was in the very heart of the southern part of the city. The terrible cyclone came, and in ten minutes the fair work which nature had been building for half a century was all destroyed, and our beautiful Lafayette Park looked like a frost-blighted or locust-eaten bit of Kansas desert! In the very midst of this desolation stands Harriet Hosmer's masterly statue of Thomas Benton, its bowed head seeming to express a people's sorrow over the "cureless ruin" of this exquisite spot.

THE WORK OF THE ARTIST

St. Louis possesses several private picture galleries of very great interest. In the residences of Colonel George E. Leighton, Messrs. J. G. Chapman, Charles Parsons, Daniel Catlin, and others, may be found gems from the pencils of some of the greatest of the modern

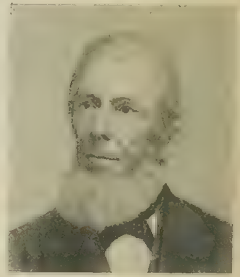
W. T. Harris

The late Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick

N. O. Nelson

George Partridge

Prof. C. M. Woodward
Head of the Manual Training School



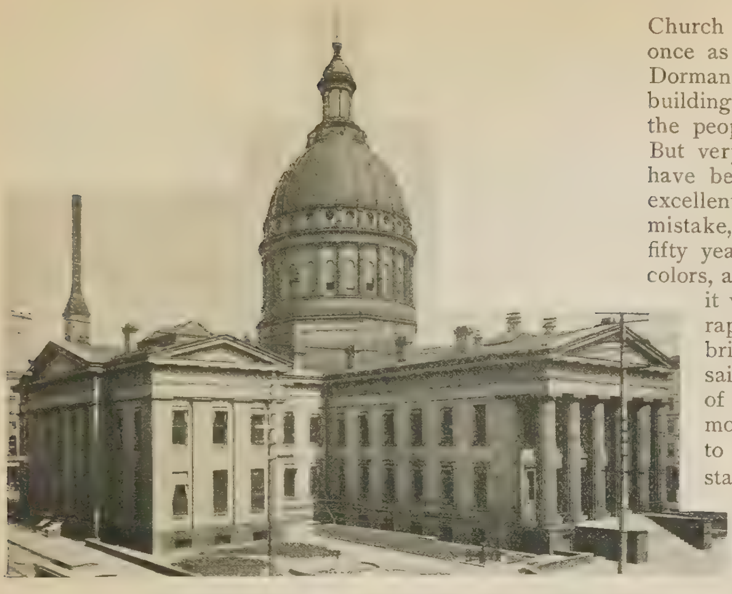
Rev. W. G. Eliot, D.D.

Wayman Crow

George E. Leighton
Late President of the Commercial Club of St. Louis

Charles Nagel
President of the Council

Rev. W. W. Boyd



ST. LOUIS COURT-HOUSE—A TYPE OF THE OLD ARCHITECTURE

masters. The finest work of the celebrated Wimar is to be found here, together with interesting examples from the brush of the man who exceeded, in pure native genius, I think, all other American portrait-painters, Chester Harding. Harding lacked technical education, but he was a brilliant colorist, and possessed a rare faculty for securing likenesses. The Art School, under Professor Ives, is gradually laying the sure foundation for a great public art gallery, and has been instrumental in sending to the art schools of Europe many promising students. In the field of architecture, St. Louis has "suffered many things of many" architects. In its earlier days it adopted for domestic purposes a modification of the stately houses found on the old Southern plantations. Such dwellings were interesting to the eye and suited to our climate. But alongside of these were created a multitude of the ugliest and most uniformly unattractive houses that ever afflicted a patient people. Some of the older public buildings were handsome and interesting. For instance, the dome of the old Court House is dignified and stately, and is made more interesting by interior decorations from the pencil of Wimar, while the Episcopal Cathedral needs but a tower and spire to make it a most acceptable specimen of Gothic work. But, with a few exceptions, the public buildings and churches of St. Louis were depressing in their plainness. About fifteen years ago we enjoyed a radical conversion, architecturally speaking. Peabody and Stearns, of Boston, built the Crow Memorial Hall and the Church of the Messiah. The latter was recognized at once as the handsomest building in the city. The Hon. Dorman B. Eaton says it is the handsomest church building on this continent. Since then the demand of the people for architectural beauty has never languished. But very few distinctly ugly buildings, public or private, have been erected. The newer churches are especially excellent. The new City Hall is a serious artistic mistake, but competent judges tell me that, inside of fifty years, when age has partly obliterated its startling colors, and the growing trees have half hidden its shape, it will be quite endurable. As an evidence of our rapidly growing artistic taste I need but give a brief history of one office building. The architect said that he was going to erect a building the like of which could not be found west of New York. He more than redeemed his promise. I do not know to what school this building belongs. It bore a startling resemblance to the stately ruins of Stonehenge, if that prehistoric pile should be restored by the plentiful use of white pine painted. If architecture is "frozen music," this building might be aptly described as a petrified nightmare. It stood for several years to blast the vision of mankind, and then its ghastly front was voluntarily covered by its owner with a mask of warm and pleasing brick! Domestic architecture is making multitudes of converts every year among us. Few houses, even of the cheapest kind, are being erected simply for shelter. They all bear the touch of real or intended beauty. In its love and appreciation of music, St. Louis reveals the very strong influence of its German population. Its musical conservatories not only furnish the highest type of vocal and instrumental instruction, but the city furnishes a large musical constituency for the support and encouragement of the best quality of classical art. In connection with our annual Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Exposition, we have for six consecutive weeks three daily cheap concerts, aggregating, perhaps, a daily attendance of nearly 10,000 people.

THE ST. LOUIS UNION STATION

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING

CLUBS

St. Louis is well supplied with purely social clubs. The Mercantile is the largest, and has the somewhat unique feature of being open, at all hours and every day, to the wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of its members. The Noonday is simply a dining club. The St. Louis Club occupies a very handsome building designed by Peabody and Stearns. The University Club is just about moving its quarters to the western center of population. The Jews have a magnificent club-house in the fashionable part of the town, and the Germania was for a generation the principal German club. Perhaps no organization of like character has done so much and designs to do so much for the better life of the city as the Commercial Club. Our whole system of reconstructed streets was based upon a report offered to this club by Colonel George E. Leighton. The club has shown a profound and intelligent interest in every scheme of municipal and national reform. Colonel Leighton's papers on Currency and Coinage and the National Banking System were models of exhaustive treatment of these vexed questions; while other members have been equally active in giving to the world through this club the fruits of their commercial, political, scientific, and professional studies. But no institution in the city has been more intelligently active in its educational, artistic, scientific, sociological, and philanthropic interests than the Wednesday Club, which is formed and controlled entirely by women. It would require an entire article to do fair justice to this flourishing organization. Suffice to say that in the public and private kindergartens, in the Training School for Nurses, in all the penal and philanthropic institutions, in the art schools, in every place where intelligent and self-denying public spirit is demanded, there you find a representative or a committee of the Wednesday Club.

A UNIQUE CHARITY

St. Louis has one form of beneficence which keeps alive the memories of that bitter civil strife, the perils and hardships and heartburnings of which she felt, perhaps, more than any other city in the land. But that memory is kept green in the blessed spirit of the Gospel. In the early stages of the Rebellion a number of devoted men and women, anticipating the terrible suffering of that unhappy time, formed the Western Sanitary Commission. Under the order of General Fremont, the Commission consisted of James E. Yeatman, Carlos Greeley, Dr. J. B. Johnson, George Partridge, and Dr. Eliot. Contributions of money and sanitary stores passed into the hands of the Commission amounting to more than $4,000,000. At the close of the war Mr. Greeley, the Treasurer, held about $230,000, which, by judicious investment, was increased to $335,000. Of this amount about $86,000 went to the purchase and maintenance of the Soldiers' Orphan Home, and about $15,000 to the support of soldiers' orphans who were not in the Home. These contributions were strictly germane to the object for which the fund was created. In the further discharge of its trust the Commission gave $7,800 to the Female Guardian Home, $13,000 to the Woman's Christian Home, $9,000 to the Workingwoman's Home, $13,000 to the Nurses' Training School, $7,500 to the Provident Association, $14,000 to the Colored Orphans' Home, $22,800 to the Memorial Home for the Aged, $30,000 to provide scholarships especially for the children of soldiers in Washington University and $10,000 towards its Sustentation Fund, and $18,000 to the Lincoln Freedman Monument Fund. This leaves a permanent fund of $50,000. The administration of this money for all noble purposes remains in the hands of the Commission, of which the revered James E. Yeatman is still the head. A story of rare and touching interest is attached to the last contribution mentioned in the list. Soon after the murder of Abraham Lincoln, Charlotte Scott, an emancipated slave, gave her former master, then a Union refugee from Virginia, the sum of five dollars, her first earnings as a free woman, begging that it might be used "to make a monument to Massa Lincoln, the best friend the colored people ever had." This money was sent to General T. H. C. Smith, who forwarded it to Mr. James E. Yeatman, with this letter:

James E. Yeatman, Esq.:

My Dear Sir—A poor woman of Marietta, O., one of those made free by President Lincoln's proclamation, proposes that a monument to their dead friend be erected by the colored people of the United States. She has handed to a person in Marietta five dollars as her contribution for the purpose. Such a monument would have a history more grand and touching than any of which we have account. Would it not be well to take up this suggestion, and make it known to the freedmen?

Yours truly,

T. H. C. SMITH.

St. Louis, April 26, 1865.

The suggestion was acted upon, and nearly $17,000 was received from the colored people. This sum was put to interest. In 1869 Dr. Eliot was in Florence, where he saw in the studio of Thomas Ball a group in marble representing the Emancipation Act. Dr. Eliot told the touching story of the poor colored woman, and Mr. Ball generously agreed to have the group cast in bronze, charging only for the actual labor of the Munich foundry. In the original group there was the ideal figure of a slave. This was changed, at Dr. Eliot's suggestion, and in the noble work as it now appears in Washington is the "counterfeit presentment" of Archer Alexander, the last slave ever captured in Missouri under the Fugitive Slave Law. Archer was for many years a consistent member of the Church of the Messiah, whose noble pastor had rescued him from the house of bondage, and made him the representative of his race in a work which commemorates the noblest deed done by his country's noblest man.

The Ground-Robin

By Richard Burton

From a low birch-tree just outside my window,
Here in the wind-fresh green New Hampshire country,
All through the day, and even at the nightfall,
Cheery, distinct, his heart a home for hope,
His throat full swollen with desire of music,
A little ground-robin sits and sings,
Symbol of summer, neighbor dear to me.

I never hear his note in other places;
But when June comes, and I return to live
Among the birches and memorial pines,
Lo, faithful to the tryst, alert and buoyant,
His strain familiar greets my welcoming soul,
And seems the type of all time-keeping things,
Rebuking chance and change. Illusion sweet
Uprises with the sound: of all the birds
I know, this songster speaks most plain to me,
Making impermanence a very myth.

So carol on, ground-robin! each green year
I listen for you, and 'twould be a grief
Beyond mere words, some June, some fragrant morrow,
To sit and hearken by the open window
In vain, for in a flood of fond regret
Would come a sense of loss, of unrequited
Love, of faith broken at length, of fickle
Friendship, and joy too beautiful to last:
Sing on, ground-robin, sing!

Bits of Wisdom

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in this faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is, like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty.—*Bishop Butler.*

Of an idle, unrevolving man destiny can make nothing more than a mere enameled vessel of dishonor, let her spend on him what coloring she may. Let the idle think of this.—*Carlyle.*

A hundred years hence what difference will it make whether you were rich or poor, a peer or a peasant? But what difference may it not make whether you did what was right or what was wrong?—"*Architects of Fate.*"

He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times ought to be backed with unanswerable truths; he that has truth on his side is a fool, as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions.—*De Foe.*

Longfellow once said to Mary Anderson: "See some good picture—in nature, if possible, or on canvas—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself."

THE NORTHFIELD SEMINARY GROUNDS

Moody the Evangelist

By the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, D.D.

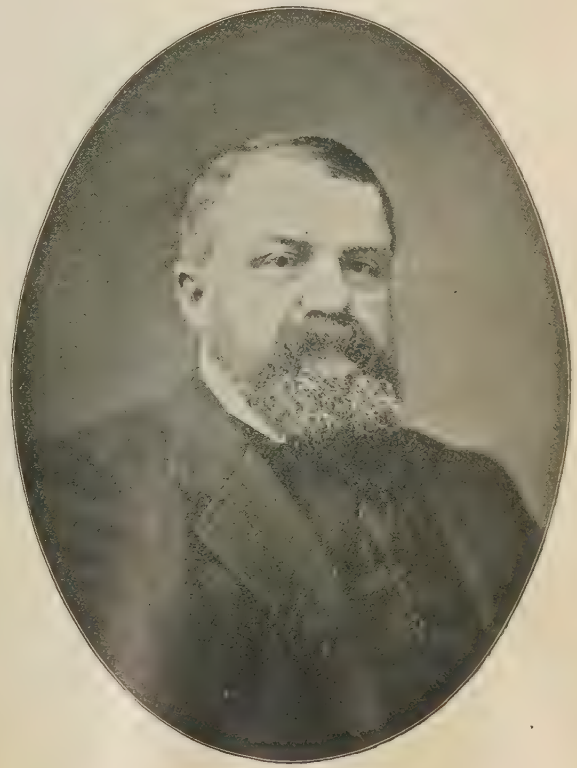
Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, London

AN American judged from an Englishman's standpoint may, by some, be expected to receive but scant justice; as, unfortunately, the idea has of late become prevalent that the two nations do not understand each other, and that neither can rightly appreciate the other. A more foolish—we might say fatal—notion could hardly be set on foot, and the sooner it is confined to its proper "limbo" the better. Who *should* be able rightly to estimate or appraise the virtues and faults of their fellow-men if Americans and Englishmen cannot do this for one another? Cousins—may we not say brethren?—by birth; speaking one language; inheriting common traditions and customs; trained in similar habits of life; approximating ever more and more closely to one another through the advances of science and the general habits of society; and, above all, enjoying, for the most part, the greatest and most glorious advantage of an open Bible, and of the blessed religion deduced therefrom; and yet having, what so few European nations enjoy, the opportunity of judging one another from a distance, and of considering one another's merits or demerits without reference to national rivalries (either in politics or in social matters), none should, we imagine, be better able to do justice to one another than members of the English and American nations.

Strange, therefore, as it may appear at first sight to the American readers of this journal that an Englishman should have been asked to survey an American work, and a clergyman of the Church of England to write upon an American evangelist, who (though with a wondrously universal spirit of brotherhood toward all Protestant churches) yet distinctly claims to be a Congregationalist, it may, after all, be considered, we hope, that, so far as opportunities of observing Mr. D. L. Moody have been given to him, the writer of this article *can* do justice to the great American preacher and organizer whom Northfield and Chicago both claim as *their* evangelist.

In no sense is it proposed to offer a new biography of Mr. Moody. Already a number of these exist, and the columns of a weekly periodical like The Outlook may hardly offer space for any but the briefest sketch of such a man, whose life from its very commencement has been filled with both incident and interest. The object with which we here call attention to Mr. Moody is that, as his work has now been carried on for what is called "a generation," the general bearings of that work and its prospects of enduring may be calmly and faithfully considered by the public.

All work must be initiated by an individual man, but all works do not prove to be really great, nor do they



D. L. MOODY

stand the test of time: while of the individuals who initiate works in this world, few indeed live long enough to allow of their works being tested by the crucial test of time, and fewer still of those who survive to see the works which they initiated become effective and powerful have that real greatness of soul which will enable them to let the works be spoken of as "great" while they themselves remain "small," and are content to remain exactly what they were at the beginning—viz., mere instruments whom God is pleased to adopt and employ, and who never think of claiming either credit or glory for themselves. Wherever the instrument has been exalted, even in the smallest degree, then, and to that extent, the work has proportionately suffered. This is acknowledged, theoretically, by all, and yet whither shall we turn to discover more than one in a thousand who can see great results from their works without claiming greatness for themselves? This seems to be the touchstone of human effort upon earth; and, judged by this standard of excellence, few indeed can bear the scrutiny even of their faulty comrades in the struggle.

NORTHFIELD CAMP

The first thing which strikes the observant visitor to Northfield, East Massachusetts, is that the whole place is governed by one dominant mind, and exists as a township for one definite purpose. Other places are known for their natural attractions, and people confessedly visit them for the sake of enjoying these attractions. Surely Northfield stands out preeminently among the townships of America as one of the most beautiful spots in the "Home" States of the East. The Connecticut River, flowing between Northfield and Mount Hermon, gives both grace and beauty of a remarkable kind to the whole valley. The magnificent avenue which runs for one and one-half miles through the township gives one of the finest drives that can be seen in any land—the long line of villas lying on either side of the avenue makes the place an ideal residence for the wealthy and the weary—and yet, of all this, the visitor hears and thinks little, until he finds how it enhances the delights of his visit; but what he does hear and think of is that Northfield, with its neighboring settlement of Mount Hermon on the west bank of the Connecticut, is, in its present condition, practically the creation of one man, and a place where everything, spiritual, social, and material, is literally made to subserve the one end for which that man lives and works without ceasing—viz., the glory of God in the saving of souls, by bringing them to accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. To this one single law of life there is hardly an exception; for, while there are both a Unitarian church and a Roman Catholic church in Northfield, and some of the inhabitants are, of course, busily occupied with agriculture and trade, there is one man who confessedly dominates the place by his purposes; and, while Unitarians and Roman Catholics are, of course, engaged in their own works, and seeking to advance their own principles, so completely has D. L. Moody won his way into the hearts of his own townspeople that, instead of bitter opposition to his institutions and to his work, the stranger hears of nothing but love and good will, even from those who do not agree with him doctrinally and theologically.

THE MOODY HOME

Of Mr. Moody's work as an evangelist in every part of the world, or of his grand educational establishments at Northfield and Mount Hermon, it is not the writer's province to speak in detail. The incidents and the statistics connected with these are the common property of all English-speaking people both in America and in Europe.

That to which we would now call attention are the three remarkable facts, first, that Mr. Moody is more highly esteemed in his own native town than in any other part of the world (if this be possible); secondly, that the wonderful monuments of his shrewdness and determination which greet the stranger in Northfield and Mount Hermon, and which represent an enormous capital in money, with a magnificent display of wisdom in their location and arrangement, are the work of a man who neither professes to have had an education preparing him for such results, nor claims at the present moment to enjoy wisdom or learning qualifying him to build and order such enormous establishments; and, thirdly, that while the whole township would seem to be subject to Mr. Moody's dictation and arrangement, everything is so ordered as to be for the general welfare of the inhabitants, and no one would even dare to suggest that

AN OUTDOOR MEETING, KINSMAN, OHIO

all is not done for the common weal. This one man is the *fons et origo* of the whole; of the social, the moral, and the spiritual prosperity of the place, which are sufficiently marked to provoke the admiration and wonder of any thoughtful visitor to Northfield.

The educational establishments for some seven hundred young ladies and gentlemen, which have already sent forth their thousands of devoted Christian laborers to engage in the Master's work in all parts of the world, are in themselves a very miracle of enterprise, courage, and generosity. The striking methods adopted, both in the education of the students and for the obtaining of money for those who lack means, by utilizing their services during the vacations, when Northfield is filled with visitors for the conventions, are a constant theme of admiration to all who visit the place; while the moral and spiritual force displayed at all points, in the seminaries, in the boarding-houses, in the hotel life, and in the township, is such as not only to compel the admiration of onlookers, but to evoke the declaration of those who study it most closely: "This counsel and this work must be of God and not of men."

And yet, one man, D. L. Moody, is evidently the moving spirit of the whole, and he rules "with an iron hand well covered with velvet."

What, then, is the secret of this man's success here in social and educational organization, as everywhere else in evangelistic and spiritual labors? And will the works which have so marvelously grown under his hand stand the test of time and experience?

It may appear presumptuous for a stranger to speak with confidence upon these points, but as the answer to the first question secures a safe answer to the second, we think that even here a stranger may dare to prophesy with boldness.

Mr. Moody's work, whether at home or abroad, has been upreared upon three foundations, which, if anything can make a human work indestructible, will certainly guarantee the after results of his toil.

(1) Every stone has been laid upon the solid basis of prayer. God's grace, God's guidance, God's glory, have been sought without ceasing; and before one step has been taken, whether at Northfield or Chicago, it has been made as certain as prayer and its wonderful answers can make it that the favor of the Almighty was upon the undertaking. Let those who will scoff at the power of prayer, D. L. Moody and his work are magnificent testimonies to all who have the humility and the will to be convinced that God is indeed a prayer-answering God, and that they who put their trust in him shall never lack for wisdom or for supplies. The first power in Northfield is the power of prayer.

(2) Upon every soul with whom Mr. Moody has had to deal he has unceasingly and with courageous determination impressed his simple, scriptural Gospel, which tells of the infinite love of God, of the perfect atonement wrought for sin by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, of the absolute necessity of a new birth by the Spirit, and of the wondrous power of that Holy Spirit to sanctify all who receive him into their souls.

There is no uncertainty about D. L. Moody's evangelism, and, while Mr. Sankey and others should be never forgotten, but honored and rejoiced over as God's power in song, and while multitudes owe to the sweet singers a debt of infinite gratitude, it is quite certain that the rock upon which all the educational and evangelistic results of these brethren have been based is that solid rock of the atonement, or the Gospel of substitution, so freely announced by Mr. Moody and his co-workers, whether as preachers or as singers of the Gospel.

But not only have the divine aid been sought and the divine counsel been declared

A NORTHFIELD STREET

at every step of Mr. Moody's work, but we must, if we would learn the real secret of its success, notice that

(3) The Divine Being has in everything and at all times been acknowledged as the author or giver of all good gifts—wisdom, money, power, and success; as the Lord, for whose glory every step must be taken; and as the Master to whose guidance every detail must be submitted.

At Northfield no man is allowed to glory in men. The work is the Lord's; he must rule at all points, and receive the full honor for all that succeeds. Mr. Moody would be the first to acknowledge that he owes an incalculable debt to his mother and to his wife, who have so long been the blessed home spirits of his life. In Mr. Moody's children the father has living monuments of his wisdom and power in the home—and yet not for one moment, either in Northfield or Chicago, is any ruler acknowledged or spoken of but Jehovah.

These are the secrets or grounds of the success which God has so graciously given to his servant. In this man, to a most remarkable degree, has been exemplified the words of the Apostle to the Corinthians, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

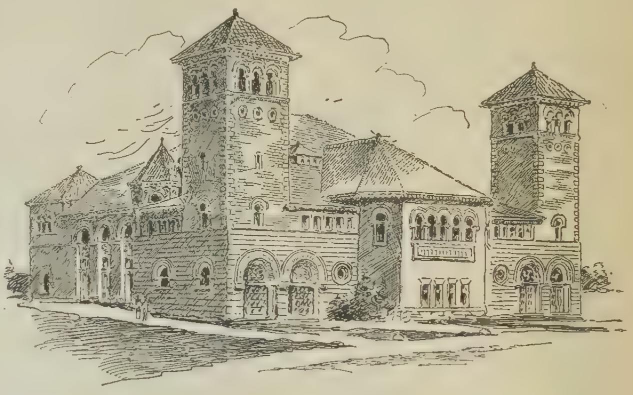
And herein lies the answer to our second inquiry—Will the works now centered in Mr. Moody stand? "Upon this Rock," *i. e.*, upon the true confession of Christ, the Lord Jesus promised that "he would build His Church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it." Whatever else may fail, the Lord's word can never "pass away." Just so long, therefore, as these three great foundations of Prayer, Truth, and Humility are preserved intact in our brother's work at Northfield and Chicago, so long is it certain that "the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and to which no sorrow is ever to be added," shall attend and crown the labors of D. L. Moody, to whom we all of us wish a very hearty "Godspeed."

A CORNER IN MR. MOODY'S STUDY

Mr. Moody's Life and Work

By James M. Whiton

Mr. Moody is now fifty-nine years of age. Forty of these years, since he first went to Chicago, have been crowded with labors whose record is writ in lives reclaimed, inspired, ennobled. Farm work invigorated his body; the village school began his education; active life in touch with his fellow-men and their divinest interests gave him his collegiate and university course; his Sunday-school teacher gave his life its direction to the glory of God in the service of men. So crude and immature at first that the church in Boston deferred his admission to membership for a six months' interval, he was presently gathering a Sunday-school of 1,000 in a year, while beginning life in Chicago as a clerk. He at once rented four pews in the Chicago church, and devoted himself to filling them with young men, but was so poor a talker in prayer-meetings that he was counseled to let others talk while he brought in the hearers. Recruiting was his forte. He worked in hard neighborhoods among hard characters. Evenings and Sundays were given to it. He built up a dozen Sunday-schools. During the war he worked efficiently in the Christian Commission. Such was his apprenticeship. By and by a church was built for him, which he filled with the eloquence born of the passion for souls which such an experience had fed and trained.



THE NORTHFIELD AUDITORIUM

The debt which America owed to England for Whitefield, in the last century, was soon repaid with interest by Mr. Moody. In company with Mr. Sankey, he visited Great Britain in 1873. Beginning at Edinburgh, they went through all parts of the country, ending with a thirty days' meeting in London in 1875. Coldness melted before them into enthusiasm. Hostile criticism changed to friendliness and admiration. The crowd was transient; the impression was permanent. Scotland, says Professor Drummond, who followed Mr. Moody's work for a year, would not have been what it is to-day but for him. There are now, in all parts of the United Kingdom, buildings and institutions, both religious and philanthropic, which owe their existence to him. Returning to this country, the two evangelists carried the same work through the large cities, amid the same popular interest.

It is as an evangelist, an itinerant preacher of the Gospel, that Mr. Moody has given the public its superficial impression of him. Among men of that class he has had a wider hearing and influence than any other in our time. The evangelist passes on and leaves to others the care of giving permanence to his work. Mr. Moody has undertaken to do that himself, and in so doing has become an evangelist of a new type. Experience revealed to him the need of an educational basis for permanent religious betterment. "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge." He had done his work in cities. The sparse population of country districts needed such work just as much. Northfield, in Massachusetts, had been his early home. Here was the place to begin.

Fixing his home here again in 1875, and interesting others in his scheme, the Northfield Seminary for girls was opened in 1879, and in 1881 the Mount Hermon School for boys and young men. The supreme aim in these schools is a Christian character coupled with the general training given in a rural academy. With this end in view, more study is given to the Bible than to any other one book. In its light, as the great Christian classic, all other studies are pursued. In 1892 there were only about 5 per cent. of the pupils in the Seminary who were not communicants. Very many became communicants while in attendance. These two institutions, about four miles apart, on the east and west side of the Connecticut, have now, we believe, about fifty buildings, a thousand acres of ground, more than seven hundred pupils, and far more applicants than they have room for. Pupils come to Northfield mainly from the States and Canada. In Mount Hermon many races and nationalities have been represented. Their graduates are found in many homes and many vocations; many enter college; many become teachers and missionaries.

Besides these two academical schools, Mr. Moody has established two others of a semi-professional kind. The Bible Institute in Chicago, for men and women, was opened in 1889; the Northfield Training School, for women, in 1890. The object of these is to raise up trained Christian workers for service among the unchurched, the poor and outcast, both in cities and in country districts. All four of Mr. Moody's schools are characteristically Bible schools, but in these two about half of the whole time is devoted to Bible study, with a view to its effect upon those who live by it, and on those whom they can reach and help thereby. Practical service in various kinds of mission work is joined with this as a course in "Gospel clinics," and in the Training School instruction is given in the fundamental domestic arts. From the Institute 167 students have become pastors; 103, missionaries of various kinds; 103, evangelists; 161 are studying theology or medicine in preparation for pastoral or missionary work.

Thus magnificently has Mr. Moody multiplied himself as no other evangelist ever did. It is his maxim, "Better set ten men to work than do the work of ten men." It is truly said that "no other living man has done so much to set so many other people to work and develop latent talents and powers."

MR. MOODY'S MOTHER

To set these four schools on foot, and meet the requirements of their rapid growth, large giving has been necessary. Mr. Moody makes large givers, and is a royal giver himself. He was obliged to print his hymn-book at his own expense, because no publisher would take the copyright gratis. It has yielded him a fortune, and this has all been turned in to meet the expenses of this educational work, which still outgrows his resources. It also requires first-class executive ability to be such an organizer. Mr. Moody ranks as high in the qualities of insight, promptness, and energy, which make great administrators of business, as in those which make the successful evangelist. Of these he gave a splendid demonstration in the organizing, financing, and direction of the six months' evangelistic campaign in Chicago during the World's Fair. And yet no man ever had a more humble estimate of himself. If he can get others to speak, he prefers to listen.

He values the printed page also, and has been busy with his pen in producing quite a library of books and booklets, some two dozen in all, some of which have sold far above a hundred thousand copies. What General Booth's books are for his Army, these are for the host whom Mr. Moody has inspired. Some of them have been translated into Swedish, German, and Danish-Norwegian. Nor are they allowed to wait for buyers. He has organized a Colportage Association to spread the sale of these and similar books. The profits support the workers in their work. One book in the list is especially characteristic of the man—the Northfield edition of Bagster's Bible, specially prepared according to Mr. Moody's suggestions for the use of his students.

But no account of Mr. Moody's wide-branching organization of his work would be complete without mention of the Bible conventions held yearly at Northfield. What the Chautauqua assemblies have been to students in the Chautauqua courses, these summer Bible-schools have been to those who have been taught and trained in Mr. Moody's lines. Here, where some of the ablest men in the various churches are brought together to discourse on the vital themes of Biblical teaching, is the home hearth where their bond of union is strengthened, a focus of fresh inspiration for intelligence and for zeal.

Those who attribute a certain decline of popular interest in Mr. Moody's preaching to the theological changes which are going on seem to us mistaken. As to this, the observations are in point which a distinguished Unitarian of the radical school, the Rev. W. C. Gannett, made in 1877: "Not all men carry ideas, not all men carry feelings, which can be moved by a word said to them in common; but every man who goes to the Tabernacle carries a conscience, and knows what Moody means when he says straightforwardly: 'You are a sinner; you need cure, you feel mighty little power to cure yourself; there's a power that can cure you; lay hold of it—here it is—and be well.' He knows what he is talking about, and you know too, be the doctrine what it may. Two or three great moral facts of religion, phrased in the Christian symbols, are there. The fact of sin, the need of a changed heart, of a new birth, the sure moral judgment, the possibility of forgiveness, the strength that comes to the penitent—this you and I know all about, though our symbols for it are different."

The "Andover Review" remarked in 1891 that a new era in evangelism began with Mr. Moody. The older evangelists dwelt alternately upon the Sovereignty of God and the responsibility of man. But "Moody virtually established a new school by making prominent the love of God. The safeguard to his preaching lay in its intensity."

The love of man has been as permanent in Mr. Moody's life as the love of God has been in his preaching. In his early Sunday-school work a score of poor children, it is said, would appear at his shop in a body to be provided with new shoes. He haunts the railroad station at Northfield to welcome newcomers at the term opening. When his Roman Catholic neighbors were building a church he subscribed to it, and gave them an organ, requited by them with a gift of building-stone for his school extension. Loving and beloved, no man of our time, it has been said, "has done so much to unite man with man, break down grudges and sectarian barriers, harmonize diverse views and dispositions, and raise money for other people's enterprises."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SEWING CLUB—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH HOUSE

The Institutional Church and its Work

By Rufus Rockwell Wilson

THE Institutional Church stands for a form of religious activity developed during the last ten years, which, although still in its infancy, promises to play a potential part in the solution of many of the problems that press upon modern society. It magnifies the personal element, and aims to minister to the social, physical, and mental as well as the religious wants of those whom it seeks to reach. Its doors are open seven days in the week, and in its most ambitious form it has in its care, and as a part of its regular work, institutions, social, amusemental, educational, and evangelistic, for the ministry to the whole man. It had its birthplace in New York, and has reached its most perfect development here, especially in churches that by reason of their location face the pitiful conditions of life in the poorer portions of the city.

St. George's Episcopal Church, situated on the edge of the crowded East Side, was the first to enter the field, and the story of what it has accomplished therein is a most interesting and impressive one. Next door to the church edifice on Stuyvesant Square, but fronting on East Sixteenth Street, stands its Memorial House, a roomy structure whose five floors are admirably adapted to the work in hand, and serve as a center of social life. On the fifth floor are a large reception-room and the private apartments of the assistant clergy, four in number, who make their home in the building. The floor below is given up to club-rooms for men and to a gymnasium. On the second and third floors are the chapel and Sunday-school, while the ground floor contains eight large rooms used on Sunday for primary and infant classes and on other days for club and kitchen-garden work. It is the aim of St. George's to extend the hand of helpfulness to every one who suffers for the need of it, and, the Memorial House having already been found inadequate to the needs of its rapidly growing work, the church multiplies its influence by working from other centers. Opposite the Memorial building is the Deaconess House, and over on Avenue A are mission rooms used during the week for a large kindergarten. Further down-town are the Old Epiphany House and the Essex Street Community House.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford, pastor of St. George's, thinks the

CARPENTER CLASS AT ST. GEORGE'S EVENING INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL "supremely important work of the Christian Church to-day is to make man acquainted with man," for "in studying man we most learn to know God. In serving man we serve our Father. In saving man we are in abiding relationship with our Saviour." These words indicate the character of the work at St. George's. The most earnest efforts are devoted to the children, reached through the kindergarten and the boys' and girls' clubs, in which every helpful means is made use of to gain and hold the interest of the members. In the Battalion Club, made up of youths from fifteen to eighteen years of age, military and athletic exercises are introduced, while a Men's Club of several hundred members forms the last link in the chain by which the church tries to guard the boy against adverse influences and help him to the right kind of manhood.

Rev. David H. Greer
St. Bartholomew's Church (P. E.), New York.

Similar methods are applied in the work for the girls, and the other branches of the church's activity leave scarcely any side of life untouched. Among other things, it supports a cottage at Rockaway Park, and last summer gave over 12,000 persons an outing by the sea. But in some respects the most interesting and suggestive phase of its work is the Industrial School which it maintains in East Eleventh Street. Opened in 1892, this school has from the first gained steadily in scope and influence. Only carpentry and drawing were taught in the beginning, but soon plumbing, printing, and telegraphy were added, and manual training for boys as yet too young to essay the trades. Now two hundred and fifty boys work six nights a week in the school, and as many more regret that lack of room deprives them of the benefit of the instruction given there. Many of the pupils are employed during the day, but gladly work at the trade-school benches at night, that they may soon be able to earn an artisan's wages. The directors of all the classes are experts in their respective lines, and the instruction given is of the best. Proofs are not wanting that the boys know its value. In 1894 three scholarships were awarded in the New York Trade School. The recipients, however, declared that they learned more in St. George's school, and last year the scholarships were refused, the winners preferring to remain in the Eleventh Street institution.

Rev. R. H. Conwell
Grace Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Everett D. Burr
Ruggles Street (Baptist) Church, Boston, Mass.

Rev. R. Albertson
Lagonda Ave. Congregational Church, Springfield, Ohio

Rev. Henry H. Kelsey
Fourth Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn.

St. Bartholomew's (Dr. David H. Greer, rector) claims second place among the institutional churches of New York. Its activities are even more varied than those of St. George's. It maintains a splendidly equipped parish mission-house, and conducts, among other things, a loan bureau, which advances money to deserving people on their furniture at a low rate of interest, thus standing between them and the usurers that abound in every large city; an Oriental mission for the education of members of the Asiatic races; a rescue mission for the reclamation of fallen men and women; a lodging-house for deserving men; a kitchen where meals and cooked food and groceries are sold in bulk at actual cost to the poor; an employment bureau; a fresh-air mission that annually does a great work among the poor children of the East Side; a farm near Bridgeport, Conn., where hundreds of children are cared for every summer; and a cottage at the seaside for the accommodation of forty children. To these are to be added a penny provident fund and kindergarten; a comprehensive system of tenement-house visitation; sewing, cooking, and physical culture classes for women and girls; an eye and ear dispensary, and a surgical clinic; clubs for boys and girls, each with over 1,000 members; depots for the free distribution of coal, wood, and clothing; a boys' military brigade and industrial school; a well-stocked library, and a fine gymnasium.

Columns would be required to deal adequately with these several agencies for good, but all agree in one thing, and that is in giving help only to those who help themselves. The meals furnished are good and cheap, but they are not free, and there are nominal dues for membership in all the clubs and organizations. Dr. Greer exercises a general supervision over all the work, and there are five assistant rectors and a large number of lay helpers. The loan bureau, by reason of its novel character, has attracted much attention, but in the amount of direct good accomplished is easily superseded by the employment bureau and the surgical clinic. The employment bureau was organized two years ago, and the fact that it finds employment on an average for 250 persons every month shows what a power it has become. Five people give their entire time to its affairs. They canvass, personally, by letter, and through the newspapers, for both employees and situations for them in factories, stores, boarding-houses and hotels, and on farms. No distinctions are made among applicants for work, and they embrace men and women of almost every nationality and belief. The clinic is composed of three divisions—the medical and gynecological division, the surgical clinic, and the night clinic for diseases of the eye, ear, nose, and throat. More than 7,600 patients received treatment in the first two divisions last year. In the third division there were treated 3,145 new patients, each patient making an average of eight visits. These patients were questioned in every case, and it was found that they were unable to pay a doctor for services, and in the majority of cases could not attend institutions whose sessions were held in the daytime, as they were compelled to work then.

Prominent among the other institutional churches of New York City are the Judson Memorial Baptist Church in Washington Square, and the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. A peculiar interest attaches to the first named from the fact that it is a monument to Adoniram Judson, the pioneer missionary, and contributions for its erection have come from Baptists all over the country. The location is a strategic one for influencing and upliting lower New York, and the church, under the direction of Dr. Edward Judson, prosecutes a work as many-sided as it is admirable. The westerly half of the handsome edifice is devoted to a home for twenty-four children, and to a large apartment and boarding house which yields the church a handsome revenue. The

YOUNG WOMEN'S COOKING CLASS—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH HOUSE

easterly half includes an auditorium devoted exclusively to worship; a memorial hall used for Sunday-school and week-night services, and for lectures, concerts, and social gatherings: and young men's headquarters, consisting of social and reading rooms, library and gymnasium, open every night. Classes in physical culture for children and adults of both sexes, a day nursery and kindergarten, a large and well-drilled choir of one hundred voices: a dispensary, to which come scores of applicants every week, a nominal charge of ten cents being remitted when patients are unable to pay; fresh-air and flower missions for the sick and disabled: sewing-classes and mothers' meetings, with talks on domestic hygiene, are features of the work prosecuted by this broad and progressive church. During the winter months much relief is extended to the poor, often as many as fifty or seventy-five persons applying for help in a single afternoon.

CLASS IN MECHANICAL DRAWING AT ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL

The Collegiate Church carries on its work in the new memorial building of the Helping Hand Association in West Fifty-fourth Street, which it has leased for a period of eight years, and which is perfectly adapted to the task in hand. In the basement are a gymnasium, drill-room, baths, and a bowling-alley. On the ground floor is an audience-room, with a seating capacity of about five hundred. On the second and third floors are apartments for a boys' club, girls' club, sewing-school, and library. The weekly calendar begins on Monday afternoon with a cooking-class for women and a meeting of the Junior C. E. Society. On Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons a kitchen-garden class receives instruction. A junior club for boys meets Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening there is a military drill for the older boys and a meeting of a junior club for girls. On Wednesday evening there is a social gathering for boys and girls, with an interesting programme of music and recitations made up of volunteer talent. Thursday afternoon is devoted to a mothers' meeting, and the evening to a meeting of the girls' club. On Saturday morning there is a sewing-class for girls and boys, and on Saturday evening the girls' club holds its second meeting for the week. The boys' club, a flourishing organization, meets every night in the week, and the gymnasium, baths, and bowling-alleys are always crowded. An active though not obtrusive missionary impulse is noted in all branches of the work.

A word should also be given, in passing, to the work of the Helping Hand, which is carried on under the same roof. This Association aims to improve the condition of the poor women of the district in which it works, and it accomplishes its mission by means as simple as they are effective. Every Friday afternoon from two hundred to three hundred women meet at the rooms of the Helping Hand to sew, and to obtain articles of wearing apparel, and tickets for coal, groceries, and other necessities, which are sold to them at cost. Each woman is paid thirty-six cents for her afternoon's work, this sum being credited on a card and the workers being paid with the garments they make and with groceries. A salaried visitor keeps the Association in close personal touch with those whom it aims to benefit, and the plans for future work include a day nursery and temporary lodgings for the needy and friendless. Opposite the building which bears its name the Helping Hand owns and conducts a model tenement-house, supplied with all modern improvements, in which apartments are rented to respectable applicants at very moderate prices.

The Jersey City Tabernacle (John L. Scudder, pastor) is one of the oldest institutional churches outside of New York. The distinctive feature of its work is the People's Palace, opened five years ago, and providing facilities for amusement and profit, such as baths, bowling, amateur theatricals, billiards, a temperance bar, military drill for both sexes, physical culture classes with a fine gymnasium in which to work, and educational and industrial classes. In summer outdoor sports

THE GYMNASIUM CLASS—HELPING HAND ASSOCIATION

YOUNG WOMEN'S PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH HOUSE

sports are projected and indulged in by pastors and officers, as well as by the young men, while for the women there are cooking-schools, mothers' meetings, sewing-classes, and kindred attractions.

Other admirable examples of the institutional church in cities of moderate size are the Fourth Church of Hartford, Conn., and the Pilgrim Church of Worcester, Mass. The work begun in Hartford some ten years ago by the pastor, Dr. Graham Taylor, and continued by his successor, the Rev. H. H. Kelsey, includes the Yokefellows' Band, a most efficient instrument for reaching and holding men, and a thorough system of visitation. While the church is made the social and religious center, much is done outside in the maintenance of cottage meetings and neighborhood missions, and in sustaining open-air preaching during the summer, the Hartford Seminary students and professors co-operating heartily in the work. The institutional work of the Pilgrim Church began in 1887 with a boys' club, to which have since been added other social, athletic, literary, and religious associations, composed of boys, girls, and adults. A gymnasium with baths, a reading-room with games and familiar practical talks, a sewing-school and kitchen-garden for girls, and industrial classes for boys are distinctive features of the work.

However, in the number and importance of its institutional churches, Boston, as might be expected, is the city which most closely rivals New York. Two of the Boston churches, Berkeley Temple and the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, especially merit notice. An important feature of the work prosecuted by Berkeley Temple (the Rev. C. A. Dickinson, pastor) is an organization called the Young Men's Institute, which has literary, industrial, and physical culture departments, and a lecture and entertainment course. A well-stocked reading-room is open at all hours, and an excellent parish library furnishes additional reading matter. But its temperance guild is in some respects the most interesting branch of the Institute. Large numbers have been redeemed from drinking habits through its agency, and its efforts are now supplemented by an asylum at Westminster, Vt., where those addicted to liquor, morphine, and tobacco receive scientific treatment. The proceeds of this asylum are devoted to a near-by orphanage, wherein waifs from the city slums receive all the advantages of a city home. At Westminster the Temple also supports a vacation home for working-girls, while from its church kitchen in Boston hot coffee and rolls are supplied daily to the teamsters who congregate in the neighborhood. The Temple's work for women and girls is carried on by an organization called the Dorcastry. The Temple also supports a kindergarten, which meets every morning except Saturday, and in which some fifty little folks, for whom a lunch is provided, are trained in all the lines of domestic service usually taught in such schools. The Ruggles Street Baptist Church (the Rev. E. D. Burr, pastor) works on lines somewhat different from but no less fruitful than those followed at the Temple. It probably does more than any other church in Boston in relief lines, regularly assisting hundreds of families with food and clothing. During 1895 over two thousand six hundred patients were treated at its dispensary. On its medical staff are nine physicians, with an apothecary and a dentist.

Other noteworthy institutional churches are the Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, O.; Plymouth Church, Milwaukee; People's Church, St. Paul; Grace Baptist Church, Philadelphia; and the Lagonda Avenue Church, Springfield, Ohio. The more familiar name of Grace Baptist Church (the Rev. R. H. Conwell, pastor) is the Temple, and its most conspicuous feature is Temple College. Two thousand pupils attend it, and have completed instruction in a broad range of studies. The allied departments enroll enough more students to swell the total to 3,500. A new building connected with the Temple is the home of a network of organizations, including musical and other associations, and a woman's congress of household science and art. The Samaritan Hospital accommodates twenty patients, and the Young Men's Congress, organized on the basis of the Federal Congress, discussing the same subjects and governed by the same rules, meets weekly.

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—SMOLDERING FIRES

It is the right of every Scot—secured to him by the Treaty of Union and confirmed by the Disruption—to criticise his minister with much freedom, but this privilege is exercised with a delicate charity. When it is not possible for a conscientious hearer to approve a sermon, he is not compelled to condemnation. "There wes naething wrang wi' the text" affords an excellent way of escape, and it is open to suggest efficiency in another department than the pulpit. "Mister MacWheep michtna be a special preacher, but there's nae doot he wes a graund veesitor." Before Carmichael left the West Kirk, Edinburgh, where he served his apprenticeship as an assistant, a worthy elder called to bid him good-by, and spoke faithfully, to the lad's great delight.

"You have been very acceptable, wonderfully so for a young man, and we shall follow your career with much interest. It is right, however, to add, and you will accept this in a right spirit, that it was not by preaching that you commended yourself to our people, but by your visiting. Your sermons are what I might call . . . hazy—you will get a hold of the truth by and by, no doubt—but you have a gift for visitation."

The exact quality and popularity of this gift was excellently stated by the wife of a workingman, who referred with enthusiasm to the edifying character of the assistant's conversation.

"Tammas misses Maister Carmichael juist terrible, for he wud come in on a forenicht an' sit, an' smoke, an' haver wi' the gudeman by the 'oor. He wes the maist divertin' minister a' ever saw in the West Kirk."

It will be evident that Carmichael's visitation belonged to a different department of art from that of Dr. Davidson. He arrived without intimation, by the nearest way that he could invent, clothed in a shooting-jacket and a soft hat, and accompanied by at least two dogs. His coming created an instant stir, and Carmichael plunged at once into the life of the household. It is kept on fond record, and still told by the surviving remnant of his flock, that on various occasions and in the course of pastoral visitation he had turned the hay in summer, had forked the sheaves in harvest-time, and sacked the corn for market, and had driven a gudewife's churn. After which honorable toil he would eat and drink anything put before him—except boiled tea, against which he once preached with power—and then would sit indefinitely with the family before the kitchen fire, telling tales of ancient history, recalling the old struggles of Scottish men, describing foreign sights, enlarging on new books, till he would remember that he had only dropped in for an hour, and that two meals must be waiting for him at the manse. His visits were understood to be quite unfinished, and he left every house pledged to return and take up things at the point where he had been obliged to break off, and so he came at last in this matter of visitation into a condition of hopeless insolvency. His adventures were innumerable and always enjoyable—falling off the two fir-trees that made a bridge over our deeper burns, and being dried at the next farm-house—wandering over the moor all night and turning up at a gamekeeper's at daybreak, covered with peat and ravening with hunger—fighting his way through a snow-storm to a marriage, and digging the bridegroom out of a drift—dodging a herd of Highland cattle that thought he had come too near their calves, or driving off Drumsheugh's polled Angus bull with contumely when he was threatening Mrs. Macfadyen. If he met the bairns coming from school, the Glen rang with the foolery. When Willie Harley broke his leg, Carmichael brought his dog Jackie—I could tell things of that dog—and devised dramatic entertainments of such attraction that Jamie Soutar declared them no better than the theater, and threatened Carmichael with a skep of honey as a mark of his indignation. As for the old women of the Glen, he so got round them that they would gossip with him by the hour over past days, and Betty Macfarlane was so carried by the minister's sympathy that she brought out from hidden places some finery of her youth, and Carmichael was found by Miss Carnegie arranging a faded Paisley shawl on Betty's shoulders. And was it not this same gay Free Kirkman who trained an eleven to such perfection on a field of Drumsheugh's that they beat the second eleven of Muirtown gloriously?—on which occasion Tammas Mitchell, by the keenness of his eye and the strength of his arm, made forty-four runs; and, being congratulated by Drumtochty as he carried his bat, opened his mouth for the first time that day, saying, "Awa wi' ye!"

So it came to pass that, notwithstanding his unholy tendency to Bibical criticism and other theological pedantry, Drumtochty loved Carmichael because he was a man; and Dr. Davidson, lighting upon him in Hillocks' garden, with the family round him full of joy, would threaten him with a prosecution for ecclesiastical poaching under the Game Laws, and end by insisting upon his coming to dinner at the manse, when he might explain his conduct. Drumtochty loved him for his very imperfections, and follows his career unto this day with undying interest, recalling his various escapades with huge delight, and declaring to strangers that even in his callow days they had discovered that Carmichael was a preacher.

Carmichael had occasional fits of order, when he repented of his desultory ways, and began afresh with much diligence, writing out the names of the congregation with full details—he once got as far as Menzies before he lost the book—mapping the parish into districts, and planning an elaborate visitation. It may have been an accident that the district he chose for experiment embraced Tochty Lodge—where the Carnegies had just settled—but it was natural that his first effort should be thorough. There were exactly ten Free Kirk families from Tochty Lodge eastward, and some of these still speak with feeling of the attention they received, which exceeded all they had ever known before or since.

"It wesna that he sat sae lang as a've heard o' him daein' in the heich Glen, but it wes the times he cam'," Mrs. Stirton used to expatiate, "maybe twice a week for a month. He hed a wy o' comin' through Tochty Wood—the shade helpit him tae study, he said—an' jumpin' the dyke. Sall, gin he didna mak a roadie for himsel' through the field that year! A' wudna say," she used to add in a casual tone, "but that he micht hae gi'en a cry at the Lodge, but he cudna dae less, passin' the door."

Carmichael was astonished himself at the number of times he was obliged to see General Carnegie on business, of one kind or another. Sometimes it was about the Flower Show, of which the General had become a patron; sometimes it was the Highland Games, when the General's help would be of so much use; sometimes it was the idea of repairing the old bridge; sometimes—and Carmichael blushed when it came to this—to get the General's opinion on a military question in the Bible. The least he could do in laying such a tax on a good-natured man was to bring a book for his daughter's reading, or a curious flower he had picked up on the hill, or a story he had heard in his visiting. Miss Carnegie was generally gracious, and would see him on his way if the day were fine, or show him some improvements in the "Pleasaunce," or accompany him to Janet's cottage to have a taste of that original woman's conversation together. It came upon Carmichael at a time that he was, inadvertently, calling too frequently at the Lodge, and for a week he would keep to the main road, or even pass the corner of the Lodge with an abstracted air—

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for he loathed the thought of being deflected from the path of duty by any personal attraction—and used to change the subject of conversation after Janet had spoken for half an hour on Kate.

People were speculating in a guarded manner regarding the possibility of news, and Janet had quarreled furiously with Donald for laughing such unworthy rumors to scorn, when the parish was almost convulsed by the historic scene in the Free Kirk, and all hope of a romantic alliance was blasted. Archie Moncur, elder, and James Macfadyen, deacon, were counting the collection in the vestibule, and the congregation within were just singing the last service of their first psalm, when General Carnegie and his daughter appeared at the door.

"Has service begun?" whispered Kate, while her father reverently bared his head. "I'm so sorry we are late, but you will let us in, won't you, and we shall be as quiet as mice?"

"A'll open the door," and Archie explained the geography of the situation, "an' ye 'ill juist slip intae the manse pew; it's in the corner, wi' curtains roond it, an' naebody 'ill see ye, naither minister nor people;" and so Carmichael went through the service, and had almost reached the end of his sermon before he knew that Kate was in the church.

She was very conscious of him and keenly observant of every detail—his white silk hood thrown into relief by the black Geneva gown, his fair flushed face touched with tenderness and reverence, a new accent of affection in his voice as one speaking to his charge, and especially she noted in this Free Kirkman a certain fervor and high hope, a flavor also of subtle spirituality, that were wanting in Dr. Davidson. His hair might have been better brushed, and his whiskers were distinctly ragged—but those things could be easily put right; then she tossed her head in contempt of herself. It had come to a fine pass when a girl that had carried her heart untouched through Simla should be concerned about the appearance of a Highland minister. The General was well acquainted with that proud motion, and began to regret that they had come. It was Davidson's blame, who had sent them to hear a good sermon for once, as he said, and now Kate would only find material for raillery. He tugged his mustache and wished that they were again in the open air.

When the sermon came, the occupants of the manse pew composed themselves for fifteen minutes' patient endurance, after the well-bred fashion of their Church, each selecting a corner with a skill born of long experience. They were not, however, to rest in peace and detachment of mind till the doxology (or its corresponding formula in the Scottish Kirk) summoned them back, for this was to be a quite memorable sermon for them and their fellow-hearers and all Drumtochty.

Carmichael had been lecturing through Old Testament history, and, having come to the drama of Elijah and Jezebel, had laid himself out for its full and picturesque treatment. He was still at that age when right seems to be all on one side, and a particular cause can be traced down the centuries in all lands and under all conditions. For the most part of two days he had wandered over the moor in the bright, cold November weather reconstructing the scene in Israel on Scottish lines, and he entered the pulpit that morning charged with the Epic of Puritanism. Acute critics, like Elspeth Macfadyen, could tell from Carmichael's walk down the church that he was in great spirits, and even ordinary people caught a note of triumph in his voice as he gave out the first psalm. For the first few sentences of his sermon he spoke quietly, as one reserving and restraining himself, and gave a historical introduction which allowed the General to revive some ancient memories of India without interruption. But Kate caught the imperial tone of one who had a message to deliver and was already commanding people to listen. She was conscious of a certain anxiety, and began to wish that she were in front and could see his face, instead of only the side of his head. Then Carmichael threw back his hair with the air of one taking off his coat, and plunged the congregation into the midst of the battle, describing Elijah's forgetfulness of self, profound conviction of righteousness, high purpose for his nation and devotion to the cause of Jehovah, till Burnbrae and the Free Kirkmen straightened themselves visibly in their pews, and touching so skillfully on the Tyrian princess in her beauty, her culture, her bigotry, her wiles, her masterfulness, that several women—greatly delighting in the exposure of such a "trimmie"—nodded approval. Kate had never given herself to the study of Old Testament history, and would have had some difficulty in identifying Elijah—there was a mare called Jezebel, of vicious temper—but she caught the contagion of enthusiasm. If the supreme success of a sermon be to stimulate the hearer's mind, then Carmichael ought to have closed at this point. His people would have been all the week fighting battles for conscience' sake, and resisting smooth, cunning temptation to the farthest limits of their lives and in unimaginable ways. Kate herself, although a person quite unaffected by preaching, had also naturalized the sermon in her life with much practical and vivid detail. Carmichael was Elijah, the prophet of the common people, with his simple ways and old-fashioned notions and love of hardness, only far more gentle and courteous and amusing than that uncompromising Jew; and she—why, she would be Jezebel just for the moment, who had come from . . . India into the Glen, and could bring Elijah to her feet if she chose, and make him do her will, and then. . . . The girls in the choir before the pulpit noticed the look on Kate's face, and wondered whether the Carnegies would join the Free Kirk.

Carmichael had an instinct that he ought to fling over the remaining four pages of his sermon and close the service with a war psalm, and he told me when I was staying with him last week that he sacrifices the last head of his sermon almost every Sunday in his city pulpit. But he was only a lad in Drumtochty, and, besides, was full of a historical parallel, which, after a scientific illustration, is most irresistible to a young minister. No one had ever seen it before, but of course Elijah was John Knox, and Jezebel was Queen Mary of Scots, and then Carmichael set to work afresh, with something less than conspicuous success. Scottish people are always ready for a eulogium on John Knox in church, or on Robert Burns out of church, but the Reformer is rather the object of patriotic respect than personal devotion. Netherton snuffed in quite a leisurely way, and the women examined the bonnet of the manse housekeeper, while Knox stood in the breach for the liberties of Scotland, and when Carmichael began to meddle with Mary he distinctly lost the sympathies of his audience and entered on dangerous ground. Scots allow themselves, at times, the rare luxury of being illogical, and one of the occasions is their fondness for Queen Mary. An austere Puritan may prove that this young woman was French in her ways, an enemy to the Evangel, a born and practiced flirt, and art and part in the murder of Darnley. A Scot will not deny the evidence, and if he be thrust into the box he may bring the prisoner guilty, but his heart is with the condemned, and he has a grudge against the prosecutor. For he never forgets that Mary was of the royal blood and a thorough Stuart, that her face turned men's heads in every country she touched, that she had the courage of a man in her, that she was shamefully used, and if she did throw over that ill-conditioned lad, well . . . "Puir lassie, she hed naebody tae guide her, but sall, she focht her battle weel," and out of this judgment none can drive an honest Scot.

"Yon wes a graund discoorse the day, gudewife," Jeems hazarded to Elspeth on the way home, "but a' thocht the minister wes a wee hard on Queen Mary; there's nae doot she wes a Papist, an' micht hae gien Knox a bit twist wi' the screws gin she cud hae gruppit him, but a' dinna like her misca'd."

"A've heard him wi' ma ain ears crackin' her up by the 'oor, an' a' canna mak oot what set him against her the day; but he's young," remarked Elspeth, sagely, "an' wi' his age it's either saint or deevil, an' ae day the one an' the next day the ither; there's nae medium. Noo maist fouk are juist half an' between, an' Mary hed her faults."

"Ma word, Jeems," continued Elspeth, with much relish, "Mary wud sune settled the minister gin she hed been in the kirk the day."

"Aye, aye," inquired Jeems, "noo what hud the hizzie hae dune?"

"She wud juist hae sent for him an' lookit wi' her een, an' askit him what ill he hed at her, an' gin that wesna eneuch she wud hae pit her handkerchief tae her face."

"Of coorse he cudna hae stude that; a' micht hae gien in masel'," admitted Jeems, "but Knox wes stiff."

"Maister Carmichael is no a Knox, naither are ye, Jeems, an' it's a mercy for me ye arena. Mary wud hae twistit Maister Carmichael roond her finger, but a'm judgin' he 'ill catch it as it is afore mony days, or ma name's no Elspeth Macfadyen. Did ye see Miss Carnegie rise an' gae oot afore he feenished?"

"Div ye mean that, Elspeth?" and her husband was amazed at such penetration. "Noo, a' thocht it hed been the heat; a' never held wi' that stove; it draws up the air. Hoo did ye jalouse yon?"

"She wes fidgetin' in her seat when he yokit on Mary, an' the meenut he named her 'our Scottish Jezebel' the Miss rose an' opened the seat door that calm, a' knew she wes in a tantrum, and she gied him a look afore she closed the kirk door that wud hae brocht ony man tae his senses.

"Jeems," went on Elspeth with solemnity, "a' coont this a doonricht calamity, for a' wes houpin' he wud hae pleased them the day, an' noo a'm sair afraid that the minister hes crackit his credit wi' the Lodge."

"Div ye think, Elspeth, he saw her gang oot an' suspeckit the cause?"

"It's maist michty tae hear ye ask sic a question, Jeems. What gared him mak' a hash o' the baptism prayer, and return thanks that there wes a leevin' father, instead o' mither, and gie oot the 103d Paraphrase? Tak' ma word for't, he's wishin' by this time that he'd lat puir Mary alane."

It was just above Hillocks' farm that the General overtook Kate, who was still blazing.

"Did you ever hear such vulgar abuse and . . . abominable language from a pulpit? He's simply a raging fanatic, and not one bit better than his Knox. And I . . . we thought him quite different . . . and a gentleman. I'll never speak to him again. Scottish Jezebel! I suppose he would call me Jezebel if it occurred to him."

"Very likely he would," replied the General, dryly, "and I must say his talk about Queen Mary seemed rather bad taste. But that's not the question, Kate, which is your conduct in leaving a place of worship in such an . . . unladylike fashion."

"What?" for this was new talk from her father.

"As no Carnegie ought to have done. You have forgotten yourself and your house, and there is just one thing for you to do, and the sooner the better."

"Father, I'll never look at him again . . . and after that evening at Dr. Davidson's, and our talking . . . about Queen Mary, and . . . lots of things."

"Whether you meet Mr. Carmichael again or not is your own affair, but this touches us both, and you . . . must write a letter of apology."

"And if I don't?" said Kate, defiantly.

"Then I shall write one myself for you. A Carnegie must not insult any man, be he one faith or the other, and offer him no amends."

So Donald handed in this letter at the Free Kirk manse that evening, and left without an answer:

Tochty Lodge.

Sir: Your violent and insolent attack on a martyred Queen caused me to lose self control in your church to-day, and I was unable to sit longer under such language.

It has been pointed out to me that I ought not to have left church as I did, and I hereby express regret.

The books you were so good as to lend me I have sent back by the messenger.

Yours truly,
CATHERINE CARNEGIE.

When Carmichael called next day, Donald informed him with unconcealed satisfaction that Lord Hay was lunching with the family, and that the General and Miss Carnegie were going to Muirtown Castle to-morrow for a visit; but Janet had not lost hope.

"Do not be taking this to heart, my dear, for I will be asking a question. What will be making Miss Kate so very angry? it is not every man she would be minding, though he spoke against Queen Mary all the day. When a woman does not care about a man, she will not take the trouble to be angry. That is what I am thinking; and it is not Lord Hay that has the way, oh no, though he be a proper man and good at shooting."

CHAPTER XVIII.—LOVESICKNESS

College friends settled in petty lowland towns, and meeting Carmichael on sacramental occasions, affected to pity him, inquiring curiously what were his means of conveyance after the railway ceased, what time a letter took to reach him, whether any foot ever crossed his door from October to May, whether the great event of the week was not the arrival of the bread-cart. Those were exasperating gibes from men who could not take a walk without coming on a coal-pit, nor lift a book in their studies without soiling their hands, whose windows looked on a street and commanded the light of a grocer's shop instead of a sunset. It ill became such miserables to be insolent, and Carmichael taught them humility when he began to sound the praises of Drumtochty; but he could not make townspeople understand the unutterable satisfaction of the country minister, who even from old age and great cities looks back with fond regret to his first parish on the slope of the Grampians. Some kindly host wrestles with him to stay a few days more in civilization, and pledges him to run up whenever he wearies of his exile, and the ungrateful rustic can hardly conceal the joy of his escape. He shudders on the way to the station at the drip of the dirty sleet and the rags of the shivering poor, and the restless faces of the men and the unceasing roar of the traffic. Where he is going the white snow is falling gently on the road, a cart full of sweet-smelling roots is moving on velvet, the driver stops to exchange views with a farmer who has been feeding his sheep, within the humblest cottage the fire is burning clearly. With every mile northward the Glenman's heart lifts; and as he lands on his far-away little station he draws a deep breath of the clean, wholesome air. It is a long walk through the snow, but there is a kindly, couthy smell from the woods, and at sight of the squares of light in his home, weariness departs from a Drumtochty man. Carmichael used to say that a glimpse of Archie Moncur sitting with his sisters before the fire as he passed, and the wild turmoil of his dogs within the manse as the latch of the garden gate clicked, and the flood of light pouring out from the open door on the garden, where every branch was feathered with snow, and to come into his study, where the fire of pine logs was reflected from the familiar titles of his loved books, gave him a shock of joy such as he has never felt since, even in the days of his prosperity.

"The city folk are generous with their wealth," he was saying to me only last week, when I was visiting him in his West End manse and we fell a-talking of the Glen, "and they have dealt kindly by me; they are also full of ideas, and they make an inspiring audience for a preacher. If any man has a message to deliver from the Eternal, then he had better leave the wilderness and come to the city; and if he has plans for the helping of his fellow-men, let him come where he can get his agents and his laborers.

"No, I do not repent leaving the Glen, for the Divine Hand thrust me forth and has given me work to do, and I am not ungrateful to the friends I have made in the city; but God created me a country man, and"—here Carmichael turned his back to me—"my heart goes back to Drumtochty, and the sight of you fills me with . . . longing.

"Ah, how this desiderium, as the Rabbi would have said, comes over one with the seasons as they come and go! In spring they send me the first snowdrops from the Glen, but it is a cruel kindness, for I want to be where they are growing in Clashisgarden. When summer comes, people praise the varied flower-beds of the costly city parks, but they have not seen Tochty woods in their glory. Each autumn carries me to the harvest-field, till in my study I hear the swish of the scythe and feel the fragrance of the dry, ripe grain. And in winter I see the sun shining on the white sides of Glen Urtach, and can hardly keep pen to paper in this dreary room.

"What nonsense this is!" pulling himself together; "yes, that is the very chair you sat in, and this is the table we stuck between us with our humble flask of Mosel wine of a winter's night . . . let's go to bed; we 'ill have no more good talk to-night."

When he had left me, I flung open my window in search of air, for it seemed as if the city were choking me. A lamp was flaring across the street, two cabs rattled past with revelers singing a music-hall song, a heavy odor from many drains floated in, the multitude of houses oppressed one as with a weight. How sweet and pure it was now at the pool above Tochty Mill, where the trout were lying below the stones and the ashen boughs dipping into the water!

Carmichael once, however, lost all love of the Glen, and that was after Kate flung herself out of the Free Kirk and went on a visit to Kilspindie Castle. He was completely disenchanted, and saw everything at its poorest. Why did they build the manse so low that an able-bodied man could touch the ceiling of the lower rooms with an effort and the upper rooms easily? What possessed his predecessor to put such an impossible paper on the study, and to stuff the room with book-shelves? A row of Puritan divines offended him—a wooden, obsolete theology—but he also pitched a defense of Queen Mary into a cupboard—she had done enough mischief already. The garden looked squalid and mean, without flowers, with black patches peeping through the thin covering of snow, with a row of winter greens opposite the southern window. He had never noticed the Glen so narrow and bare before, nor how gray and unlovely were the houses. Why had not the people better manners and some brightness?—they were not always attending funerals and making bargains. What an occupation for an educated man to spend two hours in a cabin of a vestry with a dozen laboring men, considering how two pounds could be added to the Sustentation Fund, or preaching on Sunday to a handful of people who showed no more animation than stone gods, except when the men took snuff audibly! Carmichael was playing the spoiled child—not being at all a mature or perfect character, then or now—and was ready to hit out at anybody. His bearing was for the first and only time in his life supercilious, and his sermons were a vicious attack on the doctrines most dear to the best of his people. His elders knew not what had come over him, although Elspeth Macfadyen was mysteriously apologetic, and in moments of sanity he despised himself. One day he came to a good resolution suddenly, and went down to see Rabbi Saunderson—the very thought of whose gentle, patient, selfless life was a rebuke and a tonic.

When two tramps held conference on the road, and one indicated to the other visibly that any gentleman in temporary distress would be treated after a Christian fashion at a neighboring house, Carmichael, who had been walking in a dream since he passed the Lodge, knew instantly that he must be near the Free Kirk manse of Kilbogie. The means of communication between the members of the nomadic profession is almost perfect in its frequency and accuracy, and Saunderson's manse was a hedge-side wood. Not only did all the regular travelers by the north road call on their going up in spring and their coming down in autumn, but habitués of the east coast route were attracted and made a circuit to embrace so hospitable a home, and even country vagrants made their way from Dunleith and down through Glen Urtach to pay their respects to the Rabbi. They had careful directions to avoid Barbara—expressed forcibly on five different posts in the vicinity and enforced in picturesque language, of an evening—and they were therefore careful to waylay the Rabbi on the road, or enter his study boldly from the front. The humbler members of the profession contented themselves with explaining that they had once been prosperous tradesmen, and were now walking to Muirtown in search of work—receiving their alms in silence, with diffidence and shame; but those in a higher walk came to consult the Rabbi on Bible difficulties, which were threatening to shake their faith, and departed much relieved—with a new view of Lot's wife, as well as a suit of clothes the Rabbi had worn only three times.

"You have done kindly by me in calling"—the vagabond had finished his story and was standing, a very abject figure, among the books—"and in giving me the message from your friend. I am truly thankful that he is now laboring in iron—did you say?—and I hope he may be a cunning artificer.

"You will not set it down to carelessness that I cannot quite recall the face of your friend, for, indeed, it is my privilege to see many travelers, and there are times when I may have been a minister to them on their journeys, as I would be to you also if there be anything in which I can serve you. It grieves me to say that I have no clothing that I might offer you; it happens that a very worthy man passed here a few days since most insufficiently clad, and . . . but I should not have alluded to that; my other garments, save what I wear, are . . . kept in a place of . . . safety by my excellent housekeeper, and she makes their custody a point of conscience; you might put the matter before her. . . .

"Assuredly it would be difficult, and I crave your pardon for putting you in a . . . difficult position; it is my misfortune to have to-day neither silver nor gold;" catching sight of Carmichael in the passage, "this is a providence. May I borrow from you, John, some suitable sum for our brother here who is passing through adversity?"

"Do not be angry with me, John"—after the tramp had departed, with five shillings in hand and much triumph over Carmichael on his face—"nor speak bitterly of our fellow-men. Verily theirs is a hard lot who have no place to lay their head, and who journey in weariness from city to city. John, I was once a stranger and a wayfarer, wandering over the length and breadth of the land. Nor had I a friend on earth till my feet were led to the Mains, where my heart was greatly refreshed, and now God has surrounded me with young men of whose kindness I am not worthy, wherefore it becometh me to show mercy unto others," and the Rabbi looked at Carmichael with such sweetness that the lad's sullenness began to yield, although he made no sign.

"Moreover," and the Rabbi's voice took a lower tone, "as often as I look on one of those men of the highways, there cometh to me a vision of Him who was an outcast of the people, and, albeit some may be as Judas, peradventure one might beg alms of me, a poor sinful man, some day, and, lo, it be . . . the Lord himself in a saint," and the Rabbi uncovered his head and stood a while much moved.

"Rabbi," after a pause, during which Carmichael's face had changed, "you are incorrigible. For years we have been trying to make you a really good and wise man, both by example and precept, and you are distinctly worse than when we began—more lazy, miserly, and uncharitable. It is very disheartening.

"Can you receive another tramp and give him a bed?—for I am in low spirits, and so, like every other person in trouble, I come to you, you dear old saint, and already I feel a better man."

"Receive you, John? It is doubtless selfish, but it is not given to you to know how I weary to see your face, and we shall have much converse together—there are some points I would like your opinion on—but first of all, after a slight refreshment, we must go to Mains: behold the aid to memory I have designed"—and the Rabbi pointed to a large square of paper hung above Chrysostom, with "Farewell, George Pitillo, 3 o'clock." "He is the son's son of my benefactor, and he leaves his father's house this day to go into a strange land across the sea: I had a service last night at Mains, and expounded the departure of Abraham, but only slightly, being somewhat affected through the weakness of the flesh.

"There was a covenant made between the young man and myself that I should meet him at the crossing of the roads to-day, and it is in my mind to leave a parable with him against the power of this present world."

Then the Rabbi fell into a meditation till the dog-cart came up, Mains and his wife in the front and George alone in the back, making a brave show of indifference.

"George," said the Rabbi, looking across the field and speaking as to himself, "we shall not meet again in this world, and in a short space they will bury me in Kilbogie kirkyard, but it will not be in me to lie still for thinking of the people I have loved.

"So it will come to pass that I may rise—you have ears to understand, George—and I will inquire of him that taketh charge of the dead about many and how it fares with them.

"'And George Pitillo?'

"'Oh, it's a peety you didna live langer, Mr. Saunderson, for George hes risen in the warld and made a great fortune.'

"'How does it go with his soul, Andrew?'

"'Well, you see, Mister Saunderson, George has had many things to think about, and he maybe hasna hed time for releegion yet, but nae doot he 'ill be turnin' his mind that wy soon.'

"Poor George, that I baptized and admitted to the sacrament and . . . loved, exchanged his soul for the world."

The sun was setting fast, and the landscape—bare stubble fields, leafless trees, still water, long, empty road—was of a blood-red color fearsome to behold, so that no one spake, and the horse chafing his bit made the only sound.

Then the Rabbi began again.

"'And George Pitillo—tell me, Andrew?'

"'Weel, ye see, Mister Saunderson, ye wud be sorry for him, for you and he were aye chief; he's keepit a gude name an' workit hard, but hesna made muckle o' this warld.'

"'And his soul, Andrew?'

"'Oo, that's a' richt; gin we a' hed as gude a chance for the next warld as George Pitillo, we micht be satisfied.'

"'That is enough for his old friend; hap me over again, Andrew, and I'll rest in peace till the trumpet sound.'"

Carmichael turned aside, but he heard something desperately like a sob from the back of the dog-cart, and the Rabbi saying, "God be with you, George, and as your father's father received me in the day of my sore discouragement, so may the Lord God of Israel open a door for you in every land whithersoever you go, and bring you in at last through the gates into the city." The Rabbi watched George till the dog-cart faded away into the dusk of the winter's day, and they settled for the night in their places among the books before the Rabbi spoke.

It was with a wistful tenderness that he turned to Carmichael and touched him slightly with his hand, as was a fashion with the Rabbi.

"You will not think me indifferent to your welfare because I have not inquired about your affairs, for indeed this could not be, but the going forth of this lad has tried my heart. Is there aught, John, that it becometh you to tell me, and wherein my years can be of any avail?"

"It is not about doctrine I wished to speak to you, Rabbi, although I am troubled thus also, but about . . . you remember our talk."

"About the maid, surely; I cannot forget her, and indeed often think of her since the day you brought me to her house and made me known unto her, which was much courtesy to one who is fitter for a book-room than a woman's company.

"She is fair of face and debonair, and surely beauty and a winsome way are from God; there seemed also a certain contempt of baseness and a strength of will which are excellent. Perhaps my judgment is not even because Miss Carnegie was gracious to me, and you know, John, it is not in me to resist kindness, but this is how she seems to me. Has there been trouble between you?"

"Do not misunderstand me, Rabbi; I have not spoken one word of love to . . . Miss Carnegie, nor she to me; but I love her, and I thought that perhaps she saw that I loved her. But now it looks as if . . . what I hoped is never to be," and Carmichael told the Queen Mary affair.

"Is it not marvelous," mused the Rabbi, looking into the fire, "how one woman, who was, indeed, at the time little more than girl, did carry men, many of them wise and clever, away as with a flood, and still divideth scholars and even . . . friends?

"It was not fitting that Miss Carnegie should have left God's house in heat of temper, and it seemeth to us that she hath a wrong reading of history, but it is surely good that she has her convictions, and holdeth them fast like a brave maid.

"Is it not so, John, that friends and doubtless also . . . lovers have been divided by conscience and have been on opposite sides in the great conflict, and doth not this show how much of conscience there is among men?

"It may be this dispute will not divide you—being now, as it were, more an argument of the schools than a matter of principle; but if it should appear that you are far apart on the greater matters of faith, then . . . you will have a heavy cross to carry. But it is my mind that the heart of the maiden is right, and that I may some day see her . . . in your home, whereat my eyes would be glad."

The Rabbi was so taken up with the matter that he barely showed Carmichael a fine copy of St. John of Damascus he had secured from London, and went out of his course at worship to read, as well as to expound with much feeling, the story of Ruth the Moabitess, showing conclusively that she had in her a high spirit, and that she was designed of God to be a strength to the house of David. He was also very cheerful in the morning, and bade Carmichael good-by at Tochty woods with encouraging words. He also agreed to assist his boy at the Drumtochty sacrament.

It was evident that the Rabbi's mind was much set on this visit, but Carmichael did not for one moment depend upon his remembering the day, and so Burnbrae started early on the Saturday with his dog-cart to bring Saunderson up and deposit him without fail in the Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty. Six times that day did the minister leave his "action" sermon and take his way to the guest-room, carrying such works as might not be quite unsuitable for the old scholar's perusal, and arranging a lamp of easy management, that the night hours might not be lost. It was late in the afternoon before the Rabbi was delivered at the manse, and Burnbrae gave explanations next day at the sacramental dinner.

"It wes juist ten when a' got tae the manse o' Kilbogie, an' his hoosekeeper didna ken whar her maister wes; he micht be in Kildrummie by that time, she said, or half wy tae Muirtown. So a' set oot an' ransackit the pairish till a' got him, an' gin he wesna sittin' in a bothie takin' brose wi' the plowmen an' expoundin' Scripture a' the time.

"He startit on the ancient martyrs afore we were half a mile on the road, and he gied ae testimony aifter anither, an' he wesna within sicht o' the Reformation when we cam tae the hooses; a'll no deny that a' let the mare walk bits o' the road, for a' cud hae heard him a' nicht; ma bluid's warmer yet, freends."

The Rabbi arrived in great spirits, and refused to taste meat till he had stated the burden of his sermon for the morrow.

"If the Lord hath opened our ears, the servant must declare what has been given him, but I prayed that the message sent through me to your flock, John, might be love, for it hath pleased the Great Shepherd that I should lead the sheep by strange paths. But I desired that it be otherwise when I came for the first time to Drumtochty.

"Two days did I spend in the woods, for the stillness of winter among the trees leaveth the mind disengaged for the Divine word, and the first day my soul was heavy as I returned, for this only was laid upon me, 'vessels of wrath, filled for destruction.' And, John, albeit God would doubtless have given me strength according to His will, yet I was loth to bear this awful truth to the people of your charge.

"Next day the sun was shining pleasantly in the wood, and it came to me that clouds had gone from the face of God, and as I wandered among the trees a squirrel sat on a branch within reach of my hand and did not flee. Then I heard a voice, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'

"It was, in an instant, my hope that this might be

God's word by me, but I knew not it was so till the evangel opened up on all sides, and I was led into the outgoings of the eternal love after so moving a fashion that I dared to think that grace might be effectual even with me . . . me.

"God opened my mouth on Sabbath on this text unto my own flock, and the word was not void. It is little that can be said on the sovereign love in two and it may be a few minutes; yet even this may be more than your people are minded to bear. So I shall prætermit certain notes on doctrine; for you will doubtless have given much instruction on the purposes of God, and very likely may be touching on that mystery in your action sermon."

During the evening the Rabbi was very genial—tasting Sarah's viands with relish, and comparing her to Rebecca, who made savory meat, urging Carmichael to smoke without scruple, and allowing himself to snuff three times, examining the book-shelves with keen appreciation, and finally departing with three volumes of modern divinity under his arm, to reinforce the selection in his room, "lest his eyes should be held waking in the night watches." He was much overcome by the care that had been taken for his comfort, and at the door of his room blessed his boy: "May the Lord give you the sleep of His beloved, and strengthen you to declare all His truth on the morrow." Carmichael sat by his study fire for a while and went to bed much cheered, nor did he dream that there was to be a second catastrophe in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty which would be far sadder than the first, and leave in one heart lifelong regret.

[To be continued in the September Magazine Number of The Outlook]

The Religious World

The Doshisha

We have already referred to the deplorable separation of the Japanese Doshisha University at Kyoto from the American Board and from all missionary influence. The Doshisha's declaration of absolute independence has been followed by the withdrawal of the missionary teachers in the University. The Trustees of the University, in severing relations with the American Board, expressed a desire that the missionary teachers should continue as instructors independently of the Board. In reply to this request a letter was sent in behalf of the Kyoto Mission signed by the Rev. Dr. M. L. Gordon and the Rev. Dr. D. W. Learned. In this letter, which was dated July 7, the missionaries, after acknowledging their appreciation of the Trustees' request, stated that "the American Board has specifically instructed us to enter into no relations in which we cannot be recognized as its representatives. Even in the absence of specific instructions we should hesitate to assent to such form of co-operation. If this were an entirely new work, having no history behind it, the case might be different; but, in view of your action severing the Doshisha from its long-standing relationship to the American Board, it would certainly be difficult to avoid at least the appearance of disloyalty to our constituency." Further on in the letter the root of the trouble is plainly disclosed. The writers of the letter call attention to the fact that the present teachings of the University differ from those of Dr. Neesima, who was in the closest sympathy with American Christianity. The letter continues:

> The fundamental principles of Christianity which were dear to the hearts of the founders of the Doshisha, to those of the American friends who have given hundreds of thousands of dollars for its support, and which are not less dear to the hearts of all the members of our Mission, have been publicly assailed or ridiculed from the platform of the school and in other ways by persons connected with the administration; and instead of listening to the earnest protests of the representatives of the Mission, the Trustees have in one instance promoted an instructor who had been most active in assailing the Christian foundations of the institution to be the head of an important department. The Trustees have also said in their reply to the Report of the Deputation, in speaking of our protests, "the opinions considered so heretical by the missionaries are not so in our view." There is no longer a unity of feeling and practice in the Doshisha, but rather such a wide divergence as to render it unwise, if not impossible, for any of our number to continue to co-operate as teachers in the school.

The English paper published in Yokohama called the "Japan Gazette" declares that many Japanese Christians are as dissatisfied with the present teachings of the Doshisha, and that eight Japanese professors have left the school within a year. Somewhat cynically, the "Gazette" comments as follows:

> There is a story current, something of a chestnut in flavor, of two people entering into partnership, the one providing brains and the other money. At the end of a certain period the man with the brains had become possessed of the money, while the other was poor in pocket but rich in experience. The letter of the American missionaries to the President of the Board of Trustees of the Doshisha University brings the story to remembrance. The Japanese have the University; the missionaries are sadder, we hope they are wiser, men.

Brotherhood of the Kingdom

The fourth annual Conference of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom was held this year at Marlborough-on-the-Hudson, from August 3 to 8, inclusive. There is no diminution of interest nor lessening of attendance as the years go on. The papers that were read and the addresses made this year showed maturity of thought and that fearless conservatism which results from undivided purpose and painful experiential tests. The hours of the sessions of the Conference were apportioned to the intellectual and the devotional life of the Christian social movement. The Conference began with a reception and devotional meeting on Monday evening. The meeting was conducted by Mornay Williams, Esq. On Tuesday morning, after a devotional and a private business meeting, the public session was held at 10:30, and at this hour the initial paper of the Conference was read by the Rev Charles James Wood, of York, Pa. The topic of the paper was "The Historic Manifestation of Christ." The purpose of the paper was to demonstrate that neither the Incarnation nor the social religion of Jesus were fortuitous, but had been eternally and essentially necessary, because always divine. Some attempt was made to show also the applications of this principle to life and literature, to commerce and politics. In the afternoon of the same day the Hon. Ernest Howard Crosby read a paper on "The Reign of Peace." Mr. Crosby is the most practical exponent of Tolstoï. Mr. Mornay Williams touched upon some legal points in a paper on "The Relation of the Citizen of the Kingdom to Existing Laws." Mr. Williams's ideas gave rise to some debate. Upon Wednesday and Thursday, respectively, came essays on "The Teaching of Christ" and "The Works of Christ," the former by the Rev. E. T. Root, of Baltimore, and the other by the Rev. Professor W. N. Clark, of Colgate University. As interpretations, both essays were suggestive and inspiring. Professor Nathanael Schmidt's study of "Hosea" gave the results of scientific untrammeled scholarship brought to bear upon social ethics. The Rev. Mr. Rauschenbush followed with a paper on "The Modern Apostolate." In line with this were the addresses of Superintendent J. W. Kelgaard and Director George T. Powell. These were given at the large farmers' meeting on Saturday afternoon. On Friday the subjects were prospective and the speakers prophetic. The Rev. J. W. Hegeman was singularly original in writing of "The Future Christ." The Rev. Messrs. W. T. Brown wrote on "Christian Union," and E. E. Chivers, D.D., on "The Social Aspects of World Missions." It is to be hoped that the essays presented at this Conference may find publication, for they were careful, thoughtful, practical, and original. The Brotherhood is made up of Christian thinkers and workers from all the Churches, and its platform is roomy—even the Christian Socialist is allowed to utter his thoughts. It is reverently fearless. The effect of its work in the way of social amelioration, both in New York and elsewhere, has already been felt by those who guessed not the source. While determined in its propaganda, it never forgets to keep the spiritual life nourished. It is constantly at its work in the endeavor to realize its ideals. For bare intellectualism it has no sympathy, yet the intellectual quality of the Conferences is exceptionally fine and strong.

Education in the Y. M. C. A.

The prospectus of the New York Young Men's Christian Association for the coming year, which has just been issued, contains some novel features and indicates that a strong effort is to be made to lay additional stress on the educational side of the work of the Association. A new step, and one of great importance, is the introduction of the syllabi of educational courses adopted by the International Committee. This forms a basis for uniform study on a distinct line of development. It is expected that 25,000 students will be enrolled this year under the different branches of the International League. An advisory board has furnished syllabi of topics in ten selected subjects; examinations are to be held simultaneously in all the branch Associations, and certificates will be issued which will be accepted in place of examination by the training-schools in Springfield and Chicago, and probably, later on, by other institutions. In short, the Association is planning systematically to make its educational courses approach more nearly to university work, and to lay down an educational system which shall be comprehensive and of thoroughly practical value.

Brigade Boys' Encampment

One of the chief events of the year in the experience of the Boys' Brigade, in the many churches where the order has grown so popular, is the annual encampment of the companies, battalions, or regiments, at the seaside or some other quiet and restful place. Among the many Brigade

Encampments this summer, perhaps none have enjoyed the camp experience more than the one hundred and fifty boys of the United Boys' Brigade in camp at Boynton Beach. They constitute the First New Jersey Battalion of the United Boys' Brigade, and include six companies, three from churches in Jersey City, one from Jersey City Heights, and two from Hoboken, under command of Major Thomas P. Wightman, of Jersey City. They represented two Presbyterian churches, two Reformed churches, and one Methodist church. A large number of visitors have called upon the boys in camp, but their special guest was the Rev. Dr. Cornelius Brett, of the Bergen Reformed Church, who in former camps has so endeared himself to them that when he went to camp they insisted that he should remain with them until they should break camp. This indicates one of the underlying reasons for the organization—the molding influence of good men brought to bear upon the character and life of boys in the Brigade, until they are permanently fixed in good habits of thought and action. The strict observance of the day's routine, including the regular calls and drills of the military camp, morning and evening devotions, domestic duties about their tents, and the general cultivation of the comrade spirit, have a tendency to develop manliness in the boys. Objections are frequently urged against the Brigades on the ground that the order tends to foster the soldier spirit. No doubt the objection is well grounded, but in the hands of skillful managers the order can be made one of the most effective agencies for the training of boys in the arts of peace, the principles of manhood, and the spirit of genuine devotion to the pure and good in religion and life.

Ocean Grove Missionary Anniversary

On Saturday and Sunday, August 15 and 16, the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held at Ocean Grove, and was largely attended both by visitors and missionaries from the foreign field. The reports of President Mrs. E. H. Stokes, Secretary Mrs. M. S. Wheeler, and Treasurer Mrs. R. Van Kirk were eloquent with the evidences of progress, and were received with delight. The feature of the Saturday afternoon session was a symposium including representatives of various mission countries in their peculiar costumes, led by Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, of China. Mrs. S. M. Butler, of India, then delivered an inspiring address on Gospel work in that land. Saturday evening was devoted to an enthusiastic missionary love-feast conducted by Dr. E. H. Stokes, President of the Ocean Grove Association, in which a large audience took part. Sunday was a high day, noted in the annual conventions at Ocean Grove as "Missionary Sabbath." All the services that day were devoted to the cause of foreign missions, and were under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Thousands of people took part in the holiness meeting led by Dr. R. J. Daniels, and the young people's meeting conducted by the Evangelist C. H. Yatman. At the morning service Miss Ruth Marie Sites, recently returned from China, made an address, as also did Miss Marguerite Wong, of Foo Chow, China, the daughter of a high Chinese official, recently converted from Confucianism, who spoke in her native tongue, Miss Sites acting as her interpreter. Several returned missionaries from China, India, and Syria spoke briefly, and Oriental converts, in costume, sang and spoke in their native tongues. At the afternoon meeting twenty returned missionaries occupied the platform, and a collection of about $1,000 was taken in the interest of missions. It was pronounced one of the greatest missionary days in the history of Ocean Grove. Ten thousand people attended the closing services.

Bethany Assembly Encampment

The annual encampment of Bethany Assembly for the season of 1896 was held on the beautiful grounds of the Association at Brooklyn, Indiana, twenty miles west of Indianapolis, July 23 to August 17. For many years the Disciples of Christ in Indiana, which is one of their strongholds, have been accustomed to spend three or four weeks in a summer assembly at Bethany Park, considering the interests of the cause of Christ in that State. At first it was simply and only missionary in character; but with the passing years the Assembly has grown into a much wider scope, until it includes many features of entertainment, amusement, and class instruction, the latter of which was added this summer. The encampment which has just closed devoted the first week very largely to Christian Endeavor interests. Professor G. P. Coler, of Ann Arbor, conducted a Christian Endeavor Training-School, and Miss Mattie M. Botler, editor of the "Lookout," lectured each morning to the young people, giving them, in her happy literary style, many valuable lessons. The latter part of the same week was occupied by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, which presented an attractive programme, and whose reports told a story full of devotion and success. The second week the Sunday-School Association held a three days' convention; Butler University, located at Irvington, observed "Butler University Day," which is always a time of literary feasting and gladness; and "Christian Union Day" proved that the Disciples have lost none of the old-time zeal in their fervent advocacy of this issue. During this week Dr. B. B. Tyler, of New York, gave six lectures on "Some of the Great Preachers of the Metropolis." The third week was devoted largely to State, general, and foreign missionary matters, and to the Ministerial Association of Indiana. At this time President D. R. Dungan, of Cotner University, favored the preachers with six strong lectures on questions particularly related to their work. There were two series of special lectures each day, besides a number of sacred concerts, in addition to the regular conventions and special day celebrations. The attendance was large from several States, the interest deep, and the results full of promise for greater efficiency in Christian service.

Thirty Years a Prison Chaplain

The experiences of the Rev. Dr. Job Bass, the thirtieth anniversary of whose installation as Chaplain of the Kings County Penitentiary, Brooklyn, was celebrated on Sunday afternoon, August 16, is full of pathetic and interesting incidents. At the request of Samuel Booth, then Mayor of Brooklyn, Dr. Bass was in 1866 ordained Chaplain of the Penitentiary at Crow Hill. Previous to his chaplaincy he had charge of several Methodist Episcopal churches in New York, Brooklyn, and New Orleans; and during the Civil War he was Chaplain of the Ninetieth Regiment of New York Volunteers. Since 1865 Dr. Bass has been connected with the City Mission and Tract Society, and has been engaged in many endeavors of a philanthropic and humanitarian nature. He has made a special personal study of hundreds of convicts, with the object of helping them morally and spiritually while in prison, and of providing them with an honest means of living upon their release. He also conducts correspondence for many, acts as banker for others, and in a number of cases has accepted the burden of supporting the families of prisoners. It has been his rule to provide bountiful dinners on Thanksgiving and Christmas Day for those families entirely dependent. He says the most interesting class of convicts are the Federal prisoners, of whom there are about 400 at Crow Hill. Among the 700 convicts who attend chapel services regularly, almost every nationality and religious sect under the sun is represented—there are a dozen Jews, one Mussulman, and two Chinamen. Among the Federal prisoners from the mountains of Tennessee, Texas, and the Indian Territory there are some who never saw a Bible until they entered the Kings County Penitentiary. While Dr. Bass would not advocate a term in the penitentiary as the best theological training, it is a fact, nevertheless, that four men who only recently wore the stripes at Crow Hill are now regularly ordained ministers of the Gospel. So unselfish have been the services of Dr. Bass that his friends presented him with a purse of $1,000 as a token of the esteem in which he is held.

A New Departure

The wide-awake pastor in a thriving little city of 20,000 people has, according to a Chicago paper, instituted what he calls a "conversazione" in his church, with the primary object of rendering moral and intellectual benefit to the community at large, and indirectly to reach and redeem many of the non-church-goers. His plan is to invite, by printed cards, about two hundred people to the church parlors once a month. The young members of the church are made useful as special distributers of invitation-cards, and have been found quite adapted to the work, which they very much like. The pastor selected those things pertaining to the welfare of the community, and encouraged the utmost freedom of expression of opinion both by those specially invited to speak and those taking part in the general parliament. Special effort was made to secure the attendance of some of the leading labor people, who led in the discussion of the labor unions and their attitude toward organic morality and religion. Such questions as local railway service, the public schools, kindergartens, highways, the public health, and other things in which the community in general are interested were discussed. Several of these parliaments were held during the past winter, with even better results than this sanguine pastor anticipated. We see no reason why this plan could not be made of great service in many churches.

Brief Mention

St. Augustine's Benedictine Priory at Ramsgate, England, has been made an Abbey by the Pope. It is the first Abbey of Benedictines established in England since the Reformation.

Next November the first Catholic Congress ever held in Peru will open its sittings at Lima. A committee, specially appointed by the clergy of the republic, has informed President Pierola to that effect, and he has readily approved the project.

St. Paul's Methodist Church of New York is one of the most desirable pastorates in that denomination in the country, and is now, since the appointment of the Rev. A. J. Palmer as Secretary of the Missionary Society, without a pastor. Considerable interest very naturally is taken in the question of filling the vacancy. Some of the ablest men in the denomination have served St Paul's.

Books and Authors

Essays on Poetry [1]

When one sets out to criticise the criticisms of poetry, which itself is nothing less than the "criticism of life," he feels that he is dangerously near the performance of that supererogatory work of painting the lily and adorning the rose. The temptation then comes to fortify one's courage by peering into some book of necromancy to find out how to conjure up the shades of Sainte-Beuve and De Quincey, the finest of critics, to serve as protectors on this side and that. The Browning Society was a conspiracy to apotheosize a poet before he was dead. It appears that the poet bore up bravely under the embarrassment; he required only one thing of these open-mouthed devotees—that they should not bother him with inquiries as to whether they were correct in their guesses about his meaning. To find out the poet's meaning was the proper business of the Browning Society, not of Mr. Robert Browning. Clearly the members of this Society have attended strictly to their business, and the balance-sheet, "Browning Studies," shows an opulent percentage on the investment. The book contains over twenty essays upon Browning's poetry, and every paper is worth reading. They will never persuade the world that Mr. Browning always used the poetic form, but they ought to convince the candid mind that he had more poetic thought than any English writer since Shakespeare. Browning, like Shakespeare, was a theologian. When we lay aside our St. Thomas of Aquin, we resort to Robert of Asolando. Most of the essayists of this volume exhibit, however unconsciously, this principal purport of his poetry. Thus we find Professor Corson, who deals with Browning's idea of personality, saying at the start: "A cardinal idea in Browning's poetry is the regeneration of men through a personality who brings fresh stuff for them to mold, interpret, and prove right—new feeling fresh from God—whose life reteaches them what life should be, what faith is, loyalty and simple-mindedness, all once revealed, but taught them so long since that they have a mere tradition of the fact—truth copied falteringly from copies faint, the early traits all dropped away." Mr. Bury, in a carefully written paper, shows how the idea of God is the fundamental point of Browning's thought, and Miss Beale, in her paper on the religious teaching of Browning, maintains that it is this idea alone that "first calls out in us the sense of poetry." To illustrate this thesis Miss Beale gives an illuminative analysis of "Saul." Professor (now Bishop) Westcott's paper on "Browning's Views of Life" is not as full as the subject requires, but the author atones in a measure for this lack by some valuable intuitions. And so the book goes on, with a wealth of serious, solemn, and scintillating thoughts that will be valuable for several generations. Most of the essays have the added interest of not being professional criticism, thus lacking that air of perfunctoriness, of editorial omniscience, that cultured *Weltschmerz*, to be found in the columns of literary criticism of most papers.

Professor Walker studies Browning as he does Tennyson and Arnold, according to the process of the intellectual and spiritual evolution of each. He traces the rise of the dramatic method of Browning's thinking to its mergence in the metaphysical in his later poems. Professor Walker therein slightly exaggerates. Mr. Browning himself is always the chief character in his poems; and as life drew toward its close, and as he had solved life's problems to his own satisfaction, his utterances attained a unity that Mr. Walker calls subjectivism. As for Arnold, Mr. Walker's opinion is true enough. Arnold was born into an age too perplexed and anxious for him. Arnold mirrored the minds of "feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days." He had the poetic form of the Greek, more than Tennyson, a preciosity of phrase that speaks at once of desultory reading and privileged classes. The chapters on the influence of science and social agitations over the poetry of Browning, Tennyson, and Arnold are brilliant—in places more brilliant than true. Mr. Walker will at times sacrifice accuracy upon the altar of rhetoric. But this, in literary criticism, the casuist pronounces to be only a venial sin, because it is always occurring.

Mr. Benson's essays on Gray, Bourne, and Marvell are miracles of fine perception and of delicate phrasing. Blake he is not the man to understand, for Mr. Benson has no feeling of mysticism; also the strictures upon Keble's poetry are contrary to the consensus of the wide world. Keble is not a poet's poet; he is dry, he is formal, and at times ridiculous, but is it not true that he reached the heart of the people? Of the poet Gray Mr. Benson writes: "The stately pathos of such a life is indisputable. The pale little poet, with greatness written so largely on all his works, with his keen, deep eyes, the long aquiline nose, the heavy chin, the thin, compressed lips, the halting, affected gait, is a figure to be contemplated with serious and loving interest—spoiled for life, as he said, by retirement. How he panted for strength and serenity! How far he was from reaching either! Yet the bitter dignity of his thought, the diffident and fastidious will, are of a finer type than we often meet with. We cannot spare the men of action, it is true; yet the contemplative soul, with the body so pitifully unequal to sustain its agonizing struggle, is an earnest of higher things. In the valley of shadows he walked, and entered the gate without repining. All are equal there; and the memory that he left, and the characters that he graved on the rock, while they move our pity, stir our wonder too." In its curious felicity this passage might stand face to face and unashamed with pages from the prose of Pater or of Symonds. Mr. Benson has a vocabulary so large as to permit him to express himself accurately; this we say though mindful of Southey's severity towards the Turkish verb. This essayist studies his subjects carefully, and regards form rather than spirit. A sane, reasonable fastidiousness characterizes his criticism. To him life is a choral dance, or a dithyrambic revel, or a courtly minuet, but not "the soul's sphere of infinite images." He sees gracefulness and graciousness in the world, but not Grace, just as one, in fingering one of Bach's fugues correctly, misses entirely the melody.

When we approach Mrs. Belloc, we enter another world—one that has survived from an obsolete social condition. The walls of this garden of hers are perhaps the walls of the Vatican. It is curious to see how her point of view in every one of these sketches is distinctly Roman Catholic. Mary Howitt, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Adelaide Procter, and Manning were "'verts;" most of her other people are of the same denomination. Apart from this unripeness that generally characterizes those who have entered the Roman Church in adult years, Mrs. Belloc's simple biographical sketches are pleasing, for the people that she writes about she for the most part personally and intimately knew, and her revelations of intimate matters carry with them all the charm of any betrayal of confidence. However, all the people are now dead.

Mr. Hallard's essays on French writers are well digested and trustworthy, especially that on Racine. He is not so happy, however, in his criticism of Keats and Swinburne. The essay on De Musset is clever, but, like its subject, a trifle depraved. He reveled in that "twilight where virtues are vices." Touching his earlier poems, Mr. Hallard writes so well that we take his words for an ending: "Heretical as these early poems are, most of them have a sad and tragic ending, by which De Musset did not by any means wish to point a moral, but only to adorn a tale. The sadness is but the luxury of grief which young poets affect. He felt, like Edgar Allan Poe, that love and death are the two most poetical things that be, and so he made his lovers come to dust at the end."

The conclusion that we draw from this survey of our poets is that the world is now too much with them. They have not the leisure to reap the harvest of a quiet eye, but are distracted with the unrest of our days.

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The Outlook has always sincerely welcomed Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's books of poems, because there is genuinely good stuff in his poetry. Now that all his poems are collected into one volume, and published by the Century Company, we hope that they will be even more widely appreciated and read. There is a notable variety of style and sentiment in these pages. Some remind the reader of Browning's thoughtfulness, others are artless and have the free air of outdoor life. "The Cup of Youth" and "François Villon" bear marks of maturity. By the way, the latter poem contradicts the tradition about Villon's death. Dr. Mitchell is dramatic rather than lyric, yet one lyric, "The Mother," is touching and strong in thought as well as sentiment. After all, "The Mother" is dramatic in its idea. The sonnet is not a congenial form for this verse-maker; "the sonnet is a moment's monument," said Rossetti, and he was right. Dr. Mitchell is too reflective for a sonnetteer; the sonnets in this book are fragments of thought rather than the flow and ebb of a single impression. As for the rest, there is a multitudinous felicity of phrasing in his lines. It is to be hoped that the critics, who are said to be minor poets every one, will be benignant to this minor poet, for the sake of "love and the gentle heart."

Sir William Dawson is a plausible writer, and he is painfully orthodox. After reading his latest book, *Eden Lost and Won*, we murmur, as sadly as the poet's advice will warrant, "It might have been." The beauty about the case is that if the higher critics indulge themselves

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[1] *Browning Studies.* Being Select Papers by Members of the Browning Society. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.75.

The Greater Victorian Poets. By Hugh Walker. Macmillan & Co., New York. $2.50.

Essays. By Arthur Christopher Benson. Macmillan & Co., New York. $2.

In a Walled Garden. By Bessie Raynor Belloc. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.75.

Gallica, and Other Essays, By James Henry Hallard. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.50, with such utter abandon in conjecture, the conservative has as good a right—and better. Let us direct our chef of the critical cuisine to serve up the goose and the gander with the same sauce. Sir William delights in cataclysms—of the past. They give large room for the excursions of the "scientific use of the imagination," even to the extent of confirming Sir William's rather narrow interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures. Dr. Paul Haupt, in an exceedingly absurd theory, locates Paradise, according to the geography of 640 B.C., by making the Nile flow across the Red Sea. Sir William locates Eden on the western frontier of Persia. Both savants are deceived by a childish literalism. Next we shall have a map of Asgard, and a verification of the location of the Hesperides, with the precise spot where grows the serpent-guarded apple-tree. Sir William's work is well meant, but is to be classed with the equally well-intentioned efforts of Ignatius Donnelly and Dr. W. F. Warren, who constructs (with the assumption of cataclysms) an equally irrefutable argument to the effect that Eden is situated at the North Pole. Some people like to read books about the Ten Lost Tribes and the Beast of the Apocalypse and the Lost Dauphin and the place of Paradise. They will enjoy this book, which may be obtained of the Fleming H. Revell Company, of this city.

Not until we took up *The Secret of Mankind* did we suspect that mankind had any secret from man. The puzzling thing about the literature of life is that continually man walketh in a vain shadow. This is not intended to be a confession of faith in Berkeleyan metaphysics, but as a sigh of fatigue. Our old men will persist in seeing visions, and our young men in dreaming dreams, and it is all patented and copyrighted. Such is not the customary fashion of the exercise of the vision and faculty divine. It looks darkened by the communal sin. Nevertheless, when we read this portentous work, "The Secret of Mankind," we find that it is an apocalypse that we see before us. In fact, the narrative begins precisely at the article of death. It has not the gracefulness of the "Little Pilgrim to the Unseen," nor the scientific interest of Flammarion's "Stories of Infinity," which it somewhat resembles. Through traveling from planet to planet, and holding sweet converse with Pythagoras, Milton, Laotze, and Napoleon, the author, who is too modest to put his name to his book, like John the Theologian—the author, we repeat, in the ghost-world learned the "secret of humanics." If we told the populace that secret, the populace would not buy the book. As we cannot be sure that the writer will get glory from exposing his vision and revelation, we shall help him to get gain. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Every one knows that Paul Gerhard was the second Luther and a man of amazing learning, also of some talent—certainly with the talent for study. His writings were voluminous. When quite a young man he wrote a book of pious meditations that have been reckoned as belonging with Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation" and St. Augustine's "Confessions." A new translation of Gerhard's *Sacred Meditations* has been executed by the Rev. C. W. Heisler, and issued from the press of the Lutheran Publication Society of Philadelphia. To our mind the world has moved further away from the mental standpoint of Dr. Paul Gerhard than from that of Augustine. The peculiar theology of the early reformers saturates these meditations, making them unreal to any but the more conservative German Lutheran. How few sincere souls to-day could be edified and consoled by this meditative emotion: "Consider, O faithful soul, the blazing wrath of God!" and again: "The bodies of the damned shall be hideously deformed, sluggish and unwieldly!" One can only conjecture how the good Dr. Gerhard found out this latter fact. *Quien sabe?* As a matter of course, there is no question of the piety of the author and of his book, but it seems a thought out of adjustment with the temper and terminology of our time.

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending August 14. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

No more readable story has appeared among recent novels than *Black Diamonds*, by the veteran Hungarian romancer, Maurus Jókai. The fertility of invention and imagination are wonderful. As with Dumas the elder, whom Jókai in some ways resembles, improbabilities and even impossibilities are merrily taken at a leap; the marvelous hero's unfailing wisdom, knowledge, courage, and power surmount every difficulty; half a dozen story-threads are kept spinning without interference with one another; love, stock-gambling, political intrigue, scientific discovery, coal-mining and mining disasters, industrial strikes, dueling—all are utilized in the most vivacious and entertaining way. We are not certain whether this is a recently written book; certainly it is at least the equal of any of Jókai's novels accessible. The translation by Frances A. Gerard is good, though with an occasional lapse into bad English. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——Gabriele d'Annunzio has been received by some French critics as the greatest of recent Italian imaginative writers. He is introduced to American readers in Myrta L. Jones's translation of *Episcopo and Company.* M. de Vogüé declares that D'Annunzio is never "vulgar," but his present translator speaks of some of his works as "daringly erotic," and of others as not translatable into English. "Episcopo and Company" may not be of evil intent, but it is feverish, a study of degradation of the most repellent kind, and, while it has a certain power, we can see neither pleasure nor intellectual profit in it. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)——In *A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires*, by "One with a New Name," Dante, Milton, Cromwell, Bunyan, and other great men in the world of spirits discuss religion, philosophy, life, immortality, war, and much else. Only a rare genius could use this form of presenting thought attractively, and though the thought is often suggestive, we fear the medium used will repel many readers. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——*Without Sin*, by Martin J. Pritchard, might have had value as a study of the life of the more cultivated circles of Jewish society in London, had the author rightly developed this side of his book. It is fairly well written, and, considering its main subject, not overstrained or intentionally objectionable. That subject is the delusion of a wealthy and intellectual Jewish maiden that through her the Messiah will come, and the birth and death of a child of whom she is the mother, and whom she regards until its death as that Messiah. The inherent improbability of the plot is as great as is its unsuitability for purposes of fiction. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

The fifth edition of *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon*, by Oliver W. Nixon, with an introduction by the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus (Star Publishing Company, Chicago), has just been published.

The love of learning is growing in America. The people reach out after knowledge, as witnesses the marvelous growth of societies and associations the end of which is to make an education possible to adults who have not had educational opportunities. Added to the list of books wisely written and designed to aid in rending the veil of ignorance is *The Pith of Astronomy*, by Samuel G. Bayne. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

To have the author of a book hold up to theological students West Point discipline in the matters of dress, habits of cleanliness and deportment, and boldly assert that the manners of clergymen are rarely as good as they should be, is encouraging. The author of *Our Seminaries*, the Rev. John Talbot Smith (William H. Young, New York), has courage. He sees what too often exists, that the lack of manner and sloppiness in dress and habits greatly limit the influence of the pulpit.

Literary Notes

—The original of "Jess," in "A Window in Thrums," died recently at Kirriemuir.

—The London "Globe" says that M. Zola's next romance, "Paris," will not be ready for fifteen or sixteen months to come.

—Mr. Kipling's new volume of ballads, "The Seven Seas," to be published in October, will contain some new ballads as well as many which have appeared in periodicals since the publication of his last book of verse.

—Mrs. Burton Harrison will edit the new edition now in press of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "History of the City of New York," and will add a chapter on the "Externals of the Modern City," taking up the narrative where Mrs. Lamb left off and bringing it down to date. The work is published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

—A meeting of newspaper men was held in St. Louis recently to arrange for the collection of a fund for a monumental tribute to the memory of Eugene Field. It was agreed that the contributions of newspaper men should not exceed $5 each, while the entire fund should not be less than $1,000. Public acknowledgment is to be made of each contribution.

—"Oliver Optic," the writer of boys' stories, who is now at work on a volume that will number up in the second hundred, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday lately. "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams) has crossed the Atlantic twenty-one times and the Pacific once, and has visited every country in Europe and many of those of Asia, in search of literary material for his stories, of which over 1,100,000 copies have been sold.

—The manuscript of "Trilby" is preserved in a locked glass case in the rooms of the London Fine Arts Society. It is said that Du Maurier sold it for a sum larger than most authors get for the serial rights of a novel. The story is written in little exercise-books, but in various handwritings. Du Maurier has a pet theory that all members of his family must take part in the production of his works, and each one wrote at his dictation portions of the remarkable story.

—The autumn list of announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. contains a number of notable new books and new editions, among which may be mentioned the "Letters of Victor Hugo," Woodrow Wilson's "Essays," new and complete editions of the works of Mrs. Stowe and Bret Harte, elaborate illustrated editions of Fiske's "American Revolution" and Thoreau's "Cape Cod," and new volumes by Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Aldrich, John Burroughs, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Henry James, Miss Jewett, Miss Phelps, Miss White, Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Wiggin.

Books Received

For week ending August 14, 1896

THE J. H. DEWEY PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Dewey, John Hamlin, M.D. Sons of God and Brothers of Christ. 25 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Jókai, Maurus. Black Diamonds. Translated by F. A. Gerard. $1.50.
One with a New Name. A Story of the Heavenly Camp-Fires. $1.25.
Bayne, Samuel G. The Pith of Astronomy. $1.

STAR PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO

Nixon, Oliver W., M.D., LL.D. How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon. $1.75.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO

Pritchard, Martin J. Without Sin. $1.25.
D'Annunzio, Gabriele. Episcopo and Company. Translated by M. L. Jones. $1.25.

WILLIAM H. YOUNG & CO., NEW YORK

Smith, Rev. John Talbot, LL.D. Our Seminaries. $1.

For the Little People

The Queen's Approach

By Mary Chase Thurlow

Sweet Summer sent her heralds out
To bear the news around
That she, the Queen, was on her way
To her green camping-ground.

First went the bee, a doughty wight,
With his big buzzing drum.
He called to all to deck the ways
By which the Queen should come.

Then flew the jay, a handsome knight,
In mantle bright and blue.
He had a trumpet sharp and shrill;
He told the glad news, too.

The locust came with fiddle-notes;
He drew a single string,
A humming tone that filled the air
And made the woodland ring.

Then all the flower-folk began,
For this, their festive day,
To trim the roads, adorn the paths,
Where Summer takes her way.

Then all the trees their banners hung
Of white and pink and green.
The rose with red festooned her bush,
So fairy-like the scene.

And by the brook the cardinal-flower
In uniform of red,
The pickerel-weed in serried lines,
Their gay battalions led.

Each flower that had a Sunday hat,
A dress of gorgeous dye,
Put on the best that she could find
For Summer's passing by.

And last of all the graceful ferns
And tiny loving moss
Across the spot her foot must touch
A velvet carpet toss.

Now all is done; the roads are gay
With trumpet tones and drum;
In every flower's throat the song,
"Now, dear Queen Summer, come!"

A Story about Torota

By Helen C. Chapin

I am going to tell you of a little girl I once knew. Her skin was not white, like yours or mine, but light brown; and her eyes, and the soft dusky hair that was braided in two funny tails and tied with little bits of red flannel, were brown also.

She was about four years old when I saw her first, and although her little eyes shone, and she showed every little white tooth in a bright smile, she could not talk to me, or I to her. You see, Torota—don't you think she had a pretty name?—was an Indian and spoke no English, while I am an American and speak no Indian. So we just smiled at each other and became friends that way.

All summer Torota had lived in a tent, or tepee, as the Indians call it, with her grandmother, who was quite old and nearly blind. One day, when Torota's uncle was away from home, and only the old woman and Torota were near the tepee, a strange squaw came slowly riding by on a little Indian horse. No one noticed her or saw her go, but when grandma called for Torota to come and bring her some water in the old cup, the little girl did not answer; and though she called a long, long while, and when her son and his wife came home they, too, called and hunted, they could not find their little girl.

Now, the strange squaw was Torota's own mother, although the little girl did not know her, for the grandmother had taken Torota away when she was a little, little baby. Torota's mother could not keep the little girl, now that she had gotten her, but she rode quickly and quietly on, urging the pony around the foot of a mountain, across a sandy plain, and over a river, until she came to a large frame building. This was a school for Indian children, and it was here that I first saw Torota.

How do you suppose a little brown squirrel that was used to scampering up a tree and down again, scurrying here and there through the grass wherever he liked all the happy summer through, would like to be caught and kept in the house day in and day out, made to crack nuts for other people, and when he did go out, only go so far? I don't believe he would like it at all, do you? That's the way it was with Torota. She was like a little wild thing for a great many days after her mother brought her. She was a good little girl, though, full of fun and gayety. Almost the first thing she learned was one of the kindergarten songs, and how she did love Miss Strong, the pretty young girl who taught her, though the only way Torota could show her love was to run and grasp Miss Strong very close around the knees!

She was always so happy and bright that Miss Strong and I were sorry and surprised when we found her standing on the walk one day, with great tears rolling down her cheeks. She could not tell us what was the matter, and, although we guessed everything we could think of, she could not understand, and only shook her head. That same evening Mrs. Percy heard some one sobbing in the hall, and went out to see what it was about. There was poor Torota, curled up in a heap on the floor, crying as though her heart would break. Mrs. Percy picked her up in her arms and carried her into her own room, where she tried to comfort this poor little brown baby and find out what was the matter. At last, Torota said, as the tears rolled down her fat little face, "I'm lonesome; I'm so lonesome!" Good Mrs. Percy rocked her a long time and gave her an apple—oh! such a good one—so that when Torota at last got down, the tears were all gone away. They didn't stay away, though. Oh, dear, no! Almost every day for a week Torota cried and cried because she was lonesome. We couldn't tell what to do for her, or what made her lonesome, until Saturday, the day when every one got a bath, came, and then Mrs. Percy found out all about it.

What do you suppose Torota meant by "lonesome"? Two very sore feet! You know Indians wear shoes made of deerskin called moccasins, which are as comfortable to their feet as stockings. This makes it very hard for them to wear heavy shoes, and poor Torota's feet were badly blistered. "Lonesome" was the only English word she knew that people said in a very sorry way, so she tried to tell us how she felt as best she could.

Mrs. Percy was a very wonderful woman, with as many boxes and bottles on the shelves in her room as a doctor, and among them was a box of the best kind of salve. Some of this salve went on to Torota's feet quickly, I can tell you, and in a day or two she could run around, no longer "lonesome," but happy as a bird, with Mrs. Percy's moccasins tied on her feet with bright ribbons.

Jenny Afloat

The other day there was a collision in New York Harbor between a big European steamer and a grain elevator. A grain elevator is built sometimes on a boat which goes about from dock to dock where there are steamers to be loaded with grain, or unloaded, and by the help of the machinery that is in the elevator the ship is loaded or unloaded in very much less time than it could possibly be done by hand. When this collision took place, there was a great deal of excitement, for a grain elevator is like a high tower built on a boat, and when it was struck it reeled in such a way as to threaten partial destruction to the steamer that struck it. On board of the grain elevator was a cat named Jenny, and when the crash came, Jenny, who had been awakened from a comfortable nap, was very much frightened. The grain elevator sank, but the bag of shavings on which Jenny had been sleeping floated off, with poor Jenny mewing pitifully. Fortunately, a tugboat was not far away, and on it were some men who are fond of cats, and one of them said, "I am going to rescue that cat," and the tugboat started after the bag of shavings and its frightened passenger, and soon rescued both. The captain of the grain elevator says that he will have that cat back, no matter what happens; but the newspapers have not told us whether the captain of the tugboat has yet surrendered his passenger.

The Emigrants

A church not far from a great railroad station has recently been torn down. The belfry was found to be the home of doves and sparrows, who were greatly startled when the workmen began tearing down the church. They flew about in great excitement for a time, and then it was discovered that they had emigrated to the towers, turrets, and roof of the great station. Why is it that they chose this noisy spot? At a point near the station a line of carriages stand all day in waiting for the passengers from the trains. The horses are fed here, and while feeding they spill oats from their nose-bags. The doves come for these oats, and the sparrows for what the doves leave. Some cats have discovered that this is the birds' feeding-ground, and sometimes a bird that flies down for his breakfast does not fly back.

Painted Corners

A story is told of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, which shows that he loves children very dearly. The story is told that when his small children are naughty, their mamma punishes them by standing them for a few minutes in the corner with their faces to the wall. This seemed to be quite severe punishment to their beauty-loving papa, so he has painted in the corners where his children are punished sprays of flowers, saying, "If he has to go to the corner, I am determined he shall enjoy himself there." It is also said that the artist, when visiting, found the child of his host receiving the same punishment, and that he quickly sketched with pencil flying birds in the corner where the small boy stood.

Pansies

"I love almost all flowers that blow,"
Said dainty Kitty, airily.
"But pansies, when your vase you fill,
They'll make you think 'tis winter chill,
And fairly shiver, just to see
How, close and tight as they can be,
They creep, and creep, and huddle so!"

"The very prettiest flowers that blow,"
Said Sally, "are the pansies dear.
Their little faces blink and wink,
They really seem almost to think;
And when in dish or vase they dwell,
Their thoughts they must each other tell,
They cheek to cheek will cuddle so!"

—*The Bookman.*

On a Hot Day

One of the New York daily papers recently told of a boy who was passing one of the large hotels when ice was being delivered there. In handling the ice a large block broke and several pieces were left on the sidewalk. The boy stood still and watched the icemen until he decided they were not going to pick those pieces up. He went to one of the men and asked if he might have the ice. He was told he could. He gathered the pieces up and carried them to a trench where some workmen were at work in the sun, and gave the pieces to them. The men were astonished at the offer, and then eagerly grasped the ice. The boy walked on whistling.

Correspondence

Maintain the Gold Standard

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Admitting that it is true, as claimed by the believers in "bimetallism," that the measure of value is steadily increasing in purchasing power, it is yet demonstrable that this works to the benefit of mankind. There are two arguments in support of this theory—(*a*) the wages of the laboring man will purchase him more of the world's products; and (*b*) the appreciation of the value of money will enable the men who own money—the men who move the industrial world—to do very much more with that wealth which they possess. Men with money do not to-day lavish it on themselves. The Emperor Nero spent three millions of dollars for one royal banquet. To-day, rather than that waste, our kings of finance would dam Niagara or tunnel the Rockies, or, perchance, build universities or libraries.

Money is spent for mankind to-day. The objection to the concentration of wealth is that the possessor of it may not be a man of wise planning for mankind in his enterprises, or may by his timidity withhold his wealth while production suffers for a way to the consumer, and labor is idle and destitute.

The cry of the farmers! It is doubtful if the farming classes will ever be satisfied with conditions, be they what they may. Farmers must learn to adapt themselves to the changing conditions. They must learn to employ less labor, and to pay less wages to what they do employ. It is absurd to upset the established systems of finance in order that the farmers should receive fictitious prices for their produce. The farming interests of the United States are not the very great proportionate interests that they once were. They no longer can justly demand primary consideration. What our farmers need to learn to-day is to produce cheaply, to keep out of debt, and to live within their incomes, be they what they may. These are simple rules of business, and it is strange that the farmers cannot see it and adopt them.

J. E. W.

Some Questions About Silver

To the Editors of The Outlook:

On the silver question I would like to propound a few questions, which are perhaps the kernel of the argument we offer:

1. Is it not true that if two products have precisely the same uses, their relative value (commercial ratio) will depend upon their relative available quantities?

2. Is it not true that the silver and gold available for coinage in the world amounts to about four billions of dollars of each, coined at a ratio of 15½ to 1 or 16 to 1?

3. Is it not true that for a period of seventy years, from 1803 to 1873, the ratio between gold and silver fluctuated very slightly, compared to the fluctuations since 1873?

4. During that period were not France and the United States coining freely at a ratio not less than 15 to 1 nor more than 16 to 1?

5. During that period were not the mints of England closed against the free coinage of silver? (As they are to-day.)

6. Admitting the statement first made, is not the fall in the price of silver due to the destruction of one of its uses, and not to its increased production, compared with gold?

7. If all the world should demonetize gold to-day, and make silver sole legal tender, would an ounce of gold buy as many ounces of silver as it now does?

8. If not, why not?

9. Will a Mexican silver dollar not buy just as much of any given list of commodities to-day as it would when silver was worth $1.29 an ounce?

10. Will a gold dollar buy only as much to-day as it would ten or fifteen years ago?

The above is our defense. Now for our attack.

11. What rule of honesty requires the United States Government to pay gold for obligations calling for coin?

12. What rule of honesty is violated if the dollar I tender in payment of a debt will buy just as much as the dollar I borrowed?

13. If taxes are not payable in gold, and a few men wish to corner gold, where will the United States Government get gold to pay out when paper is presented for redemption?

14. If from the sale of bonds, just about how long will this bond-selling continue, and how many billions of debt will it load upon us?

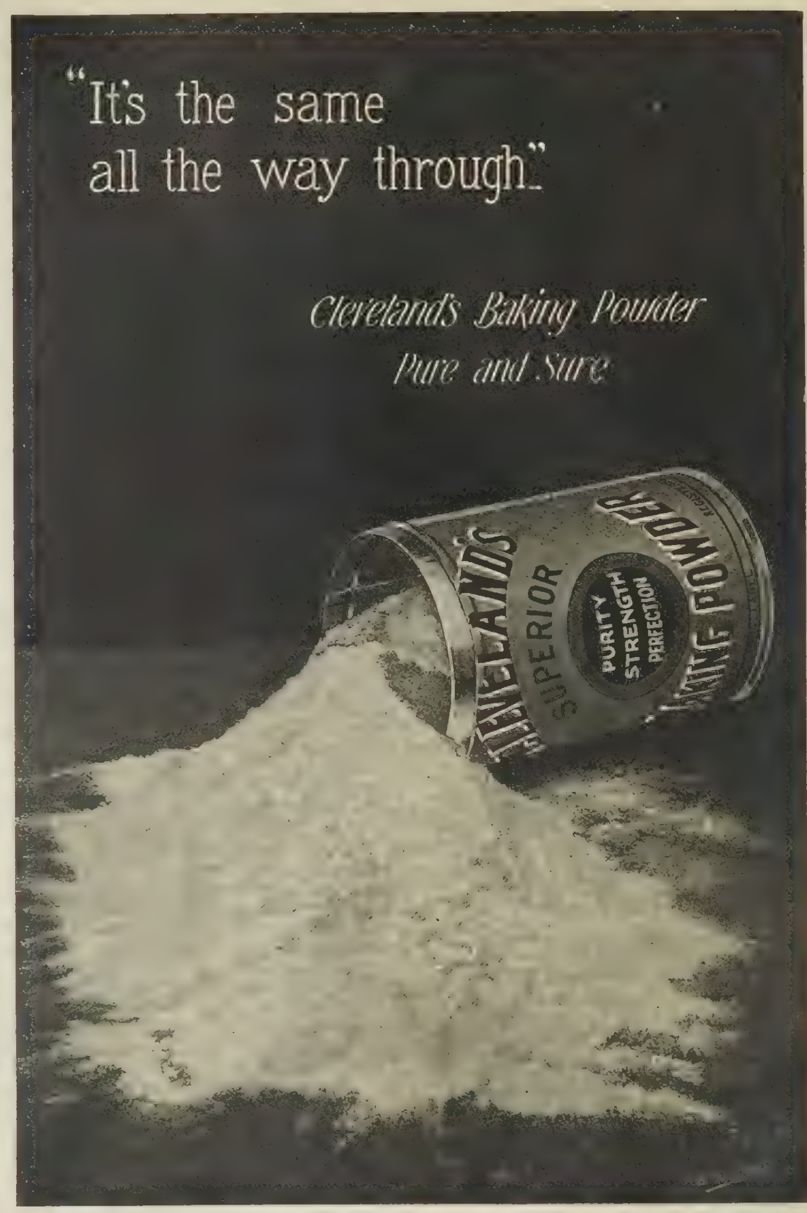
15. If free coinage should bring a flood of silver to our shores, what will become of the silver after it is coined?

17. If it is used to buy our commodities, will that make a panic? Did any nation ever go to disaster because it had too much specie?

18. The mine-owners are alleged to be making large contributions to the campaign fund of the Democratic-Populist party. I believe they are. But what will it profit them if silver does not go up?

19. If it does go up, who talks of a 53-cent dollar?

Lincoln M. Stearns,
Silver Republican.



A Western View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The silver advocates simply claim that an appreciated currency is as dishonest as a depreciated one, and that in so far as money has appreciated (and no thoughtful student of the question denies that it has) by the demonetization of silver, in just so far is the present standard dishonest to him, her, or it who contracted his, her, or its debt before the change, or rather the effect therefrom was felt, which was not and could not be until the final repeal of the substitute acts for free coinage—viz., the Bland-Allison Act and the Sherman Law.

Since 1893 property in a large proportion of the West, except money and its equivalent, as well as our products, has depreciated from 25 to 75 per cent., measured by the present standard: or, in other words, the dollar has increased in its purchasing power 25 to 75 per cent.

The average farm in the central agricultural States consists of one hundred and sixty acres. One-half the product of such a farm prior to 1893 would ordinarily pay the interest upon the mortgage, the taxes, and possibly a little more. To-day the entire product of the whole one hundred and sixty acres is little more than adequate to meet the interest and taxes.

In Kansas, potatoes delivered at the depot, sacked and ready for shipment, are worth only twenty-five cents per hundred pounds, corn but ten cents per bushel, and oats twelve cents—less than one-half what they ordinarily brought prior to 1893; and this difference in the market value is not due to overproduction, nor to a diminished demand, for in large part the crops were a failure by reason of the drought for the three years last past, and as a natural result this year the demand should be greater and the prices higher. There has not been an over-production, and statistics will fully sustain the claim.

The time to correct a wrong which you admit has been done to the people of the South and West by the demonetization of silver is immediately upon the ascertainment of the fact, but, of course, in that way which will do the least possible harm to all concerned; but to postpone it is but to increase the injury, for then the values will have again become fixed upon a different scale, and then the argument advanced by Dr. van Dyke as to honesty would become many times more potent, and it cannot now be made with any degree of grace on the part of

[Continued on page 400]

First

Last, and always advertised as a true blood purifier, the most wonderful cures on record are made and the greatest sales won by

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The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

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The Home Club

Domestic Training

The experiment of a domestic training school is being attempted in Chicago. Cooking will take up the greater part of the course, though all kinds of work will be taught. The plan to be followed is somewhat that of the trained nurses' schools. The pupils' uniforms—that is, dresses, caps, and aprons—will be provided by the school. The first six months no wages are paid; the students receive their board and lodging only. The second six months they are paid three dollars a month. The second year there will be a slight increase over the second six months in wages, and on graduation each student will receive one hundred dollars. A house near the school has been secured as the home for the students, in which they will do all the work. A home and training-school for young girls was established many years ago in Brooklyn. The system inaugurated there seems practicable. The students, or rather the inmates of the home, were girls placed there by their families because they could not control them, or girls who had lost their mothers; and in some instances the girls were committed to the home by magistrates. Doubtless it was this diversity in the class of inmates that prevented the home from being the success that its projectors hoped. The idea of training was sound, because every girl received an all-round training. She worked one week in the laundry, the next week in the kitchen, the next week in the dining-room, the next week in the chambers; and for the entire time that she was an inmate of the home her work was rotated in this way, so that a girl was supposed to become familiar with all kinds of housework. No attempt was made at turning out professional cooks. The idea was to develop the all-round housemaid. It is this class of servants that is the greatest need of the American households to-day, for in the vast majority of American households but one servant is kept. It is the misfortune of the American housekeeper that this one servant is usually untrained, and any system that will equip a girl to meet the requirements of this class of American households is a system that will meet with warm and hearty approval. It is worth the experiment to try the plan of paying small wages, but the inmates should never be incorrigible, never should be girls committed by a magistrate, but rather girls of from fifteen years up, whose mothers would prefer that they should be trained to domestic service; and such mothers can be found.

Scientific Housekeepers

It is not possible for every woman to take a course in domestic science before she becomes a housekeeper. Nor is it possible for every handicapped housekeeper to attend the lectures designed for her benefit. Many more could attend than do. Consciousness of ignorance is the mark of intelligence. There is not a shadow of doubt that if the economic value of a knowledge of domestic science were more fully realized by American housekeepers, the opportunities for increasing their knowledge would be seized by many more than now avail themselves of these opportunities. In no department of knowledge has there been the growth that there has been in the lines of food investigation, and yet this knowledge has not been used to increase the wage-earning capacity nor the bank account of families living on small incomes. Physicians are preaching constantly on the importance of foods to health, but they speak to deaf ears because the mass of the housekeepers in this country are not progressive, intellectually. The women who know how to preserve the health of the family are few. When sanitation and chemistry in relation to foods become a part of every girl's education, the waste by sickness and disease and death will be greatly lessened. The woman who cannot attend lectures on domestic science has no excuse for ignorance, for books are published at a small price representing the highest knowledge in this line. These books contain information in the simplest, most direct form. Among them is "Home Sanitation," a manual for housekeepers, edited by Ellen H. Richards and Marion Talbot (Home Science Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.). Drainage, ventilation, heating, lighting, furnishing, clothing, food, and drink are all treated in a way that will help the housekeeper of progressive mind. The following motto is given for every housekeeper: "Any invention intended to be a substitute for watchfulness will prove a delusion and a snare."

Reading for Girls

Will you kindly give me a list of books by the best authors adapted to little girls from eight to ten years old—those treating of history, poetry, or fiction of the best order? Can you tell me also of any book relating to the childhood of famous men and women? L. R. W.

"The Life, Letters, and Diary of Lucy Larcom" would offer many pages of delightful reading to a girl of ten. The series known as the "Types of Womanhood" and "Life of Girls who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton, and "Historic Boys" and "Historic Girls," by Elbridge S. Brooks, are designed for the younger readers. There are, also, lives of Miss Alcott that will, in part at least, prove interesting to young readers. "Dorothy Wordsworth" may be too old for these girls, but they should soon be introduced to her. There is a collection of poetry, "The Open Sesame," published by Ginn & Co., of Boston, which should be in every child's library; the first volume is for children from four to twelve years old. For fiction it is most difficult of all to decide. Dickens and Scott should be read at the ages you mention; so should Louisa M. Alcott's books. "Betty Alden," by Mrs. Jane G. Austin, is fiction and history happily blended. Mrs. Ewing has written some charming stories for children. Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's "Nan" and "The Colonel's Money;" Kipling's Jungle Stories; the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Mrs. Leicester's School," by Mary and Charles Lamb; "Timothy's Quest," "The Story of Patsey," and "The Birds' Christmas Carol," are all excellent. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney is interesting to girls of twelve and older. "Alice in Wonderland," "Grimm's Tales," and the "Blue Fairy Book" will interest the younger girls. As far as possible keep the reading for the girls in right relation to school work.

"Reading for the Young," compiled by John A. Sargent, is a valuable catalogue of books for young readers. This catalogue is published by the Library Bureau, Boston, Mass. We may add to the list above given: "Five Little Peppers," by Margaret Sidney; "Century Book for Young Americans;" "Black Beauty;" "Boyhood of Lincoln," by H. Butterworth; "Loyal Little Red-Coat;" "Donald and Dorothy," by Mary Mapes Dodge; "The Bodley Books," by Horace E. Scudder; Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper;" Hawthorne's "The Wonder Book."

Protect the Children

Summer vacation work is becoming more popular with every summer season. One of the serious mistakes that has been made in this world has been the encouraging of small children to set up stands in the street and sell knickknacks and lemonade to the neighbors. Small sums that children collect in this way sometimes prove a very great temptation, and recently three little girls were before the magistrate for having used the money that they had collected for the benefit of some vacation fund for children. Not long ago a group of children engaged in this work were spoken to, and asked to whom they were going to send the money. The only answer any of them could give was, "To a lady up the street." When asked how much money they had collected that day, they said, "Fifty-five cents." Fifty-five cents is not a large amount of money, but if children learn that they can collect such sums of money by putting up a tag and then use the money for themselves without question, it is not the kind of training that should be encouraged. That children can be taught to make an effort to improve the condition of their own class we all know, but in order to do this teaching there must be a responsible head. Surely it is a pity that even one little girl should be sacrificed, even in a good cause. Every one knows, who stops to think of it, that no child of twelve years of age ever recovers her position in her social set who has once stood a condemned culprit before a police magistrate.

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Water-Supply to Schools

Investigation into the conditions of the water-supply of the country schools in Wisconsin revealed five wells out of one hundred as yielding pure water. It is true that God made the country and man made the town, but it is equally true that man has done his best by greed and ignorance to spoil what God has made. Imagine the effect on some school committeemen of demanding an investigation into the condition of the school supply of water! Imagine the presentation of a bill before the town authorities for the scientific care of the supply and waste of water at the school-house! It takes brains to see the relation between the loss through sickness and death and the sanitary conditions surrounding the school-house.

For Cooling Water

The best way to cool water is to place it in a bottle and pack it in ice and salt. After it is thoroughly cool it can be kept so for a long time by wrapping it in a woolen cloth.

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SAVES its cost in LABOR ten times over. Rub it on lightly; let the clothes soak a short time; then rinse. It washes Clothes itself and doesn't hurt the clothes.
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Correspondence

[Continued from page 398]

the creditor portion of the country, which has but so recently secured the legislation which has wrought the result complained of, and since which no debts, purchases, or investments of consequence have been made.

The argument of Dr. van Dyke, as well as the position assumed by you, could equally as well be used in the approval of legislation also refusing free and unlimited mintage to gold, and the consequent results of the appreciation that would thereby necessarily follow.

The Republicans of the West, I believe, are willing to attempt to re-establish bimetallism through international agreement, but most positively protest against the pledge of the Republican National platform to make that a condition precedent, for we believe that there are other ways in which the result can be reached, and that without injury to the honest creditor. The Republicans of this State do not believe that free trade and free silver are compatible, but do believe that under a protective tariff bimetallism is possible. In this State Republicans will vote for McKinley electors, with a declaration for bimetallism, which will be a protest against that portion of the financial platform above alluded to. Dr. van Dyke's letter condemning the Chicago platform, saving and excepting as it treats of the financial question, will be approved by the Republicans of the West. We are one people, under one Government, and must consider the interests of all, that justice may be done. T. F. B.

Silver in Other Countries

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been much interested in the letter of Mr. N. O. Nelson on the silver question, and the answers that several of your correspondents have made to it.

Before I visited Japan, two years ago, I was very pronounced in my advocacy of the gold standard, and in feeling that the argument for silver was founded on a complete fallacy. My experience of the conditions now prevailing in our commerce with the East and my studies since have led me to change my views to those of pronounced bimetallism.

In the general discussions of the question I believe some of the most important points are usually overlooked, and that they have been in the answers of your correspondents to Mr. Nelson. Permit me to state what seem to me to be some of the fundamental facts to be considered.

1. The present business depression arises principally from the extreme low prices of agricultural products, by which the purchasing power of their producers is so curtailed that they consume but a small amount of manufactured articles, so, in turn, depressing all lines of business.

2. The principal cause of this is the fact—for it is a fact—that they come in direct competition with the producers of silver countries. The principal consuming nation is England. London merchants can take a certain amount of gold, and, with what will pay the American farmer but fifty-three cents per bushel for his wheat, can purchase sufficient silver to pay the Argentine or Indian farmer one dollar a bushel for his wheat.

3. This dollar in silver is just as good to the farmer of any silver country in payment of labor, or in purchase of native products, or in payment of debts, as it was when silver was worth $1.29 per ounce instead of the present price. This is a fact that every intelligent observer that has been in those countries knows to be true. Of course, it is not as good in purchase of goods from gold countries, but their agricultural classes do not buy imported goods to any extent.

4. This brings out another fact—namely, that the metal which is used as a standard of value in any country makes a fixed point from which all other articles fluctuate up or down, according to the market or supply and demand. Thus, while in gold countries silver is a commodity and now low in price, in silver countries gold is a commodity and is now high in price. The coined silver of silver countries is of just as great money value there to-day as it was before silver depreciated in the markets of the world in payment of local debts or for native produce or labor.

5. This fact operates as a protective tariff of nearly a hundred per cent. upon the products of native factories that come in competition with imported goods. This explains the marvelous increase in manufacturing in Japan, Mexico, and other silver countries. They must take two of their dollars to pay for one dollar's worth of our imported goods. Japan has already begun to export goods that a few years ago she was importing. The flood of Japanese goods pouring into this country and sold at such low prices in every city of the country bears witness to the same truth as to the standard of value. Not only are the natives seizing upon the opportunity for profits, but American and European capitalists, seeing the advantages in these silver countries for manufacturing at such low cost for labor and native material, are everywhere promoting manufacturing enterprises that soon will be in direct competition with the export trade of Europe and America.

6. These facts and the present condition of the commercial world, bound together as it now is by such quick, abundant, and cheap means of transportation, whereby every producing nation is made the direct competitor of every other producing nation, plainly show that the great need of the present time is that the whole commercial world be placed upon the same standards of value, so that these great differences of exchange, which is where it all comes, will no longer disturb commerce.

7. This can be done only by the adoption of bimetallism. All the great Eastern world, over eight hundred millions of people, know nothing of gold as money, and cannot and will not accept the gold standard. By keeping silver at its present low value we are giving them double their natural advantages wherever they come in competition with us, and also deprive them of their ability to purchase our goods.

8. It is clearly in the interest of an importing and creditor nation like England to continue such a condition, which means for her the purchase of the immense supplies she needs in the cheapest markets of the world, the Oriental, or in markets that compete with them, and gives her the advantage of the great difference which exists in the two standards of value, which makes the difference in the rate of exchange, whereby her dollar (or pound) is made two dollars (or pounds) there.

9. It is just as clearly the interest of a producing nation like the United States to do away with this condition which gives its competitors such undue advantage in the market to which they must both go. Only bimetallism can do this.

10. The fact that in the East and in some other silver countries wages of labor are low and the conditions of the masses deplorable has nothing to do with this discussion. Their condition has been the same for hundreds or thousands of years, and depends entirely upon other facts than that they use a silver currency. The low rates of wages they receive only accentuate the difficulty that their competition causes us, because, being paid in silver, even the low wages are reduced one-half when reckoned in terms of gold. In some gold countries, like Italy, the laboring classes are practically in as bad a condition as those of any silver country. V. P.

"Anti-Vivisection"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I regretted to see Dr. W. E. Leonard's recent contribution to your columns on the subject of vivisection, because, from personal correspondence with Dr. Leonard, I am quite certain that he does not support the views or methods of the anti-vivisection fanatics, now so noisy. If the question of the propriety of vivisection were left to such men as Drs. Pepper, Bowditch, and Mitchell on one side, and Drs. Leonard and Leffingwell on the other, the best interests of society would not suffer; but Dr. Leonard does not appreciate that "anti-vivisection" is being championed by a body of fanatics, half baked in scientific knowledge, bitterly prejudiced, and intolerant of contra argument. Dr. Leonard surely is unaware that the creed of anti-vivisectionists is total suppression of its practice, giving as a reason that physicians cannot be trusted to confine themselves within legal limits. (See publications of the Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society.) Their methods and arguments are substantially those of the late Henry Bergh, of New York, the earliest champion of that cause here, who, in a lecture delivered before a joint committee of the New York Legislature on February 10, 1880, said: "As another proof of the profane extremes to which these dissectors of living animals will go, Robert McDonald, M.D., on being questioned, declared that he had opened the veins of a dying person, remember, and had injected the blood of an animal into them many times, and had met with brilliant success. In other words, this potentate has discovered the means of thwarting the decrees of Providence, where a person was dying, and snatching away from its Maker a soul which He has called away from earth!" This being a fair average sample of the methods of argument resorted to by anti-vivisectionists and by humanitarians generally (bar, perhaps, the extreme of blasphemy), I urge on such sincere men as Drs. Leonard and Leffingwell consideration of the question whether any evils that may arise from the practice of vivisection can equal those inevitable from the views and methods of anti-vivisectionists? It seems to me that laymen can decide for themselves whether advocates of vivisection deserve the charge published by the Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society, "The vivisector is less valuable to the world than the animal he destroys," or "The wretches who commit these infamous crimes"—by thinking what kind of man his family physician is, and inquiring of him what he thinks of the practice. W. WADE.

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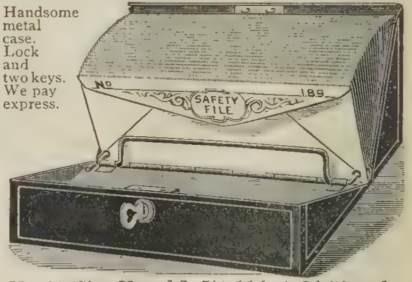

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About People

—Jules Verne's real name is Olchewitz He is a native of Warsaw.

—Dispatches from Constantinople state that the Sultan has conferred the Order of Nichau-i-Chefakat of the second class upon Miss Clara Barton, President of the American Red Cross Society.

—An old man who took part as a boy in the Irish rebellion of 1798 died recently at Clooney, in West Clare. His name was Conway. He was one hundred and eleven years old, and had been a bog-ranger on Lord Inchiquin's estate.

—France's Société des Gens de Lettres has a woman for its oldest member. She is Mme. du Bos d'Elbecq, born in May, 1799, who wrote a number of novels in the forties. She lives at Angers, and still writes vigorous letters to the newspapers.

—Americus Symmes, eighty-five years old, lately died at Louisville, Ky. He was a son of John Cleve Symmes, who was an Arctic explorer and maintained that the world was hollow and that the entrance to the interior could be found at the poles.

—Alphonse Daudet is a southerner, and the cold winds of Paris annoy him greatly. In his study in his house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain a large fire is burning even when the weather is comparatively warm. Daudet is unable to work unless the temperature of the room is to his liking.

—A visitor to Wessex, says "Temple Bar," inquired of an old man if he knew Hardy, and received the following "delicious bit of depreciation" in answer: "Oh, the writen' chap! I've read some of his works. They says 'tis a gift. Seems to me 'tis just writen'—just sitten' down an' writen', and not doen' nothen' at arl. What do 'e do, I ask 'ee? Here be I doen' more proper work than Hardy ever did, an' they don't tark about I, an' say, 'There's a great chap,' like they do about 'e."

—Li Hung Chang is attended by a remarkably attentive servant, who lately was addressed by an English officer in public with "Good-day, commander." "I am no longer commander," he replied; "I am Li Hung Chang's boy." He had been a Chinese naval commander, but, having lost his vessel in the war with Japan, had been degraded and condemned to death. His reprieve was conditioned on his becoming the servant of some high state official. Li Hung Chang has taken him into his service

—The author of the beautiful song "Kathleen Mavourneen," Professor F. Nicholas Crouch, died suddenly last week, at the age of eighty-eight, in Portland, Me. None of his many other songs will be remembered; he is famous only as the composer of "Kathleen." His life was a singular and adventurous one. He was at one time and another composer, music-teacher, actor, concert singer, music-hall singer, orchestra 'cellist, manufacturer (iron-mills), manager of opera and oratorio, choirmaster, lecturer, gold-miner, soldier in the Confederate Army, and gardener. His ability and versatility were equaled only by his many reverses of fortune.

—Professor Josiah Dwight Whitney, of Harvard University, died in New London, N. H., on Wednesday of last week. He was one of the greatest of American geologists, as his brother, Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale, was one of the greatest of American philologists. Mount Whitney, in the Sierra Nevadas, now regarded as the highest mountain in this country, was named after Professor Whitney. He had made geological and topographical surveys of New Hampshire, California, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Illinois. He also specially surveyed Lake Superior and the Yosemite Valley. He was an original member of the National Academy of Sciences, and had held his Harvard chair for over thirty years.

—"Few men," says the Philadelphia "Record," "at the age of eighty-six are as hale and hearty as Robert Purvis, the prominent Abolitionist, and one of the leading colored men of the country. Mr. Purvis has helped to make history. He spent the early days of his life in Charleston, S. C., where he was born. His parents moved to Philadelphia while he was quite young, and so most of his education was acquired here. He afterward attended Amherst College, but left at the close of his sophomore year. It was then that he first took an interest in the welfare of the colored race, which finally gained for him quite a reputation as an Abolitionist. He was one of the first signers of the declaration of anti-slavery in 1833, and is the only survivor of the more than sixty persons who were in attendance at that convention."

—The Right Hon. Sir Edmund Monson, British Ambassador to Austria, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Dufferin as Ambassador to France, was born in 1834, and was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. He served in the diplomatic service from 1856 to 1865. He was at one time stationed at Washington as the secretary to Lord Lyons. Later on he entered the consular service and served in the Azores and in Hungary. In 1879 he resumed his diplomatic career, and was appointed Minister Resident to Uruguay, and in 1884 he was promoted to the legation in the Argentine Republic as Minister Plenipotentiary; later he served in the same capacity in Paraguay, and then in Denmark. In 1888 he was transferred to Athens, and thence in 1892 to Brussels. He was made Ambassador at Vienna in 1893.

Miss Barton in Armenia

The fact that Miss Barton has left Constantinople for a rest with friends in Germany has created the impression that she has closed her relief work for the suffering Armenians and is on her way to the United States. This is not the case. She is in readiness to return to Constantinople in the fall, and has left the relief work in competent hands. All reports from the interior indicate that the suffering and destitution will be very severe as the winter comes on. The experience already gained and the agencies for relief already established will make it possible to conduct the relief work on an increasingly thorough and satisfactory basis. In urging that there should be no relaxation in the relief work Miss Barton herself writes as follows:

"Every practical idea would point to the importance of making it possible for these people to use their time and strength in these summer days and through the early autumn in the best provisional work possible against the cold and hunger of the long winter months, when, without these provisions, nothing is left to them but suffering and starvation."

Dr. Dwight, of Constantinople, writes in regard to Miss Barton: "She has done a splendid work, sensibly and economically managed. Wherever her agents have been the missionaries have expressed the strongest approval of their methods and efficiency. The work done has been of great and permanent importance.

"It is expected that the relief work will become more truly international and official. The Europeans have at last been convinced from their own investigations that horrible suffering will be ushered in with the winter. France is waking up. Germany is going to open orphan asylums at Harpoot, Oorfa, and Cesarea, under the protection of the Government and the care of the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses. Switzerland has Relief Committees at Geneva, Zurich, Basle, and Berne. England is making strenuous efforts to keep up supplies, with a view to have means in the winter when the stress comes."

At least $300,000 has already been contributed by the people of America for the relief work, and about the same amount in Great Britain.

All funds intended for this object should be sent to Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall Street, New York, who are the treasurers of the National Armenian Relief Committee and of the Red Cross.

(Signed) SPENCER TRASK,
Chairman Executive Committee.
F. D. GREENE,
Secretary.

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Bits of Fun

"They say crude oil is becoming exhausted." "Good! Now we shall be spared the infliction of so many crude oil paintings."—*Chicago Record.*

Jones—I wonder why "churchyards yawn," as Shakespeare says? Smith—Probably some of the epitaphs make them tired.—*The Observer.*

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "er man puts on er long face an' says he's discouraged when he's simply too lazy to try again."—*Washington Star.*

The question of the propriety of riding a wheel to church will probably remain an open one until the Pope issues a bicyclical on the subject.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

"I believe he had two sons; one of them was lost at sea and the other became Vice-President of the United States." "And, of course, neither of them was heard of afterward?"—*Truth.*

Rose—Couldn't we get up a lottery for the benefit of the church? Daisy—A lottery! Our minister is so opposed to lotteries that he has conscientious scruples about performing the marriage service.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"What have you named your boy?" "William—just plain William. My wife wanted to name him after that lovely Mr. Bryan, and I wanted to name him after McKinley, so we compromised on plain William, after both of them."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The laziest man, the man who never did a stroke of work, who is quietly and uncomplainingly supported by his wife, is always the man who sits on the piazza of a Sunday morning and sings in vociferous tones, "Welcome, sweet day of rest."—*The Examiner.*

"I say, captain," said a young Englishman on board an American clipper, "that flag of yours has not floated in every breeze and over every sea for a thousand years, has it?" "No, it ain't," replied the captain, "but it has licked one that has."—*Youth's Companion.*

The infant of the household was in its cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and fault-finding. At length he became unendurable. "You've done nothing but make mistakes to-night," he growled. "Yes," she answered meekly; "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."—*Answers.*

The very positive man had alluded to somebody as "a crank," when his patient audience of one interrupted him with the inquiry: "What is your idea of a crank, anyhow?" "A crank! Why, a crank, sir, is somebody who insists on trying to convince me, instead of letting me convince him."—*Washington Star.*

Sir Francis Scott, the commander of the British expedition to Ashanti last winter, addressing his troops expressed his disappointment that they had no chance to show their bravery in battle. "But," added he (and he is not an Irishman), "if there had been fighting there would have been many absent faces here to-day."—*Pathfinder.*

Dr. Kidd, the Professor of Hebrew at Aberdeen, once had a book presented to him on some very abstruse subject. He read it patiently for a long time, but could make neither head nor tail to it. "But I," he used to say, when he told the story, "I was a match for the fellow. I sent him, in return, a copy of my work on the Trinity."—*Christian Life.*

In the days when the Clyde was navigable to Glasgow for only very small vessels, a steamer stuck in the mud near Renfrew, and, as was often the case, the skipper was not sparing in strong language at the delay thus occasioned. While waiting for the rising tide, he saw a little girl approaching the river with a bucket to fetch some water. This was too much for the poor captain, and, leaning over the side, he thus addressed her: "If you tak' ae drap o' water oot here till I get afloat, I'll warm yer ear for 't."—*Scottish-American.*

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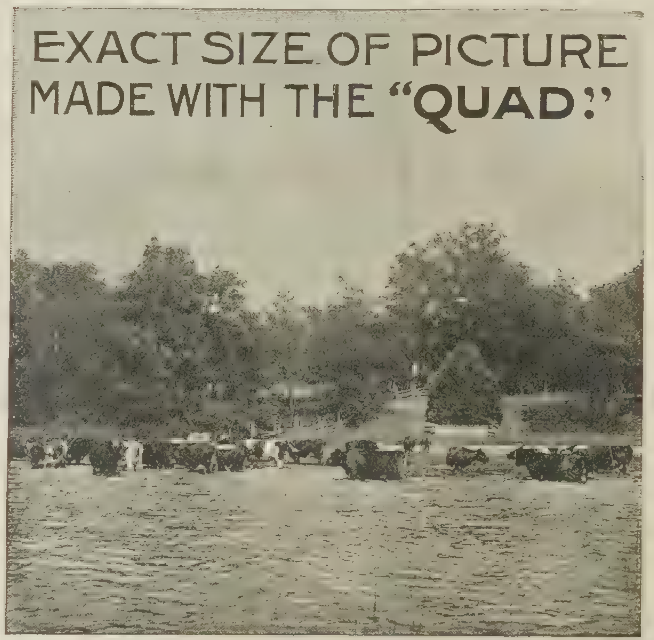

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The Business World

The Week The stringency in the money market which has lately been shown to exist by such facts as the failure of New York City to place its gold bonds at a fair price becomes more evident with the usual demand of this season from the interior for money to move the crops. It was thought this week that the New York Clearing-House would have to give relief to some of the banks which are suffering from overpressure by issuing loan certificates. On Monday of this week a committee met to hear applications for such loans, but none were made. It is thought that before the end of the week loan certificates will be called for. The weekly statement of the associated banks shows an increase of over half a million in circulation, but, on the other hand, there was a decrease in deposits of over nine millions, in loans of nearly six millions, and in legal tenders and specie of nearly two and a half millions. Money on call ruled high, going up to 8 per cent. The stock market for the first part of the week still showed an upward tendency, but this disappeared toward the end of the week. Dealings were small, and the market was dull. Sales of stock at the close of Saturday as compared with that day of the week before showed a very slight average decline. Burlington closed at 58½, St. Paul at 63¾, Northern Pacific at 16, Western Union at 75⅛. Financiers have been puzzled about the meaning of the importation of gold. About $2,000,000 came this way last week. It is hard to see why this should occur under present trade conditions, but it has been welcomed as a hopeful sign. The London correspondent of the New York "Tribune" says:

> One theory advanced here is that Americans have begun to hoard gold in expectation of its going to a premium; but a better one, which is generally held, is that the Morgan syndicate has arranged for the withdrawal of gold from this side as a means of protecting the Treasury and maintaining the gold reserve until the Presidential election is over. Since shipments cannot be made at a profit under the present rates of exchange, this is regarded as an artificial and desperate attempt to keep the gold reserve up to the statutory limit, and as a new sign of the gravity of the currency situation in the United States.

On the other hand, "Bradstreet's" declares that there is absolutely no truth in this theory, and that the importations are natural, the result of a decline in exchange, and possibly of a small premium which it says has been offered in some quarters for gold not taken from the United States Treasury by means of legal tenders. There is little to record in the way of changes in general trade. All industries continue dull. Wheat exports are large, showing an increase over the previous week and the same week a year ago. The reports of gross railway earnings for the first half of the year show a slight increase (3 6-10 per cent. over a year ago). "Bradstreet's" reports 264 business failures for the week—six more than the week before, and 72 more than in the same week a year ago. There has been a slight decline in the price of silver.

American Petroleum in Germany The "Oil, Paint, and Drug Reporter" says: "Some interest was excited in the petroleum trade last week by an article cabled from Berlin to the effect that the German Government had again ordered that reports be submitted to it on the importation of petroleum, and inferring that the evident intent of the investigation was the introduction of a differential tariff. The item also assumed that the matter is revived with a view to breaking the monopoly of the Standard Oil Company. It is not quite clear what this means, but it is presumably intended to convey the idea that there is to be an increased measure of protection to the German refineries, and, in fact, we believe this will result in some measure from the new tariff which goes into effect in September. It does not appear, however, that it has been the intent of the Government to discriminate against American oils, which would clearly be the result of any legislation aimed at the Standard Oil Company, since whatever rates of duty or regulations affecting imports were adopted would necessarily bear equally upon all importers of American oils, whether they represented that company or the outside interests. Doubtless the Standard has, by its recent arrangement with the large distributing firms, greatly strengthened its position in Germany, and has identified itself more closely with that export outlet. Its policy in that respect has been apparent for several years past, and, in view of the vast importance of the export trade to the American refiners, as well as producers, is as natural as was the establishing of distributing depots in this country. The latest dispatches from Hamburg are to the effect that the firm of John & Co., of that city, announce the pooling of their petroleum business with that of Philipp Pots, of Mannheim, and the Passows, of Bremen. These firms will come to an agreement with the Deutsch-American Company regarding the prices of oil. To these facts is added the statement that 'part of the petroleum required by the pool will be bought from the Standard Oil Company.' It may easily be surmised from these facts, if they are entirely correct, that the Standard has formed an alliance which embraces all of the more important petroleum importing and distributing houses in Germany, and includes also the leading representatives of the German importers in this country."

Trolleys Crowding Out Horses It is interesting to note the way in which electricity is displacing horses in the running of street-cars throughout the world. During the past year the number of street railroads in Europe has increased from 70 to 111, and the length of lines from 700 to 902 kilometers (a kilometer equals 3,250 feet), the power from 18,150 to 25,095, and the number of cars from 1,236 to 1,747. The following table shows the ratio in the different countries:

	Total in Kilometers.	Power.	Cars.
Germany	406.4	7,194	857
France	132.0	4,490	225
England	94.3	4,243	143
Austria-Hungary	71.0	1,940	157
Switzerland	47.0	1,550	86
Italy	39.7	1,890	84
Spain	29.0	600	26
Belgium	25.0	1,120	48
Ireland	13.0	440	25
Russia	10.0	540	32
Servia	10.0	200	11
Norway and Sweden	7.5	225	15
Bosnia	5.6	75	6
Roumania	5.5	140	15
Holland	3.2	320	14
Portugal	2.8	110	3

Transmitting Niagara's Power Some interesting facts relating to the electric transmission of power are given in an article in the New York "Tribune." There are now in service in California three or four lines over which power is transmitted in the form of electricity for distances varying from twenty to thirty-five miles. The pressure under which the electricity is sent is from 10,000 to 12,000 volts. The amount thus conveyed is equivalent in each case to several thousand horse-power. The great plant at Niagara has thus far supplied current only to factories close at hand. Active steps are now being taken, however, to furnish other cities. The contract has been let within a few days for the construction of a line to Buffalo, fifteen miles away, over which eventually about 20,000 horse-power will be transmitted. This would require all of the output of four 5,000 horse-power dynamos. These machines are not all in place yet at the Falls. For this and other reasons only 5,000 horse-power will be delivered at first. At least 1,000 of this will be taken by the Buffalo Street Railway Company, and it is hoped that connections will be made for this purpose by or before November 1 this year. That particular customer pays $40 annually per horse-power, but is to have it for $36 if it takes more than the amount just mentioned.

Making the Dairy Pay A correspondent of "The Ploughman" asks: "Is there any reason why dairymen should not make a net return of $50 from each milch cow? Let us see. We will suppose that the farmer has a good grass and hay farm with enough rough land to pasture the stock in summer. He has stocked his farm with ten first-rate butter cows. Everything he uses will come from the farm except grain. For the result I will quote from the experience of Andrew Wilson, of Bovina Center, N. Y., who had ten grade Jerseys of good but not extraordinary quality. He fed them $200 worth of grain, which, as with most farmers, was the only money outlay. He sold $15 worth of calves and $40 worth of pork made from the skim-milk. His 2,750 pounds of butter brought him $687.50 at 25 cents a pound. The average earnings per cow were $74.25. Deducting the $20 each for grain, there remains a cash return of $54.25 for each cow, or considerably over $500 for the herd. Another farmer in the same State kept nine grade Jerseys and sold 1,900 pounds of butter at 23½ cents a pound for $446.50; calves, $25; skim-milk, $37.50; milk, $6.50. Average earnings per cow, $56.92; grain, $6.15 per cow. Here the cash return is also about $50 per head, although it is evident that high feeding was not practiced. These are not given as examples of remarkable profits in dairying, but are meant to indicate what any smart, industrious farmer may expect if he keeps good cows and takes care of them."

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Inventions of Antiquity

"There is nothing new under the sun" is an axiom that is as true to-day as it was when uttered by King Solomon a thousand years before the birth of Christ. The above remark is suggested by reading catalogues of the British Museum and our own Smithsonian Institution, from which we learn that many, if not all, supposed modern inventions were thought out and applied centuries and scores of centuries ago. Examples are so numerous that we hardly know which to select for first illustration. Hat-pins with glass heads, lead pipes and burned clay tiles for conveying water, stamps for making pottery ware, safety-pins with a little coiled spring at one end and a catch at the other, were as well known in the Pompeii of two thousand years ago as they are in the St. Louis or Chicago of 1895. Razors with modern handles, telescopes, fish-hooks exactly like those of to-day, with their barbed points and flattened or loop-end shanks, were known and in general use in the Babylon of fifteen hundred years B.C. Thimbles, which are usually referred to as inventions of the Middle Ages, when they were called "thumb-bells," have been found in prehistoric mounds and graves of the Bronze Age. Not something that resembles thimbles, but real bronze articles of that character containing the customary indentations, so nicely done that it appears to be the work of machinery.

In the Smithsonian collection are a variety of combs, hair-pins, tweezers, strainers, door-hinges, locks, and kitchen utensils that are known to date back over twenty centuries. Lamps exactly like those used in colonial times were in use in Egypt four thousand years ago, and knives, hatchets, sickles, scythes, etc., were made then in exact resemblance to those used to-day. Bronze beads, awls, bodkins, needles, etc., were made and used by the men and women of the Bronze Age, which probably began five thousand years ago. The "nickel-in-the-slot" machine was used in ancient Egypt, the telephone in China a thousand years ago, and the magnetic telegraph in England and France nearly three hundred years ago.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The End of Old Money

The end of these old bills that have served their purpose so faithfully has a certain amount of pathos. If one is fortunate enough to be present when a committee of three officers of the Treasury send them to their destruction, a curious, almost indescribable sensation will creep over one. The destruction takes place in a room in the Treasury Building. There is a small table in the center of the room, and on this the bundled bills are piled in reckless confusion. Through two holes in the floor at the end of the table can be seen the large cylinders or macerators into which the bills are placed. They are about the size of locomotive boilers. A large funnel is inserted in one of the holes, and it connects with one of the macerators. The bills are then untied and thrown into the mouth of this funnel. It is amusing to see one of the committee take a stick when they become jammed and prod them through. When the last one is safely in, a mixture of lime and soda ash is placed in the macerator, a cover is clamped over the ventricle, and each member of the committee fastens it with a separate lock. Steam is then turned on, and the cylinders are set in motion. When the bills have been thoroughly macerated, the pulp is drawn off and taken to a paper-machine, where it is made into sheets of paper, and afterwards sold.

Some one suggested the idea of using part of the pulp to make little fancy images. The idea was adopted, and dainty little knick-knacks made of the pulp can be bought in the stores in Washington. The salesmen often induce the possible purchaser to buy by telling him that the image at one time represented a large sum of money.

To pick up one of these images is to give rise to thought, for here, embodied in a small compass, is that which was once part of the greatest power in the world.—*Harper's Round Table.*

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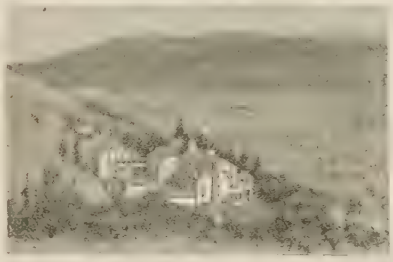

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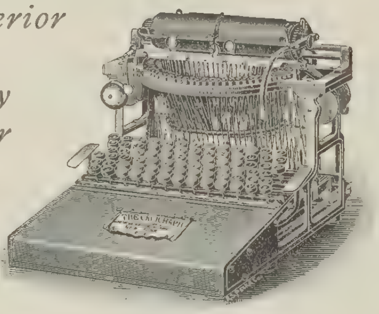

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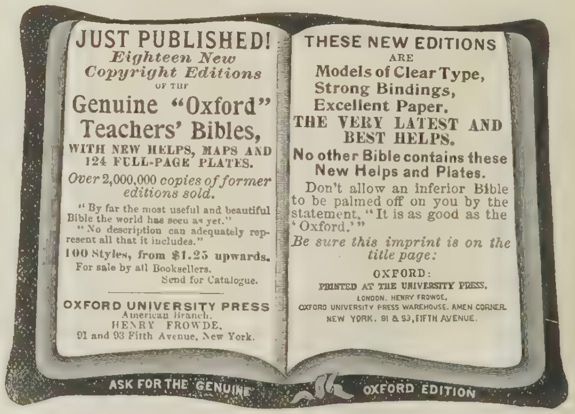

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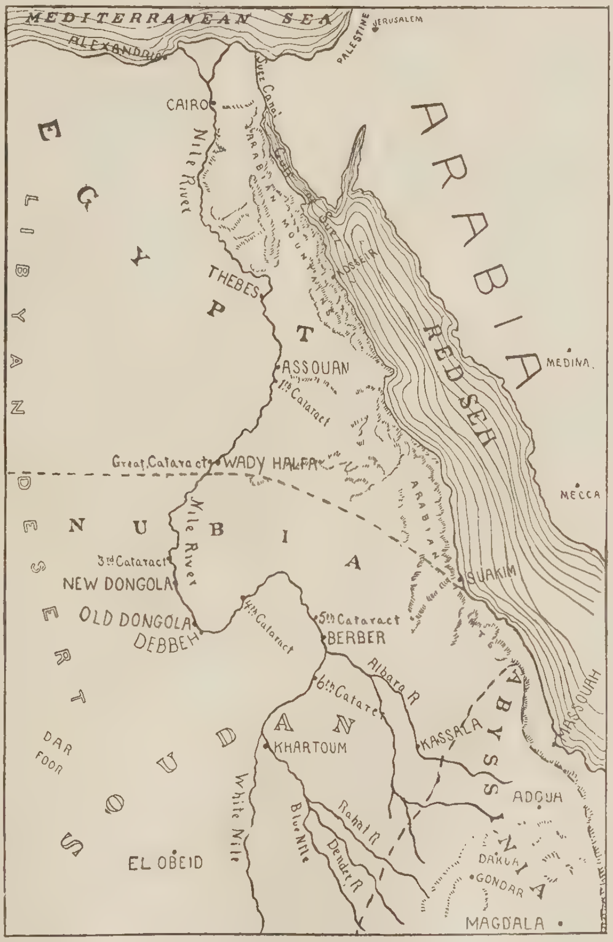
The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 26 September, 1896 Number 13

THE capture of Dongola on last Saturday by the Anglo-Egyptian expedition accomplishes the end aimed at by the recent advance on the Nile as announced in Parliament before the expedition started. In point of fact, no one doubts that General Kitchener will push on to Berber and thence to Khartoum, thus reconquering the Soudan for Egypt and avenging the death of Gordon. The result of the summer's campaign is gratifying to British pride; no reverses have been encountered, and the only severe losses have been from cholera, which caused the death of over a thousand soldiers—mostly Egyptians. The only serious engagement with the Soudanese previous to last week was in the battle at Firket on June 7, when the forces of the Dervishes were defeated with great loss. The advance has been along the line of the Nile, and the troops have been accompanied by seven gunboats and numerous transports. This is the only reasonable way of attacking the Soudan, and the attempt to rescue Gordon might have succeeded if it had been well organized and had pushed rapidly up the river. The actual capture of Dongola followed the seizure of El Hafir, where the Dervishes made a stand and fought bravely but hopelessly against superior discipline and machine guns. While the fight was going on at El Hafir the British gunboats slipped up the river past the Dervishes and seized Dongola, so that the defeated forces were compelled to retreat away from their base of supplies. It is thought that they may make a desperate attempt to retake Dongola. The natives in the vicinity are said to hail with joy the coming of the Egyptian army, as they have long suffered from the tyranny of the Khalifa Abdallah, the successor of Mahdi. Abdallah, as all who read Slatin Pasha's account of his captivity will remember, is a man of overbearing vanity, cunning but not wise, and frequently cruel. His fall will be a blessing to Central Africa and to the cause of civilization.



Egypt and the Soudan

❀

The situation at Constantinople is apparently insoluble, and is likely to remain so until England consents to let affairs take their course and the Russians make themselves the assignees of bankrupt Turkey, or until Russia consents to English interference. The Great Powers have seldom been in so discreditable a position. The Continental Powers appear to care nothing for the slaughter which is going on in so many places in the Turkish Empire; the English care sincerely, but they are now paying for the false policy of the past. They have several times prevented Russia from going to Constantinople, and now Russia does not propose to let England work her will. English feeling is deep and intense and is apparently gathering in volume, and the English Government would apparently like to act disinterestedly. Not many days ago it seemed to be on the point of acting, but evidently Russia has plainly intimated that she will not permit action, and now there has been a semi-official backdown. No independent action on the part of England can be expected. The situation has become, however, intolerable to the moral sense of England, and a good deal is hoped from the visit of the Czar and the Czarina at Balmoral Castle during the present week, and the exercise of the great personal influence which the Queen is known to have over her grandson, the ruler of all the Russias. But Russian policy, which is persistent and which has never shown any great sensitiveness to moral considerations, is not likely to be influenced by the appeals of the venerable Queen. There is apparently practical unanimity among the English people in desiring the deposition of the Sultan, who has become a monomaniac in his love of slaughter, but, however much the English people may fume and protest, they find themselves surrounded by what appear insuperable difficulties whenever they attempt to act. Men of affairs who have given particular attention to foreign matters, like Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Rosebery, are agreed regarding the impracticability of single-handed intervention. Meanwhile Turkish rule goes on crumbling faster than ever. Constantinople is in a state of panic. A very small gathering in the street sends people into their houses, closes the shops, and sends a shiver of alarm through the European colony. The

Sultan, encircled by a large body of troops and with the assurance that Russia is behind him, appears to be the only indifferent person in the whole tragedy. The only way out, apparently, is for England to give Russia a free hand.

⁂

The final outcome of the Italian campaign in Abyssinia is such as to bring contempt upon the shabby and shallow Jingoism which has had such vogue in Europe during the last few years. The defeat and slaughter of picked Italian troops, the outwitting of skilled Italian generals, the retreat from an unjustifiable invasion, the loss of prestige, have been pointed out from time to time in these columns; but Italy has suffered a further humiliation. It has not only been compelled to admit its defeat and withdraw from its untenable position, but it has also been obliged to pay a war indemnity of two million francs to King Menelek. This sum is asked, not as a price of letting the Italians go out of the country, but is delicately solicited on account of the expense involved in the support of the prisoners of war taken in Abyssinia! It is a long time since any European country has been compelled under such conditions to pay an indemnity to a half-civilized country, and it marks the completeness of the Italian disaster. The Italians are also required to draw the boundary lines of their province of Erythrea with absolute definiteness, and to remain absolutely within those lines. All this is not too much to pay for the disaster at Adowa if it forces the Italians and other European peoples to think seriously before they embark on further expeditions so devoid of moral justification and of military reasonableness as that which led an Italian army to its slaughter among the mountains of Abyssinia.

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Little that is definite has been made public the past week about the supposed dynamite plot which ended in the arrest of Tynan, Bell (or Ivory), and others. The French Government has been formally requested to extradite Tynan, but it does not seem to be known whether the request is based on the old charge of his having been concerned in the Phœnix Park murders, or on a charge of engaging in the newly detected plot. Excitement in England over the arrests has subsided, and it is generally doubted whether the original statements about a plot between the Irish dynamiters and Russian Nihilists to blow up Balmoral Castle at the time of the Czar's visit will be confirmed. In fact, beyond the mere fact that the arrests have been made and that a place of manufacture for dynamite bombs has been discovered in Antwerp, which may or may not be connected with Tynan, there is nothing positively known about the matter. In this country there seems to be no sympathy whatever with the arrested persons, and the doubt has been raised whether Tynan is a genuine conspirator or a mere braggart. The day for a "physical force" party of Irish-Americans has passed away; a few wordy "patriots" remain who gather toll from the ignorant and vicious; perhaps here and there a would-be assassin may lurk; but the vast majority of Irish-Americans abhor murder and detest dynamite.

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The broken-down condition of the Irish dynamiters recently granted release from penal servitude has called out a discussion in English journals that tends to offset the criticism which has been bestowed in that country upon our reformatory system at Elmira and other places. The London "Daily News," though apologetic in tone, declares that "the public is beginning to have a most uneasy feeling that the system hitherto in vogue simply takes the heart out of a man, and leaves him good for nothing in body and in soul at the end of his term." It appears from the annual report of the Prison Commissioners that some improvements are being introduced, notably a partial substitution of productive for unproductive labor as in crank-turning, etc.; but the "News" remarks, probably with an eye on America, that if this goes on the trade-unions will have something to say. There have been five cases of suicide in the year, and a considerable increase of cases of insanity in the jails. This may be due to the rigor of the law which makes doctors hesitate in certifying to lunacy, so that the jails tend to become receiving-houses for the lunatic asylums. However this may be, the "News" says that the suspicion has increased considerably that prison life, as administered under sentence to penal servitude, tends to produce insanity. As to the deterrent effect of imprisonment as conducted in England, it may be noted that, with an increasing population, the number of prisoners in jail has decreased from less than 20,000 in 1878 to somewhat over 14,000 at the last report. Since 1885 there has been no escape of any convict.

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The present session of the Dominion Parliament, though called for a special purpose and with the prospect of a speedy prorogation, has been prolonged by discussions on matters of urgent importance, among them the question of Chinese immigration, and a retaliatory alien contract labor law to offset the restrictions imposed by our own law upon Canadian workmen. In regard to the former, Canadian opinion is passing through similar phases to those which resulted in the passage of the Geary Act. As might be expected, the center of disturbance is in British Columbia, where already there are 11,000 Chinese laborers as against 24,000 white. The members of Parliament from that Province are a unit in favor of excluding the Chinese by a heavy poll-tax; and the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress has just passed a resolution in favor of increasing the present tax of $50 per head to $500. In short, the problem of preserving the wage-workers of western Canada from being driven out by a horde of Chinese immigrants seems to have been suddenly precipitated in an alarming manner. It seems that Sir Henri Joly, the Minister of Inland Revenue, assured Li Hung Chang that "he would not abandon his countrymen," presumably meaning thereby that he would favor less restriction on Chinese immigration. This has provoked opposition within his own party, and also among the Conservatives. It is in the last degree unlikely that the present Liberal Government will do anything for the Chinese, and, if the tone of the best journalistic opinion means anything, the result is likely to be still further restriction. With regard to the proposed alien contract labor law far greater difficulties are encountered. The matter has been brought up in Parliament, and Mr. Laurier has spoken in a way which seems to admit the justice of the Canadian claim. It would be premature to say that he will introduce retaliatory legislation during the next parliamentary session; it is a delicate matter demanding the fullest investigation before taking such a course. Some interesting correspondence, straightforward and friendly in tone, has recently taken place between the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress and the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Samuel Gompers, on behalf of the latter, admits the hardship and injustice to Canadians resulting from the present law, but asserts that it is directed not primarily against Canadians, but against Chinese and other workmen who are smuggled into the United States by way of Canada. He truly states that, under the rules governing international treaties, the "most favored nation" clause prevents the United States from extending privileges to one nation denied to another, and that if the Governments of the United States and Canada had exclusive power to act, a satisfactory agreement could be arrived at. From the point of view of our workingmen the difficulty lies in not being able to distinguish, in many cases, between those workmen who come into the United States by way of Canana and those whose homes are in Canada. If in any way that difficulty can be removed, a satisfactory solution of this question can be gained. This, at least, seems to be the opinion of labor authorities on both sides of the line.

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Surely no modern political community ever paralleled the amount of legislation in social and political reform which has been enacted by New Zealand within the past five years. In that colony the fusion of the Liberal and Labor parties shortly previous to 1891 enabled them to pass a series of radical and, thus far, apparently successful measures. The Agent-General of New Zealand, in an article in a recent English review, has summarized these reforms under five headings: Finance, Land, Constitutional Reform, Labor, and Law Reform. It is quite impracticable to indicate in a brief space the main incidents of the struggle which attended the passage of these measures, or even to enumerate the measures themselves, but the leading changes may be indicated. In the first place the property tax, an annual impost of a penny in the pound sterling of every citizen's possessions, less his debts and an exemption of £500, was abolished, and has been replaced by a progressive land tax and a progressive income tax. Then came an act authorizing government leases of crown lands in perpetuity, with periodical revisions of rent. This measure has been very successful. Among the constitutional changes are the abolition of the life tenure of the members of the nominative Upper Chamber, and the substitution of a seven years' term. Then, again, the electoral principle of one-man-one-vote has been carried out to its ultimate issue by a registration clause providing that no voter can register on more than one roll. The greatest change of all has been the admission of women to the franchise, with results by no means alarming thus far, the women voting very much according to the political affiliations of their husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons. The labor laws have also been changed, mostly in the interest of the workingman. An Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Bill has also been passed. It is significant that few complaints are heard of ill effects from all this radical legislation, and that the prosperity and contentment of the people have apparently increased.

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The successful operation of the tramways in Glasgow is full of encouragement to the advocates of municipal ownership and operation of street railways in this country. The Committee of Councils having charge of the matter report that for the second year of the experiment the receipts were $1,618,387, and the operating expenses $1,215,373; leaving a balance of $403,014, which was disposed of as follows: to interest on capital, $61,258; depreciation written off against capital, $86,198; renewal fund, $82,280; sinking fund, $51,023; general reserve fund, $78,695; and payments to former lessees, $43,560. This result has been achieved at the same time that the fares were reduced. For the 86,462,594 passengers who were carried, the average fare was 1⅞ cents a passenger. The Committee report that its principal difficulty is to provide for the continuously increasing volume of business. Negotiations are now in progress looking toward the introduction of some means of mechanical traction. The tramways cover 35 miles of double track, and require 4,082 horses. The employees are clothed at the expense of the department, and a friendly society has been established among them, with 1,474 members. In concluding their report the Council Committee say: "The financial results for the year's operation have been most encouraging, and prove beyond all question that the Corporation Tramways have the approval and the support of the citizens. From the accounts published herewith it will be seen that this new business undertaken by the Corporation is being conducted on sound commercial lines. All the plant has been fully maintained out of the revenue, and, after writing off capital an ample amount for depreciation, considerable sums have been placed to the general reserve fund and the reserve fund for permanent way renewals. The item of preliminary expenses remains at the original figure, as it is not considered necessary to write off this sum, the sinking fund itself being sufficient to wipe it out. Over and above the ordinary obligations to the city in the payment of taxes, water, gas, etc., the tramways undertaking is proving a great benefit to the general finances of the Corporation, and no pains will be spared to maintain the efficiency of the department now so successfully established."

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The Alaskan boundary question has entered upon a somewhat acute phase, owing to the recent action of the Canadian surveyors in locating the one hundred and forty-first meridian so as to throw two hundred gold-mines, including the rich placer-mines contained in a strip from three to eight miles wide, into Canadian territory. The Canadian Government has a force of mounted police there, and the regulations enforced by them are stricter than those to which the American owners and workers of these mines have been accustomed. Of course our Government may not accept the Canadian survey, and trouble may result from the resistance of our miners to a jurisdiction which they are not likely to recognize. The mounted police cannot enforce the report of the Canadian surveyors; but for that very reason our Government should hasten the progress of the question, so that the true boundaries may be defined, and the rightful jurisdiction of the United States and the Dominion respectively determined.

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The disputed Presidential election in Chili has been settled, and without a revolution. The question was referred to Congress, which gave a decision in favor of the Conservative candidate—Federico Evrazuriz. The opposition of the Liberals was based upon charges of political corruption and intimidation against him; but, whatever the popular belief as to these charges, it found no adequate support among the Congressional majority. The Liberals were strongly tempted to rebellion, but the Government anticipated an outbreak and made military preparations. Montt, the President, who will shortly retire, has had a fairly successful term of office, and his administration has been free from scandal and corruption. The meeting of this crisis without bloodshed may prove an effective example during future disturbances of a similar kind.

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It is too early to make any predictions with regard to the result of the political campaign, but several things have become much clearer during the past few weeks. It has become, in the first place, very doubtful whether the free-coinage movement has secured any large support among the farming and working people of the East. The Republican majority in Vermont might have been explained on the ground of the general conservatism of that State, but the equally phenomenal majority in Maine cannot be explained on any such ground. Maine, unlike Vermont, has passed through different phases of opinion on the currency question. The greenback movement gained very serious hold there, and it is one of the Eastern States in which the free-silver movement might have been expected to gain many adherents. On the contrary, however, Maine has cast the heaviest vote in her history in favor of the Republican ticket. It has become clear, in the second place, that this is not a sectional fight, as a good many free-silver men have very unwisely attempted to make the country believe. The issue will not be decided by the East, but by the Central West. If the free-coinage movement is defeated, as we believe it will be, it will be because the Central West—that is to say, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and Iowa—refuses to support the Chicago platform and the Chicago nominees. The real battle-ground is not in the East, but in these great Western States. They are to be the arbiters of the question, and if free coinage is beaten it will be beaten by a Western and not by an Eastern vote. It is fortunate, from this point of view, that the three Presidential candidates are all Western men, and that no party can any longer consistently claim to represent either Eastern or Western sentiment exclusively. The result in Arkansas, so far as it has any significance, would seem to indicate that the free-coinage sentiment is not to make a clean sweep even in the States which were practically conceded to it.

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In spite of the speech of General Francis A. Walker in London, reported in these columns several months ago, it has been widely asserted that this eminent international bimetallist had become a supporter of the free-coinage movement. It seems hardly necessary to correct an impression which never had any basis in fact, in spite of the endeavor in many quarters to confuse the position of the international bimetallist with that of the supporter of free coinage. General Walker in his London speech declared that the free-coinage movement, which found its expression in the Chicago platform and the nomination of Mr. Bryan, would indefinitely postpone the introduction of international bimetallism, and there are no more vigorous and uncompromising opponents of the free-coinage movement in this country than those who, like The Outlook, believe in international bimetallism. In a letter published last week in the "Evening Post," of this city, General Walker protests against the frequently repeated charge that the movement in favor of international bimetallism has been one of the most influential factors in the development of the free-coinage movement, and, after expressing his indignation at this accusation, says: "Many causes have contributed to the present ill-omened gathering of the discontented, in all parts of the country; but in no small degree is it due to the arrogance with which the gold monometallist press has dealt with the question of the use of silver; the studied insolence with which the views of economists, statisticians, and statesmen favorable to bimetallism have been treated; the outrageous abuse to which millions of citizens of the United States have been subject from the same source." The Outlook has more than once made essentially the same statement—namely, that the height to which the free-coinage sentiment has risen in some parts of the country has been due in no small measure to the narrow, bigoted way in which the questions of coinage, banking, etc., have been presented and discussed by a group of monometallists. It has been assumed that the attempt, for instance, to secure a freer banking system, such as obtains in France or Scotland, was essentially revolutionary and dangerous, although it is generally admitted that our own banking system is in many respects ill adapted to the present needs of commerce in this country. The first duty of the hour is to settle the free-coinage question; the second will be to put our currency on a rational, intelligible basis, and to bring our banking system into conformity with the growth and the needs of the country.

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The Democratic State Conventions in Connecticut and New York have indorsed the Chicago platform as well as the candidates. The Connecticut Convention nominated for Governor Mr. Joseph B. Sargent, the well-known tariff reform manufacturer of New Haven. The New York Convention with gross inconsistency nominated Mayor Thacher, of Albany, an opponent of the free coinage of silver, but nevertheless a supporter of the "regular" nominees of his party. Mayor Thacher is a close friend of Senator Hill, and his nomination was attributed to Senator Hill's influence. In the West and South the most important political happenings of the week have been the negotiations for fusion between the Democrats and Populists. In North Carolina and in Kentucky there is now the prospect of a common electoral ticket, but the matter is still unsettled. North of the Ohio River, from Ohio to the Pacific, fusion seems to be everywhere an accomplished fact. In most States the electors are divided between Mr. Sewall and Mr. Watson in proportion to the votes cast by the Democratic and Populist parties at the last election. In Oregon and North Dakota, however, all of the electors favor Mr. Watson, while in California nine out of thirteen favor him. In Kansas, Colorado, and Idaho, on the other hand, all the electors favor Mr. Sewall. Mr. Watson's campaign speeches in the West, criticising Mr. Sewall as a monopolist, have in some places strained the relations between the two parties. Mr. Bryan continues to address immense audiences on his campaign tour, and Mr. McKinley continues to address immense delegations brought to his home in Canton. On Saturday night last there were nine of these visiting delegations at Canton, and the aggregate number of visitors was estimated as high as twenty thousand. Most of the delegations are, of course, from Ohio and Pennsylvania, but two of those on Saturday—the railroad men and the telegraphers—came from Illinois. Mr. Bryan last week passed through Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, delivering several speeches each day. His visit in the East is to be a very short one. He is to spend the entire month of October between West Virginia and Minnesota. This district is to be the real battle-ground of the campaign. The official returns from the Arkansas election make the Democratic plurality 55,000, as against 49,000 two years ago and 56,000 four years ago. The official returns from Maine make the Republican plurality 49,000, as against 39,000 two years ago and 13,000 four years ago.

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The public schools of New York opened September 14. It was discovered at once that the pressure on the schools would be very much greater than in former years. This was due not only to the natural increase in the number of the children of school age, but to the enforcement of the compulsory school law and to the mercantile establishment inspection law, which went into effect September 1. The schools in the tenement-house districts, already overcrowded, were those in which the increase in the demands for school accommodation were greatest; the fact having been forced upon the attention of the ignorant, the indifferent, and the poverty-stricken parents that the State is a factor in the life of the child. According to the statement of Superintendent Jasper, ten or twelve school buildings, with a seating capacity of from twelve to fifteen hundred each, should be erected at once to meet the needs of the children now crowded out of the public schools of the city. The overcrowding was felt at the schools at the top as well as the bottom. The seating capacity of the Normal College provides for an entrance class of 600. The entrance class of 1896 numbers 840. The total number registered was 2,300. At the City College 1,800 boys registered—300 in excess of any previous year. The Trustees of the Normal College have notified the Board of Education that additions must be made to the Normal College before the fall term of 1897. The new school law provides for the erection of high schools, and this part of the law is favored by the majority of the present Board of Education. It is quite probable that at least one high school will be erected during the next year. The pressure on the City and Normal Colleges is a most hopeful sign. It indicates the increased valuation put upon education by wage-earners. It shows also effort by the parent of limited means to increase the period of school life for his children.

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The need of free baths under the control of the city authorities was proved most conclusively during the extreme heat in New York last August. At the People's Baths, erected and maintained by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the number of bathers for the first fifteen days of August was 9,864, or an average of 778 per day. Of this number over one thousand were children. The bathers pay five cents each for the bath, with towel and soap. The city authorities ordered the baths on the river front kept open all night. The numbers who availed themselves of this opportunity were so large that it required the services of policemen to keep the waiting lines in order. The Legislature last March appropriated $200,000 to erect free baths in the city. The site is selected, and there the matter rests. The citizens are responsible for the delay. An influential demand for the erection of these baths at once would compel the authorities to act. The delay in the matter of the small parks is proof of what may be expected as to the completion of the public baths if the subject is treated with the same indifference by the people, who alone can compel action by the responsible powers.

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There is one more convincing evidence of the value to private citizens of having at the head of municipal departments men of high principles and integrity. The enforcement of the civil service laws in the police department in New York has resulted in the department appealing to young men of intelligence, character, and physical ability to apply for the vacant positions on the police force. Eight hundred appointments will be made within the next four months, and, for the first time in its history, the city is in the position of an employer of efficient labor, instead of that of a dealer who was bound to pay for the political service that degraded one of the most important branches, if not the most important branch, of municipal government.

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The Christian Citizenship Union of New Jersey, which is composed of Christian Endeavor Societies, Baptist Young People's Unions, Epworth Leagues, and Order Leagues of New Jersey—about two thousand five hundred societies altogether—issued, through its Executive Committee, which met a few days ago at Trenton, the following sensible address to voters:

"In each of eighteen counties of New Jersey a Sheriff is to be chosen at the November elections. The Sheriff practically selects the grand and petit jurors, and is guardian of the public peace and safety. With the Grand Jury must originate nearly all processes in the interest of public morality and the enforcement of law. With the petit jury rests the responsibility of rendering verdicts, and many citizens question the value and efficiency of the jury system, because of ignorant and manifestly biased jurymen selected.

"Experience has taught the people of this State that in the maintenance of law and order the shrievalty is of prime importance. The race-track gamblers used to say, 'We got the Sheriff, and they can have the rest.' At this time persons hostile to law enforcement are working to secure the election of men to this office who will do their bidding.

"The Sheriff has officially nothing to do with National issues. He has no part even in local legislation. The Christian Citizenship Union of New Jersey urges affiliated organizations and all good citizens to combine at their party primaries for the nomination of candidates for Sheriff who can be trusted to execute the laws.

"In the event of the failure of any party to nominate a trustworthy man, members of that party are urged to vote for a worthy nominee of another party, or, if there be none such, to place in the field an independent candidate. Let no law-abiding citizen be content to support a tolerably good man for this office."

Righteousness Before Peace

In days of change and uncertainty such as society is now passing through, one constantly hears the expression of regret for the "good old times" when the social order was undisturbed, the financial world placid, and the temper of mankind calm and reposeful. As a matter of fact, there never were any such tranquil times; society has always been changing, men have always been tossed to and fro like the waves of the sea. There have been, it is true, brief periods of reaction when political interest has ebbed and society has become sluggish and lethargic; but these have been negative and uninspiring periods, when life was least worth living. The periods when hope has been high, faith in human possibilities great, and interest in action and achievement intense, have been periods of movement and times of change. These have been the productive epochs in exploration, thought, invention, art, and adventure; the epochs when men have accepted life at its full value, and have lived deeply and passionately in emotion, conviction, and action. There are periods of restlessness which are disturbing without being progressive, which make men anxious without making them great in achievement. But even these periods are better than the periods of sluggish comfort and cowardly ease. It takes a great deal of movement to keep men morally and spiritually virile and vital; there is a tremendous sag downwards which must be constantly overcome by the invigoration of the higher nature. Men have never yet shown strength adequate to the temptations of easeful conditions; they have always visibly declined when the stimulus of danger and necessity has been withdrawn. In the Old Testament and in the history of all peoples God appears, not as a tranquillizer, but as a disturber of existing conditions: for the very good reason that conditions have never yet been what they ought to be. Those who long to be let alone cherish a vain hope; God will never let the human race alone until he has reorganized it on a basis of righteousness; until that time, so long as men have consciences, there will be stir, agitation, disturbance, and change. The fundamental gain of civilization lies in the fact that change, instead of being revolutionary and temporarily destructive as in earlier ages, has become evolutionary and constructive. In spite of many setbacks, false hopes, delusive schemes, and short-sighted efforts to accomplish artificially and arbitrarily that which can be accomplished only through moral reorganization, the world slowly moves forward and upward. That it does move is the evidence of a divine purpose behind its confused life, but in its very movement are involved the disorder, uneasiness, and peril of which so many complain as if they were new appearances in the life of men. In a progressive development stability is not to be sought in stationary conditions, but in the character of the change that is always taking place. The presence of God is evidenced by the fact that men are unable to rest so long as they are imperfect and the social order reflects their imperfection. Perfect peace can come only with perfect righteousness.

An Unburied Lottery

The State of Kentucky is still victimized by a lottery company. The State is not disgraced by it, because the State has done what it could for the lottery's suppression. In the new Constitution adopted five years ago the people of the State made the lottery an outlaw. But the Frankfort Lottery Company, enriched by a long-standing charter to impoverish and corrupt its patrons, sought and found refuge in the courts. In the county court at Louisville in 1892, with Mr. Carlisle for its attorney, it obtained a judgment in its favor in a suit brought by the commonwealth to prevent its further operation. This outrageous decision, directly violating the dictum of the Supreme Court of the United States that no government can make a binding contract inimical to public morals, was reversed on appeal by the Supreme Court of the State, Chief Justice Bennett declaring that the operation of a lottery was "in defiance of all law and order." The lottery company, however, did not submit, but appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. In some way not accounted for, the case has been permitted to remain undecided, and the Frankfort Lottery Company continues to defy "all law and order."

When our attention was directed to this state of affairs, we asked for corroboratory evidence. It came to us in the form of sworn affidavits from Mr. S. P. Shepard, the General Agent at Louisville of the Bankers' Life Association of Minnesota, and Mr. Frank Converse, the son of the editor of the "Christian Observer." These affidavits set forth that in order to establish beyond doubt the continued operation of the Frankfort Lottery Company, Mr. Shepard and Mr. Converse, on the 25th of August, called at one of the Louisville offices of the Company and purchased a lottery ticket reading as follows:

> THE FRANKFORT LOTTERY OF KENTUCKY
>
> The Frankfort Lottery of Kentucky, authorized by the Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky, approved March 16, 1869, and March 28, 1872, and the contract of December 31, 1875, and the amendatory contracts thereto, duly executed under said Acts.
>
> For the Benefit of the Public School of Frankfort, Ky.
>
> When the numbers on this ticket correspond with those on the register returned to the Manager, it will entitle the holder to such Prizes as may be drawn to its numbers, if demanded within three months after the drawing.
>
> 7. 9. 21.
> G 1600
>
> DECIDED BY DRAWING OF CLASS 404
>
> Office No. 42. ...., 1896.
> Third Street, near Main.
> ...., for the Management.

The lottery ticket accompanied one of the affidavits, which also contained a list of the addresses of forty lottery agents in the city of Louisville, as published in "Caron's Louisville Directory" for 1896.

That such a state of affairs should be permitted to continue in Louisville, in defiance of law, in defiance of the State Constitution, in defiance of the principle laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States, is a scandal of the first magnitude. From all over the country those who care for the suppression of the evils of the lottery, and those who protest against the still greater evil of the non-enforcement of law against moneyed institutions, ought to demand of the responsible authorities at Washington that the case against the Frankfort Lottery Company be pressed to an immediate decision.

The Higher Truthfulness

Mr. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," speaking of different types of veracity, makes some noteworthy observations, which are in point at a time of controversy like the present. Society could not exist at all without veracity of some sort between man and man. A high value is therefore set upon it, as the cement of the social fabric. Accordingly, commercial veracity is strongly insisted on; the lack of it is visited with social opprobrium; he whose word is as good as his bond obtains the highest esteem. It is not yet so with intellectual veracity or truthful dealing with ideas, especially argument or controversy. This, as Mr. Lecky says, is a higher type, and less common even among those who are scrupulous of truth in matters of a material and immediately practical nature. For lack of it controversy is blind, partisanship bitter, and those whose common interest is to know the truth are divided by misrepresentation and distrust into hostile camps. Theologians and churchmen have set the bad example, and it is no wonder that politicians and statesmen follow it.

Some one has well said, "Truth dwells underground;" it requires mining to get at it. A man who really values truthfulness as an element of character must gauge his interest in it by his effort for it. The real truth is rarely, if ever, all on one side of a controversy. To do justice to an opponent by looking from his standpoint at his side of the question, and in a temper which fraternally credits him with an honesty of purpose to reach the truth that is equal to our own, is a sort of gymnastic exercise; but it is indispensable to moral culture. For lack of it wars, persecutions, and all sorts of pernicious discords and delusions have been the retributive scourge of States and Churches.

That it even now requires moral courage to cultivate intellectual veracity is humiliating evidence of the little progress which Christianity has made in this direction. A man who is disposed to look for whatever truth may be with either party to a burning question, and be impartially just to each, must be prepared for contemptuous epithets, as half-hearted and vacillating, a compromiser, a trimmer. But the final honor remains with him. An illustrious example is not remote in our history. The Senators who voted against their party for the acquittal of President Johnson in the impeachment trial doomed themselves thereby to exclusion from political life, but they are now remembered for it as patriots who saved the country from a most perilous precedent.

To find pure truth in human reasonings, except in the exact sciences, is as rare as to find pure metal. In men who differ constitutionally, as well as otherwise, with various mental tempers and tendencies, it is found combined, as Dr. Holmes has wittily observed, with various "basic salts"—as the "smithate" of truth in Smith and the "brownate" of truth in Brown. This is a fact which Smith and Brown must in the end allow for in their effort for intellectual veracity as partners in a common search for truth, proving all things and holding fast what is good.

It is strange that any community which has learned to insist on the supreme importance of veracity in commercial exchanges, and in stating the facts of physical science, should be less concerned for intellectual veracity in its estimates of human thoughts, motives, and characters. To redeem one's self and others from the mischievous illusions under which, in consequence, one half of the community often lives regarding the other half—like that church-going party man who insisted that his pastor, being of the other party, could not preach the pure Gospel—is surely an urgent concern for every one who knows that regard for the reality of things is essential to a truly rational life.

The Commonwealth

VIII.—The Teacher

The progress of the world sometimes seems to an impatient spirit very slow. We forget that each new generation begins life afresh and has all to learn. How far the acquired qualities of the parent are transmitted to its offspring is a disputed question among biologists; but if qualities are inherited, experience is not. The babe comes with wholly unused powers into a wholly unknown world. If it were not for the teacher, he would have to repeat *all* the blunders of his predecessors and learn again by the same misfortunes the lessons they had learned by theirs. By the teacher's aid he acquires some of the results of experiences which he has not suffered, and receives, through abbreviated processes, wisdom which it has taken the world generations to acquire. Earlier generations cleared away the forest, dug out the stumps, carried off the stones, plowed and subsoiled the ground, harrowed and planted it. Under the guidance of the teacher the present generation enters with its sickle and reaps a harvest which others have prepared for its reaping. The saying, "Fools learn by their own experience, wise men by the experience of others," indicates the function of the teacher in the commonwealth: it is to make available, to such as are willing to learn, the experience of past ages.

There is even now, and there was formerly much more than now, a great deal of memoriter teaching which is relatively useless. We have known of a teacher in philosophy who required, or at least expected, the pupils to repeat verbatim the pages of the text-book, and teachers in geometry who were best pleased with a similar verbal accuracy in geometrical recitations. We do not say that such memoriter exercises are absolutely useless, because, for aught we know, they may have some effect in developing a purely verbal memory, and even a purely verbal memory, though the least practically important of acquirements, is not without its uses. But this is not teaching philosophy or geometry. Such a teacher should label his class, Class in mnemonics. Philosophy is taught only when the pupil apprehends the thoughts of great thinkers who have lived before him, and thinks their thoughts after them. Geometry is taught only when the pupil perceives the logical sequences in the demonstration and understands why the conclusion is reached and why there can be no other from the premises given. The memory is a valuable faculty, but it is only a means to an end, and when it is made an end in itself it is not a valuable faculty. The memory is a convenient storehouse wherein one keeps facts and principles assorted and arranged and ready for use. If it is retentive, and keeps them carefully and effectively, and if it is responsive, ready to give them up at any moment on call, it is invaluable. But it must be discriminating; must know what to remember and what to forget; and if it retains merely words and not ideas, and those words only long enough to give a good recitation to-morrow, it is quite useless. The pupil is not a phonograph, to give out on one day what has been spoken to him the day before.

The function of the teacher, we repeat, is to give to one generation the reservoired results of the experience of past generations, and thus facilitate and expedite human development. This the true teacher does, chiefly, in two ways: first, by imparting the results of such experience—that is to say, learning; and, second, by developing, in the process, the faculties of the pupil, and thus adding to his mental power—that is, to his wisdom. No teaching is of much use, we might almost say no teaching is of any use, which does not increase either the learning or the wisdom of the pupil—either his store of knowledge or his power to make good use of such store as he possesses. Thus the study of literature, rightly conducted, first of all acquaints the student with the great thoughts of great thinkers and enables him in some measure to make them his own; secondarily, enables him to think high and noble thoughts himself, or to express clearly such thoughts as he possesses; and, finally, to perceive the real life of humanity as it is interpreted by the great revelators of human experience. The study of history makes the student acquainted with the progress of the development of the race thus far, records its various experiments, indicates its failures and its successes, and gives the pupil, if he has been truly taught, the vantage-ground of familiarity with the past in his own endeavors to add to the world's well-being in the future, prevents him from repeating the blunders of his predecessors, shows him the highway of travel, guards him from straying off into experimental side paths which lead nowhere, and prevents him from thinking himself a discoverer of a new continent when in truth he is only following in the track of a host of previous explorers. The study of natural science puts the student in possession of what the world has already learned concerning the secrets of nature, and at the same time and by the same process develops his powers both of observation and of deduction; and so enables him to pursue still further the study of nature from the vantage-ground of knowledge won by others.

Humanity is a very slow pupil. It is extraordinarily reluctant to learn from the experiences of the past. It repeats over and over again, with dismal monotony, experiments the sole value of which is to confirm by new disasters lessons taught by previous disasters. That it makes any progress, learns anything, does not continue merely trying the same experiments and repeating the same failures generation after generation, that, though very gradually, it does learn something, that each generation takes some advantage, be it ever so little, of the work of previous generations, is due to the teacher. He harvests and stores the experiences of the past for the benefit of the future.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	$5,472 36
P. H. I	5 00
J. A. S.	5 00
Thankful	2 00
W. W., Springfield, Mass	5 00
Three Friends.	7 00
M. H., Brooklyn, N. Y	5 00
P. H. K., St. Louis, Mo	3 00
A Farmer, East Otto, N. Y	5 53
Congregational Sunday-School, Washington, Conn	25 00
The Friends' King's Daughters' Circle, Union Congregational Church, Providence, R. I	6 00
Clifton.	25 00
Y. P. S. C. E. First Congregational Church, Amherst, Mass.	10 00
Total	$5,575 80

The Spectator on the Great Lakes

" Good-by !"

A year or two ago the Spectator happened to see, in one of those vast welters of miscellany that force themselves upon us under the guise of Sunday newspapers, an item to the effect that the second greatest port in the world for the shipment of iron ore was the town of Escanaba, Michigan. The Spectator had never heard of the town of Escanaba, Michigan, and knew nothing of the Lakes as a medium for the transportation of ore. He had supposed, indeed, that the principal function of the Great Lakes was to supply water for Niagara Falls. The reading of the paragraph about Escanaba marks for the Spectator a great awakening. Before this he had imagined that, since the United States had abandoned commerce on the high seas in its own vessels, the coastwise and river traffic was the field in which our ships were mainly engaged; he found that, on the contrary, the majority of the large steam vessels of the country are now plying the waters of the Lakes. He had believed that the Suez Canal was by far the most important in the world; he learned that there is a canal officially called the " St. Mary's Falls Canal," between Lakes Superior and Huron, through which last year passed a total of 17,956 vessels, as against 3,334 through the Suez Canal; and that the total tonnage of vessels passing through the Suez Canal in the twelve months of 1895 was but 8,450,000, in round numbers, against 16,800,000,000 passing through the " Soo " Canal in the eight months of the same year during which it was open for navigation. He had wondered what had become of the American sailor and the American ship-builder who manned and built the white-winged clippers of old; he found that the American sailorman now sails the Lakes instead of the sea, and that at the beginning of this year more vessels were under contract in Lake ship-yards than had been built in the entire country during 1894 or 1895. The amazing proportions and growth of the Lake commerce are, in fact, realized by scarcely one in a hundred intelligent Americans, to whom the words "inland seas " have never taken on their full significance since they were first heard in the misty atmosphere of long-gone school-days.

Meeting a Sister Ship

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Another surprise that awaited the Spectator when he had decided to take a voyage on the Great Lakes was that there are magnificent passenger vessels on the Lakes. A trip on the Lakes does not mean close confinement on a slow, deep-laden, grimy ore-carrier. Any one who will glance at the picture at the head of this column will perhaps share the Spectator's disillusionment as he gazed at the great steel steamship, spotless in her white raiment, and suggesting a beatified "commerce-destroyer," as she lay at her pier in Buffalo. Here was a vessel built exclusively for passenger traffic, carrying no freight, in every respect equal and in many respects superior to the finest transatlantic liner. Outwardly he that has eyes may see this; of the ship's interior, he that has ears may hear of her woodwork in solid mahogany; of her parlor staterooms, with brass bedsteads, cheval mirrors, Persian rugs, and private bath-rooms; of her handsome saloon cabin, with its luxuriously upholstered sofas, its Steinway piano, its carved writing-desks, and its library wherefrom one may cull, according to his taste, " American Political Ideas," " The White Company," " A Little Book of Western Verse," or a little book of Eastern verse called the " Rubaiyát"—an old friend whose acquaintance the Spectator immediately renewed; of her white and gold dining-room, wherein one might almost fancy himself at Delmonico's or the Waldorf; and, if he is so minded, of her great engines, her ice-machines, her huge cold-storage rooms, and her—no, not her cook's galley, but her chef's culinary plant. This beautiful vessel is the " North West," of the Northern Steamship Company, and is under the command of a typical yet peculiarly genial representative of the "fresh-water sailor," Captain George Minar.

" The Gazing Rustics Ranged Around "

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" Inland seas " indeed are these lakes, but one does not realize this immediately on leaving Buffalo. The difficulty of getting clear of the mole that protects shipping from the storms that sometimes sweep Lake Erie reminds one of the troubles of the earliest steamboat in the same waters, when, as Schoolcraft narrates, " two miles after leaving Black Rock a very heavy rapid is encountered, in ascending which the assistance of oxen is required." Our oxen take the form of clumsy but officious little tugs, which lend their aid to nearly all large vessels. Once out on the open " sea," however, we shake ourselves free from all attendants, and rush through the shallow waters of Lake Erie at a speed of twenty miles an hour. The ordinary lake craft are not built for speed, and the only vessel on our whole three days' trip that puts us to our mettle is a handsome pleasure yacht that meets us on the picturesque waters of the Detroit River. The Lake has produced a peculiar type—or rather several types—of naval architecture. There are few exclusively sailing craft. One occasionally sees a combination of sail and steam, but as a rule a vessel's masts are used mainly for tackle, and on many, as in our own ship, there is no provision for sails. On the most novel contribution of the Lakes to the ship-building art—the whaleback—there are, of course, neither masts nor sails. The whalebacks, however, are not so numerous as the Spectator supposed they would be. The lakemen are prejudiced against them. " If I had money enough to build a ship," said one old freight captain to the Spectator, " I'd build a ship, and not one o' those blame scows!" While the whaleback is well shaped to withstand the elements, it is apparently not so well adapted for the comfort of the crew, whose quarters are very close and uncomfortable. The kind of craft which now seems to be most popular is the large three-masted iron or steel freighter, with the engines in the stern. Some of these, like the Sir Henry Bessemer, are over four hundred feet long, and carry four or five thousand tons of freight. They are ocean steamers—though never passing out of the Lakes—in all but draft. They seldom draw more than fourteen or fifteen feet, that being the usual depth of the shallowest channels.

A Lake Lighthouse

Some Types of Lake Shipping

In the "Soo" Locks

It is in the navigation of these shallow channels that the lakeman shows his skill. The lake captains, as a rule, know but little of the science of navigation. They never need to "take the sun." They steer from headland to headland, and are rarely out of sight of land. But in the art of handling their boats they are past-masters. They can bring a great ship up to a wharf, if need be, so neatly that she "wouldn't crack an egg." They are their own pilots. The "salter" gives up the command of his ship when he nears the land, and the pilot guides his vessel. That is just the time when the "laker" comes up from below and takes charge. And what an art is the management of a great ship in one of the narrow channels between the Lakes! There is an endless succession of orders such as "Starboard a little!" "Slowly!" "Stidday!" "Port engine half speed astern!" "Stop her!" "Start your starboard engine!" "Port a little!" "Faster!" "Hard over!" "Starboard!" "Catch her!" "Stid-day!" And that this is not mere sailor's jargon, but is meant for a purpose, and is necessary, every word of it, if the ship is to get safely through the tortuous channel, is emphasized by the three spars sticking out of the water near the "Sailor's Encampment," mute testimony to the necessity of caution if we would avoid a like fate.

* * *

"How do you like this life on the Lakes?" the Spectator asked of a sailor off duty one morning. The Spectator uses the word sailor advisedly, for this man had sailed on "salters" on the great Pacific. "Well," was the reply, "it's a pretty good job for the summer, but the season's short and a fellow's likely to be stranded in the winter. No, a man don't get much more of a chance to see his family here than on the 'salters.' Then the watches here are longer, and I don't like that. And I've never been forrard on this boat. On the Pacific, when you ship on a vessel, they send you over her with a 'pilot,' so you'll know the lay of things. But here you've got your own place, and don't know about anything else." This remark may indicate the "system" necessary on a vessel whose crew numbers nearly two hundred. As a rule, however, the Spectator observed less formality and less red-tapeism among the lakemen than are usually seen among the salt-water sailors. There is an air of Western democracy about these men. The messenger says to the mate, "Nine o'clock and all's well, sir," in a tone which indicates his distrust of the antiquated formula, and the mate addresses his men as "Dick" or "Bill" in an undertone which shows that he is on very friendly terms with them, and doesn't in the least desire the impersonality of the relations between officers and men on, say, a man-of-war. They are mostly well-spoken, straightforward men, these fresh-water sailors, with little of official dignity, and are not too self-important to answer sensible questions—though it does seem a little strange to them that anybody should get enthusiastic over the mere scenic attractiveness of a trip on the Lakes.

A Cool Morning on Lake Superior

* * *

The "Sailors' Encampment"

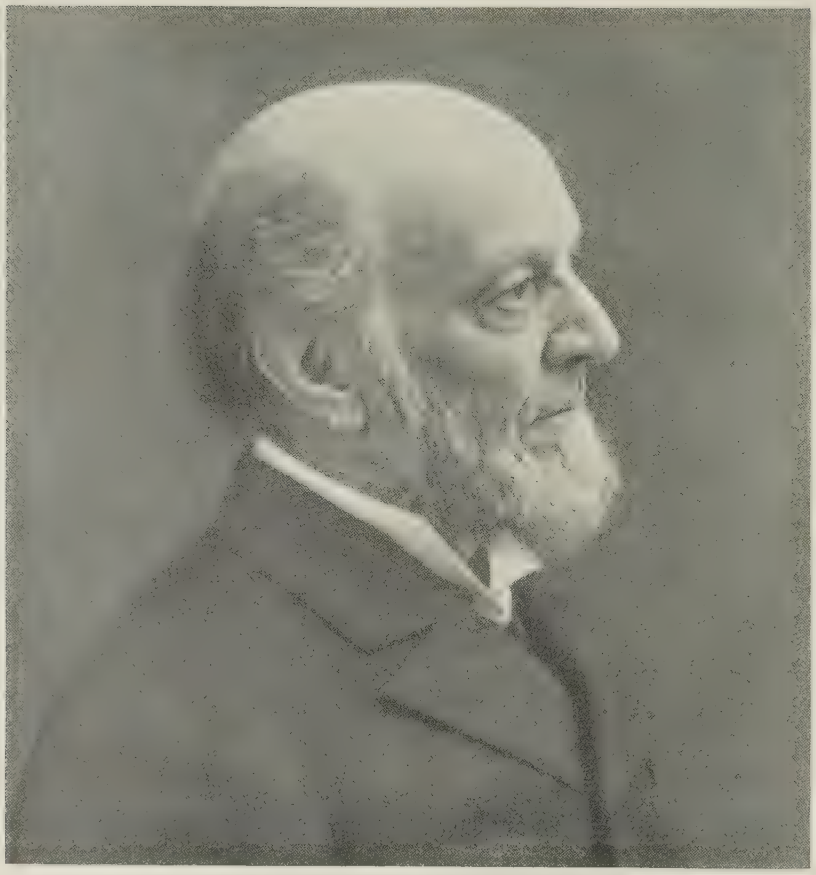
The most enjoyable part of this thousand-mile inland voyage from Buffalo to Duluth was, to the Spectator at least, the day on Lake Superior. The marvelously clear air, which seems to lend stronger lenses to our eyes as we view the passing ships and the fleecy clouds above; the fresh and bracing breeze, better than any liquid tonic, which makes us button up our overcoats and start walking-matches on deck—two laps to a quarter of a mile; the dark deep water, beautifully blue and clear as crystal, stingingly cold as we catch its spray on the lower deck when it breaks from the sharp steel beak of our mighty onward-rushing mass; above all, the sense of having around one an illimitable sea of this sparkling, precious liquid, enough to supply the cities of the world, to revivify Sahara, or to irrigate a continent if it could only be utilized—this new sensation of "water, water everywhere" and every drop good to drink—make one (saving the contradiction) almost intoxicated, inebriated with the proximity of the boundless blessings of pure water and pure air. The blessing of pure water is not, however, appreciated by the native boy to the extent which would seem natural. The Spectator saw no happy, skylarking boys bathing in these icy waters. He talked with a summer visitor on Isle Royale who had "taken a dip," but who did not wish to repeat the experience. This young man said that he had asked the Captain of a Lake Superior steamer why he carried life-preservers, the water being so cold that one could not long survive immersion. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "we carry the corks so that it will be easier to recover the bodies!" It is said that Superior's waters do not give up their dead, on account of their depth and coldness.

In "Little Venice"

* * *

Ocean voyages usually grow monotonous; not so a trip on a fast steamer on the Lakes, for there is a constant succession of novelties to rouse the attention. It may be historic Mackinac, with its picturesque headlands and its decadent fort, last year finally abandoned by the Government; it may be the St. Clair River, with its "little Venice" of cottages and clubhouses, the resort of Detroit's water-loving citizens; or a glimpse into Canada, with a hint of French and Indian in such an inn as the "Ashiganikaning, Leon Bellair, Prop.;" or a view of the famous copper country on Lake Superior, with the smoke rising from the "Calumet and Hecla," the richest copper-mines in the world; or here and there a whaleback, a lumber-barge, or a "sandsucker;" it may be, at night, the vast dim luminosity on the far horizon that indicates some large city, like Cleveland or Duluth, soon to appear to the groups of watchers on deck; it may be the antics of the eager newsboys at Detroit, throwing their rolled-up papers to the high hurricane deck of the steamer, and nimbly catching the profitable nickel in return; lastly, it may be the great Government locks at Sault Ste. Marie Canal—the canal which every year passes thirty per cent. more freight and twice as many vessels as enter and leave New York Harbor—where the passenger has an opportunity to go ashore and stretch his legs and wonder at the huge locks and their mechanism, and, if he chooses, to take an exciting trip in a canoe through the "Soo" rapids. And if this is not enough, the insatiable seeker for recreation may play shuffleboard on the ship's deck, or pitch quoits, or—take kodak pictures, or talk with his fellow-passengers, or write letters, or even (if he gets just a little weary of excitement after the long day) stretch himself out on a steamer chair on deck at night and look at the quiet stars, and the rippling waters, and the dim shores, and—be still. In any event, the tourist who makes the trip of the Lakes is sure to come back a wiser, healthier, happier man, with new ideas as to ocean travel in his own land, so to speak, and with a memory full of pleasant reminiscences to hearten him for his daily work.

Duluth High School (Head of the Lakes)



John H. Vincent.

The Founder of the Chautauqua Movement

By William R. Harper, D.D.

President of the University of Chicago

IT is a difficult and delicate task to write about one's friend, one's colleague, one's honored chief. It is difficult because, however strong may be the desire to appear and to be impartial, the temptation comes at every step to consider things from a special point of view. The task is delicate because one hesitates to reveal to the public his inmost feelings; in other words, to tell the whole truth as he regards it. The task, however, has been undertaken, and, though difficult and delicate, must be accomplished. There may be disadvantages in the study of a *living* subject, but surely there are also advantages, if it has been one's privilege to know the "subject" intimately and for a long period.

Is it true that one's early environment is a foreshadowing of later life? But what are the elements which enter into childhood's environment? It seems to me that all are included under two words—home and education.

The early home life of John H. Vincent was in many respects ideal. It was likewise exceptionally well adapted to his particular temperament. The principal elements which constituted this life were, in climactic order, an atmosphere of calm and quiet, characterized by religious vigor, sturdy adherence to principle, and high intellectual ideals; a father of Huguenot descent and Huguenot character, strong and sympathetic, zealous for right living and religion, stimulating in the highest degree the best elements in the character of his children; a mother whom the son himself calls "an incarnation of consistency, fidelity, self-sacrifice, and serenity," who "never uttered a rash or foolish word."

His education, while not as formal as he himself has always wished it might have been, was, after all, an education of true and broad type. It included elements which even the best school life may not furnish. One can easily understand how every day spent in this home life was a day of educational progress. With a strong emphasis laid upon intellectual culture, with a library carefully selected and continually used, with the frequent visits of ministers and prominent persons, in accordance with Southern ideas of hospitality and entertainment, the whole surroundings were educative in the best sense. There was also specific training in the earliest years; under a governess in the Pennsylvania home after leaving Alabama, and in public school, in Milton Academy, and in the preparatory department of Lewisburg University. A discipline as valuable as any other was secured during four years of teaching, beginning with his fifteenth year, and in this first independent work there was shown an exhibition of spirit which explains much that became prominently characteristic in later life.

When almost ready to enter college, the young Vincent was persuaded by unwise friends to give up the thought of a college course and to enter at once upon his life-work of preaching. To use his own words, "college was abandoned through the pressure of church influence and of personal conscientious conviction." Beginning to preach at the age of nineteen, his study henceforward was carried on in connection with pastoral work. It is an interesting fact that during the early years of his ministerial life he was impelled by his own ambition to undertake severe courses of study, including practically all the subjects of the college course. Realizing that his work henceforward must be done by himself and without the aid of technical teachers, he seems to have entered upon it with all the greater vigor because of the lack of direct assistance. Strangely enough, his instinct proved to be a correct guide. Nineteen men out of twenty who undertake to direct their own studies during this period of life waste the greater part of their time. It was not so with the founder of the Chautauqua movement. The ideals which had been placed before him in his earlier days, the conviction that in the providence of God he was to accomplish something—these, together with his unerring instinct, led him through a most vigorous and thorough discipline. Yet he himself says that the lack of a college education has been for him throughout life the "thorn in the flesh;" "one can scarcely conceive of the grief, made up of regret, discouragement, and mortification, which this fact occasioned me through most of the years of my mature life." It was only after a prolonged struggle that at last he gave up the thought of a college course. During this period of struggle, "effort after effort was made to bring conscience and circumstances into line with ambition and to break loose from the active ministry in order to complete a college course."

Can any one doubt that the Chautauqua movement owes its existence in large measure to the fact that its founder did not have the privileges of a college course of study, and to the almost morbid feeling which had its origin in this deprivation? In the history of his mature life one can see almost at every step the influence of this feeling. Every effort was put forth to secure that which would serve as a substitute for the much-desired college training of which he was deprived. It was out of this struggle—a lifelong struggle—that Chautauqua, in the broadest sense of the term, was born.

But before we leave this earlier life, which contained, indeed, the germ of all that followed, notice should be taken of the tendencies which manifested themselves most clearly, and of the ideas which seem to have exerted greatest influence upon his mind. Before he had reached the age of twenty-one, every important characteristic of his later career had already exhibited itself. He had shown himself to be an indefatigable *student*, working then, as he has worked throughout life, whenever occasion or opportunity presented itself, occupying every moment of leisure for the acquisition of some new line of thought, for the mastery of some new author. The standard fixed in these years never afterward suffered change. He had likewise already developed the methods of the *teacher*, beginning at the age of fifteen, and continuing the work through four years. Here was gained an experience in the art of presenting truth for the instruction of others, which has more clearly characterized him than perhaps any other American preacher of modern times. If we had before us that picture of John H. Vincent in his earliest years, with his school gathered about him, not in the school-house, but in the grove, the pupils seated very comfortably upon the rough seats which he and they had provided, we should have indeed a picture of Chautauqua in miniature. But stronger than the tendency to be a student, more marked than the ability to teach, was the religious tendency of his mind, and his ability *to preach*. He was told that for this great work he had been set apart in infancy by his mother. It was his conscientious regard for what seemed to be a call from Heaven that led him to sacrifice his intellectual ambitions and undertake the work of the ministry. There is a tradition that while still a child the disposition to preach had manifested itself. The deep spirituality of his nature, the peculiar strength of the religious feeling which controlled him, the marked simplicity of his faith—these pointed unmistakably toward the work which, after all, was to be uppermost in his life. Throughout this period the influences to which he responded most easily, and by which he was most thoroughly controlled, were those of religion and of the natural world about him. The example and teaching of father and mother, together with a God-given appreciation of the value of religious faith and life, formed a character which was to continue its development in the same lines for many decades. But

THE STUDY, TOPEKA

in close connection with this was the influence exerted upon him by nature. Again I use his own words: "Nature was full of wonder to me, and wielded a strange influence over my life. The stars, the night-winds, the thunder, the clouds piled up like towers at sunset, the ripples on the bosom of the river, the dark line of the Montour mountains in full view from my house—all these, and everything else in nature, took hold upon me, filling me with unrest and longing that grew at times into a sort of torture. Everything had religious relations and intimations, and my own life during these earlier years was often morbid, and sometimes wretched." All this must not be forgotten in our effort to estimate his later life.

THE PARLOR, TOPEKA

The special fields of work in which John H. Vincent has shown his power are the varied fields of religious and educational activity. In 1866 he became interested in Sunday-school work, and soon began to give his whole attention to the subject. But he never became a Sunday-school "hobbyist," for he always treated the subject, not as something isolated, but rather in its relation to the home, the pulpit, and the pastorate. Few, perhaps, are aware of his relationship to the earliest Sunday-school lesson-leaves and Sunday-school helps. He originated in outline a detailed lesson-leaf and periodical note system as published by the "Sunday-School Teacher," afterwards called the "National Sunday-School Teacher." He founded the "Northwestern Sunday-School Quarterly," afterwards changed to the "Chicago Teacher," a monthly, from which developed the International lesson system which has played so prominent a part in Bible study throughout the Protestant world. A little later he inaugurated the Berean system of lessons. Nothing shows the spirit of the man better than an address (given in 1871), recommending the home Sunday-school, from which the following brief extract is taken: "Visit the homes of the people and organize Sunday-schools there. We say to our Western farmer, If you live on the border, ten miles from every other human being, organize a Sunday-school. If there are only two persons in your house, open a Sunday-school. Sit down and read a portion of God's Word together, talk about it, memorize it, honor it. Save one or two dollars and send for a library of six or eight books. Give your little gem of a home Sunday-school a name, report its existence, seek God's blessing, and keep at work fifty-two Sabbaths a year." In this same connection, in speaking of "window-sill gardens," he says: "If but two or three families live within reach, get them together for a Sunday-school. We know it will require faith and forbearance, patience and love, but this may be had in unlimited measure. On window-sills of the fifth story of crowded tenement-houses in the city we have seen flower-boxes filled with earth, green vines springing up from them and shading the windows. In Palestine we have seen flowers, green grass, and frequent shrubs blooming in tiny clefts and in thin crevices, on the rock and on narrow terraces. Despise not the day of small things. Verdure and bloom and fruit may come where there is just soil enough for them to grow. Despise not this little cluster of insignificant houses in out-of-the-way country places. Where you can get a handful of children or adults, organize a Sunday-school. A Shakespeare, a Milton, a Whitefield, a Peabody, may be there. But of this be sure: where five lowly souls are, there are five immortals, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and although their names are never known beyond the limited neighborhood in which they were born, you may register their names in the Book of Life. There they will shine forever." To measure his influence in the work of the Sunday-school, it is only necessary to recall the fact that for twenty-two years he was Secretary of the Sunday-School Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Directly and indirectly, his work in the Church has been one of greatest influence. Nor has this influence been limited in any way to the denomination with which he is identified. In the Sunday-school institute, in the pulpit, and, indeed, everywhere, he has been recognized as contributing to the progress and advancement of the Church at large in all its branches. When, in 1888, he was elected Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, the feeling was general that one who belonged to all the denominations had now been set apart for special work in a single denomination, and that consequently there had been taken away from the other denominations that which rightly belonged to them. This feeling even yet exists.

The literary work of Chautauqua's founder can only be mentioned in a word. More than a score of volumes from his pen have been published. These books, always read with eagerness, include a discussion of technical as well as practical questions, pedagogical as well as ecclesiastical topics, exegetical as well as homiletical material, secular as well as Biblical history. No more charming pages have been written by a traveler than those which are to be found in the brochures, "To Old Bethlehem" and "In Search of His Grave." In the domain of college work his influence has been most widely exerted, both directly and indirectly. There is no institution of learning in America to which John H. Vincent is not a most welcome visitor. His three years of service at Harvard as preacher, where his success has given him without question a position next to that of Phillips Brooks, his

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE, TOPEKA

THE MAIN RECITATION HALL, CHAUTAUQUA

sermons from time to time at Yale University, which have been received most graciously by the students in spite of the compulsory chapel attendance, his sermons and addresses at Cornell University and at the University of Chicago, his lectures at the Johns Hopkins University, have indicated his power over college students and his ability to interest them in the subject of religion. By voice, by pen, and by the Chautauqua service he has devoted his energies unceasingly to the cause of higher education. His service in that cause has been all the more zealous because of his appreciation of the loss incurred in early life by reason of his failure to receive a college education.

But the friends of Bishop Vincent to-day will agree that his greatest work has been done at and in connection with Chautauqua. If the word Chautauqua signified only the local Chautauqua with its Assembly, its Sunday-School Normal, its Schools of Sacred Literature, its Schools of Philosophy, Ancient Literature, Modern Literature, Mathematics, and Science, its School of Physical Culture, its schools of practical work in every line of effort, and its platform lectures given by men of every country and of highest position, the work would have been a great work, and more than sufficient to assure a lasting fame. But it will be remembered that the local Chautauqua is really something small and insignificant when compared with the world-wide Chautauqua. When we recall the scores of Chautauqua Assemblies established throughout the United States, the Oxford summer meeting established on the basis of the Chautauqua idea, the hundreds of thousands of readers who have been connected with the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, the tens of thousands of homes into which a new light has penetrated as a result of the Chautauqua idea, the hundreds of thousands of books which have been bought and read by those who were eager for a learning which had been denied them, we obtain a faint conception of the meaning and significance of the term Chautauqua.

Bishop Vincent

THE HALL IN THE GROVE, CHAUTAUQUA

For what will Bishop Vincent's name stand in the far-distant future? As what will he be best known? As student, preacher, or teacher? I do not hesitate to say that his fame will go down to our children's children *as a teacher and an educator.* His work has influenced for good the cause of education more strongly than that of any man living today. What are the ideas which he has emphasized? The answer may be given briefly: (1) Education and life are inseparable, indeed identical, and consequently this thing called education is something which should be continuous, never ceasing, lasting as long as life lasts. What is life but a period of training for something higher and beyond? Education is also something which should be symmetrical, running parallel with life itself and adapted to the needs and necessities of life. His mother's doctrine, reiterated by his father, he tells us, was, "Education without religious faith and life is valueless." That this doctrine sank deep into the heart of the son his whole life bears testimony. Still, education must be broad and comprehensive, not a little here and a little there, but something everywhere, and to be regarded as ideal only in proportion as it makes one able to deal with the problems of life, and brings him into contact with all the culture of the higher life of civilization. (2) Education is not to be confined to formal study. It includes this, but it includes much more. Books alone are insufficient. One must come in contact with people, and especially with "the ablest men and women, specialists, scientists, littérateurs," "great teachers who know how to inspire and quicken minds," and from whom a special inspiration may be gained for the doing of special service. One must travel at home and abroad, and bring himself into contact with the localities in which the great lives of the world have been lived and its great events enacted. Perhaps more may be gained than in any other way from personal thought and meditation, in hours during which one is able to examine himself and hold before his soul a mirror in which shall be reflected his inner life and thought. (3) Education is not limited to any place or places. It should be the highest work of the home, and the entire policy of the home life should be directed towards the encouragement of that kind of living which shall be essen-

LANDING PIER ON LAKE CHAUTAUQUA

TENT COLLEGE AT CHAUTAUQUA

BY THE LAKESIDE

tially educative in its character. It will of course be the exclusive work of the school; but outside of school, at the desk, in the factory, anywhere and everywhere, the desire to secure it should be the most intense desire of the human heart. (4) Education shall not be restricted in time. At no stage in life should one feel that his education has been finished. There is no age at which the work of education is impossible. Every man should be a student every day through all the days of life. Very striking are the words with which Bishop Vincent closes his article in the "Forum," "How I was Educated:" "I am in school now as a student every day, and unfinished *curricula* reach out into undefined futures. I shall never 'finish' my education."

These are the principles which underlie the Chautauqua movement; the factors which have entered into that movement to make it so great a success; the ideas for which the founder of Chautauqua has stood and to-day stands. Does some one suggest that these ideas are commonplace; that every one accepts them; that, indeed, they have never been denied? This, perhaps, may be true, but it is Chautauqua's founder who has made possible for many the realization of these ideas, who has laid such emphasis upon them, and given them such prominence that to-day they are the common property of all. Their extended prevalence, it should be remembered, is due in large measure to the world-wide work of Chautauqua.

In conclusion, no one who has been associated with Bishop Vincent has failed to observe two striking characteristics, both of which are closely related to what has already been said, both of which would be expected in a man of his antecedents. As he grows older in life he does not grow narrower. His views are constantly expanding, and his interest in the work that is going on about him increases every day. This is explained by his constant reading and studying, which have become a life habit. At the same time he stands loyally by what he believes to be the fundamental truths of his Church and his theology. No one is in doubt as to his position upon every essential question. This double characteristic which presents itself so clearly is perhaps the truest index of his character.

No man ever heard Bishop Vincent speak without respecting him. No man ever came into close touch with him without loving him.

ON THE LAKE

Three Poems

A Lesson from Nature

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose—
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting!
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail when man is gone.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Work

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dewdrop with another near.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Theocritus

O Singer of the field and fold,
Theocritus! Pan's pipe was thine,—
Thine was the happier age of gold!

For thee the scent of new-turned mold,
The beehives, and the murmuring pine,
O Singer of the field and fold!

Thou sang'st the simple feasts of old,
The beechen bowl made glad with wine,—
Thine was the happier age of gold!

Thou bad'st the rustic loves be told,
Thou bad'st the tuneful reeds combine,
O Singer of the field and fold!

And round thee, ever-laughing, rolled
The blithe and blue Sicilian brine, —
Thine was the happier age of gold!

To-day our songs are faint and cold,
Our Northern suns too sadly shine;
O Singer of the field and fold,
Thine was the happier age of gold!

—*Austin Dobson.*

"RURAL SIMPLICITY"
Bramber Church, England

The Rural Church

I.—"A Cathedral in a Bandbox"

By J. Cleveland Cady

IT is related that a few years ago the good people of a pretty village, not remote from the great metropolis, having with considerable effort and sacrifice secured a few thousand dollars for the building of a rural church, went to an eminent architect for advice and designs. Their committee were quite aflame with schemes and ideas for the new building—much, indeed, as the private citizen is apt to be when contemplating the erection of a house for his own family. Many of them had sought the available books on Church Architecture, and fastened upon some especial feature or features that seemed to them supremely desirable. One hoped that "whatever else might be lacking, the church would have a plenty of gargoyles, as they were the most charming features of any church." Another greatly admired flying buttresses, and desired to have one or two, "to give it such a cathedral effect," and, when a more practical brother remonstrated that they were unsuitable for their little church, as they were the constructive features of great vaulted naves, replied that "they were remarkable triumphs of construction, and one would certainly be a very educational feature in the town." Still another desired the highest spire in the county, urging that it could be cheaply done in slate, and so "not only be a lofty landmark, but a monument to their economy and ability to make much out of little." A member who was specially interested in matters ecclesiastical longed for "nave, aisles, transept, and an ambulatory—an ambulatory, if possible."

The committee presented their ideas very fully to the eminent architect, who heard them patiently, and when they had concluded said: "Did I understand you to say that you had seventy thousand dollars to begin with?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the chairman, "we have *seven* thousand in all. It's not a large church that we want—only a little village church to seat two or three hundred persons."

"Oh! I see," replied the architect—"you want a cathedral in a bandbox."

This desire for a "cathedral in a bandbox" has for a long time been the bane of our rural churches. It is not always a Gothic cathedral which is desired, but, whatever may be its style, it is apt to be a building of a too pretentious type for the means in hand, the community, or the uses required. This naturally leads to an unsubstantial and tawdry structure—perhaps the most despicable combination that can be thought of. The moldings and ornaments, which on account of expense cannot be carried out in solid material, are executed in some inferior substance or in imitation of the genuine, and so the whole affair is disgraced, not only by poor material and work, but by the evident desire for ostentation, even if attained by a mockery, and by the fact that, if it teaches the community any lesson in connection with the worship of God, it is that display is the most desirable of attainments, and in the church, as in the world, "keeping up appearances," however false, is essential to success.

Some time ago, as the writer was journeying through a beautiful portion of New England, far from railroads and works that reminded of the active forces of the time, but where mountain and lake scenery were of marvelous loveliness, upon passing around the side of a mountain he came in view of a little hamlet nestling in the hills—a scene that must once have been one of rare charm, but which was now quite spoiled by a church that had recently been erected.

It was a cruciform building with a large square tower at the intersection of nave and transepts. The roof of the tower (which presented quite an extensive surface from any point of view) was covered with tiles which seemed to be of the brightest scarlet, and which, of course, had nothing in common with the natural surroundings, but was always asserting itself in the most positive manner, giving the "rash gazer" constant provocation to "wipe his eye."

Another extremely inharmonious and staring color effect, even at a distance, was the glazing of the windows, which were showily done in opalescent glass, a material which, however fine in its interior effect, is liable to distressing exterior results unless managed with great care. Here the crude blues and whites of the "art glass," as tradesmen nowadays delight to call it, did their best to vie with the scarlet tile of the tower, and, it must be confessed, with no mean success.

The nearer approach to the building did not reveal any mitigating features. The elaborate cornice of the central tower proved to be of galvanized iron, painted to match the stone of the walls; the greatly foliated window-tracery was of wood, the joints and cracks of which were opening in many places; the ornate cappings of buttresses and pinnacles were of cement or artificial stone; the showy, clumsy finials and crestings were of cast iron, but gilded in so generous a manner that they added still more to the glaring effect of the building.

Later inquiry brought out these facts: that the summer boarders in this lovely mountain region desired a house of worship, had contributed liberally towards it, and, finally, the large subscription of a wealthy lady completed the amount deemed necessary; that it was thought a fitting and happy thing to make it a memorial to a home missionary who had spent his life—a most laborious and self-denying one—in that part of the country; that the fashioning of the building had been put in the hands of a young architect who was summering in the neighborhood; that it was soon likely to be closed, as it was some five thousand dollars in debt, it having been found that so much "elegance" could not be secured for the sum contemplated.

This story of a village church is not an unusual one. In the failure to take a simple type of building which could be admirably and solidly built within the means at disposal, which would from its very simplicity be likely to harmonize with its natural surroundings and add to their charms, many a pretty countryside has had its beauty ruined by a building of a style so pretentious as to be unfitted for its place and purpose, and so inherently expensive that it could be built only in a cheap and flimsy manner, even then running its founders into debt.

How often, as we journey in England or France, we are strongly attracted by the village churches, until at length we come to watch for them as among the most pleasing objects to be met! They seem so simple, so effective, so suited to their sites, and so in harmony with nature generally. Not only are the most refined and cultivated charmed by them, but every one declares them "picturesque" and "lovely," and has a feeling that they could not be other than they are without a distinct loss to the little town or hamlet.

And what are the factors from which the little buildings receive this beauty and interest?

Usually low, massive walls of rugged stone; an immense roof that surmounts them, with few or possibly no features to break its surface (which gets quite enough relief from its rough, deep-toned covering); a few simple but well-located windows, and occasionally the walls between them strengthened by bold, irregular buttresses. Very likely there may be a low, sturdy stone tower connected with the building at some unexpected point, or growing out of its composition—often, however, seeming quite an accidental matter.

Who has not met with such buildings again and again, and longed to transport them to his own neighborhood, or at least reproduce their like?

They were sometimes the crowning glory of the town. They had lasted for numberless decades, and deserve as many in the future, gathering around them the associations, affection, and interests of generation after generation. They cannot become out of fashion, for they have never entered into the passing fancies and fads of the time. Their reasonableness, simplicity, and honesty have in them the elements of the best taste, and must always command admiring respect. The most of these churches were less expensive to build than the New England church described in the early portion of this article. Their few simple and solid features cost less than the aggregation of trashy ones that made the latter distressing.

What, then, is the important lesson taught in regard to rural churches by the good and bad examples we have considered? Is it that we should build only very simple and ingenuous buildings, but very real and solid?

Is it not, rather, that no scheme of building should be attempted that cannot be carried out thoroughly and appropriately?

If there is ample means to build grandly, as has been the case in many of the foreign towns, it is a subject of congratulation for the place and the public at large; the building, if carried out in a monumental manner, becomes a distinguishing feature of the town and does it great honor; but if, as is often the case, only moderate means are available, and our rule of procedure necessitates a very simple style of building, we have already seen that simplicity and beauty go hand in hand, and that, when excellent in their way, the humbler as well as the grander buildings are objects of general admiration—are often famous. The only requisite is that each should be excellent in its own way.

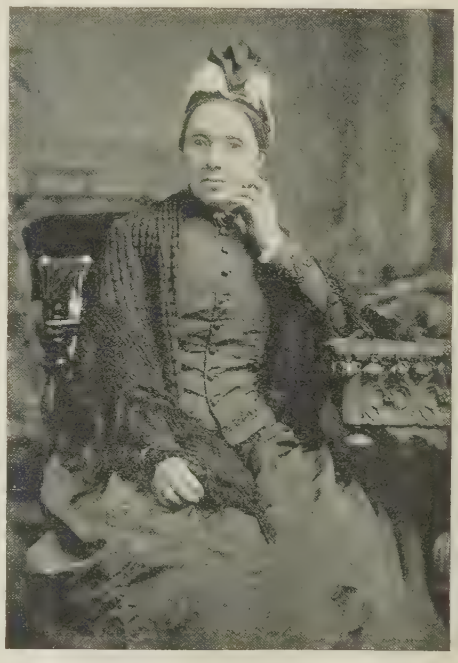
Moderate means is not the greatest of misfortunes if used in the right direction. The trouble comes when that is attempted which is not in keeping with the means or circumstances of the case—when the attempt is made to build "a cathedral in a bandbox."

Margaret Ogilvy

A Visit to Mr. Barrie's Mother

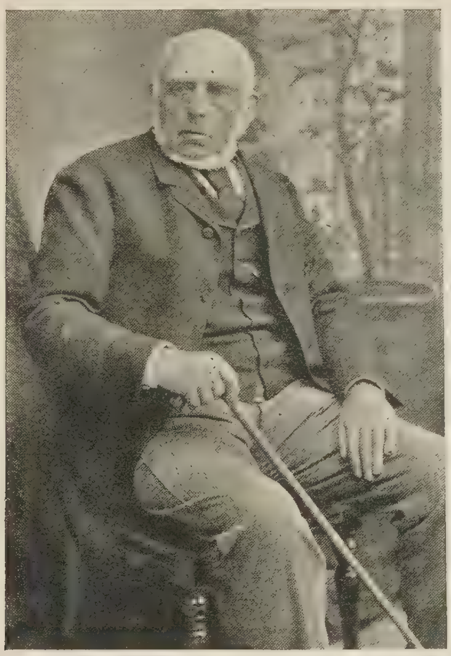
By Ellen Painter Cunningham

The light of Mr. J. M. Barrie's literary success shone from one of the first signal-fires kindled by the recently rising School of Scotch Authors. As it was Mr. Barrie's mother, Margaret Ogilvy, who, from her memory's retentive stores, fed the flames of his genius with many fagots of facts, and as it was also she who fanned the sparks of his earliest achievement with the inspiring breath of encouragement and appreciation, it is indeed appropriate, at this



MARGARET OGILVY
(Mrs. Barrie)

season of the first anniversary of her death—the 3d of September—for Mr. Barrie to illumine her memory with the reflected light of his fame, by publishing "Margaret Ogilvy," in her honor. The affectionate appropriateness of this tribute is best understood by those who best knew the perfect sympathy of their relations, the afterglow of which may perhaps receive a more personal tinge of coloring from these few reminiscences of an American's visit to Mrs. Barrie and her surroundings—"Thrums."



MR BARRIE'S FATHER

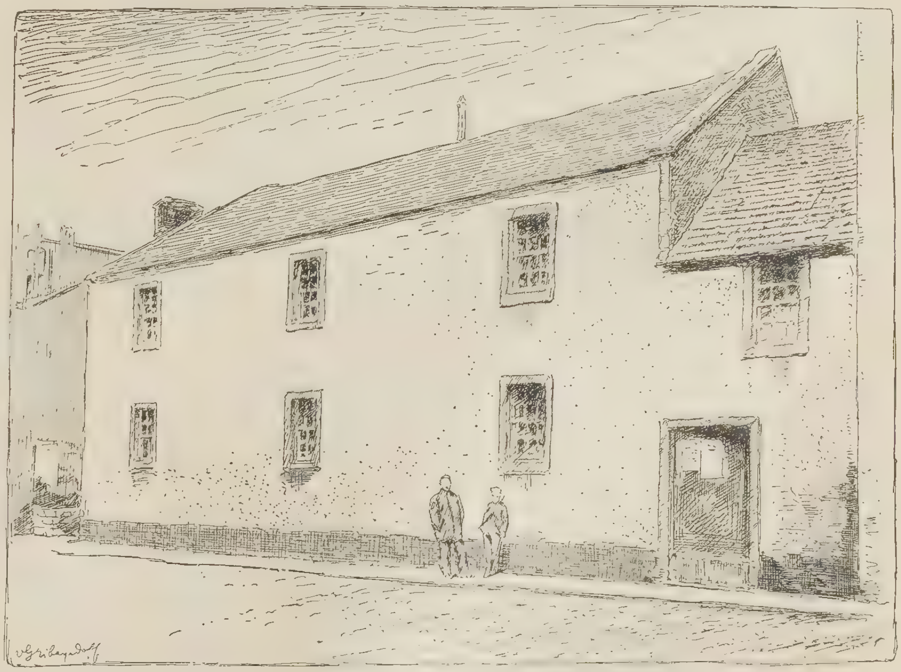
Kirriemuir—"Thrums"—located sixty-odd miles north of Edinburgh, was visited even in the summer of 1890 by 3,500 pilgrims, who voiced a small part of the Scotch applause. A local guide-book has now been published, and one of Scotland's best photographers has taken pictures of the famous village, to satisfy the demands of enthusiastic visitors. In 1891 it was the privilege of the writer, in company with two Scotch friends, to be shown the Barrie landmarks of the town by one of its former provosts, Mr. Ogilvie, who knew the Barrie family. The epicurean sightseer, accustomed to picturesque fare, finds little to suit his taste here. The streets are treeless and relentlessly monotonous, unenlivened by the gay flowering window-boxes which are so familiar a sight in humblest English homes.

A small eye of a window is quite a common feature, and lends an architectural squint to the village countenance. Typifying the Scotch propensity for presenting the most unattractive aspect possible, the small red sandstone dwellings apparently "turn their backs on the public," being generally entered through a rear garden, and with no door opening upon the street. Any one accustomed to the American version of "tenement" would be surprised to hear that term applied to the row of two-storied houses (in one of which Mr. Barrie was born) to distinguish them from the ordinary *one*-storied cottages.

Mr. Barrie asserts that many of the "Thrums" weavers "lived and died 'Thoreaus' without knowing it," and he had every opportunity for forming this opinion, as his father, still living, hale and hearty at eighty years of age, was a hand-loom manufacturer who employed several men, and carried on the weaving on the first floor of his dwelling. In former times, during the dark Northern winter days, often one weaver read aloud some paper, thus supplying his companions with topics for discussion, while a small hanging "cruizee," primitive in its whale-oil and rush pith, feebly furnished artificial light; but it is told how mischievous "laddies," not more contented then than now with the sober light of knowledge and philosophy, would delight in slyly cutting the "cruizee's" string, momentarily illuminating the darkened scene by a flash of fun!—one more glimpse of "Thrums" villagers, who, if philosophical and humorous, are also, it appears, eminently independent and self-respecting, for a shoemaker who, in consequence of his friendship for one of her Majesty's gillies, had received repeated orders to make shoes for the Queen—the condition of satisfaction, *comfort*, being complied with—still sturdily refused to consider himself or his work improved by royal patronage (thus differing from London's gayly emblazoned shopkeepers of Piccadilly and Regent Street), and scorned to placard his shop "Bootmaker to the Queen"! .

The "Auld Licht Kirk" building and the Town Hall in the market-place especially demanded attention, for they echoed loudest with the public life of the past. The Town Hall still stands; from the outside stairway of which, according to an old custom, the sales for the coming week were formerly announced on Sunday.

The "Auld Licht Kirk" building, demolished since the writer's visit to it, was built of stone, painted white, and its form in nowise suggested ecclesiastical affairs. The floor was of stone and earth. Several hundred people could be accommodated, but the attendance had dwindled to thirty or forty faithful souls, who dauntlessly aspired to a new edifice. The minister's pew, located in a corner near the entrance, was the only one upholstered, contained a cloth-covered center-table, and could be closed by a narrow door. When the building was torn down, Mr. Barrie purchased the old pulpit and precentor's desk—the latter being the identical one from which "Lang Tammas"—such a conspicuous figure in "The Little Minister"—used to run his neck forward as he gauged the keynote for the Psalms.



THE AULD LICHT KIRK

Not far from the little cottage "on the brae," reputed to contain the original "*Window* of Thrums," one finds the rose-grown latter-day home of Mr. Barrie's parents, where he returned every summer to visit. Mr. Ogilvie (the before-mentioned host of the party) having already obtained permission to bring us, his acquaintances, to call, we passed through the little garden to the two-storied stone house. Miss Barrie, a daughter who lived at home, opened the door and conducted us upstairs to the sitting-room. The home was suggestive of the literary son—in the pen-and-ink sketch of himself, in the hundreds of books (mostly reviewed by him) filling one end of the library downstairs, and in the photographs of his friends—viz., Mrs. Oliphant, Thomas Hardy, and George Meredith. Grant Allen, another friend, was one of the earliest and stanchest heralds of Mr. Barrie's rising reputation. A print of Thomas Carlyle reminds one that Mr. Barrie, when a boy, used to see him occasionally in Dumfries, and is reported to credit Carlyle with having been "the only author who ever influenced him." A few flowers and an etching of one of Orchardson's pictures gave additional touches of distinctive refinement to the sitting-room.

THE WINDOW IN THRUMS

Mrs. Barrie received us with great cordiality, being particularly interested in the fact that one visitor was an American, from whom she requested a card to show her son—presumably as a proof of how widely his renown had traveled. She was vivacious and chatty, speaking such "broad" Scotch, however, that even a young Scotch woman of the party could not altogether understand the following anecdote related of a certain Babbie, in response to an inquiry about the incident, which occurred in the days when the women of the "Auld Lichts" wore the "mutch," a double-frilled white cap with black ribbons. A clever Scotch friend, who heard Mrs. Barrie, wrote down what she said, which ran about as follows: "I mind fine o' that, for I saw'd mysel'. Ye see, it was in the auld days when they gae oot the line. Ye ken, efter the minister had gaen oot the Psalm, the precentor read oot the first line, and then they sang it; an' syne the second line, an' so on, for the benefit o' them that couldna read. Ah, weel, they chaenged that, and sang the Psalm richt through. But Babbie couldna pit up wi' that awa, and so, when the Psalm was ridden, she used to loup up from her seat and make for the door. But some mischievous laddies, ae Sabbath, nailed up the door, and sae when Babbie tried to get oot she couldna win, but buit bide, whether she likit it or no." Mrs. Barrie seemed to relish the amusing discomfiture of the "mutched" heroine so keenly that it was easy to believe that her son had been obliged to desist from reading her the most humorous parts of his writings, because they brought on the *haoust* (cough). Regretting her son's absence, Mrs. Barrie affectionately produced from folds of tissue-paper a photograph of him taken when he was only five or six years old, and already the forehead, so striking a feature in maturity, dominated his face.

On parting from Mrs. Barrie she gave the writer photographs of herself and husband, saying of her own, as she almost misspelled her name in the excitement of writing it, "Ye mauna make it marrow (match) o' me!" Indeed, no photograph *could* give a satisfactory idea of her face, for the pale gray eyes and large mobile mouth responded to every thought and feeling. The picture of Mr. Barrie's father showed that his nationality would be patent the world over.

Whatever is known of Mrs. Barrie's assistance of and influence upon her son, several instances of his reciprocal interest in her life have not been generally mentioned—namely, that he always attended church with her whenever she was able to go out, and also that, in spite of the distractions of London and the absorbing joys of newly wedded life, for two years before her death he wrote daily, keeping his beloved old mother in touch with the outside world. The climax of tender, persistent consideration was that, although Mr. Barrie's handwriting is usually rather illegible, he took the trouble to write plainly enough for his mother to read his letters herself.

Surely the constant devotion of Mr. Barrie to his mother must give a luster to his fame as bright as the golden broom blossoms crowning his native braes; and if one wanders outside Kirriemuir for a farewell view of the foothills of the beautiful blue Grampians—royally blue in the distance—perhaps one could not honor Mrs. Barrie's memory better than by pausing beside the "wishing stone" mentioned in "The Little Minister," and wishing that the relations between all mothers and sons, famous or obscure, on whichever side of the Atlantic, may be more unswervingly loving and sympathetic because of those between Mrs. Barrie and her son.

JAMES M. BARRIE

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The Chicago "Times-Herald" says: "In the proffered use of another half million dollars' worth of property, the University of Chicago is now in the way to possess the most splendid inland lake biological station in the world. This magnificent supplement to the Hull gift of $1,000,000 for biological laboratories is due to Mrs. Edward Roby, E. A. Shedd, and C. R. Shedd, owners of the property. It makes possible for the University to control all the land and water it desires of the 3,000 acres around Wolf Lake and the channel connecting it with Lake Michigan. To secure such a station, Professor Whitman, head professor of zoölogy, has labored ever since he came to the University."

The Children in the Public Library

By John Cotton Dana

Librarian of Denver Public Library, President of American Library Association

WHAT to do with the children in the free public library is still one of the unsettled problems in library economy. For the comfort of elder readers it is certainly desirable that children should not come in large numbers into the main part of any library in which the public is given access to the shelves. It is desirable also, and for the same reasons, that they should be admitted only to a moderate degree to the main reference-rooms or reading-rooms of any library. On the other hand, if they are chiefly confined to a room of their own, one containing only the books in all classes which their elders think adapted to children's use, they will lose some of the advantages which would come from access to and contact with books intended primarily for older needs than their own. And when we consider the horrid dreariness of most of the books—and especially of those outside of fiction—which well-meaning souls have written for children, the possible loss in this direction seems very great and very deplorable.

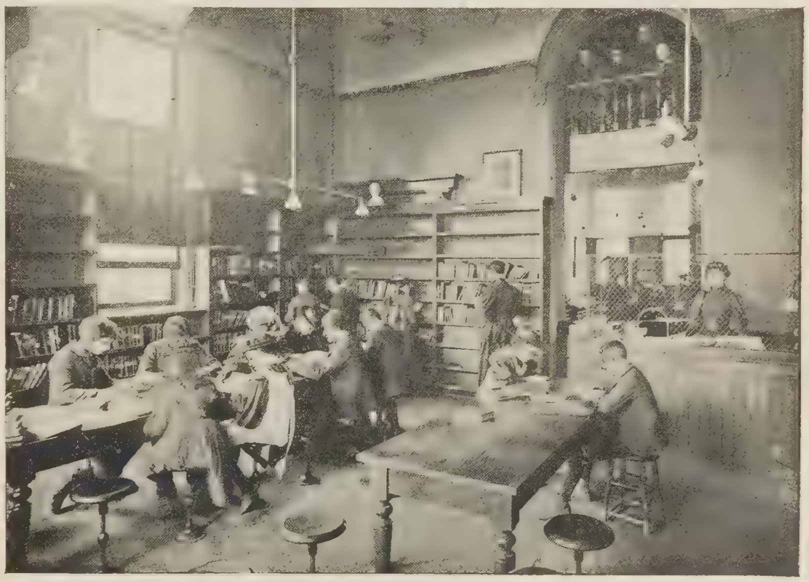
The following account of one library's experience is designed, not as an answer to the question of how to manage childish visitors, but as showing one way of doing it. It also casts some light on the question of the trustworthiness of the younger patrons of a library.

The plan shown herewith is that of the front part of the free public library in a Western town of about 120,000 people. It is open twelve hours every day in the year to both borrowers and readers. The whole library contained, September 1, 1894, about 22,000 volumes; December 24, 1895, it contained about 27,000 volumes. The total number of visits paid to the library, by readers and book-borrowers, old and young, on each day between the two dates given, was about one thousand.

Visitors are admitted freely to all parts of the library, and are permitted to handle, examine, and select their books at will, except English adult fiction—and this exception is made only because of lack of room. This English adult fiction is kept on the shelves immediately in the rear of the delivery counter, shown in the plan. Access to the main library is through the unlocked gate and the swinging doors seen at the left of the delivery-counter, near the door of the Librarian's office. The gate is simply a piece of pine so hung that it lightly closes itself. Borrowers' cards are issued to any adult resident of the city who can give a good account of himself or herself. Children get a card after having an application slip signed by parent, teacher, or any responsible resident.

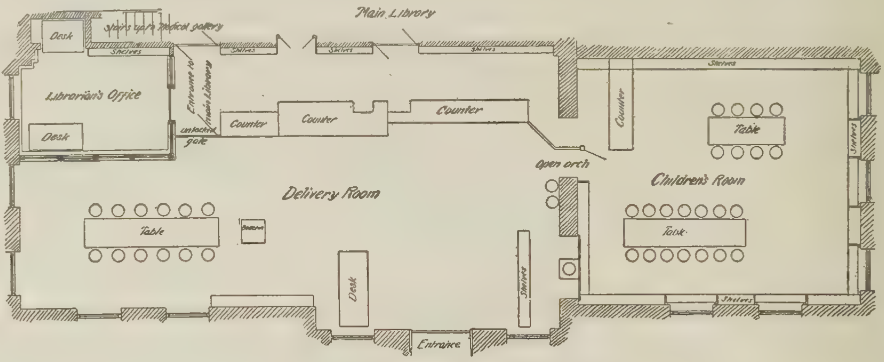
The children's room, it will be seen, is at the right of the delivery-room. Across the open arch which leads into it there is no gate of any kind. The gate seen in the illustration closes the passageway to the rear of the counter. Nearly all charging of books is done at the middle one of the three sections into which, it will be seen, the counter in the delivery-room is divided. One attendant is nearly always behind the counter, though there are often intervals of a few moments when no attendant is in sight. The counter in the children's room was designed to be used by a special attendant in that room. There is no such attendant. The counter is used for other than book-charging purposes for a short time each evening, and at no other time. An occasional excursion into the children's room from behind the main counter, to aid visitors in finding books, or to get books asked for on slips at the main counter, is all the visitation and watching this room receives during library hours. It has shelves on its four sides. On these shelves, arranged at such a height that they can be easily reached by a child of ordinary height, were placed, on the 1st of September, 1894, about 3,000 volumes, of which 60 per cent. were fiction, and the rest miscellaneous books in every department of knowledge, all selected with special reference to their fitness for young people. Maintaining approximately this proportion, these books were gradually increased in number to about 6,500 by the 24th of December, 1895.

Of these books there is no catalogue, either in print or on cards, which can be well used by children. It is very doubtful, judging by experience with certain special lists of children's books of one kind and another, whether young people will pay any attention to a catalogue of their books, if they can get at the books themselves, unless they are constantly guided and persuaded to use it by a skillful attendant. The equipment of the room is: the books mentioned; the two tables and the stools shown; a number of pictures cut from art journals, mounted on white cardboard, and hung in the space in the upper part of the bookcases unoccupied by books; and a few casts. The pictures are changed from time to time, simply to add to their interest.



CHILDREN'S ROOM, PUBLIC LIBRARY, DENVER

Children enter the library, and, after securing a card—there is no age limit—are generally directed to the children's room. If for any reason they wish to go into the main book and reading rooms, they are permitted to do so; though some slight restriction is placed on their visits to this part of the library, in that, during the busy part of the day, they are sometimes made to give good reason for wishing to go in. All but a very few are abundantly satisfied with their own books in their own room. They go to their own room; find out for themselves, or have pointed out to them by an attendant, the method of the arrangement of the books—the system is quite simple; browse about until they find what suits them; perhaps spend ten minutes, half an hour, two hours, in reading and looking at pictures in one book or another; and take the books they have selected out of their room, across one side of the delivery-room, to the center part of the delivery-counter. They hand their books and cards over the counter, have the proper charges made, and take the books away. When the counter is left with no attendant, or when the attendants who are there are busy, and especially when the front of the counter is filled—as it often is on afternoons—with people waiting for books, it is absolutely impossible for attendants to keep any careful check on the ingoings and outcomings of children from their room. Nothing could be easier than for a child so disposed to walk into the library, into the children's room, load himself with books under his coat, and walk out again.



PLAN OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, DENVER

During the sixteen months from September 1, 1894, to December 24, 1895, there were lent, for home use, out of this room 90,000 volumes. A rough estimate would indicate that during this same period at least 140,000 visits were paid to this room, chiefly by children. Out of the main library, and over the same counter, there were lent, between the dates given, 180,000 volumes. On checking over the books in the room, at the end of this sixteen months of use, there were found missing 123 books. The total cost to the library of these 123 books was probably not over $175. To have kept an attendant in the children's room, not allowing access to the shelves, making the attendant look up all books as asked for, and compelling the children to select from catalogues, would have cost, at the lowest estimate, for these sixteen months, a thousand dollars. To have kept an attendant in the room to watch the children—the latter being admitted to the shelves—and see that none of them carried books away without having a record made of them, would not have prevented all loss, and would also have cost at least a thousand dollars. It is confidently expected that at least 50 per cent. of these 123 books will turn up in the course of the next twelve months. The library is very free in lending books in quantity to any one for special purposes, and especially to teachers for school use. It has not infrequently happened that teachers and others have been found to have come into the library, made inquiries about certain books, gone to the shelves, found them, and quietly walked out with them without having any records made. This is done in carelessness and forgetfulness, not with any intent to deceive. Between the teachers, the children, and other people, it is safe to suppose, as suggested, that at least half of these 123 books have been carried off in this innocent way, and will, in the course of time, be returned.

VIEW IN GENERAL BOOK ROOM, PUBLIC LIBRARY, DENVER

It is not easy to make an estimate of the value of this children's room to the community, any more than it is easy to make an estimate which shall be definite and precise of the value of a free public library itself to any community. Certainly it has been highly appreciated. The young people, from little tots who cannot read, to young men and women, have manifestly enjoyed its privileges. At the close of school in the afternoon, on Saturdays, and on Sundays, it is more than full for many hours in the day. Its smallness, relatively to the large number of children visiting it, has made it difficult to keep it as quiet as a larger room could be kept, even with a larger number of children. Close contact with one another among young folks is not conducive to entire peace. It is an interesting and instructive place to watch. It looks to be a helpful institution. It is a manifest improvement on the city street corner. It seems to justify itself every day it is open. Many people in the community have remarked upon it with admiration, and, as yet, from no one has come any adverse criticism. If public libraries are of value, this form of a children's department must be, if not the ideal thing, certainly an ideal thing.

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Living Waters

By Caroline S. Spencer

There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
As ever summer saw;
And cool their water is—yea, cool and sweet—
But you must come to draw.
They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
Where the tired traveler strays;
That never ask the meadows if they want
What is their joy to give;
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,
So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
Wherein all waters fall;
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
Feeding and bearing all;
That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
That takes, again to give;—
Even the great and loving heart of God,
Whereby all love doth live. —*Selected.*

Basket-Ball at Smith College

By Elizabeth Fisher Read

THE game of basket-ball was adopted at Smith College four years ago, and was directly incorporated into the work of the departments of physical training. All work done in basket-ball is under the immediate supervision of the department, and in connection with the regular gymnasium work. During the first and second years this work is compulsory for all students. The classes meet, in small divisions, four half-hours a week, from November to Easter. One afternoon a week is given to basket-ball, so that every girl in college has a practical acquaintance with the game, and has learned by falls and tumbles how to appreciate good playing.

During the winter the games are played in the Alumnæ Gymnasium. The floor of the gymnasium is marked off into three divisions, each of which forms the territory of a certain number of the players on each side. In each of the end divisions is a goal—an eighteen-inch cylinder or basket, the mouth of which is ten feet from the floor. The object of the game is to get the ball into the basket. At Smith a regulation Rugby football is used. Each basket is protected by three "homes"—players on the side to which that goal belongs, whose object is to get the ball into the basket. In the same territory stand three "guards," players on the other side, who try to prevent their opponents from scoring. In the middle division the "centers," four in number, play. The center players on each side try to get the ball when the referee puts it into play by tossing it out among them, and to pass it along from one member of the team to another, until it reaches the homes, and a goal is scored. The side scoring the most goals in forty minutes wins the game. The game is played in two halves of twenty minutes each, with ten minutes' intermission.

The game was at first considered an absurdity, as so many things were distinctly forbidden that there seemed to be no game left at all. The ball cannot be kicked or struck with the fists; no player can run with it, or hold it except with her hands; there can be no pushing, tripping, or shoving. In view of these restrictions, no interest or excitement seemed possible. Yet even these ordinary rules have been still further modified at Smith without decreasing the interest of the game. The additional limitations have only made the game more scientific. The rules adopted by the Y. M. C. A. provide for eight kinds of fouls—those made by striking the ball with the fist, kicking it, running with it, holding it with anything but the hands, holding, striking, pushing, or shouldering an opponent, needless rough play, touching the ball when put into play by any one except a center, and addressing the umpire or referee by any one but the captains. Under these rules it is possible for a player to hold the ball in his hands until he can decide what to do with it, or to bounce it indefinitely until matters arrange themselves to his satisfaction. At Smith, however, it was considered that by this hesitancy one of the best results of the game—the training in quick, decisive judgment—was lost. Any one can tell where to throw the ball after thinking two or three minutes about it; the value of the game lies in the training it gives, in knowing, at once, on the instant, what to do with it. Accordingly two more acts were made fouls—holding the ball longer than three seconds, and bouncing it more than three times, or lower than the knee. Under this arrangement rapidity of thought and action are essential to success. A player has to throw the ball to some one else before it is fairly in her hands.

GUARDING THE THROW INTO THE BASKET

The division of the ground into sections is also an arrangement peculiar to Smith. Each player can play only on her own territory; if she gets out of bounds, it constitutes a foul. This adjustment is more scientific, because it gives each player an especial thing to do. She knows just what part of the game she has to see to, and is confident that the other players on her side will attend to the playing in their divisions. Greater concentration of purpose and a less extensive responsibility are thus secured. Each player is responsible for a definite thing.

The culminating point of the gymnasium work is the annual basket-ball game between the teams of the first and second classes. A position on the class team is a highly coveted honor. The hope of getting on it makes the students more regular in their gymnasium work than they might otherwise be. The weekly practice work brings about the recognition of ability, and insures the selection of those students that are best able to uphold the honor of their class. About a month before the match game is played, a first and a second, or substitute, teams are chosen in each class. In order to equalize the contest, and offset the greater experience of the second class, the juniors are allowed to coach the first class team. Until this year, however, their greater experience in playing the game and in working with each other have enabled the second class to beat,

BASKET-BALL IN THE SMITH COLLEGE GYMNASIUM

in spite of the junior coaching. This year, however, owing to a combination of circumstances, the first class won the game by a close score.

The game is played in the Alumnæ Gymnasium, usually on the Saturday before the Easter vacation. On that day the interior of the gymnasium presents a very interesting appearance. On the stage at one end of the hall the Faculty and guests from the city are seated. They usually appear wearing the colors of one side or the other. Great rivalry is displayed by the members of the two classes in inducing popular members of the Faculty to wear their colors. Often members of the Amherst Faculty are present. The parents of the students living in or near Northampton show their interest in the game and in the welfare of their daughters' class by lending their moral support to the occasion. Each team uses one of the small dressing-rooms on each side of the stage.

The students are massed on the running-track—the second class, with their natural supporters, the seniors, on the one side, with the first class and the juniors opposite them. The railings and pillars on each side are decorated with the colors of the side whose stronghold it is, and the students themselves are so well provided with neckties, scarfs, banners, umbrellas, and even dresses of their class colors that the effect from the floor is almost that of a solid bank of color.

While waiting for the teams to come out, the students while away the time by singing songs gotten up for the occasion. These songs consist of lines appropriate to the situation, in praise of the class or the team, set to some popular melody. From time to time both sides join in singing some song of general interest. As each member of the Faculty comes in, he is greeted with cheers and with his verse of the "Faculty song." During the actual playing no singing is permitted, but in the intermission it is renewed with increased vigor, the winning side trying to express their approval and pleasure, the losers trying to cheer up their team to greater efforts. After the game cheers, songs, and a triumphal parade end the contest.

The game is carried on in a friendly spirit throughout. Naturally each side strains every nerve to win, but that no bad feeling is caused is shown by the fact that the two teams have a supper together in the evening, at which good fellowship reigns.

During the spring term no gymnasium work is required, so that whatever playing is done is entirely voluntary. In spite of the fresher attractions spring at Smith affords, in the shape of walks among the hills and meadows with which Northampton is surrounded, in spite of mountain-climbing and tennis and the Walking Club, the members of the basket-ball teams still manage to find time for an occasional game. In the spring the playing is done on a ground laid out on the campus. The pictures accompanying this article were taken on this out-of-door ground. The gymnasium suit shown in the pictures is the dress worn by all the gymnasium classes. It consists of a blouse with Turkish trousers. These out-of-door games are very popular with the students. The ground is nearly always surrounded by interested spectators when a game is going on.

A SURE GOAL

When it became a recognized principle in colleges for women that physical training was as necessary for them as for men, the question arose, What form should this training take? Should Vassar and Smith attempt to give their students physical training identical with that offered in Harvard and Yale? Those who considered a women's college as necessarily inferior to a college for men, unless it offers the same courses in all departments, naturally extended this principle to physical training, and regarded as amateur and inefficient all training that did not follow exactly the lines of men's athletic work.

PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY

This principle, however, has never been recognized at Smith. From the beginning the college policy has been, not to duplicate the means of development offered in men's colleges, but to provide courses and methods of study that should do for women what the men's courses did for them. Emphasis has been put, not on the resemblances between men and women, but rather on the differences. The effort has not been to turn out new women, capable of doing anything man can do, from walking thirty miles to solving the problems of higher mathematics. Instead of this the college has tried to develop its students along natural womanly lines, not along the lines that would naturally be followed in training men. Instead of the methods natural and proper in a college for men, and resulting in a system of athletics, there is in operation at Smith College a method equally natural and proper for a college for women, but resulting in physical training. Yet, while it was obvious that men's sports could not be adopted bodily in a women's college, it was nevertheless felt that some of the benefits resulting from these sports would be of equal value to women. A man who has learned to play football knows how to meet a crisis. From the effort to devise some form of training that would secure to women this ability among other advantages, while at the same time avoiding the undesirable features of football, the game of basket-ball above described has resulted.

The Sweetest Flower

By Priscilla Leonard

Among the summer's lavish store
 Each heart knows some familiar flower,
 Dearest of all, whose subtle power
Unlocks, with fragrant key, the door
 Of memory, and wakes again
 A bygone joy, a bygone pain,
So keen, so sweet, that days long dead
 Live with intensest life once more,
And we, with trembling footsteps, tread
 The unforgotten ways of yore.
Ah! other flowers may fairer be,
But these alone, unfadingly,
 Our youth, our past, to us restore.

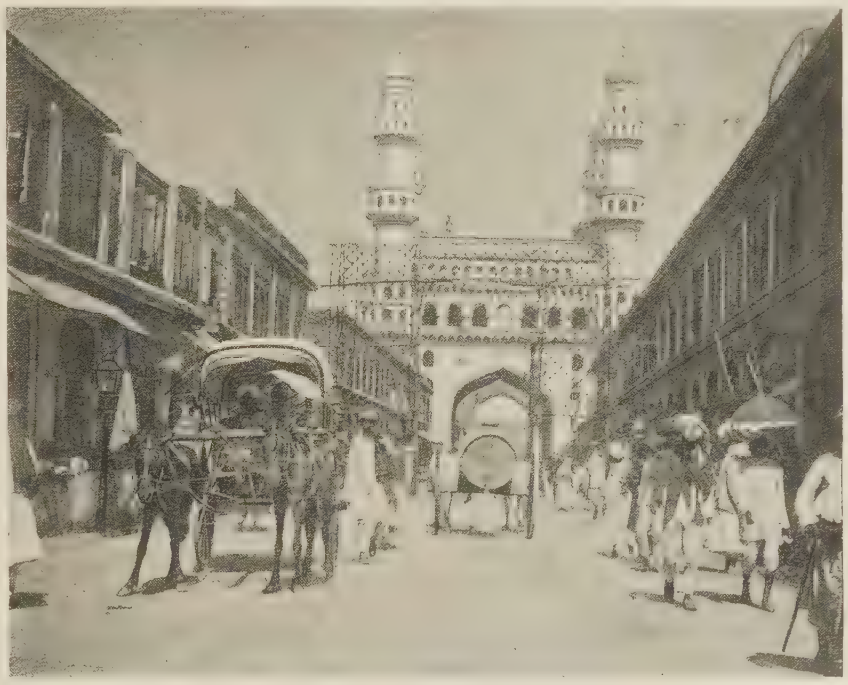
Hyderabad

By William Frederick Dix

A VISIT to the independent principality of Hyderabad, in southern India, is a plunge into mediævalism. The government of a prince who is practically a despot, the power of feudal lords or rajahs, the lack of strength in any central power, the free, adventurous life, the gorgeous costumes of the people, the pageants of petty rulers and their suites—all these bewilder the traveler. As he passes through the thronged streets of the capital, elbowed by Afghans and Khurds from the north, by Bengali, Brahmins, and Punjabi, all garbed in glittering brocade or brilliant cloths from Kashmir, or in pure white, all armed with sword, dagger, and enormous pistols, he feels that he is indeed living in the days of chivalry or of the Arabian Nights.

Hyderabad, the country, is in the center of southern India, and is still free from British control, although a British "Resident" lives in the capital, and it is said that before the Nizam ever does anything important "he has a chat with him." This prince has always been friendly to England, and England has followed the wise policy of giving him, at least in appearance, autonomy for his country, which has about ten million inhabitants.

Hyderabad, the city, is the capital, and is a walled city of about three hundred and fifty thousand people, and is entered by thirteen gates. From the railroad that runs diagonally across India from Madras to Bombay, a branch road has been built, through the country of Hyderabad (which is about equal in size to Ireland), to its capital in its center. Of all places in India, this dazzling city is the most turbulent and unsafe. Within its walls each man is his own guardian. The two ruling classes of society, the Mohammedans and the Hindus, are at enmity with each other, and petty chieftains coming down in quest of adventure from the wild districts of the north, with their bold retainers, eager for a fray on any excuse, make life exceedingly interesting, for there is almost no police or military surveillance.



CHAR MINAR, IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY—HYDERABAD

From a Photograph by the Author

As these maharajahs, rajahs, and chieftains vie with each other in the splendor of their apparel and the number and magnificence of their weapons, the streets, lined with rose-colored buildings carved in arabesque designs and thronged with scarlet-caparisoned elephants, with camels, and with chariots drawn by white bullocks, and *tongas* with two horses, are more brilliant and spectacular than can be described.

In the town itself there is no place where the European traveler may stop, but six miles away a Eurasian has a comfortable bungalow for the entertainment of the infrequent visitor.

In the morning one is called early by his *khitmighar*, who has slept at his door-sill. A native servant is indispensable; he attends to all his master's personal wants, acting as a valet, table servant, and courier. He buys and cooks his own food, and at night, when all are asleep, he unfolds his turban, wraps himself in its generous folds, stretches himself outside the doorway, and finds surcease from the day's labors in the temporary Nirvana of night.

At seven o'clock he arouses his master, and bears in a tray with the tea, toast, and plantain of *chotta hazree* or "little breakfast." Not waiting for the more substantial meal at nine, we enter the *tonga* or two-wheeled, basket-roofed cart and are driven over the level, dusty road to the city. It is a continuous settlement, with huts, bungalows, rows of bazaars, and an occasional mosque of Mohammedan architecture, with beautiful white arabesque doorways and graceful minarets spearing up into the blue. A shallow lake or so are passed, with gray storks flapping lazily away as we approach, and a muddy river with innumerable *dhobies* and *dhoba* beating wet linen upon the rocks. These washermen and women dip the clothes in the none-too-crystalline water, swing them in the air in a circle above their heads, and slap them against the stones. They are dried by being spread upon the dusty banks. These people form a caste by themselves, and clothing is always washed in this manner throughout the land.

This river is the Moosa, and a picturesque scene it is. The water lies in pools and little branching streams among the sand strips, and in the brown waters are huge elephants wallowing and lying upon their sides, being scrubbed by their keepers, and everywhere the crouching *dhobies* with the white linen twinkling over their heads.

A great creamy wall appears suddenly before us, and a massive gate with heavy oaken portals, studded with spikes to keep hostile elephants of war from butting their heads against them. The ponies' hoofs ring out sharply upon a stone pavement, and then—Hyderabad, hot, dusty, crowded, kaleidoscopic, and bewildering. A city without one single European element, of ever-changing scenes, and a populace representing all the races of India, fierce, wild, armed, and kept in check only by the lawless army of the Nizam, who, next to the Sultan of Turkey, is the most powerful Mohammedan ruler in the world.

The streets are straight and wide, dusty and crowded; there is none of the tangle and darkness of an Oriental city with its high buildings and narrow, sinuous alleys; this is not Oriental, it is—Hyderabad.

The main street extends before us straight away from the gate, meeting midway a similar street at right angles to it, which cuts the city, likewise, from wall to wall. At the junction of the two the great Char Minar, a lofty white tower used for storing grain in case of a famine, pins the city to earth in its very center. Upon each side of us as

A SOLDIER OF THE NIZAM
From a Photograph by the Author

we approach it are the low, two-storied, flat-roofed buildings, each with its open bazaar in front, shaded by gay canopies and awnings. In the bazaars are cotton cloths woven upon hand-looms, robes of tinsel, of dyed silk, and of cloth-of-gold. Here and there we see a bit of *kinkob* of beautiful texture, with strands of pure gold shot through it. In some bazaars are turbans, jeweled slippers, soft camel's-hairs and cheddars from Kashmir, and brocades gorgeous beyond description. Many of the arched doorways are decorated with scimetars, shields of translucent elephant's hide, daggers wrought with gold and having blades that by means of a spring in the handle separate into three parts, opening within the wound. Others have pious inscriptions from the Koran upon the handle, and a scalloped edge to the blade, so that the wound, when inflicted, will not heal. In many are stores of rice and grain, spices, sugar-cane, and flat loaves of bread. In others are golden nose-rings, circlets for the arm and the ankle, and ornaments for the nose, the ears, the fingers, and the toes.

The poorer classes wear scanty costumes. The women have strips of bright-colored cotton cloths about their waists, draped into a short skirt, and they wear short jackets. The men wear white turbans and loin-cloths. The Afghans, Khurds, Punjabi, and Persians have their distinguishing costumes, and every man carries a sashful of swords and pistols. Many carry swords, long and curved, in their hands; some have ancient, long-barreled, smooth-bore guns over their shoulders. Every one wears either the turban or the fez, and these two significant head-gears represent the key-note of much of the violence and lawlessness.

The vehicles are most peculiar. The *gharrie* is a two-wheeled, box-like affair drawn by a pony or hump-necked bullock. Under the canopy, upon the floor, squats the occupant. Country carts with solid wooden wheels and palm-thatched canopy are drawn by bullocks or hideous black buffaloes. Occasionally we meet a most remarkable chariot having a flat body over four wheels and a high canvas tent held up by four poles, the whole affair dusty, creaking, ramshackly, and unpainted. Elephants are frequent, with red blankets and two or three riders. In front of the howdah, between the ears, crouches the *mahout*, who guides the beast with his heels and goads him with an instrument very like a short boat-hook. Palanquins are carried by four *dhoolies*, and, if women are within them, are covered with gay drapery. The *dhoolies* grunt a weird song as they shuffle along, and sometimes servants armed with spears run at each side and in front to clear a way through the throng. *Nawabs* and ministers of state ride in landaus of European make and in coaches, but they are decked out gorgeously, lined with white satin within and covered on the outside with red quilted cloths. Often a troop of eight or ten lance-carrying sepoys ride in front on horseback, and as many more bring up the rear. Once in a while a camel passes laden with farm produce.

Now and then we make a hasty visit to a bazaar to buy a particularly fascinating old shield or a bit of old brocade, but we attract too much attention to remain long from the *tonga*, and it is safer to keep moving. There are no interiors of great interest to the traveler, the mosques are small, and the palace of the Nizam, with its gardens and zenanas of three hundred women and seven thousand servants, is not open to inspection.

So at noon we take our tiffin in a shady grove outside the walls, and as the cool of the evening begins to be felt, we retrace our way to the little bungalow that gives us safe shelter for the night.

One morning our servant comes in and with a profound salaam inquires: "Does the sahib wish his *chotta hazree?*"

No, the sahib desires above all things just then to continue in repose. The bed is not *too* hard, the *punkah wallah* is slumberously pulling the swinging fan above the bed, suspended from the ceiling, the rats have ceased their nocturnal peregrinations, and even the cawing of the crows sounds far away.

"Does the sahib desire that the *dhobie* shall take his linen to the river?"

There is method in this insistent and slumber-dispelling

A GROUP OF NATIVES
From a Photograph by the Author

questioning. The *dhobie* himself appears at the doorway and humbly inquires:

"Molly golly poggle woggle doodle, Sahib?"—at least that is about the way it sounds. The "sweep" is pouring fresh cold water into the wooden tub in the bath cell adjoining, and there is nothing for it but to rise and allow the *punkah wallah* to enjoy the profits of his all-night's work—eight annas, or sixteen cents in our money.

There is to be a great event in the city to-day, and it behooves us to start betimes. In two hours we are again in Hyderabad. The streets have now more than ever, if that is possible, a gala appearance. People in all stations of life are coming in from the surrounding country. The bazaars and squares are thronged, and towards noon a brightly garbed stream of humanity is moving in the direction of a large park outside the wall. There is to be a great attraction here to-day, and expectation runs high.

Just as there are many Oriental customs and productions that seem fantastic and strange to us, so many things which seem commonplace to Western races are wonderful to those who live in the other hemisphere. We prize Oriental rugs and hangings and weapons as being rare and beautiful, and they, on the other hand, hold articles that are cheap enough to us in high estimation. Nothing delights an Indian *nawab* or nobleman so much as to have at least one or two rooms in his palace furnished in gaudy Brussels carpets, glaring chromos, mechanical clocks, and gilt furniture. A billiard-table there is like an Arabian horse here. And so to-day the English balloonist, who is actually to soar above the tree-tops in his wonderful vehicle, is looked upon as little less than a god.

Some of the nobles are promenading on foot. Behind each walk his retainers, one bearing upon a velvet cushion his sword, another his golden drinking-vessel, and so on. When the *nawabs* meet, each salaams effusively, and the servants of one salaam to the servants of the other. They wear brocade coats of purple, red, blue, pink, yellow, and orange, gold belts, sashes, and scimetars with jeweled hilts and enameled scabbards. Their trousers are of white muslin, their turbans of cloth-of-gold, soft silk, or embroidery. The Parseés and Persians dress in darker colors, and their head-dresses are small and dark. Sepoys with long lances and red turbans strut about; military adventurers, bearded and with long, flowing hair; groups of servants in strange liveries, palanquins whose curtains shelter the ladies—all these help make up the throng. In one place stands a hunter with a hooded falcon upon his arm, with leash and red hood over its eyes.

The throng suddenly separates, and the chariot of the Nizam himself appears—*Oozoorbasha* he is called by his subjects. The sepoy guard clears the way, and he is seen sitting in great dignity. He has long black hair, an irregular beard, piercing eyes, and a cold, haughty countenance. He is twenty-five years old, and is considered rather a weak man. His revenues amount to ten millions a year.

And now the open field is surrounded with as gorgeous a throng as the sun ever shone upon, the balloon is inflated after many delays, the balloonist enters it, and the cords are cut. The balloon rises perhaps two hundred feet, flaps over the trees for a few minutes, and sinks to the ground. Great is the enthusiasm! The crowd is in ecstasies. Never was there so wonderful a phenomenon! And as the low sun enlarges into an immense flat red disk as it sinks into the haze, the city of Hyderabad is again thronged with its brilliant populace returning from the park.

Through the twilight we drive homeward. Here and there are lean, dark figures, naked and heavy-moving, still plodding behind the wooden plow, toiling in their sterile farms. The cool shelter of the banyan woods, or the pleasures within those shining walls behind us, are not for them. In the arid river basins the *dhobies* still are beating the linen wearily, and as we pass through the ragged, forlorn villages a few lepers solicit alms in dumb misery. The huts are of mud, with thatched roofs; and squalor, labor, ignorance, and disease are their inmates. Hyderabad, the jewel of India, with its ruby walls, still glows in the red light of sunset, but its setting is dark and the shadows are black—black and unfathomable.

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE FEAR OF GOD

It was the way of the Free Kirk that the assisting minister at the Sacrament should sit behind the Communion Table during the sermon, and the congregation, without giving the faintest sign of observation, could estimate its effect on his face. When Doctor Dowbiggin composed himself to listen as became a Church leader of substantial build—his hands folded before him and his eyes fixed on the far window—and was so arrested by the opening passage of Cunningham's sermon on Justification by Faith that he visibly started, and afterwards sat sideways with his ears cocked, Drumtochty, while doubtful whether any Muirtown man could appreciate the subtlety of their minister, had a higher idea of the Doctor; and when the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie—a stout man and given to agricultural pursuits—went fast asleep under a masterly discussion of the priesthood of Melchisedek, Drumtochty's opinion of the intellectual condition of Kildrummie was confirmed beyond argument.

During his ministry of more than twenty years the Rabbi had never preached at Drumtochty—being fearful that he might injure the minister who invited him, or might be so restricted in time as to lead astray by ill-balanced statements—and as the keenest curiosity would never have induced any man to go from the Glen to worship in another parish, the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie was still unjudged in Drumtochty. They were not sorry to have the opportunity at last, for they had suffered not a little at the hands of Kilbogie in past years, and the coming event disturbed the flow of business at Muirtown market.

"Ye're tae hae the Doctor at laist," Mains said to Netherton—letting the luck-penny on a transaction in seed-corn stand over—"an' a'm jidgin' the time's no been lost. He's plainer an' easier tae follow then he wes at the affgo. Ma word"—contemplating the exercise before the Glen—"but ye 'ill aye get eneuch here and there tae cairry hame." Which shows what a man the Rabbi was, that on the strength of his possession a parish like Kilbogie could speak after this fashion to Drumtochty.

"He 'ill hae a fair trial, Mains"—Netherton's tone was distinctly severe—"an' mony a trial he's hed in his day, they say: wes't three an' twenty kirks he preached in, afore ye took him? But mind ye, length's nae standard in Drumtochty; na, na, it's no hoo muckle wind a man hes, but what like is the stuff that comes. It's bushels doon bye, but it's wecht up bye."

Any prejudice against the Rabbi, created by the boasting of a foolish parish not worthy of him, was reduced by his venerable appearance before the pulpit, and quite dispelled by his unfeigned delight in Carmichael's conduct of the "preliminaries." Twice he nodded approval to the reading of the hundredth Psalm, and although he stood with covered face during the prayer, he emerged full of sympathy. As his boy read the 53d of Isaiah the old man was moved well-nigh to tears, and on the giving out of the text from the parable of the Prodigal Son, the Rabbi closed his eyes with great expectation as one about to be fed with the finest of the wheat.

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

Carmichael has kept the sermon unto this day, and as often as he finds himself growing hard or supercilious, reads it from beginning to end. It is his hair shirt, to be worn from time to time next his soul for the wrongness in it and the mischief it did. He cannot understand how he could have said such things on a Sacrament morning and in the presence of the Rabbi, but indeed they were inevitable. When two tides meet, there is ever a cruel commotion, and ships are apt to be dashed on the rocks, and Carmichael's mind was in a "jabble" that day. The new culture, with its wider views of God and man, was fighting with the robust Calvinism in which every Scot is saturated, and the result was neither peace nor charity. Personally the lad was kindly and good-natured, intellectually he had become arrogant, intolerant, acrid, flinging out at old-fashioned views, giving quite unnecessary challenges, arguing with imaginary antagonists. It has ever seemed to me, although I suppose that history is against me, that if it be laid on any one to advocate a new view that will startle people, he ought of all men to be conciliatory and persuasive; but Carmichael was, at least in this time of fermentation, very exasperating and pugnacious, and so he drove the Rabbi to the only hard action of his life, wherein the old man suffered most, and which may be said to have led to his death.

Carmichael, like the Rabbi, had intended to preach that morning on the love of God, and thought he was doing so with some power. What he did was to take the Fatherhood of God and use it as a stick to beat Pharisees with, and under Pharisees he let it be seen that he included every person who still believed in the inflexible action of the moral laws and the austere majesty of God. Many good things he no doubt said, but each had an edge, and it cut deeply into the people of the old school. Had he seen the Rabbi, it would not have been possible for him to continue, but he was conscious only of Lachlan Campbell, with whom he had then a feud, and who, he imagined, had come to criticise him. So he went on his rasping way that Sacrament morning, as when one harrows the spring earth with iron teeth, exciting himself with every sentence to fresh crudities of thought and extravagances of opposition. But it flashed on him that he had spoken foolishly only when he came down from the pulpit, and found the Rabbi a shrunken figure in his chair before the Holy Table.

Discerning people, like Elspeth Macfadyen, saw the whole tragedy from beginning to end, and felt the pity of it keenly. For a while the Rabbi waited with fond confidence—for was not he to hear the best-loved of his boys?—and he caught eagerly at a gracious expression, as if it had fallen from one of the Fathers. Anything in the line of faith would have pleased the Rabbi that day, who was as a little child and full of charity, in spite of his fierce doctrines. By and by the light died away from his eyes as when a cloud comes over the face of the sun and the Glen grows cold and dreary. He opened his eyes and was amazed—looking at the people and questioning them what had happened to their minister. Suddenly he flushed as a person struck by a friend, and then, as one blow followed another, he covered his face with both hands, sinking lower and lower in his chair, till even that decorous people were almost shaken in their attention.

When Carmichael gave him the cup in the Sacrament the Rabbi's hand shook, and he spilled some drops of the wine upon his beard, which all that day showed like blood on the silvery whiteness. Afterwards he spake in his turn to the communicants, and distinguished the true people of God from the multitude—to whom he held out no hope—by so many and stringent marks that Donald Menzies refused the Sacrament with a lamentable groan. And when the Sacrament was over and the time came for Carmichael to shake hands with the assisting minister in the vestry, the Rabbi had vanished, and he had no speech with him till they went through the garden together—very bleak it seemed in the winter dusk—unto the sermon that closed the services of the day.

"God's hand is heavy in anger on us both this day, John," and Carmichael was arrested by the awe and sorrow in the Rabbi's voice, "else . . . you had not spoken as you did this forenoon, nor would necessity be laid on me to speak . . . as I must this night.

"His ways are all goodness and truth, but they are oftentimes encompassed with darkness, and the burden He has laid on me is . . . almost more than I can bear; it will be heavy for you also.

"You will drink the wine of astonishment this night, and it will be strange if you do not . . . turn from the hand that pours it out, but you will not refuse the truth or . . . hate the preacher," and at the vestry door the Rabbi looked wistfully at Carmichael.

During the interval the lad had been ill at ease, suspecting from the Rabbi's manner at the Table, and the solemnity of his address, that he disapproved of the action sermon, but he did not for a moment imagine that the situation was serious. It is one of the disabilities of good-natured and emotional people, without much deepness of earth, to belittle the convictions and resolutions of strong natures, and to suppose that they can be talked away by a few pleasant, coaxing words.

The Rabbi had often yielded to Carmichael and his other boys in the ordinary affairs of life—in meat and drink and clothing, even unto the continuance of his snuffing. He had been most manageable and pliable—as a child in their hands—and so Carmichael was quite confident that he could make matters right with the old man about a question of doctrine as easily as about the duty of a midday meal. Certain bright and superficial people will learn only by some solitary experience that faith is reserved in friendship, and that the most heroic souls are those which count all things loss—even the smile of those they love—for the eternal. For a moment Carmichael was shaken as if a new Rabbi were before him; then he remembered the study of Kilbogie and all things that had happened therein, and his spirits rose.

"How dare you suggest such wickedness, Rabbi, that any of us should ever criticise or complain of anything you say? Whatever you give us will be right, and do us good, and in the evening you will tell me all I said wrong."

Saunderson looked at Carmichael for ten seconds as one who has not been understood, and sighed. Then he went down the kirk after the beadle, and the people marked how he walked like a man who was afraid he might fall, and, turning a corner, he supported himself on the end of a pew. As he crept up the pulpit stairs Elspeth gave James a look, and, although well accustomed to the slowness of his understanding, was amazed that he did not catch the point. Even a man might have seen that this was not the same minister that came in to the Sacrament with hope in his very step.

"A'm no here tae say 'that a kent what wes comin'" —Elspeth, like all experts, was strictly truthful—"for the like o' that wes never heard in Drumtochty, and, noo that Doctor Saunderson is awa, will never be heard again in Scotland. A jaloused that vials wud be opened, an' a wesna wrang, but ma certes"—and that remarkable woman left you to understand that no words in human speech could even hint at the contents of the vials.

When the Rabbi gave out his text, "Vessels of wrath," in a low, awestruck voice, Carmichael began to be afraid, but after a little he chid himself for foolishness. During half an hour the Rabbi traced the doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty through Holy Scripture with a characteristic wealth of allusion to Fathers ancient and reforming, and once or twice he paused as if he would have taken up certain matters at greater length, but restrained himself, simply asserting the Pauline character of St. Augustine's thinking, and exposing the looseness of Clement of Alexandria with a wave of the hand, as one hurrying on to his destination.

"Dear old Rabbi"—Carmichael congratulated himself in his pew—"what need he have made so many apologies for his subject? He is going to enjoy himself, and he is sure to say something beautiful before he is done." But he was distinctly conscious all the same of a wish that the Rabbi were done and all . . . well, uncertainty over. For there was a note of anxiety, almost of horror, in the Rabbi's voice, and he had not let the Fathers go so lightly unless under severe constraint. What was it? Surely he would not attack their minister in face of his people. . . . The Rabbi do that, who was in all his ways a gentleman? Yet . . . and then the Rabbi abruptly quitted historical exposition and announced that he would speak on four heads. Twice Carmichael, from his corner behind the curtains, saw the old man open his mouth as if to speak, and when at last he began he was quivering visibly, and he had grasped the outer corners of the desk with such intensity that the tassels which hung therefrom—one of the minor glories of the Free Kirk—were held in the palm of his hand, the long red tags escaping from between his white wasted fingers. A pulpit lamp came between Carmichael and the Rabbi's face, but he could see the straining hand, which did not relax till it was lifted in the last awful appeal, and the white and red had a gruesome fascination. It seemed as if one had clutched a rich cluster of full, rich, tender grapes and was pressing them in an agony till their life ran out in streams of blood and dripped upon the heads of the choir sitting beneath in their fresh, hopeful youth. And it also came to Carmichael with pathetic conviction even then that every one was about to suffer, but the Rabbi more than them all together. While the preacher was strengthening his heart for the work before him, Carmichael's eye was attracted by the landscape that he could see through the opposite window. The ground sloped upward from the kirk to a pine wood that fringed the great muir, and it was covered with snow on which the moon was beginning to shed her faint, weird light. Within, the light from the upright lamps was falling on the ruddy, contented faces of men and women and little children, but without it was one cold, merciless whiteness like unto the justice of God, with black shadows of judgment.

"This is the message which I have to deliver unto you in the name of the Lord, and even as Jonah was sent to Nineveh after a strange discipline with a word of mercy, so am I constrained against my will to carry a word of searching and trembling.

"First"—and between the heads the Rabbi paused as one whose breath had failed him—"every man belongs absolutely to God by his creation.

"Second. The purpose of God about each man precedes his creation.

"Third. Some are destined to Salvation, and some to Damnation.

"Fourth"—here the hard breathing became a sob—"each man's lot is unto the glory of God."

It was not only skilled theologians like Lachlan Campbell and Burnbrae, but even mere amateurs, who understood that they were that night to be conducted to the farthest limit of Calvinism, and that, whoever fell behind through the hardness of the way, their guide would not flinch.

As the Rabbi gave the people a brief space wherein to grasp his heads in their significance, Carmichael remembered a vivid incident in the Presbytery of Muirtown, when an English evangelist had addressed that reverend and austere court with exhilarating confidence—explaining the extreme simplicity of the Christian faith, and showing how a minister ought to preach. Various good men were delighted, and asked many questions of the evangelist—who had kept a baby-linen shop for twenty years, and was unspoiled by the slightest trace of theology—but the Rabbi arose and demolished his "teaching," convicting him of heresy at every turn, till there was not left one stone upon another.

"But surely fear belongs to the Old Testament dispensation," said the unabashed little man to the Rabbi afterwards. "'Rejoice,' you know, my friend, 'and again I say rejoice.'"

"If it be the will of God that such a man as I should ever stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire, then this tongue will be lifted with the best, but so long as my feet are still in the fearful pit it becometh me to bow my head."

"Then you don't believe in assurance?" but already the evangelist was quailing before the Rabbi.

"Verily, there is no man that hath not heard of that precious gift, and none who does not covet it greatly, but there be two degrees of assurance"—here the Rabbi looked sternly at the happy, rotund little figure—"and it is with the first you must begin, and what you need to get is assurance of your damnation."

One of the boys read an account of this incident—thinly veiled—in a reported address of the evangelist, in which the Rabbi—being, as it was inferred, beaten in Scriptural argument—was very penitent and begged his teacher's pardon with streaming tears. What really happened was different, and so absolutely conclusive that Doctor Dowbiggin gave it as his opinion "that a valuable lesson had been read to unauthorized teachers of religion."

Carmichael recognized the same note in the sermon, and saw another man than he knew, as the Rabbi, in a low voice, without heat or declamation, with frequent pauses and labored breathing, as of one toiling up a hill, argued the absolute supremacy of God and the utter helplessness of man. One hand ever pressed the grapes, but with the other the old man wiped the perspiration that rolled in beads down his face. A painful stillness fell on the people as they felt themselves caught in the meshes of this inexorable net and dragged ever nearer to the abyss. Carmichael, who had been leaning forward in his place, tore himself away from the preacher with an effort, and moved where he could see the congregation. Campbell was drinking in every word, as one for the first time in his life perfectly satisfied. Menzies was huddled into a heap in the top of his pew, as one justly blasted by the anger of the Eternal. Men were white beneath the tan, and it was evident that some of the women would soon fall a-weeping. Children had crept close to their mothers under a vague sense of danger, and a girl in the choir watched the preacher with dilated eyeballs, like an animal fascinated by terror.

"It is as a sword piercing the heart to receive this truth, but it is a truth and must be believed. There are hundreds of thousands in the past who were born and lived and died and were damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in this day who have been born and are living and shall die and be damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in the future who shall be born and shall live and shall die and shall be damned for the glory of God. All according to the will of God, and none dare say nay nor change the purpose of the Eternal." For some time the oil in the lamps had been failing—since the Rabbi had been speaking for nigh two hours—and as he came to an end of this passage the light began to flicker and die. First a lamp at the end of Burnbrae's pew went out, and then another in the front. The preacher made as though he would have spoken, but was silent, and the congregation watched four lamps sink into darkness at intervals of half a minute. There remained only the two pulpit lamps, and in their light the people saw the Rabbi lift his right hand for the first time.

"Shall . . . not . . . the . . . Judge . . . of all the earth . . . do . . . right?" The two lamps went out together, and a great sigh rose from the people. At the back of the kirk a child wailed, and somewhere in the front a woman's voice—it was never proved to be Elspeth Macfadyen—said audibly, "God have mercy upon us!" The Rabbi had sunk back into the seat and buried his face in his hands, and through the window over his head the moonlight was pouring into the church like unto the far-off radiance from the White Throne.

When Carmichael led the Rabbi into the manse he could feel the old man trembling from head to foot, and he would touch neither meat nor drink, nor would he speak for a space.

"Are you there, John?"—and he put out his hand to Carmichael, who had placed him in the big study chair, and was sitting beside him in silence.

"I dare not withdraw nor change any word that I spake in the name of the Lord this day, but . . . it is my infirmity. . . . I wish I had never been born."

"It was awful," said Carmichael, and the Rabbi's head again fell on his breast.

"John"—and Saunderson looked up—"I would give ten thousand worlds to stand in the shoes of that good man who conveyed me from Kilbogie yesterday, and with whom I had very pleasant fellowship concerning the patience of the saints.

"It becometh not any human being to judge his neighbor, but it seemed to me from many signs that he was within the election of God, and even as we spoke of Polycarp and the martyrs who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, it came unto me with much power, 'Lo, here is one beside you whose name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and who shall enter through the gates into the city;' and grace was given me to rejoice in his joy, but I . . . "—and Carmichael could have wept for the despair in the Rabbi's voice.

"Dear Rabbi!"—for once the confidence of youth was smitten at the sight of a spiritual conflict beyond its depth —"you are surely . . . depreciating yourself. . . . Burnbrae is a good man, but compared with you . . . is not this like to the depression of Elijah?" Carmichael knew, however, he was not fit for such work, and had better have held his peace.

"It may be that I understand the letter of Holy Scripture better than some of God's children, although I be but a babe even in this poor knowledge, but such gifts are only as the small dust of the balance. He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy.

"John," said the Rabbi suddenly, and with strong feeling, "was it your thought this night, as I declared the sovereignty of God, that I judged myself of the elect, and was speaking as one himself hidden forever in the secret place of God?"

"I . . . did not know," stammered Carmichael, whose utter horror at the unrelenting sermon had been tempered only by his love for the preacher.

"You did me wrong, John, for then had I not dared to speak at all after that fashion; it is not for a vessel of mercy filled unto overflowing with the love of God to exalt himself above the vessels . . . for whom there is no mercy. But he may plead with them who are in like case with himself to . . . acknowledge the Divine Justice."

Then the pathos of the situation overcame Carmichael, and he went over to the bookcase and leaned his head against certain volumes, because they were weighty and would not yield. Next day he noticed that one of them was a Latin Calvin that had traveled over Europe in learned company, and the other a battered copy of Jonathan Edwards that had come from the house of an Ayrshire farmer.

"Forgive me that I have troubled you with the concerns of my soul, John"—the Rabbi could stand only with an effort—"they ought to be between a man and his God. There is another work laid to my hand for which there is no power in me now. During the night I shall ask whether the cup may not pass from me, but if not, the will of God be done."

Carmichael slept but little, and every time he woke the thought was heavy upon him that on the other side of a narrow wall the holiest man he knew was wrestling in darkness of soul, and that he had added to the bitterness of the agony.

CHAPTER XX.—THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND

Winter has certain mornings which redeem weeks of misconduct, when the hoar-frost during the night has resilvered every branch and braced the snow upon the ground, and the sun rises in ruddy strength and drives out of sight every cloud and mist, and moves all day through an expanse of unbroken blue, and is reflected from the dazzling whiteness of the earth as from a mirror. Such a sight calls a man from sleep with authority, and makes his blood tingle, and puts new heart in him, and banishes the troubles of the night. Other mornings winter joins in the conspiracy of principalities and powers to daunt and crush the human soul. No sun is to be seen, and the gray atmosphere casts down the heart, the wind moans and whistles in fitful gusts, the black clouds hang low in threatening masses, now and again a flake of snow drifts in the wind. A storm is near at hand—not the thunder-shower of summer, with warm rain and the kindly sun in ambush, but dark and blinding snow, through which even a gamekeeper cannot see six yards, and in which weary travelers lie down to rest and die.

The melancholy of this kind of day had fallen on Saunderson, whose face was ashen, and who held Carmichael's hand with such anxious affection that it was impossible to inquire how he had slept, and would have been a banality to remark upon the weather. After the Rabbi had been compelled to swallow a cup of milk by way of breakfast, it was evident that he was ready for speech.

"What is it, Rabbi?" as soon as they were again settled in the study. "If you did not . . . like my sermon, tell me at once. You know that I am one of your boys, and you ought to . . . help me." Perhaps it was inseparable from his youth, with its buoyancy and self-satisfaction, and his training in a college whose members knew only by rumor of the existence of other places of theological learning, that Carmichael had a distinct sense of humility and charity. Had it been a matter of scholastic lore, of course neither he nor more than six men in Scotland could have met the Rabbi in the gate. With regard to modern thought, Carmichael knew that the good Rabbi had not read "Ecce Homo," and was hardly—well, . . . up to date. He would not for the world hint such a thing to the dear old man, or even argue with him; but it was flattering to remember that the attack could be merely one of blunderbusses, in which the modern thinker would at last intervene and save the ancient scholar from humiliation.

"Well, Rabbi?" and Carmichael tried to make it easy.

"Before I say what is on my heart, John, you will grant an old man who loves you one favor. So far as in you lies you will bear with me if that which I say, and still more that which my conscience will compel me to do, is hard to flesh and blood."

"Didn't we settle that last night in the vestry?" and Carmichael was impatient; "is it that you do not agree with the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood? We younger men are resolved to base Christian doctrine on the actual Scriptures, and to ignore mere tradition."

"An excellent rule, my dear friend," cried the Rabbi, wonderfully quickened by the challenge, "and with your permission and for our mutual edification we shall briefly review all passages bearing on the subject in hand—using the original, as will doubtless be your wish, and you correcting my poor recollection."

About an hour afterwards, and when the Rabbi was only entering into the heart of the matter, Carmichael made the bitter discovery—without the Rabbi having even hinted at such a thing—that his pet sermon was a mass of boyish crudities, and this reverse of circumstances was some excuse for his pettishness.

"It does not seem to me that it is worth our time to haggle about the usage of Greek words or to count texts: I ground my position on the general meaning of the Gospels and the sense of things," and Carmichael stood on the hearth-rug in a very superior attitude.

"Let that pass, then, John, and forgive me if I appeared to battle about words, as certain scholars of the olden time were fain to do; for in truth it is rather about the hard duty before me than any imperfection in your teaching I would speak," and the Rabbi glanced nervously at the young minister.

"We are both Presbyters of Christ's Church, ordained after the order of primitive times, and there is laid on us certain heavy charges and responsibilities from which we may not shrink, as we shall answer to the Lord at the great day."

Carmichael's humiliation was lost in perplexity, and he sat down, wondering what the Rabbi intended.

"If any Presbyter should see his brother fall into one of those faults of private life that do beset us all in our present weakness, then he doth well and kindly to point it out unto his brother; and if his brother should depart from the faith as they talk together by the way, then it is a Presbyter's part to convince him of his error and restore him."

The Rabbi cast an imploring glance, but Carmichael had still no understanding.

"But if one Presbyter should teach heresy to his flock in the hearing of another . . . even though it break the other's heart, is not the path of duty fenced up on either side, verily a strait, narrow way, and hard for the feet to tread?"

"You have spoken to me, Rabbi, and . . . cleared yourself"—Carmichael was still somewhat sore—"and I'll promise not to offend you again in an action sermon."

"Albeit you intend it not so, yet are you making it harder for me to speak. . . . See you not . . . that I . . . that necessity is laid on me to declare this matter to my brother Presbyters in court assembled . . . but not in hearing of the people?" Then there was a stillness in the room, and the Rabbi, although he had closed his eyes, was conscious of the amazement on the young man's face.

"Do you mean to say," speaking very slowly, as one taken utterly aback, "that our Rabbi would come to my . . . to the Sacrament and hear me preach, and . . . report me for heresy to the Presbytery? Rabbi, I know we don't agree about some things, and perhaps I was a little . . . annoyed a few minutes ago because you . . . know far more than I do, but that is nothing. For you to prosecute one of your boys and be the witness yourself, . . . Rabbi, you can't mean it; . . . say it's a mistake."

The old man only gave a deep sigh.

"If it were Dowbiggin or . . . any man except you, I wouldn't care one straw, rather enjoy the debate, but you whom we have loved and looked up to and boasted about, why, it's like . . . a father turning against his sons."

The Rabbi made no sign.

"You live too much alone, Rabbi," and Carmichael began again as the sense of the tragedy grew on him, "and nurse your conscience till it gets over-tender; no other man would dream of . . . prosecuting a . . . fellow-minister in such circumstances. You have spoken to me like a father, surely that is enough," and in his honest heat the young fellow knelt down by the Rabbi's chair and took his hand.

A tear rolled down the Rabbi's cheek, and he looked fondly at the lad.

"Your words pierce me as sharp swords, John; spare me, for I can do none otherwise; all night I wrestled for release, but in vain."

Carmichael had a sudden revulsion of feeling, such as befalls emotional and ill-disciplined natures when they are disappointed and mortified.

"Very good, Doctor Saunderson"—Carmichael rose awkwardly and stood on the hearth-rug again, an elbow on the mantelpiece—"you must do as you please and think right. I am sorry that I . . . pressed you so far, but it was on grounds of our . . . friendship.

"Perhaps you will tell me as soon as you can what you propose to do, and when you will bring . . . this matter before the Presbytery. My sermon was fully written, and . . . is at your disposal."

While this cold rain beat on the Rabbi's head he moved not, but at its close he looked at Carmichael with the appeal of a dumb animal in his eyes.

"The first meeting of Presbytery is on Monday, but you would no doubt consider that too soon; is there anything about dates in the order of procedure for heresy?" and Carmichael made as though he would go over to the shelves for a law book.

"John," cried the Rabbi—his voice full of tears—rising and following the foolish lad, "is this all you have in your heart to say unto me? Surely, as I stand before you, it is not my desire to do this thing, for I would rather cut off my right hand.

"God hath not been pleased to give me many friends, and He only knows how you and the others have comforted my heart. I lie not, John, but speak the truth, that there is nothing, unto life itself, I would not give for your good, who have been as the apple of my eye unto me."

Carmichael hardened himself, torn between a savage sense of satisfaction that the Rabbi was suffering for his foolishness and an inclination of his better self to respond to the old man's love.

"If there be a breach between us, it will not be for you as it must be for me. You have many friends, and may God add unto them good men and faithful; but I shall lose my one earthly joy and consolation when your feet are no longer heard on my threshold and your face no longer brings light to my room. And, John, even this thing which I am constrained to do is yet of love, as . . . you shall confess one day."

Carmichael's pride alone resisted, and it was melting fast. Had he even looked at the dear face, he must have given way, but he kept his shoulder to the Rabbi, and at that moment the sound of wheels passing the corner of the manse gave him an ungracious way of escape.

"That is Burnbrae's dog-cart . . . Doctor Saunderson, and I think he will not wish to keep his horse standing in the snow, so unless you will stay all night, as it's going to drift . . . Then perhaps it would be better . . . Can I assist you in packing?" How formal it all sounded, and he allowed the Rabbi to go upstairs alone, with the result that various things of the old man's are in Carmichael's house unto this day.

Another chance was given the lad when the Rabbi would have bidden him good-by at the door, beseeching that he should not come out into the drift, and still another when Burnbrae, being concerned about his passenger's appearance, who seemed ill fitted to face a storm, wrapped him in a plaid; and he had one more when the old man leant out of the dog-cart and took Carmichael's hand in both of his, but only said, "God bless you for all you've been to me, and forgive me for all wherein I have failed you." And they did not meet again till that never-to-be-forgotten sederunt of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown, when the minister of Kilbogie accused the minister of Drumtochty of teaching the Linlathen heresy of the Fatherhood of God in a sermon before the Sacrament.

Among all the institutions of the North a Presbytery is the most characteristic, and affords a standing illustration of the contradictions of a superbly logical people. It is so anti-clerical a court that for every clergyman there must also be a layman—country ministers promising to bring in their elder for great occasions, and instructing him audibly how to vote—and so fiercely clerical that if the most pious and intelligent elder dared to administer a sacrament he would be at once tried and censured for sacrilege. So careful is a Presbytery to prevent the beginnings of Papacy that it insists upon each of its members occupying the chair in turn, and dismisses him again into private life as soon as he has mastered his duties; but so imbued is it with the idea of authority that whatever decision may be given by some lad of twenty-five in the chair—duly instructed, however, by the clerk below—will be rigidly obeyed. When a Presbytery has nothing else to do, it dearly loves to pass a general condemnation on sacerdotalism, in which the tyranny of prelates and the foolishness of vestments will be fully exposed; but a Presbytery wields a power at which a bishop's hair would stand on end, and Doctor Dowbiggin once made Carmichael leave the Communion Table and go into the vestry to put on his bands.

When a Presbytery is in its lighter moods, it gives itself to points of order with a skill and relish beyond the Southern imagination. It did not matter how harmless, even infantile, might be the proposal placed before the court by such a man as MacWheep of Pitscourie, he would hardly have got past an apology for his presumption in venturing to speak at all, before a member of Presbytery—who had reduced his congregation to an irreducible minimum by the woodenness of his preaching—would inquire whether the speech of "our esteemed brother was not ultra vires," or something else as awful. MacWheep would at once sit down with the air of one taken red-handed in crime, and the court would debate the point till every authority had taken his fill, when the clerk would submit to the moderator, with a fine blend of deference and infallibility, that Mr. MacWheep was perfectly within his rights; and then, as that estimable person had lost any thread he ever possessed, the Presbytery would pass to the next business—with the high spirit of men returning from a holiday. Carmichael used, indeed, to relate how in a great stress of business some one moved that the Presbytery should adjourn for dinner, and the court argued for seventy minutes, with many precedents, whether such a motion—touching as it did the standing orders—could even be discussed, and, with an unnecessary prodigality of testimony, he used to give perorations which improved with every telling.

The love of law diffused through the Presbytery became incarnate in the clerk, who was one of the most finished specimens of his class in the Scottish Kirk. His sedate appearance, bald, polished head, fringed with pure white hair, shrewd face, with neatly cut side whiskers, his suggestion of unerring accuracy and inexhaustible memory, his attitude for exposition—holding his glasses in his left hand and enforcing his decision with the little finger of the right hand—carried conviction even to the most disorderly. Ecclesiastical radicals, boiling over with new schemes and boasting to admiring circles of MacWheeps that they would not be browbeaten by red-tape officials, would become ungrammatical before that firm gaze, and end in abject surrender. Self-contained and self-sufficing, the clerk took no part in debate, save at the critical moment to lay down the law, but wrote his minutes unmoved through torrents of speech on every subject, from the Sustentation Fund to the Union between England and Scotland, and even under the picturesque eloquence of foreign deputies, whom he invariably requested to write their names on a sheet of paper. On two occasions only he ceased from writing: when Dr. Dowbiggin discussed a method of procedure—then he watched him over his spectacles in hope of a nice point; or when some enthusiastic brother would urge the Presbytery to issue an injunction on the sin of Sabbath walking—then the clerk would abandon his pen in visible despair, and, sitting sideways on his chair and supporting his head by that same little finger, would face the Presbytery with an expression of reverent curiosity on his face why the Creator was pleased to create such a man. His preaching was distinguished for orderliness, and was much sought after for Fast days. It turned largely on the use of prepositions and the scope of conjunctions, so that the clerk could prove the doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice from "instead," and Retribution from "as" in the Lord's Prayer, emphasizing and confirming everything by that wonderful finger, which seemed to be designed by Providence for delicate distinctions, just as another man's fist served for popular declamation. His pulpit masterpiece was a lecture on the Council of Jerusalem, in which its whole proceedings were reviewed by the rules of the Free Kirk Book of Order, and a searching and edifying discourse concluded with two lessons. First: That no ecclesiastical body can conduct its proceedings without officials. Second: That such men ought to be accepted as a special gift of Providence.

The general opinion among good people was that the clerk's preaching was rather for upbuilding than arousing, but it is still remembered by the survivors of the old Presbytery that when MacWheep organized a conference on "The state of religion in our congregations," and it was meandering in strange directions, the clerk, who utilized such seasons for the writing of letters, rose amid a keen revival of interest—it was supposed that he detected an irregularity in the proceedings—and offered his contribution. "It did not become him to boast," he said, "but he had seen marvelous things in his day: under his unworthy ministry three church officers had been converted to Christianity," and this experience was so final that the conference immediately closed.

Times there were, however, when the Presbytery rose to its height and was invested with an undeniable spiritual dignity. Its members, taken one by one, consisted of farmers, shepherds, tradesmen, and one or two professional men, with some twenty ministers, only two or three of whom were known beyond their parishes. Yet those men had no doubt that as soon as they were constituted in the name of Christ, they held their authority from the Son of God and Saviour of the world, and they bore themselves in spiritual matters as his servants. No kindly feeling of neighborliness or any fear of man could hinder them from inquiring into the religious condition of a parish or dealing faithfully with an erring minister. They had power to ordain, and laid hands on the bent head of some young probationer with much solemnity; they had also power to take away the orders they had given, and he had been hardened indeed beyond hope who could be present and not tremble when the Moderator, standing in his place, with the Presbytery around, and speaking in the name of the Head of the Church, deposed an unworthy brother from the holy ministry. MacWheep was a "cratur," and much given to twaddle, but when it was his duty once to rebuke a fellow-minister for quarreling with his people, he was delivered from himself, and spake with such grave wisdom as he has never shown before or since.

When the Presbytery assembled to receive a statement from Doctor Saunderson "*re* error in doctrine by a brother Presbyter," even a stranger might have noticed that its members were weighted with a sense of responsibility, and although a discussion arose on the attempt of a desultory member to introduce a deputy charged with the subject of the lost ten tribes, yet it was promptly squelched by the clerk, who intimated, with much gravity, that the court had met *in hunc effectum*, viz., to hear Doctor Saunderson, and that the court could not, in consistence with law, take up any other business, not even—here Carmichael professed to detect a flicker of the clerkly eyelids—the disappearance of the ten tribes.

It was the last time that the Rabbi ever spoke in public, and it is now agreed that the deliverance was a fit memorial of the most learned scholar that has ever been known in those parts. He began by showing that Christian doctrine has taken various shapes, some more and some less in accordance with the deposit of truth given by Christ and the holy Apostles, and especially that the doctrine of Grace had been differently conceived by two eminent theologians, Calvin and Arminius, and his exposition was so lucid that the clerk gave it as his opinion that the two systems were understood by certain members of the court for the first time that day. Afterwards the Rabbi vindicated and glorified Calvinism from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, from the Fathers, from the Reformation Divines, from the later creeds, till the brain of the Presbytery reeled through the wealth of allusion and quotation, all in the tongues of the learned. Then he dealt with the theology of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and showed how it was undermining the very foundations of Calvinism; yet the Rabbi spake so tenderly of our Scottish Maurice that the Presbytery knew not whether it ought to condemn Erskine as a heretic or love him as a saint. Having thus brought the court face to face with the issues involved, the Rabbi gave a sketch of a certain sermon he had heard while assisting "a learned and much-beloved brother at the Sacrament," and Carmichael was amazed at the transfiguration of his very youthful performance, which now figured as a profound and edifying discourse, for whose excellent qualities the speaker had not adequate words. This fine discourse was, however, to a certain degree marred by an unfortunate, no doubt temporary, leaning to the teaching of Mr. Erskine, whose beautiful piety, which was to himself in his worldliness and unprofitableness a salutary rebuke, had exercised its just fascination upon his much more spiritual brother. Finally the Rabbi left the matter in the hands of the Presbytery, declaring that he had cleared his conscience, and that the minister was one—here he was painfully overcome—dear to him as a son, and to whose many labors and singular graces he could bear full testimony, the Rev. John Carmichael, of Drumtochty. The Presbytery was slow and pedantic, but was not insensible to a spiritual situation, and there was a murmur of sympathy when the Rabbi sat down—much exhausted, and never having allowed himself to look once at Carmichael.

Then arose a self-made man, who considered orthodoxy and capital to be bound up together, and especially identified any departure from sovereignty with that pestilent form of Socialism which demanded equal chances for every man. He was only a plain layman, he said, and perhaps he ought not to speak in the presence of so many reverend gentlemen, but he was very grateful to Doctor Saunderson for his honorable and straightforward conduct. It would be better for the Church if there were more like him, and he would just like to ask Mr. Carmichael one or two questions. Did he sign the Confession?—that was one; and had he kept it?—that was two; and the last was, When did he propose to go? He knew something about building contracts, and he had heard of a penalty when a contract was broken. There was just one thing more he would like to say—if there was less loose theology in the pulpit there would be more money in the plate. The shame of the Rabbi during this harangue was pitiable to behold.

Then a stalwart arose on the other side, and a young gentleman who had just escaped from a college debating society wished to know what century we were living in, warned the last speaker that the progress of theological science would not be hindered by mercenary threats, advised Doctor Saunderson to read a certain German called Ritschl—as if he had been speaking to a babe in arms—and was refreshing himself with a Latin quotation, when the Rabbi, in utter absence of mind, corrected a false quantity aloud.

"Moderator," the old man apologized in much confusion, "I wot not what I did, and I pray my reverend brother, whose interesting address I have interrupted by this unmannerliness, to grant me his pardon, for my tongue simply obeyed my ear." Which untoward incident brought the modern to an end, as by a stroke of ironical fate. It seemed to the clerk that little good to any one concerned was to come out of this debate, and he signaled to Doctor Dowbiggin, with whom he had dined the night before, and concocted a motion over their wine. Whereupon that astute man explained to the court that he did not desire to curtail the valuable discussion, from which he personally had derived much profit, but he had ventured to draw up a motion, simply for the guidance of the House—it was said by the Rabbi's boys that the Doctor's success as an ecclesiastic was largely due to the skillful use of such phrases—and then he read: "Whereas the Church is set in all her courts for the defense of the truth, whereas it is reported that various erroneous doctrines are being promulgated in books and other public prints, whereas it has been stated that one of the ministers of this Presbytery has used words that might be supposed to give sanction to a certain view which appears to conflict with statements contained in the standards of the Church, the Presbytery of Muirtown declares, first of all, its unshaken adherence to the said standards, secondly deplores the existence in any quarter of notions contradictory or subversive of said standards, thirdly thanks Doctor Saunderson for the vigilance he has shown in the cause of sound doctrine, fourthly calls upon all ministers within the bounds to have a care that they create no offense by their teaching, and finally enjoins all parties concerned to cultivate peace and charity."

This motion was seconded by the clerk and carried unanimously—Carmichael being compelled to silence by the two wise men for his own sake and theirs—and was declared to be a conspicuous victory both by the self-made man and the modern, which was another tribute to the ecclesiastical gifts of Doctor Dowbiggin and the clerk of the Presbytery of Muirtown.

[To be continued in the October Magazine Number of The Outlook]

Perplexing Providences[1]

By the Rev. John Watson, M.A., D.D.

No one can read the Old Testament without observing that its writers are gravely concerned about the way in which Providence treats the righteous man. They take for granted that he ought to be favored of God, and that the unrighteous man ought to suffer; but it appears as if God shone upon the wicked and frowned on the good. The Psalmist complains bitterly that vile men are exalted. The prophets mention as one of the signs of the golden age that the churl shall no longer be counted bountiful. The Book of Job is a profound discussion of the apparent contradiction of justice, and the writer of Ecclesiastes almost lost hope of a world where the same lot is assigned to saint and sinner. When the righteous are blessed or when the unrighteous are punished, a load is lifted from the conscience and reason of these thinkers, and it appears as if their faith would hardly have any trial were this mystery of government solved. Let every man get his due, then

God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

Perhaps the West can hardly appreciate the force of this complaint to the full, because it has not felt its pressure. We have not known what it is to be wronged and robbed, to be cruelly oppressed, and to suffer the last outrage in our homes without protection or redress. While the hope of justice remains, a man can endure; when justice sides with the criminal, the victim's blood turns to gall. The fierce energy of the West has wrought salvation, breaking to pieces the power of the tyrant, compelling equal laws, surrounding justice with a wall of fire, casting an invincible shield over the helpless. Certain passages of the Bible are obsolete for the West, and are to us hardly intelligible. Our fathers knew their meaning. There are Christians in the East to-day that will still read them with passion. These passages are the litany of the poor, of the helpless, of women and children, the appeal of all miserables to a silent God, who will not move, who seems not to care, who has, notwithstanding, been partaker of the human Gethsemane, and himself inspired the passion of this cry.

We of the West have our own quarrel with Providence—although it be on a minor scale—and it frets our souls at a time and dashes the sweetness of faith. It appears as if, through carelessness or blindness, certain individuals had been confused in the arrangement of affairs, so that A receives the recompense of B, and B is condemned to the lot of A. One man is honorable, high-spirited, religious, faithful. His word is certain, his friends trust him unto death, his family adore him, the world counts him righteous. Here is one who surely will have riches and power and honor and comfort, who will be crowned with fame before all the people. And instead thereof his whole life is a struggle with poverty, trials, and obscurity. He is not called to dignity, but to pity. Another man is selfish, tricky, merciless, mercenary, whose word goes for nothing, who has done base things, whom no one in private respects. He ought to be an object of contempt—left alone in his place till he repents and does righteousness. Yet because the fellow has plausible manners and a fluent tongue and a cunning intellect, he too often wins his way with the multitude and retains their suffrages and lives at his ease. As he drives into the city, the mud from this intriguer's carriage-wheels defiles the coat of the righteous man. This contrast may not be common, but it does occur, and it raises questions—about the fairness of Providence.

This immoral situation makes good living harder for us all, and surely any artificial hindrance is scarcely needed. Many of us are bitterly conscious of the temptation to do less than our best, and require every enforcement of virtue. Here before our eyes is a parable, teaching us in so many words that integrity and piety are only the high road to failure, and that showy and unscrupulous methods are the passport to success. There are some whom no allurements can seduce from the way of righteousness, and whom the sight of the low estate of goodness will only establish in their integrity. Other some are ready enough to hearken to any voice which declares that the gods do not see behind, but are as easily deceived as foolish people. Is it not dangerous for the individual that the way of unrighteousness be laid out as a primrose path, while the way of honor is narrow and strait?

Is not this confusion of lots also like a misdirection from the bench and an injustice to society? If there be a sense of the distinction between goodness and badness in the community, does it not require the support and sanctions of the Eternal? Do we not as nations turn to history to read the downfall of iniquity and the victory of righteousness? Are we not in social life ever on the alert for convincing illustrations of that unseen power which shapes human life according to the law written in our conscience? What a wanton blow to our poor perplexed consciences to see a despicable person, whose hand we would not take in the way of friendship, selected for a crown, and a saint who has been an inspiration to us in the conflict of the soul allotted a cross! Can our commonwealth be blamed if it follow the lead of Providence and set rascals on high and hold the children of the kingdom in scorn?

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

So it comes to pass that we begin by being concerned about good men, and end by being concerned about God. Is He also careless whether one choose the higher or lower way, whether he feed or mortify his evil self? Are men and cowards, vain and proud persons, the same to Him as the men of the Beatitudes? This is a very serious question, vital and final. If God be on the right side, then there is not a good man anywhere who will not hold up his head; if God goes over to the enemy, then it seems no use that the rest of us continue the fight—let us fling away our scruples and join in the general scramble. Of course we know what God has said: his words are in the Law of Moses and in the Sermon on the Mount; they are graven on our hearts. We also see what God does, and his deeds and his words do not correspond. This is the problem of Providence, and it is not light. We ought carefully to remember that Providence has not finished its work with those two men and their affairs. It is at the foot of the page the figures are added, and till the columns are filled up no one can say whether the debtor or creditor side has the advantage. Life has many surprises, and some of them are very cheering. Knaves come oftentimes to shame and beggary, much to the relief of society; just men suddenly win their rights, to every one's delight. Wickedness may succeed to-day and to-morrow, and be made a hissing and a reproach the third day. Honor may be set in the pillory and be pelted by the rascal multitude for a day and be clothed in purple and borne to her throne at eve of sun. And if this happy event come not to pass in our time, then the figures will be carried over the page, and the balance will be struck on the other side. Dives and Lazarus in this world may seem an argument against Providence; the argument has to be modified when you meet the two men in the next world. God has an infinite patience, and does not make haste; it will be soon enough to judge his ways when they are complete.

Is it not also our misfortune to be dazzled by the glitter of this world and to identify the rewards of God with material prosperity? If one be rich and increased in goods, if he hold high station in Church or State, then is it not evident that God has blessed him? If one live in a small house and his name be not known two streets away, then surely God has not blessed him. Could any standard be more shallow, deceptive, unbelieving, ungodly? It would seem as if the New Testament had never been written and Jesus had never lived in Nazareth! If the teaching of Jesus goes for anything, worldly success is no sign of divine approval, but is rather a very trying discipline; hardship is no evidence that God is disowning a man, but, maybe, the most convincing gift of his fatherly love. Joseph of Arimathea was no dearer to Christ than St. John, and although Nero lived in a palace and wore the purple, while St. Paul was chained to a soldier and imprisoned in the barracks, the Apostle had not been willing to change places with the Emperor. When God is pleased and wishes to bless the men he loves, his hands have other gifts than silver and gold.

It is more than probable, moreover, that the accounts are being squared here and now, but that our eyes are holden. Is it absolutely certain that our Dives rejoices as one on whom God's face is shining? What of the reprobation of good men, of the gnawing misery of self-contempt, of the conscious impoverishment of the soul, of the haunting dread of the future? Are there none who would give all they have won by years of scheming and self-degradation for a quiet conscience and a good character? Does it go without saying that our Lazarus is miserable because he is not clothed in fine linen and does not dine sumptuously every day? May he not have his own consolations? Surely it is no mean compensation for a severe life and narrow circumstances to be able to look every man in the face, to have the loyal friendship of six honest men, to leave an unstained name as the heritage of his children, to hear God say in the stillness of the soul, "Well done, my son."

Delinquent, Defective, and Dependent Classes in the United States

III.—Dependent Classes[1]

By F. W. Hewes

The drawing on the opposite page presents an interesting study of two widely differing elements of population. The first may be called the hopeless poor. The second consists largely of diseased and disabled persons receiving aid from public and private benevolence.

Exhibit No. 1 (at the right-hand upper corner of the drawing) consists of a pair of measuring-bars, which show that the census report divides the 97,265 paupers into two parts. Almost exactly three-fourths of them were found sheltered in almshouses, while the other one-fourth are those "permanently supported at public expense at their own homes or with private families."

Distribution.—Exhibit No. 2 portrays the geographical distribution of the almshouse poor, and shows (as in the case of insanity, studied in the second paper) that the North Atlantic section has a much larger proportion than any other part of the United States.[2]

The reason for this larger proportion of paupers—as well as of insane and criminals—is undoubtedly, in large measure, that found in the study of the criminal element, viz., the presence of the most undesirable portion of the foreign-born population, which remains in the seacoast towns, while the more thrifty portion finds its way westward, settling in the agricultural States.

This view is in part corroborated by the very long bar in exhibit No. 3, which shows that a much greater portion of the foreign-born element finds its way into almshouses than of either native-born white or colored persons in the country, as a whole.

The very small circle of the South Central section, and the slightly larger one of the South Atlantic section, are in strong contrast with that of the North Atlantic and Middle States. It appears clear that either the South has fewer poor, or that almshouses are not so abundantly supplied.

Before leaving exhibit No. 3 it is worth while to note that if our population were made up wholly of native-born white persons our proportion of paupers would be only about two-thirds what it is, for the bar portraying native-born white is marked 798, while the actual average, including all classes, is 1,166, as recorded on the United States circle just above No. 3. The chief element making up the larger percentage is clearly the excessively large proportion of the foreign-born population, as shown by that bar of No. 3.[1]

Decrease.—That large and growing class of people at the North who are in favor of a very careful public and private expenditure for the support of the poor will be pleased to note the sharp downward pitch of the upper slant line in No. 4. This downward pitch indicates an important decrease in the proportion of paupers in the North Atlantic section between 1880 and 1890. This would seem to

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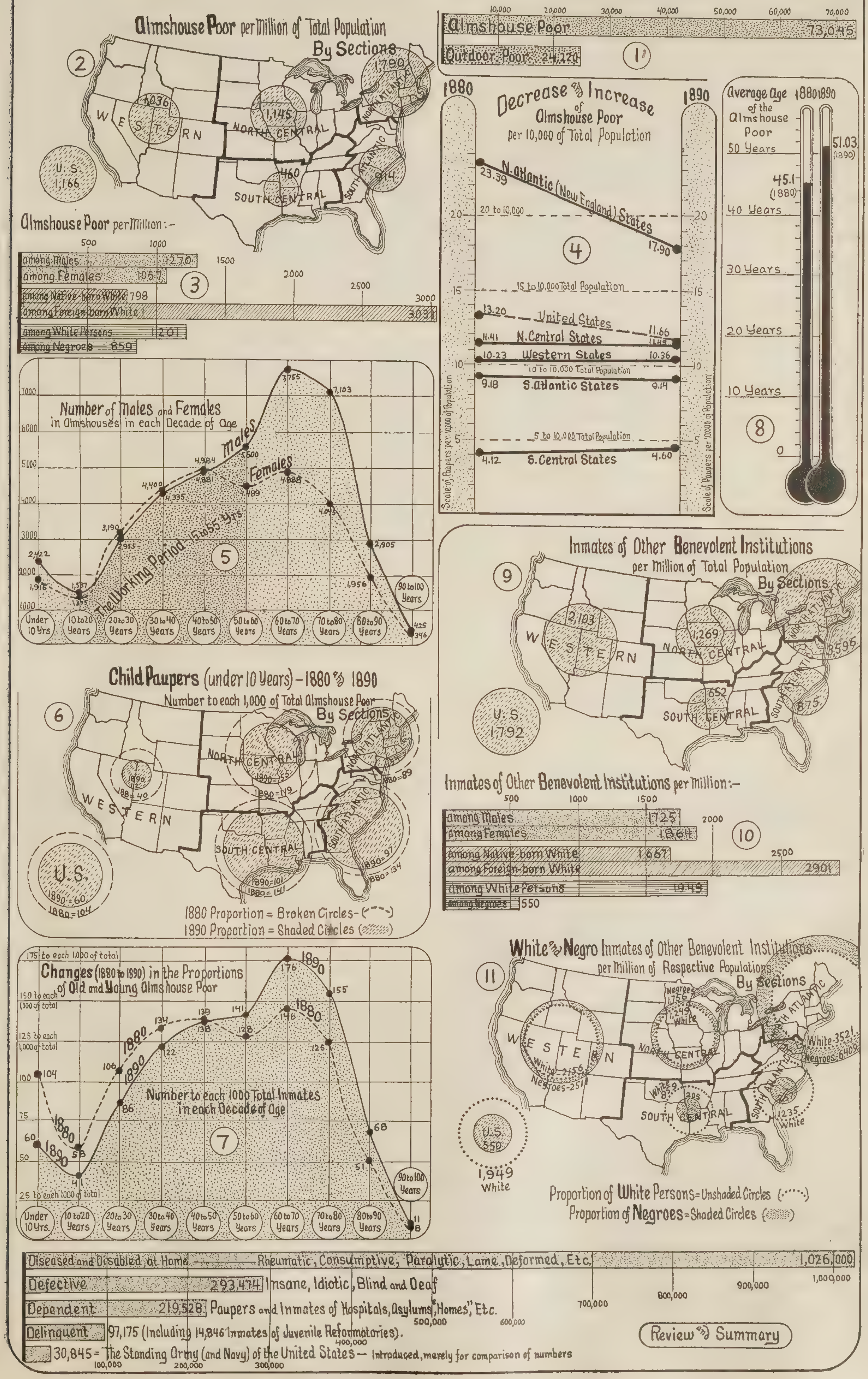
[1] For the preceding papers see The Outlook for March 7 and September 5.

[2] This is also equally true of the outdoor poor. In fact, all data concerning the outdoor poor correspond very closely to that of the almshouse poor, so that what is presented regarding the almshouse poor may properly be taken as representing the whole.

[1] It is to be kept in mind that the greater age of the foreign-born population counts against them.

DEPENDENT CLASSES IN THE UNITED STATES



indicate a more discriminating and restrictive policy in that portion of the United States.

Were a like reduction indicated in each of the other sections, then it might be attributed to the effect of the business prosperity which prevailed throughout the country in that decade. Since, however, the four other slant lines show only trifling changes, the decrease in the Eastern section must come from some local influence, and that influence probably the one already noted.

Male and Female.—The population of the country, as a whole, has a few more males than females; and since wage-earning offers much more ample employment to males than females (the census reports showing nearly five times as many males as females employed), it would be natural to expect a much smaller proportion of male than female paupers. An examination of No. 5 shows, however, that during what may be termed the wage-earning period of life there is only a slightly smaller proportion. After the wage-earning period the excess of male paupers is remarkable. Must this be taken to mean that men are naturally much more ready to become paupers than are women?

Another remarkable fact presented in No. 5 is that the number of paupers is so much less in the second decade of life than in the first. This would seem to indicate a larger proportion of self-supporting population between ten and twenty years of age than at any other period of life. Not less remarkable is the sudden increase of paupers in the third decade (twenty to thirty years of age). It seems astonishing that so many so quickly drop out of the self-supporting ranks.

Child Paupers.—A very gratifying result is presented in No. 6, where the larger (broken) map circles show how great were the proportions of paupers under ten years of age in 1880—at the close of the 1873–79 panic; and the smaller (shaded) circles show the reduction to 1890, covering ten years of prosperity. The United States circle (off the lower left-hand corner of the map) marks a reduction from 104 to 60 per million, or over forty per cent. The five pairs of section circles show that the reduction was very general all through the country, reaching over fifty per cent. in the North Central and seventy per cent. in the Western division; where at the same time even the 1880 proportion was much smaller than in any other part of the country.

It looks very much as if this general improvement were due to the business prosperity of that decade. It was also undoubtedly aided by the efforts of philanthropic persons and societies to remove dependent children from almshouses to "homes" and other better institutions.

The diagram lines show that in both 1880 and 1890 there was a larger proportion of paupers between sixty and seventy years of age than at any other period of life. They also show an increase from 146 to 176 in a thousand, during the ten years, in this seventh decade of life, which indicates that the average age of all paupers advances considerably. This fact is portrayed by the two thermometers of No. 8, near the upper right-hand corner of the drawing.

Benevolent Institutions.—Besides the numerous recipients of benevolence and charity already studied in this and the preceding paper, the census found 112,263 persons in *other* benevolent institutions—" National, State, county, city, and private; in hospitals, orphan asylums, church benevolent institutions, homes for aged women, homes for children, and all places of such character." Exhibit No. 9 gives the geographical distribution of these persons, and calls attention to the much larger provision made for these needy ones in the North Atlantic section than elsewhere. The remarkably small circles of the South show either a much less generous provision or a much smaller need.

Negroes.—The very small proportion of the negro population represented in these benevolent institutions raises the inquiry whether prejudice against that race operates to exclude them. It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that there are so very few among them needing this kind of aid. The people of the North charge those of the South with a lack of humanity toward the negro. The people of the South make just as earnest a counter charge, and claim that in practice the Northerners are the guilty ones.

The data have, therefore, been analyzed to ascertain how this class of benevolence is distributed, between white persons and negroes, in each of the five sections of the country. The result is shown in No. 11. Beginning with the North Atlantic section, it is clearly evident that the negroes of that section have much more than their equal share in the benefits provided; for while the white population of that section have about three and a half (3.521) persons to each thousand white persons, in these benevolent institutions the negroes have nearly six and a half (6.409) persons to each thousand negroes. Either the negroes of that section are much more needy than the white population, or prejudice is greatly in their favor. The circles of the North Central and Western sections show similar conditions existing in those two sections.

The opposite conditions, shown even more emphatically in the two Southern sections, point out one of two facts. Either the negroes are not nearly as needy in the South or certain forces are against them.

SUMMARY AND REVIEW

The three papers hereby concluded have brought under brief examination the afflicted and disturbing elements of population, sheltered in organized institutions. This is, however, only a part of the count. Besides all these there are in their own homes a still larger number of persons who through disease or other disability are unable to follow their ordinary occupations. The census of 1890 approximated those afflicted at 1,026,000 persons.

A set of measuring-bars at the foot of the drawing compares these several great "armies" with the standing army of the United States, and thereby leaves the reader to his own ponderings regarding the disturbing and disturbed elements of the population of our country.

Books and Authors

The Bible as Literature [1]

It was inevitable that the fresh and independent study of the Bible which has been carried forward with such enthusiasm of late years, and which, in spite of some rash conclusions, has been so beneficent in its influence, should eventually awaken a new appreciation of the unique collection of writings which compose the Book as literature. Webster is reported to have said that one evidence of the divine origin of the Christian religion was furnished by the fact that it has survived the written sermon; he might have added that one evidence of the unique spiritual quality and value of the Bible is to be found in the fact that it has searched, inspired, and consoled so many noble men and women, and written itself so largely into the experience and history of a large part of the world, despite the arbitrary way in which it has been divided, the mechanical method by which it has been treated, the indifference shown to its beauty and integrity of form. Through the fog of literal interpretation, and in spite of absurd and mechanical arrangement, the soul of the Bible has still found its way to the soul of humanity. The study of recent years will bear fruit in a repossession of a body of literature full of a beauty which has been obscured, and characterized by a variety which has been almost obliterated. The soul shines with a new splendor now that men are able to see with what harmonious beauty of form it is matched.

The recovery of the Bible of literature was certain to come, but it has found in Professor Richard G. Moulton an interpreter of very unusual gifts. A student and scholar of wide learning, Professor Moulton has also a very genuine feeling for literature and a very notable gift of dramatic interpretation. His study of the Greek and Shakespearean dramas has born fruit in two suggestive books, while his brilliant qualities as an expositor of literary themes have not only charmed audiences in many parts of the country, but have awakened an intelligent and abiding interest in the serious study of literature. Coming from an English university, with an established reputation as a University Extension lecturer, Professor Moulton, by reason of his position in the University of Chicago, has become one of us if warmth of welcome and wide respect can effect a change of citizenship.

The Bible has long been the subject of reverent and intelligent study by Professor Moulton—study which has borne valuable fruit in his "Literary Study of the Bible," which bears the imprint of Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., and still more important fruit in the series of well-printed and convenient little volumes which are now coming from the press of the Macmillan Company. The purpose of this series is well expressed in its general title, "The Modern Reader's Bible: A Series of Works from the Sacred Scriptures Presented in Modern Literary Form." The earlier work is a comment upon and exposition of the literary quality and form of the Bible; these volumes present the Bible in the literary forms which, in the judgment of the editor, it ought to wear. The effect of these changes back to the original poems under which the sacred writings first appeared will be, for the vast majority of readers, a surprise and delight; they will feel as if they had come upon new spiritual and intellectual treasures, and they will appreciate for the first time how much the Bible has suffered from the hands of those who have treated it without reference to its literary quality. In view of the significance and possible results of Professor Moulton's undertaking, it is not too much to pronounce it one of the most important spiritual and literary events of the times. It is part of the renaissance of Biblical study; but it may mean, and in our judgment it does mean, the renewal of a fresh and deep impression of the beauty and power of the supreme spiritual writing of the world.

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[1] *The Modern Reader's Bible.* 15 vols. 50 cents a volume. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The plan involves primarily the proper arrangement of the printed page, the recognition of the distinction between prose and verse, the use of the different metrical forms, the insertion of the names of speakers in dialogue, and the introduction of titles to such compositions as essays and discourses. The series, so far as announced, is to include fifteen volumes: four devoted to the Wisdom literature, and including books of selections from the Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, Ecclesiastes, and the Book of Job; one containing the orations and songs of Moses, Deuteronomy; one made up of Biblical Idyls, containing Solomon's Song and the epic lyrics of Ruth, Esther, and Tobit; a History Series in five volumes, devoted to Genesis, Exodus, The Judges, The Kings, and The Chronicles; and a Prophecy Series, presenting Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and The Minor Prophets. It is very much to be hoped that the reception given to the series will insure its completion. Each volume contains a very valuable introductory study of the book presented as a piece of literature; and this series of essays, summing up the results of Professor Moulton's long study, form a contribution of no small importance to the literature relating to the Bible. Each volume is also furnished with notes. The text used throughout the series is that of the Revised Version, the marginal readings being usually preferred.

Professor Moulton's skill and judgment have been subjected to very severe tests in the arrangement and treatment of a series of works in prose and verse of such diverse quality and character, but his success has been notable; for he has brought to his task ample knowledge, genuine literary feeling, and deep reverence. It is impossible to do justice to his work by quotation; his rendering of the Book of Job, for instance, must be read entire, with the Introduction, to gain the full and rich impression of that noble poem—the greatest poem, in many ways, in the literature of the world. Two selections may, however, give a hint of Professor Moulton's method, and of the value and charm of the results attained by it. The Song of Solomon is divided into seven Idyls, the second of which Dr. Moulton entitles "The Bride's Reminiscence of the Courtship:"

THE INTERRUPTED VISIT.—THE BIRDS

The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh
Leaping upon the mountains,
Skipping upon the hills.
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart:
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
He looketh in at the windows,
He showeth himself through the lattice.
My beloved spake, and said unto me:
"Rise up, my love, my fair one,
And come away.

For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land
The fig-tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom.
They give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my fair one,
And come away.

Oh my dove, that art in the clefts of the rocks,
In the court of the steep place,
Let me see thy countenance,
Let me hear thy voice;

For sweet is thy voice,
And thy countenance is comely."

VOICES OF THE BROTHERS (*heard interrupting*).

"Take us the foxes,
The little foxes that spoil the vineyards;
For our vineyards are in blossom."

My beloved is mine, and I am his;
He feedeth his flocks among the lilies,
Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart
Upon the mountains of separation.

Two selections from "The Proverbs," in the Wisdom Series, bring out other aspects of Dr. Moulton's work:

THE TWO PATHS—A SONNET

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings;
And the years of thy life shall be many.
I have taught thee in the way of wisdom;
I have led thee in paths of uprightness.
When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened;
And if thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.
Take fast hold of instruction;
Let her not go:
Keep her;
For she is thy life.

Enter not into the path of the wicked,
And walk not in the way of evil men.
Avoid it,
Pass not by it;
Turn from it,
And pass on.
For they sleep not, except they have done mischief;
And their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.
For they eat the bread of wickedness,
And drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the righteous is as the light of dawn,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
The way of the wicked is as darkness;
They know not at what they stumble.

WISDOM AND HEALTH—A SONNET

My son, attend to my words;
Incline thine ear unto my sayings.
Let them not depart from thine eyes;
Keep them in the midst of thine heart.
For they are life unto those that find them,
And health to all their flesh.

Keep thy Heart above all that thou guardest,
For out of it are the issues of life.

Put away from thee a froward Mouth,
And perverse lips put far from thee.

Let thine Eyes look right on,
And let thine eyelids look straight before thee.

Make level the path of thy Feet,
And let all thy ways be established.
Turn not to the right hand nor to the left
Remove thy foot from evil.

Essays in Criticism [1]

The deepest impression that one receives from Mr. Edmund Gosse's essays in literary criticism is that of his candor. He is not, like Mr. Zangwill, prone to sacrifice accuracy of expression (and good nature to boot) to the opportunity of making an epigram. Mr. Zangwill's critical sense is acute, but he has the spirit of the *soi disant* François Arouet hovering over him. Mr. Gosse is genial and generous. His own literary successes have put him in a good humor with the sorry phantasm we call the world. He dedicates this collection of his critical reviews to Mr. Thomas Hardy, and calls it "Critical Kit-Kats." The felicity of the title titillates. Mr. Gosse paints us kit-kat portraits of Mrs. Browning, Keats, Beddoes, Fitzgerald, Walt Whitman, Tolstoï, Christina Rossetti, Lord de Tabley, Toru Dutt, Pater, and Stevenson; he draws from life mostly, and he sketches cleverly. It is clear that he does not get as much pleasure out of profound emotions and subtle thought in literature as he does out of perfection of form. To take an instance or two—it is queer that he should select as the best of the Rubaiyát of Omar-Fitzgerald the lines beginning:

Alas, that spring should vanish with the rose!

and

Thus with a loaf of bread beneath the bough.

Likewise, when he comes to speak of Hérèdia—of whom, by the way, Mr. Gosse gives us the only biographical account that has been published—it is the quatorzain beginning

Au milieu de l'écume arrétant son essor

that Mr. Gosse selects as a sample, instead of that on "Jason and Medea," or that on "The Sphynx," or "The Awaking of the God." Mr. Gosse instinctively flees mysticism and metaphysics. No wonder, therefore, that he should enthusiastically adore M. José Maria de Hérèdia. Who that has reveled in the sumptuosity of "Les Trophées" will blame Mr. Gosse, who is entirely right in proclaiming the Cuban Frenchman, the latest of the Forty Immortals, as the greatest poetic artist now living? Hérèdia's sonnets are as complete, we venture to say, as Petrarch's. They have not the heart of Shakespeare's, not the philosophy of Wordsworth's, nor the subtlety of Dante Rossetti's, but they have a perfection of form that is unsurpassable; they are the fine gold chiseling of a Cellini, or they are the relievos of a Donatello of letters. There is a tender sympathy in his touch when Mr. Gosse tells us his story of the late Mr. Pater. If Mr. Pater had any fault, it was a love for preciosity of style, euphuism. It is a difficulty that took possession of him when he perpetrated those interminable sentences in his "Plato and Platonism." Mr. Gosse says that when Pater was at the nadir of his religious faith he most admired the Roman Catholic Church. When Mr. Gosse was in America, he visited Walt Whitman, and frankly he tells us that he went to scoff and remained to—admire. Naturally the formlessness of Whitman's vaticinations would repel him, but the personality of the prophet of Camden was irresistibly attractive. Since it is not generally known how the exquisite sequence of love-poems that Mrs. Browning addressed to her husband came to be named "Sonnets from the Portuguese," here is the explanation in Mr. Gosse's own words:

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[1] *Critical Kit-Kats.* By Edmund Gosse. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

> During the months of their brief courtship, closing, as all the world knows, in the clandestine flight and romantic wedding of September 12, 1846, neither poet showed any verses to the other. Mr. Browning, in particular, had not the smallest notion that the circumstances of their betrothal had led Miss Barrett into any artistic expression of feeling. As little did he suspect it during their honeymoon in Paris, or during their first crowded weeks in Italy. They settled at length in Pisa, and, being quitted by Mrs. Jamieson and her niece, in a very calm and happy mood, the young couple took up each his or her separate work. Their custom was, Mr. Browning said, to write alone, and not to show each other what they had written. This was a rule which he sometimes broke through, but she never. He had the habit of working in a downstairs room, where their meals were spread, while Mrs. Browning studied in a room on the floor above.
>
> One day, early in 1847, their breakfast being over, Mrs. Browning went upstairs while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of some one behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that and to tear it up if he did not like it, and then she fled again to her own room. Mr. Browning settled himself at the table and unfolded the parcel. It contained the series of sonnets which have now become so illustrious. As he read, his emotion and delight may be conceived. Before he had finished, it was impossible for him to restrain himself, and, regardless of his promise, he rushed upstairs and stormed that guarded citadel. He was early conscious that these were treasures not to be kept from the world. "I dared not reserve to myself," he said, "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's." When it was determined to publish the sonnets in the volumes of 1850, the question of a title arose. The name which was ultimately chosen, "Sonnets from the Portuguese," was invented by Mr. Browning as an ingenious device to veil the true authorship, and yet to suggest kinship with that beautiful lyric called "Caterina to Camoens," in which so similar a passion had been expressed. Long before he ever heard of these poems, Mr. Browning called his wife his "own little Portuguese," and so, when she proposed "Sonnets Translated from the Bosnian," he, catching at the happy thought of "translated," replied: "No, not Bosnian—that means nothing—but from the Portuguese! They are Caterina's sonnets!" And so, in half a joke, half a conceit, the famous title was invented.

The average American reader will not find in the writings of the Lord de Tabley and of Miss Rossetti the charm that Mr. Gosse feels. We allow for the element of personal friendship in his opinion. They were poets, pleasing at times, but, notwithstanding all that their coterie did to get the world to admire them, they remain minor poets. Yet we all shall always, or at least for a long time, remember that Miss Rossetti wrote "The Goblin Market."

No one ought to find fault with Mr. Gosse for what he has not said, because he has disarmed the antagonist by the modest title of his book. He has sketched his portraits, and one can imagine him waving his hand along the row and saying, "People whom I have known." In fact, he tells us in his preface that what he has written about the sonnets of Mrs. Browning was laid upon him as a duty by his friend the late Robert Browning, "writer of plays."

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending September 11. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Mr. B. L. Farjeon has not of late years printed anything as good as his first two or three stories, which had a good deal of human sympathy, though they had also distinct reminscences of Dickens's worst faults, and marked the author as a devoted disciple, in style, of the greater novelist. *The Betrayal of John Fordham* is full of improbabilities. It begins with the persecution of a husband by his dipsomaniacal wife, who seems to find almost every one willing to help her in her insane plots, and it ends in a sensational and intricate network of crime and detection. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)——*Tyne Folk* is an excellent descriptive title for Dr. Joseph Parker's collection of character sketches of Northumberland people. The book has acuteness, vitality, and humor. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

A new edition has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of this city, of Mrs. Burnett's ever fresh and readable story *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, which many people still consider the author's strongest work in fiction. The same firm send us in a new edition Mr. J. G. Holland's *Sevenoaks* and *Arthur Bonnicastle*. This edition is very prettily bound; perhaps it is too much to expect fine paper in volumes costing seventy-five cents each, but in these books the paper is so poor that the type-impression is not as good as it should be. As to the stories themselves, they have already been read by hundreds of thousands, and maintain their popularity. They have very obvious faults, but they possess the great merit of sincerity and high purpose. "Sevenoaks" has much the stronger story interest; perhaps "Arthur Bonnicastle" is more suggestive to thought. Also from the same publishers come two volumes in the series "Stories by English Authors;" *Germany* and *The Sea* are the titles; they include short stories by Stevenson, Black, Miss Harraden, W. C. Russell, Walter Besant, and others.——Jean Porter Rudd's *The Tower of the Old Schloss* is a pretty and simple story of German life. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)——We are glad to see a new edition of Mayne Reid's *The Boy Hunters* and *The Bush Boys*. These are among the best of this famous writer's books for boys, and belong to that class of his works which is as far removed as possible from certain volumes bearing his name which are nothing but sensational trash. These two books pleased the boys of a generation, or two generations, ago, and may well please the boys of to-day. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)——Another boys' book is *The Mystery of Lost River Canyon*, by Harry Castlemon. Like all this writer's books, the story is somewhat overcrowded with incident, and the boy hero is one of those extraordinary creatures who, in books, accomplish anything and everything desired. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)——Anne K. Benedict's *The Hathaways' Sister* is a pleasantly told story of child life in New England, in which the religious element is present, but is not over-intrusive. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.)

A work of vast learning and of immense value as furnishing material for systematic study of anthropology is *The History of Mankind*, by Professor Friedrich Ratzel, the first volume of which has just been translated from the second German edition by Mr. A. J. Butler. An interesting introduction is furnished by Dr. E. B. Tylor. The work when completed will really comprise a history of the progress of civilization. It follows the beginnings of language, religion, industrial arts, family customs, ornamentation, house-building, superstitions, tool-making, property distinctions, war methods, and many other characteristic phases of the life of the early races. The book is fully and completely illustrated; some of the illustrations are unpleasant to the eye—particularly the frontispiece—and it seems to us might, without slighting the scientific aspect of the work, have been subordinated in relative prominence. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Dr. W. J. Rolfe, in *Shakespeare the Boy*, has reconstructed, with marvelous patience and a skill belonging only to a thorough Shakespearean scholar, the youthful life of the great dramatist. As is well known, the objective material open to Dr. Rolfe was very slight indeed, but from scores of allusions in the plays themselves the author has been able to work out most satisfactorily an account of what the boy Shakespeare must have seen and known. Some of these articles originally appeared in "The Youth's Companion," but very much new matter has been added. The book is written for the reading of boys, but will interest older people. It is well illustrated. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

In *Literary Landmarks of Venice* Mr. Laurence Hutton has done for the "Queen of the Adriatic" what he formerly did so satisfactorily for London and Edinburgh. To use his own words, his volume is "intended to be a record of the Animated Residences of Genius which are still existing in Venice." Naturally the material is not as abundant as in Mr. Hutton's former volumes of "Literary Landmarks." It is, however, extremely interesting in its character, and the information which Mr. Hutton has collected with his usual accuracy and care is presented in a thoroughly readable form. The book is charmingly illustrated. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mrs. Margaret Sangster always writes with sympathetic feeling. In the volume of little talks entitled *With My Neighbors* she enters into the home and personal side of the life of women and young girls, and, with her accustomed charm of style, talks in a most friendly, suggestive, and often inspiring way. The book is one which must do much good, and is the more valuable because it is absolutely free from pretentiousness or assumption of superiority. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——From the same firm comes Mr. Will Carleton's *The Old Infant, and Similar Stories*. We confess that the humor of these stories seems to us drawn out very thin.——Mr. George A. Hibbard has aptly described *Lenox* in the series of little books relating to American summer resorts, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of this city. The characteristic pleasures of the place are described briefly, and excellent illustrations accompany the text.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have added Washington Irving's *Columbus* to their excellent series on "The Heroes of the Nation."——*Three Old Maids in Hawaii* is a book of travel by Ellen B. Maxwell. There is a good deal of useful information contained in the book, but we are inclined to think that it would have been more acceptable to most readers if the slight form of fiction had not been attempted. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

The Christian Democracy: A History of its Suppression and Revival, by John McDowell Leavitt, D.D., LL.D., reviews the gradual transformation of the Church from a brotherhood to an ecclesiastical despotism, and its gradual change during the last few centuries from an ecclesiastical despotism toward a brotherhood. In a chapter upon Anglicanism the author criticises keenly the claims of the Protestant

Episcopal Church to catholicity. This Church, he says, a century ago was the dominant one in more than half of our States, but to-day it holds but one-twenty-fifth of the aggregate membership of American Protestant Churches. The author believes that the desire of certain men for an elaborate ritual will be gratified when the Church Universal is established, but the Church Universal, he holds, will establish unity by allowing a large measure of diversity. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

Elements of Psychology, by George Groom Robertson, edited by Caroline A. F. Rhys Davids, is a condensation of notes upon lectures delivered by Professor Robertson at University College, London, between 1870 and 1892. Miss Davids was assisted in her work by twenty-five former students under Professor Robertson, who lent her the notes they had taken of his lectures. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Nature and Christ, by Joseph Agar Beet, D.D., is a series of lectures delivered by the Professor of Systematic Theology at Wesleyan College, Richmond, England, before the Ocean Grove Summer School of Theology in August of last year. The thought of the volume is that the revelation of God in nature, in Christ, and in our own souls is essentially one. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)——*The Perfect Whole*, by Horatio W. Dresser, is a deeply religious essay upon the conduct and meaning of life, by one who has experienced the peace and joy that come from the belief that one Divine Spirit is working in all things and through all things. The volume lays no claim to originality of thought, but there is always original thought where there is such freshness and depth of feeling. (George H. Ellis, Boston.)——*The Inspiration of History*, by James Mulchahey, S.T.D., is a series of essays upon the inspiration of history in man's sense of his relationship toward God. The history which has been thus inspired is not confined to that chronicled in the Old and New Testaments, but continues wherever religion is truly "the life of God in the soul of man." (Thomas Whittaker, New York.) *Through Egypt to Palestine*, by Lee S. Smith, is based upon the author's letters to the Pittsburg "Christian Advocate." The volume is amply illustrated from photographs he took during his travels. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

The Evolution of an Empire: A Brief Historical Sketch of the United States, by Mary Platt Parmele, is a healthful attempt to describe the development of the United States without encumbering the mind of the reader with a mass of chronological detail. Memory, the author holds, is intended to be the handmaid of the higher faculties, but in the study of American history it has been enthroned above the other faculties. She endeavors to discuss only those events which have really influenced the life of the people of our country. (William B. Harrison, New York.)

New Essays Concerning Human Understanding, by Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz, translated, with notes, by Alfred Gideon Langley, embodies the labor of years on the part of the translator and editor as well as the philosopher whose criticism upon Locke is now presented to English readers. We shall give the book further notice hereafter. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Holy Spirit in the New Testament Scriptures, by William Campbell Scofield, is a commentary upon the two hundred and fifteen passages in the New Testament in which reference is made to the Holy Spirit. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)——*Evolution or Creation?* by Professor Luther T. Townsend, D.D., is a review of the scientific theories of creation from the standpoint of one who believes in the absolute accuracy of the Mosaic narrative. Professor Townsend finds much encouragement in the waning hold of naturalism upon the leaders in the scientific world. Even if missing links shall be discovered, they will not, he believes, revive the naturalism which seemed in the ascendency a few years ago, but will merely furnish further evidence of a plan along which all the workings of nature are ordered. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

The Epworth League Reading Course for 1896–97 consists of four volumes entitled respectively *The Vision of Christ in the Poets*, by Charles M. Stuart; *The Social Law of Service*, by Professor Richard T. Ely; *Torch-Bearers of Christendom*, by Dr. Robert H. Doherty; and *In League with Israel*, by Annie Fellows Johnston. "The Torch-Bearers of Christendom" is a brief but clear review of the history of Christianity down to our own times. "In League with Israel" is the story of the conversion of a Jew through the work of the League. Professor Ely's book on "The Social Law of Service" and Mr. Stuart's on "The Vision of Christ in the Poets" are books of value to mature minds. Mr. Stuart's volume is an admirable collection of the best religious poems in our English and American literature. Most of them are by the poets of our own half-century—the Brownings, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell—and the religious life they breathe is the religious life of to-day. Professor Ely's "Social Law of Service" is, in an equal or even a greater degree, a book expressive of the religious life of our own times. It presents to the conscience of Christians one pointed question after another regarding their duties toward those to whom they are bound by the modern political and industrial organization of society. The book is one that should and will be read by pastors and adult laymen quite as much as by members of the Epworth League, for whom it is written. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

The Story of France, as told by Thomas E. Watson, the People's party candidate for Vice-President, is an exceptionally entertaining narrative. The muse of history in her South Georgia costume signally lacks her customary dignity, but is so full of life and sympathy and humor that she gains an unwonted fascination. The author touches nothing that has not a vital interest either as illustrating the life of the age he is describing, or as affecting the life of the ages that follow. By means of concrete pictures rather than abstract generalizations he depicts the history of civilization. His own intense sympathies with the cause of the oppressed, and his constant finding of parallels between the battles against privilege in ages gone by and those to-day, make the description of the dead past read like a description of the living present. The volume before us virtually concludes with the story of Joan of Arc. It is understood that Mr. Watson took up French history because of his interest in the French Revolution. If the volume describing that epoch shall be as dramatic and as eloquent as the chapters upon the mediæval deliverers of France, the knowledge of French history may become more general on the Southern farms than it is to-day in our Northern universities.

Literary Notes

—W. H. Mallock is to edit a new London weekly modeled after the "Spectator."

—Mr. Arthur Waugh writes to the "Critic" from London:

> Mark Twain, who has been staying for the last few weeks in seclusion in Surrey, is occupied upon a volume recounting his adventures during his tour round the world. He works upon it continuously, and hopes to see it published in December. There are so many people who feel that the peculiar humor of Mr. Clemens has of late been wasted upon fields uncongenial and difficult, that the announcement that he is once more returning to the form of literature which he has made so insistently his own will be greeted with a hearty welcome.

—"There is some possibility," says the London "Echo," "that Count Tolstoï may visit England this Christmas. At any rate, he is thinking of going to Sweden some time in the autumn, and an effort will certainly be made to extend his visit to this country. Fortunately, the veteran Russian novelist and prophet, who has lately abandoned his long novel to write a semi-religious book for children, speaks English pretty fluently."

—Literary items of recent news are cabled by the New York "Tribune's" London correspondent:

> Mr. Ruskin's health has improved during the summer to such an extent that he is now revising some of his earlier works at his home among the lakes. Mr. Andrew Lang's biography of Lockhart, on which he has been at work a long time, will be published in October. Lockhart, while best known as the biographer of Sir Walter Scott, was intimate with famous men of his time, and in correspondence with many of them. He left a great mass of literary material, of which Mr. Lang has made full use. Dr. Conan Doyle has finished at Haslemere, where he is building his future home, the manuscript of a new historical novel of the French Empire. It will have the title of "Boulogne: A Story of the Empire."

Books Received

For the Week ending September 11

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA
Benedict, Anne K. The Hathaways' Sister. 75 cts.
ARENA PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON
Waite, Carlton. A Silver Baron. 50 cts.
HENRY T. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Castlemon, Harry. The Mystery of Lost River Canyon.
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK
Spahr, Charles B. An Essay on the Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States. $1.50.
EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK
Beet, Joseph A., D.D. Nature and Christ. 75 cts.
Maxwell, Ellen B. Three Old Maids in Hawaii. $1.50.
Leavitt, John McDowell, D.D. The Christian Democracy. $1.50.
Epworth League Reading Course, 1896–97: The Vision of Christ in the Poets, by Charles M. Stuart; The Social Law of Service, by R. T. Ely; Torch-Bearers of Christendom, by R. H. Doherty; In League with Israel, by Annie F. Johnston. $3.80 for set.
GEORGE H. ELLIS, BOSTON
Dresser, Horatio W. The Perfect Whole. $1.50.
R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK
Farjeon, B. L. The Betrayal of John Fordham. $1.25.
HENRY FROWDE, NEW YORK
Bible Illustrations.
GINN & CO., BOSTON
Humphreys, Willard. Selections from Quintus Curtius's History o Alexander the Great.
HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Carleton, Will. The Old Infant, and Similar Stories. $1.25.
Sangster, Margaret E. With My Neighbors. $1.25.
Rolfe, William J. Shakespeare the Boy. $1.25.
Hutton, Laurence. Literary Landmarks of Venice. $1.
WILLIAM B. HARRISON, NEW YORK
Parmele, Mary P. The Evolution of an Empire. 75 cts.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA
Hungerford, Mrs. (The Duchess). A Lonely Maid. 50 cts.
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Lyall, Edna. The Autobiography of a Truth. 30 cts.
MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Leibnitz, Gottfried Wilhelm. New Essays Concerning Human Understanding. Translated by Alfred G. Langley. $3.25.
Ratzel, Prof. Friedrich. The History of Mankind. Translated by A. J. Butler. Introduction by E. B. Tylor. Vol. I. $4.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Putnam, Irene. Songs Without Answer. $1.
Rudd, Jean Porter. The Tower of the Old Schloss. $1.25.
Irving, Washington. Columbus. $1.50.
Reid, Captain Mayne. The Bush Boys. $1.25.
Reid, Captain Mayne. The Boy Hunters. $1.25.
FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Townsend, Prof. L. T., D.D. Evolution or Creation? $1.25.
Smith, Lee S. Through Egypt to Palestine. $1.25.
Lyall, Edna. How the Children Raised the Wind. 50 cts.
Scofield, William C. The Holy Spirit in the New Testament Scriptures. $1.
Parker, Joseph. Tyne Folk. 75 cts.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Holland, J. G. Arthur Bonnicastle. 75 cts.
Holland, J. G. Sevenoaks. 75 cts.
Stories by English Authors. The Sea. 75 cts.
Stories by English Authors. Germany. 75 cts.
Hibbard, George A. Lenox. Illustrated by W. S. V. Allen. 75 cts.
Robertson, George C. Elements of Psychology. Edited by C. A. F. Rhys Davids. $1.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson. That Lass o' Lowrie's. $1.25.
T. E. WATSON, THOMSON, GA.
Watson, Thomas E. The Story of France. Vol. I. $1.
THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Mulchahey, James. The Inspiration of History. $1.

The Religious World

Anglican Orders A brief dispatch from Rome announces that the Pope has issued a decision upon the question of the validity of Anglican orders. He says: "After long study, I must confirm the decrees of my predecessors that all ordinations made under the Anglican rite are absolutely invalid." It is stated that Leo XIII. embodies in his decision a perfectly natural but, under the circumstances, almost ludicrous appeal to the English clergy to return to the Roman Church, and thus obtain that validity of ordination which, as he believes, cannot otherwise be had. The whole subject has been under discussion for centuries, but, as our readers know, has recently been actively revived. When a more complete account of the Pope's declaration reaches America, we shall comment fully on this important topic.

American Board Meeting Many great leaders of religious thought in America will be in attendance at the eighty-seventh annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which convenes in the First Congregational Church of Toledo, O., October 6. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, will preside over the deliberations of the body, which will be in session three days. Among the delegates to this meeting will be: Dr. William Hayes Ward; President Franklin Fisk, of the Chicago Theological Seminary; Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus; Dr. Daniel Bradley, of Grand Rapids; Dr. N. Boynton, of Detroit; Dr. E. P. Goodwin, Dr. F. P. Noble, and others. Between five hundred and seven hundred visitors are expected, among whom will be found prominent corporate and honorary members, missionaries, many well-known mission workers of the Woman's Board of the Interior, and no less than one hundred clergymen. The annual sermon will be preached by Dr. Edward N. Packard, of Syracuse, N. Y., Tuesday evening, October 6. Among the matters that will doubtless receive attention will be the Armenian massacres and the destruction of the missions and educational institutions at Harpoot. Mr. C. H. Whitaker is Chairman, and the Rev. George B. Brown Secretary, of the local committee of arrangements.

The Jewish Holy Season For two weeks past the Jews have been celebrating their holy season. Beginning with the 7th of September, their religious New Year, the synagogues have been crowded with devout worshipers, assembled for what may be well termed their annual revival. According to Jewish tradition it is 5,657 years since the creation of the world, this calculation having been made from the genealogies found in the Bible. The celebration of the day was most solemn, as it is considered sanctified by the memories of the year just past, together with the idea that on this day God sits in judgment upon the deeds and thoughts of men. Nine days thereafter are observed as semi-holidays, being called the "Days of Penitence," all of which form a preparation for the climax of these holy days in that holiest of Sabbaths, the Day of Atonement. It is on this day that the destiny of men is sealed by God, in accordance with the judgment passed upon the faithful and the faithless. The universality of the observance of this holy season is its most striking feature. The most orthodox and the extreme radical alike listen to the stirring blast of the cornet and the traditional melodies of the fast-day, pitched in a minor key. Many of these airs are thousands of years old, and are marked by a weird harmony especially affecting to those associating them with previous days of similar tenor. As a reaction from this period of fasting and humiliation, the Feast of Tabernacles follows, four days after the "Day of Atonement." It is the Harvest Festival or Thanksgiving Feast of the Jews. While they are commanded to erect booths of evergreen as a reminder of the mode of life in the Wilderness, the special characteristic of the Feast is the distribution of large sums in charity, the more fortunate giving of the abundance with which they have been blessed in recognition of God's goodness displayed towards them. By these fasts and feasts the new season of religious activity is opened, to be followed by the regular observance of the weekly Sabbaths and occasional festivals which succeed.

Dr. William C. Young In the death of the Rev. Dr. William C. Young, which occurred at Danville, Ky., on September 16, Center College loses a brilliant President, the Presbyterian Church a strong preacher, and the cause of education in the South a prominent leader. He was, in fact, one of the most prominent educators in the South, and had done much to make Center College the famous institution she has become. Dr. Young's education was thorough, and he was carefully directed through youth and young manhood. His father, Dr. John C. Young, like himself, was once President of Center College, and was also a Moderator of the Old School Presbyterian Assembly. His mother was a daughter of the famous John J. Crittenden, United States Senator from and Governor of the State of Kentucky. After his graduation from Center College and Danville Seminary, Dr. Young served with distinction in the pastorate at Madison, Ind.; Chicago, Ill., in the Fullerton Avenue Church; and in Louisville, Ky. In 1892, after an exceedingly sharp contest, Dr. Young was elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Portland, Oregon. He was a strict conservative in matters of Biblical criticism, and his opponents refused to make his election unanimous. He was one of the main participants in the Briggs case in those days that tried so many Presbyterian souls. He had not been able to attend to the active duties of his office for more than two years, and his death was not unexpected.

Church Membership of the General Theological Library There are now eighty-four perpetual church members of the Theological Library at 53 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, the pastors of which can use the library forever free of charge. These churches are located in the States of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Of Congregational there are 31, Unitarian 15, Episcopal 12, Methodist 11, Baptist 6, Universalist 3, Reformed Presbyterian 2, Presbyterian, Reformed Episcopal, Disciples, and New Jerusalem 1 each. These memberships are being multiplied, and ere long will include the greater part of those in Boston and vicinity, and eventually the larger part of those in New England. A church may be constituted a member by its own contribution, or by an interested friend, in many cases making it a memorial of some departed friend. The Library now numbers about fourteen thousand volumes, chiefly on religious and theological literature, and the reading-room receives regularly one hundred periodicals on like subjects.

Hope Hall Is the appropriate name of the home for ex-convicts which Mrs. Ballington Booth is establishing on the high ground lying between the Harlem and Hudson Rivers on the upper end of Manhattan Island. It is a lovely old frame dwelling-house, and in location and general arrangement is admirably suited to the special purpose for which it is being fitted up. Several weeks ago The Outlook spoke of Mrs. Booth's purpose to found a home for released prisoners where they might receive much-needed sympathy and help in securing the means of making an honest living. Hope Hall will be their temporary home, and it has, perhaps, no exact parallel in this country. Mrs. Booth's prison work is divided into two parts, the first being carried on among the men in prison. So far has this work gone that a prison league has been established among the inmates at Sing Sing for spiritual purposes. Each member of the league (600 in number) subscribes for "The Gazette," the Volunteer organ; and many good books are being read by them. A marked change has come over many of them who are beginning to see that some one has sympathy for them and will give them help. If effort for their spiritual, moral, and material welfare should cease at the prison gates, it would, perhaps, in most cases fail of ultimate good; for it is when the poor ex-convict faces an unfriendly, unsympathetic world with his awful burden of shame and disgrace that the severest trials come. It is almost impossible for him to secure employment, because no one will trust him or cares to have him about. He needs sympathy, encouragement, and help. There is no place where he can go in the assurance of finding it, and this is indeed a pitiable fact. It is the testimony of prison officials that eighty to ninety per cent. of released prisoners go forth with the determination to lead honest, respectable lives, but most of them are driven back into crime for lack of a friendly, brotherly hand to help them. It is just on this unoccupied ground of needed helpful Christlike service that Hope Hall will stand. Here Mrs. Booth's "boys," as she fondly calls them, will find a warm welcome, when released from prison, if they are determined to live right and seek honest bread. A careful record will be kept of their whole history, and, when they deserve them, recommendations will be made to business men seeking help. Meantime they will be employed about Hope Hall so as to help make their living. Mrs. Booth is now making an effort to secure contributions with which to fit up and maintain Hope Hall, and would be pleased to receive anything that might be serviceable either in furnishing this home, or of use to the men who will occupy it. Carnegie Hall has been secured for a great mass-meeting on the evening of November 9, when a special appeal will be made for this enterprise. Certainly such a noble Christian ministry will not be crippled for the want of converted gold and silver to help it forward.

Catholic Schools That the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church are taking a deeper interest than ever in the education of the children of their denomination there appears to be little doubt. Attention has been called in these columns to Archbishop Ireland's establishment of free parochial schools in his diocese, to be supported from voluntary contributions by the faithful. Another equally significant sign of the times is the action of the convention of the priests of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, which met for the first time in forty years to revise the rules that govern both the clergy and laity. It was the declaration that hereafter no Roman Catholic children shall be sent to the public schools, unless excused for good and sufficient reasons. Accompanying this declaration as a corollary was the order that schools must be built in every parish in the diocese. The reasons for not sending children to them must be submitted to a commission appointed by the Archbishop. Unless the excuse be considered adequate, non-compliance with the requirement will carry a penalty. When asked what this penalty would be, the Archbishop replied: "I am not prepared to say. It is a matter which remains with the confessor," he added. "If he learns that one of those for whom he is responsible disregards the mandates of the Church, he may feel that he can no longer be responsible for him, and refuse him absolution. It is something that will have to work itself out." A general enforcement throughout the country of the rule adopted in the diocese of St. Louis would draw away a considerable population from the public schools, and might eventually raise the question for practical decision whether parents taxed for schools they do not patronize should not be exempt from the burden.

Dr. Brewster and the Bishopric It is rumored, apparently on good authority, that Dr. Chauncy J. Brewster, rector of Grace Episcopal Church on Brooklyn Heights, will in all probability be chosen by the Diocesan Convention, to convene shortly at Buffalo, to the Bishopric of Western New York, as successor of the late Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, who was consecrated Bishop in 1865. This is an important diocese, embracing fourteen large counties, in which in 1890 there were 1,104,796 people living. It is an interesting fact that Dr. Brewster is a lineal descendant of the eldest son of Elder Brewster, pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers. He is forty-eight years of age, a native of Connecticut, a graduate of Yale and Berkeley Divinity School. He has served churches in Westchester County, N. Y., Baltimore, Md., Detroit, Mich., and Brooklyn, his present charge. While in Michigan he was chosen to represent the diocese of that State in the General Convention of the Church. Many clergymen have expressed themselves as favoring Dr. Brewster for Bishop because they consider him just the man for the place.

Drumtochty Kirk Ian Maclaren's readers will be interested to know that there is a vacancy here, and a competition for it. Drumtochty does not appear on the map, but the place immortalized by that name is Logiealmond, a little village of Perthshire, in the heart of Scotland, about six miles from Methven, the nearest railway station. Here, with a decreasing population, now counting but 500 with women and children included, the number of kirks has been increasing, and at present there are four of them. It is the United Presbyterian, colloquially known as the "U. P.," which has become vacant, and its congregation has petitioned the Presbytery of Perth to "moderate in a call," *i.e.*, to authorize the call of a pastor. The petition states that the church numbers sixty-five in full communion, and guarantees a stipend of £70, besides a manse reckoned at £14, with a garden and "a small green field." There are a number of unemployed U. P. "probationers" to whom this is not uninviting. A salary of $400, parsonage included, is probably the Drumtochty equivalent of twice that sum in rural America. But the sectarian divisions the call reveals, and the resulting enfeeblement, are as deplorable in Scotland as in this country.

The Boys' Brigade in Canada

To see the chief executive—the Governor-General—of a nation as strong as Canada has now become, standing with uncovered head in the midst of a hollow square of boys, talking to them in deep earnestness about the aims and purposes of the Boys' Brigade, was to obtain a fresh and interesting view of this many-sided organization. It was recently, in the charming little city of Sarnia, Ontario, that I heard the Earl of Aberdeen making this address. He spoke simply, earnestly, effectively, of the noble standard the boys of Canada should have before them, and showed how practical the work of this organization was made in molding character and habits for the future. It was the first visit of the Governor-General to the place, and while there was civic recognition of the arrival of their distinguished guest, yet the main interest centered in the exercises attendant upon the work of the Brigade.

The Boys' Brigade movement has attracted much attention in Canada. It has steadily gained in strength, too, since the first company was organized in St. John, N. B., in May, 1889. The annual meeting of the national organization has just been held in the city of Toronto, September 9–10. The report of Captain T. W. Nisbet, Brigade Secretary for the Dominion, showed that there are now in Canada 134 companies of the Boys' Brigade, with 416 officers and nearly 5,000 members. The organization is divided into five battalions—St. John, N. B.; Hamilton and Toronto, Ontario; Montreal, Quebec, and Vancouver in British Columbia. There are two colored companies, and two composed wholly of Indian boys.

The Brigade in Canada has, perhaps, a slower growth than in the United States, due to two main causes—the smaller population and greater conservatism. But the splendid principles of the organization are being more and more widely recognized all over the Dominion, and the growth is steady and stable.

There has been liberal recognition of the movement among men who stand high in the political life of the country. The Governor-General is at the head of the Brigade movement in Canada, being the President of the organization for the Dominion, and Vice-President for Great Britain. That he takes a practical as well as a sympathetic interest was shown by the recent financial report, which credited him with a gift of $300 annually for the maintenance of the Brigade headquarters office in Sarnia. Many members of Parliament and many men prominent in the commercial as well as the political life of the country contribute to the support of the organization, and lend their influence to its advancement.

On the recent visit of the Governor-General to Sarnia, the members of the local Company turned out in a body to escort him from the railway station to the Brigade Headquarters. About $15,000 has been expended in erecting and fitting up the Sarnia headquarters of the organization. There is a fine system of baths, a large and well-equipped gymnasium, reading-rooms, recreation-rooms, assembly hall, and so on. The Governor-General gives annually a silver medal, suspended from the dark-green plaid ribbon which is the insignia of the Scottish clan of which he is a representative, to the boy who during the year has had the best record for good conduct and efficiency.

During the year closing with the annual meeting just held, fifty-nine companies have been organized, showing a quite remarkable growth during the twelvemonth.

The organization, established but a little over a decade ago by the young Scotsman, W. A. Smith, of Glasgow, has been rapidly spreading over the world. The firm and steady growth in Canada is excellent proof of its vitality. W. S. H.

Brief Mention

The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress will hold its next meeting in Norfolk, Va., on November 17.

The Rev. F. G. Alger, formerly located at Oneida, Ill., has accepted the call to the Congregational church of Blackstone, Mass.

The Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke Bledsoe (Methodist), who has just died at Charlottesville, Va., was one of the noted Methodist preachers of Virginia. He was popularly known as "the sweet singer of the Virginia Conference."

The new Episcopal Cathedral of the diocese of Tennessee, at Memphis, will cost $100,000, and will be built of stone taken from the quarries of the State. The exterior will be of rough-hewn stones, and the interior will be polished stone and marble.

Princeton Theological Seminary opened a new school year on September 17 with the largest class in its history. The class has seventy-five candidates for the ministry. At the annual convocation on the 18th Professor B. B. Warfield delivered the principal address.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance will be held in the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, September 27 to October 11, except that Sunday services on September 27 and October 4 will be held in the American Theater, and on October 11 in Carnegie Hall. The Alliance has three hundred missionaries in the foreign field.

A mob attacked the American Presbyterian church at Agnas Calientes, Mexico, on the night of September 15, broke windows and doors with stones, and also attacked the house of the pastor, the Rev. D. H. Sharp. The next night all the windows of the Morelos College in the same place were broken. Several arrests have been made, and Minister Ransom has been appealed to to secure the punishment of the offenders.

The Harvard Christian Association sends a cordial greeting to all newcomers to the University. Members of the Association will be at the Association rooms in Holden Chapel from Monday, September 28, to Thursday, October 1, between 9 A.M. and 1 P.M. They will be glad to be of any assistance to students in securing boarding-houses, looking after baggage, and by giving any information helpful and interesting to newcomers.

The Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester, who has recently accepted the rectorship of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, which the Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell left to take charge of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, became chaplain and professor of philosophy at the Lehigh University in the fall of 1890. He leaves that place for his Philadelphia charge. Dr. Worcester is scarcely more than thirty years old. He holds the degree of Ph.D. from one of the German universities, and is a graduate of Columbia University and the General Theological Seminary in this city. He has made a close study of Biblical criticism, and is generally accounted a Broad Churchman.

The Rev. John C. Logie, a missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, died at Bwemba, Congo Free State, on July 15. He was born in Dundee, Scotland, about 1865. Three years ago he entered the mission field. He prepared for the work in the East of London Institute, then volunteered for the Congo Balolo Mission in Central Africa. The field of his work was among the widespread Balolo people in the vast forested region south of the northern bend of the Congo, where the Batwa dwarfs were discovered. Mr. Logie rapidly acquired the language of the country, and did good work among the natives. In some of his missionary tours of the southern tributaries of the Congo he went where no white man had ever been seen before. He finally fell a victim to the climate, being the seventh out of twenty-five missionaries in that field to die within the past year.

The Home Club

Women's Clubs' Programmes

In this department, in the issue of The Outlook of August 22, a request was made that secretaries of women's clubs who had arranged their winter programmes should forward to The Outlook the programmes, with a view to the exchange of information on this extremely important work. A number of programmes have been received, and we hope that our readers who are in a position to aid us in this effort to bring women's clubs into closer relation will forward their programmes as soon as they are ready. The Fortnightly Club of Bennington, Vt., makes its sixth annual announcement for the winters of '96 and '97. This club opens October 3 with Vacation Experiences; October 17, Current Events; October 31, An Afternoon with Sculptors; November 14, Literature; November 28, Social Science; December 12, History and Travel; January 2, Education; January 16, Current Events; January 30, Art (a special department of art of this afternoon is music—Schubert's "Songs of Nature"); February 13, Literature; February 27, Social Science; March 13, History and Travel; March 27, Education; April 10, the annual meeting; April 24, Current Events. The programme is beautifully printed on rough-edge paper. The membership of the Club is about one hundred and seventy-five, and embraces some well-known names.

The Whittier Literary Club of London, O., sends in its programme for '95 and '96. This is a mixed club. The dues are fifty cents a year, which meets the expenses of the programmes. The meetings, like those of the Fortnightly, are held bi-monthly. The constitution is simple. Each meeting closes with a conversation. The meetings are held in the evening, for the convenience of the male members of the club. The ministers connected with all of the Protestant churches in the community are members; also several professionals, teachers, and others, are represented in the club. The club was organized in 1892. For October of 1895 the subject was "The Age of Johnson," but one man taking part in the programme for the month. The conversation for the month of October was on "Rasselas;" for November, The Letters of Junius and their Influence; other topics were: the Orators, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan; an Essay on Edmund Burke; on the Trial of Warren Hastings, with music. The second meeting of the month considered the writings of Oliver Goldsmith, with the historians and poets of his day. The subject of conversation was "Nature in Burns's Poetry." "Horace Walpole and His Day" was the subject of the meeting for the first evening in December; "Walter Scott" for the first meeting in January. A second meeting in January was given to the consideration of Thomas Moore, with readings from Southey's "Battle of Blenheim." The conversation was on "Lalla Rookh." Byron, Shelley, Lamb, and De Quincey, with conversations on "The Prisoner of Chillon," made up the programme for the first meeting in February. Wordsworth, Walter Savage Landor, and Campbell were the poets considered on the second evening in February, with conversation on the current events of this age. Macaulay was the chief theme of the first evening in March, the subject being varied by papers on Agnes Strickland, Mary Somerfield, and Anna Jameson, Hugh Miller and the scientists. The second meeting in March considered John Stuart Mill, Sir William Hamilton, the Bronté sisters, and there was a debate on the question, "Does Bulwer excel Scott as a novelist?" The conversation was on Heroes and Hero-Worship. On the last evening in March the Brownings were the principal subjects of the evening, with a sketch of Charles Kingsley and a conversation on "Hypatia." April 14 considered George Eliot, Charles Dickens, and Thackeray, with conversation on "Daniel Deronda." At the last meeting of the club the subjects for discussion were an imaginary visit from Samuel Johnson to the Whittier Club, "What was the matter with Carlyle?" and "Would Dickens find any characters in our club?" A dinner closed the year. Mr. S. W. Durflinger, President; Mrs. MacToland, Vice-President. The club has aroused a community interest, and has been unusually successful.

The President of the Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, Md., sends a very interesting letter, which we are glad to publish:

Dear Outlook: In your issue of August 22 you invite a discussion "on the subject of the club's relation to the life of the community," making special inquiries as to the legitimate field of work for a woman's club, asking, "Shall the club confine its discussion to one field? Shall the club consider the problems of the community, the schools, the street, the health of the town? Are the establishing of classes for the training of servants and the attempt to co-operate for the solution of the domestic servant question feasible?" etc., etc.

The trend of these inquiries lies in the direction of woman's *work*, as distinguished from *culture* or literary and artistic work, and any one of the topics you have mentioned may properly occupy the attention of any association of women calling itself a club, but their work will be of value in the community only in proportion to the fitness of the members to deal with the topic chosen, and according to the earnestness with which they pursue their object. Such an association may undoubtedly "consider the problems of the community, the schools, the streets, the health of the town," with profit to the community, providing that it brings the science of these subjects to its aid and considers them seriously. Nor would it be "a step backward" for such an association "to devote a winter's work to the subjects of domestic science," as you further inquire.

To accomplish results of any value the aims of an association should be in harmony with the wishes and gifts of its members, and should be clearly understood by them; any division of the subject should be placed under the care of a competent chairman who would take a special interest in the class of details it involved, while the leader of the association should be equally interested in the success of the various committees. The rules or code of every association should be as few and simple as the attainment of its ends permits, but every member should carefully uphold these rules.

I think it unlikely that results of permanent value will be obtained in a club where too many objects, or those not closely kindred, are combined; also, the strongest intellectual work is probably produced in associations where the membership is limited, as was shown in a recent general Convention of Women's Clubs.

In reply to your remark, "The woman's club that confines itself to a discussion of literary topics only is almost a thing of the past," and your question as to whether this is "a gain or loss in the measure of value of the club to its members," I may say that the Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, over which I have the honor to preside, is now in its seventh year; it deals exclusively with literary topics, or with thought which enters into culture, and this it endeavors to present upon its literary side—as in art, music, education, philanthropy, etc., in the hope of stimulating wise and helpful opinion that may produce intelligent action beyond the club, and a broader application of true culture to life. The interest of our members has greatly increased from year to year, as proved by the large, constant attendance, the careful thought with which many papers that are offered in our general gatherings are prepared, and the serious library and committee work which are gladly undertaken in the presentation of some of our subjects.

Ours was the first woman's club to organize in Maryland, and while we have always steadily kept to our aim, opinions have been brought forward which have stimulated studies in directions leading to practical activity not distinctly contemplated in the coming together of the founders of our literary association, and from us, as the mother of clubs in our State, have grown The Arundell, The Quadriga, the Baltimore Branch of the Folk-Lore, leaving us the smaller membership and the unity of atmosphere most conducive to literary production.

The refreshment and pleasure which our members find in our meetings, especially those literary workers whose names are known beyond our limits, is not only a proof of our vitality, but has been a matter of comment to visitors from other cities, who have frequently asked the secret of our full gatherings, and what penalty we impose upon members for non-attendance!

I send with this a copy of the President's address, delivered at our last annual salon, as it embodies the attitude of our club in its literary studies.

Hoping that you may find these suggestions responsive to your inquiries, and helpful in organizing other associations that may be productive of the quiet pleasure we have found in our own clubs,

I am very sincerely yours,
Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull,
President of the Woman's Literary Club
of Baltimore.

Public Sentiment and the Law

The Health Boards of the several cities are making every effort to protect consumers from the greed and ignorance of dealers. Women's Health Protective Associations are making every effort to compel butchers and grocers not to expose their stock on the street, where there is always more or less pollution from dust and dirt. The transit of food products through the streets could be improved. The wagons are frequently open, and we are all familiar with the grocers' and butchers' baskets deposited on the sidewalk while the small boy indulges in a game of marbles or a fight. Milk wagons are rarely clean. What we should do is to refuse to trade with any dealer who does not protect his food products from every danger of contamination. The man who sells will meet the requirements of those who buy; his standards are regulated by the demands of his customers. Every woman who buys the products of a bakery should have a copy of the report of the Factory Inspectors of New York State on bakeries. She should also have a copy of the new law which is based on this report, and the testimony of the journeymen bakers. The knowledge of the conditions that exist, and the protection given by the law, which can be enforced only when public sentiment demands it, will remove one of the most prolific sources of disease.

Books for Women

We are frequently asked to furnish lists of books for reading circles, girls' clubs, and boys' clubs. A book has been published that should be owned by every reading circle and girls' club—"A List of Books for Girls and Women, and Their Clubs," edited by Augusta H. Leypoldt and George Iles. The titles of the books are accompanied by descriptive and critical notes, so that any group will find themselves well guided through the labyrinthine paths of a winter's reading. (The Library Bureau, Boston. 50 cents (paper) and $1 (cloth).

Grape-Juice

"X." gave a receipt for the making of grape-juice which was published in The Outlook of August 15, 1896. Will "X." kindly answer some questions which have been asked by members of this Club? Did "X." mean by bottles with patent stops the kind used for the bottling of lager-beer? Will "X." kindly send to the Club for publication some of her receipts for using grape-juice in cooking? Will "X." kindly inform other readers whether Concords are the only grapes to be used successfully in the making of grape-juice? Cannot Catawbas, Isabellas, and other grapes be used with equal success?

A Nugget of Wisdom

Overdoing is undoing. A cake burned to a crisp is as much a failure as a cake half baked. An audience wearied, confused, and vexed with too many points in a sermon, or too many addresses at an anniversary, is an audience hindered instead of helped. It is a great faculty to "make things go," but one of the ways to do it is to stop before going too far.—*The Sunday-School Times.*

Rye Bread in Germany

The increase in the consumption of rye bread in Germany is brought to the attention of the farmers in this country by the commercial agent of the United States at Weimar. The thrift of the Germans leads them to obtain for their money the best return.

Onions

The New York "Medical Times" says that onions are the best nervine known; that they are useful in coughs, colds, and influenza; that they whiten the complexion if eaten every other day.

For the Little People

Black-Eyed Susans

By Alix Thorn

In merry June the daisies stand
  Knee-deep in fragrant clover,
All gossiping with honey-bees
  And birds the broad fields over.

But in the August days I see,
  In black and yellow splendor,
Tall, stately flowerets in the grass,
  Yet miss the daisies slender.

I think the sun's too loving rays
  Have tanned their baby faces,
And turned the snowy ruffled caps
  To frills of yellow laces.

Till on some quiet summer night,
  Hid in the field's sweet mazes,
Straight into black-eyed susans all
  Were changed the swaying daisies.

The Prize Contest

In The Outlook for July 11 two prizes were offered for the best corrections of the erroneous answers submitted at a school examination. The first-prize paper is published below:

"Who were the Pilgrims?" "A dirty, filthy set who lived under the ground."

The Pilgrims were the people who were forced to leave England because they could not worship as they believed right. They went first to Holland, but finally, in 1620, came to America, landing at Plymouth, where they established a colony. The answer given is wrong (1) because the Pilgrims were not a dirty, filthy set who lived under the ground; (2) because it tells nothing of whom the Pilgrims were.

"Name a domestic animal useful for clothing, and describe its habits." "The ox. He don't have any habits, because he lives in a stable."

The sheep. It is a herbivorous, ruminant quadruped. The answer given is wrong because the writer does not understand the meaning of the word "habits" as applied to animals.

"If you were traveling across the desert, where would you choose to rest?" "I would rest on a stool."

I would rest at an oasis. The answer given is wrong because one would not be likely to find a stool in a desert.

"Describe the white race, and show that it is superior to other races." "A white man will nod at you when he meets you on the street."

The white race has fair skins and straight hair and regular features. They are very intelligent, and have attained a higher degree of civilization than any other race. The white race is superior to other races in that they lead all other races in education, manufactures, commerce, etc. The answer given is wrong because (1) the writer did not describe the white race; (2) nodding in the street is no mark of superiority.

"Of what is the surface of the earth composed?" "Dirt and people."

The surface of the earth is composed of land and water. The answer is wrong because people do not compose the earth's surface. The term "dirt" is ambiguous.

"Name a fruit which has its seed on the outside." "A seed-cake."

The strawberry is a fruit having its seed on the outside. The answer is wrong because a cake is not a fruit.

"Name five forms of water." "Hot water, cold water, faucet water, well water, and ice water."

Ice, snow, frost, dew, and steam are five forms of water. The answer given is wrong because only one form of water, the liquid, is given.

"Name and locate the five senses." "The eyes are in the northern part of the face, and the mouth in the southern."

The sense of sight is located in the eye. The sense of smell is located in the nose. The sense of taste is located in the tongue. The sense of hearing is located in the ear. The sense of touch is located on the surface of the body, but is most delicate in the ends of the fingers. The answer given is wrong because the senses are not named at all nor located correctly.

"Who were the mound-builders?" "History cannot answer these questions. Science only can."

The mound-builders were a race of people differing from any known race in their characteristics. The only traces of them are the mounds which lie in the valley of the Mississippi. They lived in prehistoric times. The answer given is wrong because it does not answer the question.

"Define 'flinch,' and use it in a sentence." "Flinch—to shrink. Flannel flinches when it is washed."

The men did not flinch from their duty. The answer given is wrong because flinch means to shrink in the sense of to withdraw, not to grow smaller.

"By what is the earth surrounded, and by what is it lighted?" "It is surrounded by water, and lighted by gas and electricity."

The earth is surrounded by atmosphere and lighted by the sun. The answer given is wrong because the earth is not surrounded by water nor lighted by gas and electricity.

"Name six animals of the Arctic zone." "Three polar bears and three seals."

The seal, polar bear, walrus, reindeer, musk-ox, and wolf are animals of the Arctic zone. The answer given is wrong because the writer has only named two different kinds of animals.

"What is yeast?" "Yeast is a vegetable flying about in the air, hitching itself onto everything."

Yeast consists, essentially, of collections of small cells of a vegetable nature known as yeast cells. They have the property of very rapid reproduction. The answer given is wrong because yeast does not fly about in the air, hitching itself on to everything.

"Why do you open the dampers in a stove when lighting a fire?" "To let the oxygen in and the nitrogen out."

You open the dampers of a stove when lighting a fire to produce a draft, which causes the fire to burn more readily. The answer given is wrong because opening the drafts produces no such change.

"What did the Constitution do for the country?" "It gave the President a head."

The Constitution defined the departments of the Government and pointed out the powers of the several States and the United States; and it regulated the financial, commercial, foreign, and domestic affairs of the country; in short, it is the foundation of our Government. The answer given is wrong because it would be impossible for the Constitution to give the President a head.

"What are the last teeth that come to a man?" "False teeth."

Wisdom teeth are the last teeth that come to a man. The answer given is wrong because false teeth are not real teeth, they are a manufactured article.

To these pure patriots, who,
Without bounty, without pay,
Without pension, without honor,
Went to their graves,
Without recognition even by their
Country,
This stone is raised and inscribed,
After thirty years of waiting,
By one of themselves.

The error in the epitaph is that a stone could not be raised and inscribed by one of those who had gone to their graves, etc.

"The examination of a set of papers presented by the pupils in a cooking-class revealed some astonishing things; namely, that French women in cooking 'clarified their own fat,' that every kitchen used as a cooking-school 'should have room for six or eight girls to cook at once,' and that a certain dish 'could be eaten cold twice.' What are the errors in these statements?"

The error in the statement that French women in cooking "clarified their own fat" is that they clarify the fat used by themselves and *not* the fat of their own bodies, as the statement implies.

The error in the statement that every kitchen used as a cooking-school "should have room for six or eight girls to cook at once" is that every kitchen should have room for six or eight girls to do cooking at once.

The error in the statement that a certain dish "could be eaten cold twice" is that one dish can never be eaten but once.

ETHEL L. HIGGINS,
Age fourteen. Standish, Me.
Standish High School, first year.

The second prize is won by Helen F. Little, aged fourteen, of Winona, Minn.

Nep's Mistake

Nep and Betty were the warmest friends. They played together, tumbling over each other, jumping, barking at imaginary intruders, and rushing off yelping as if nothing less than the largest kind of deer were in the trees up the road. The people who knew them became greatly interested in their performances. Then the misfortunes of Nep's life began. Some one gave him candy. He liked it. Ever after he begged for the candy which came so easily for the begging. One day Betty, very sad and lonesome, came alone to the house. She was restless, and refused to respond to any of the attentions which were lavished upon her. The people began inquiring for Nep, and every one was sorry to hear he was ill. One day Betty, more sad than ever, appeared, and soon word came that Nep was dead. Then the children who loved Nep had a funeral, and the chief mourner was Betty. How she knew that there was to be a funeral no one could tell. She walked sadly along with the children, and sat by till the grave was filled. Then she went a little way off and sat there to watch the grave. Candy was the cause of Nep's departure. It is dangerous for a dog to be greedy. Betty plays about now, but not with her old freedom. Her companion is Dandy. This is a true story.

She was Remembered

I saw it on the bulletin-board at a hotel in the mountains. It was only a brown piece of paper, and almost lost amid the notices of hours of meals, rules and regulations for the management of the house, and business cards. This was what caught my eye:

In Memory of
BLACK BEAUTY.

For fourteen years the pet cat of this house. She was affectionate and kindly, and performed her duties faithfully.

That last meant, doubtless, that rats and mice were scarce where Black Beauty lived.

While we were at dinner, I felt something rub against my skirts, and there was another Black Beauty, with a white silk tie about her neck.

Cats were loved, you see, at that house.

A Pair of Orphans

A hunter in the Rockies shot a mother bear. He was very sorry when he found a little brother and sister bear without a mother. He took the baby bears home in his arms, and cared for them. When they were large enough to be left alone, he gave them to a man who owned a circus. The circus man gave them to the menagerie at Central Park, New York, and they are there now very happy, and have forgotten all about their baby days in the Rockies. Their names are West Knuttsford and Miss Primrose Knuttsford.

Correspondence

Vacant-Lot Farming

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"Trades-Union Wages on the Farm" has recently attracted some attention, and a pamphlet will shortly be published showing how much can be made on the vacant lots cultivated by the poor people, and, under equally favorable circumstances, by the regular farmers.

It is claimed that unskilled labor on these vacant-lot farms has made in many cases as high as $4 a day; but it must be remembered that the "Potato-Patchers," as they are called, had the advantage of the regular farmer because they worked upon valuable land. Land, whether used for agriculture, for mining, manufacturing, residences, or any other purpose, is valuable only when it enables the occupier to produce a great deal. For this reason, land on Wall Street has been sold at the rate of $12,000,000 per acre, although if put in crops it probably would not produce $25 a year. For the same reason the vacant-lot farmers in New York have been able to make high wages, whilst the farmers, pushed out by the high prices to worthless land at a distance from the cities, find it hard work to make ends meet.

It is to be regretted that more extended figures have not been furnished by the nearly fifty towns and cities which are now pursuing this form of relief; but the conclusions from such figures as we have are most significant.

A careful examination shows that the ordinary plot allotted to the vacant-lot farmers, one-third of an acre, will take less than ten days' full work of an able-bodied man in order to reach the full productiveness. This time would, of course, be decreased had he the use of a horse, and it would be greatly increased, with a corresponding increase of production, if he could have so simple an appliance as hot-beds. Without these appliances, however, and with the poorest and least skilled sort of labor, the cities report the following average rates as having been earned:

In New York.........	$1.16	per day	for each	worker.
" Brooklyn..........	1.47	"	"	"
" Boston.............	2.06	"	"	"
" Buffalo.............	1.37	"	"	"
" Detroit.............	1.61	"	"	"

While Omaha shows only 85 cents, and St. Louis gives the astonishing result of an average rate of wages of $5 a day.

The figures in the last two cities diverge so greatly from the average that there is probably some error, although it is explained that Omaha suffered greatly from the drought. It is not incredible that $5 a day or even more might have been earned, since we learn by the New York report that a man and his wife saved more than $4 a day off their plot on the Long Island farm.

Concerning the economic lesson to be learned, we quote the actual case of a farmer near Ghent, owning 160 acres of the average value of $20 per acre, making a total for the farm of $3,200. Of this 160 acres are cultivated. If this were to produce the same as the gross average of the New York vacant lots, viz., $83.52 per acre, the farmer would have $9,604.80, at the retail prices received by the vacant-lot cultivator. But, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, the farmer gets only 60 per cent. of the retail price, $5,762.88. Out of this he has to pay interest on mortgage, $78; taxes, $48; seed, $60; leaving $5,576.80 for wages, machinery, tools, food, clothing, insurance, repairs, and general expenses, and the reward of the two young men who do the work. That is what the farmer could get were he allowed to work the land which lies vacant and close to our cities.

Now let us see what he does get, after paying to the railroad "all the traffic will bear," and paying to the middlemen a big slice of what is left. The *actual* entire product of this farm, away from the center of population and probably badly tilled, was only $529, less $93 for the three items specified. Now these two young men are good, enterprising farmers, as farmers go, and that "profit" is the inducement that under present conditions is held out to the poor to go to the country.

BOLTON HALL.

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Mortgages and the Currency

To the Editors of The Outlook:

About '63 my father mortgaged his farm in New York State. His children were small, and there was much sickness. Then the children had to be sent away to school, and the mortgage was not paid, but the interest was kept up, which satisfied the holder of the mortgage. The mortgage is still unpaid, my father is dead, and the mortgage on the home farm is the children's legacy. Is it justice, is it honesty, to compel the payment of that debt in the currency of to-day, dollar for dollar? This case is but one of many; there are hundreds of farms in the same vicinity which, like my father's, will not sell for one-fourth what they would thirty years ago, yet they are better improved, with better buildings. It seems to me that our financiers do not realize the struggle the thrifty middle class are making to keep from going under.

A. C. P. B.

Baton Rouge, La.

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Foreign Trade and Exchange

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For eighteen years, 1861 to 1878, we had a depreciated paper currency. Austria and Italy have for long been on a paper basis. Russia, Japan, China, Mexico, have silver only. Nearly all the South American States are on paper or silver basis. In all of these instances international trade proceeds without interruption. In the main, prices of commodities are set in London in terms of pounds sterling. Australian wool, Argentine hides, American copper, Indian wheat, are bought in London, wholly regardless of the kind of money or price terms used in buying them at their place of production. Whatever they bring in the world market is placed to the London credit of the banker who has cashed the draft drawn by the exporter. The same remarks apply to New York, Paris, and other centers of international trade and exchange.

The prices paid at home in the local money, whatever it be, will be such as to leave a profit when converted into sterling exchange. Competition may well be trusted to keep the profit at a minimum; but this is a matter wholly apart from foreign exchange. Competition regulates profits equally in foreign as in domestic trade. It is a common mistake of the most careful economic writers to assume that business is done with mathematical accuracy, responding with delicate precision to every economic condition. Quite the contrary; it is a comparatively rough-shod affair. Much business is done at a net loss; small economies are overlooked; there is an element of speculation in nearly all business. Not uncommonly one market is much lower than another competing for the same trade. Even in normal times interest may be four per cent. in New York, six in Chicago, and seven in New Orleans on the same quality of paper. A share of railroad stock will be 60 to-day, 50 to-morrow, and 70 the day after, while the property itself remains unchanged. The volume of exports and imports is not regulated, probably not even influenced, by the variations in exchange. If a merchant require goods for his trade, his profits on them, and the need to maintain an unimpaired stock, are motives that put out of sight so trifling a matter as one or two per cent. difference in exchange. Larger price fluctuations due to other causes are a familiar matter. A *persistent* fall in prices will have the effect to make merchants carry less stock, but the transient ups and downs have no such result.

But the conclusive argument is from experience, that international trade with countries having not only a different money standard, but a depreciated or an irredeemable money in their own terms, is just as active and satisfactory as with those having the same standard.

IMPORTER.

—

The Question of Honesty

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read with much interest and attention the various editorials of The Outlook on the silver question, for they have seemed to me the most fair, reasonable, impartial, and patriotic of any of the current newspaper discussions.

I have also been interested in the "Notes and Queries" in your columns. The gold side seems to have had its "inning"—and a pretty long one—lately, and it seems only just that the other side should have a turn in self-defense on the most vital feature of the whole thing, and that is the "Repudiation" phase of it. Dr. van Dyke has recently expressed in The Outlook the common Eastern view of it—to wit, that the mainspring of the silver movement is the wish on the part of debtors, mainly in the West, to defraud their creditors, mainly in the East, by paying them in depreciated dollars.

All this sounds very weighty, appeals to the instinctive desire of the American people to be honest, and doubtless to thousands of good citizens who may not be so directly affected either way, but who have the laudable purpose to maintain the National credit.

So far has this idea prevailed that the term "sound money" has been appropriated by the gold men, without question—and in so doing they give a colossal example of begging the question, for the great point at issue is, *which is sound money?* It also seems to be assumed that Western debtors are generally actuated by the dishonest desire to repudiate about half their debts. The conviction that this wholesale assumption does injustice to the debtor class is my excuse for this article.

In the first place, the advocates of free coinage believe—and they can give weighty reasons for the belief—that their policy will ultimately restore the parity, and that there will then be no difference in the value of the two coins. But, without stopping to consider that, let us ask in what way free coinage could result in repudiation. Evidently only by having a permanent discount of fifty per cent. on silver, and by giving debtors the privilege of paying their gold debts in that silver. But stop now and consider whether even that course would be really repudiation.

In what does the value of a dollar consist? Evidently in its purchasing power. Its face value is merely nominal; its purchasing power is the real thing. Now the next proposition is that a fall in prices represents a corresponding increase in purchasing power of money. A rigidly just system in payment of debts would therefore allow payment in a nominal sum diminished in exact ratio to the increase in purchasing power, or, in other words, to the fall in prices. So well recognized is this fundamental law of equity in payment of debts that Professor Laughlin, himself one of the great gold champions of the present time, has proposed a multiple standard, consisting of a unit compounded of the ruling prices of a dozen or twenty of the standard commodities. Thus a man might equitably pay a hundred-dollar debt by paying a hundred and twenty or eighty dollars, or more or less either way, according to the variation of the nominal standard in purchasing power. He would be paying *equitably* because he would be returning the same purchasing power, though not the same nominal value in money.

A rise in prices represents a fall in the purchasing power of the dollar, and hence decreases the real value of the debt. Inflation causes a rise in prices, and hence does injustice to the creditor. Contraction produces a fall in prices, increases the power of the dollar, and hence does injustice to the debtor.

A change either way in the purchasing power of the standard does injustice to somebody. The great desideratum is a standard that will not vary. Obviously, if creditors should influence legislation to lower prices, they would be dishonest. If debtors

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should influence legislation to raise prices, they would be dishonest. Either course would be easily possible by legislative manipulations; either would be dishonest and subversive of government.

Now, passing these A B C propositions which nobody thinks of denying, how do they apply to the present situation? Have we a case of inflation or of contraction? Of contraction. Have we a case of rising or of falling prices? Of falling. Have we a case of increased or of decreased purchasing power of the dollar? Of increased. Have we a case of advantage to the creditor or the debtor? The creditor. To what extent? In the average. to just about the percentage in the fall of price of silver bullion.

Average prices have fallen just about fifty per cent. since the demonetization of silver, or since that act began fairly to produce its legitimate consequences. This is simply another way of saying that the gold dollar has appreciated in like ratio. Everything has fallen except gold. It, being the standard, has, of course, risen. Now, let us ask those who so sweepingly charge Western creditors with an attempt at repudiation, Who are the aggressors in this case? Instead of the silver movement being an aggressive effort on the part of debtors to pay fifty-cent dollars, it is a defensive movement on their part to prevent their creditors from making them pay two-hundred-cent dollars. Let us ask Dr. van Dyke and others who are solicitous to preserve equity, in what respect is a two-hundred-cent dollar a whit more honest than a fifty-cent dollar? Does any one question that the debtor would be paying double the purchasing power that he borrowed? "Let facts be submitted to a candid world."

Most of the debts, mortgages, and bonds which now hang like a body of death over the newer portions of our country were contracted from ten to twenty years ago, since which time prices have fallen half. If a Nebraska farmer borrowed a thousand dollars twenty years ago, when wheat was worth a hundred cents a bushel, and other things in proportion. he was borrowing a purchasing power, expressed in wheat, of a thousand dollars, Now, if he is compelled to pay the thousand dollars in gold, when wheat is worth only fifty cents a bushel, he is practically paying a purchasing power of two thousand dollars. In general terms, it may be asserted that the Western borrower is compelled, under the gold standard, and the fallen prices which it causes, to pay twice the purchasing power in wheat, corn, wool, horses, labor, all the essential products of his life's work, that he borrowed. Hence, even if the free coinage of silver does result in a permanent fifty-cent silver dollar, and if the debtor pays his gold debts in that depreciated currency, he is, after all, paying back the same quantity of labor and the products of labor that he borrowed. Five hundred dollars in gold or a thousand dollars in silver is worth as much now as a thousand dollars in gold then. If these things be true, what becomes of the charge of repudiation so flippantly hurled against the hard-working pioneers of civilization in our great West?

Who is dishonest, the debtor who is trying to pay his debt in a form that commands the same purchasing power for himself and the creditor, or the creditor who seeks to take advantage of circumstances by which he can force payment in a form, even though it be nominally the same, in reality twice the burden to the debtor and twice the advantage to himself? Does it not rather appear that the sentiment which several of your correspondents express is making its outcry, not so much because it is in danger of losing half of its Western investments, as that it is afraid it will not succeed in doubling their real value through an artificial fall of prices?

FAIR PLAY.

Chapel Cars

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Having seen in your paper several appreciative notices of the work being done by chapel cars under the auspices of the Baptist Publication Society, I thought it might be of interest to your readers to know the real facts in the case. Instead of being used to reach communities where the Gospel is not preached, so far as my observation goes, the chapel cars are used almost wholly as a means of sectarian propaganda in towns where there are already plenty of churches. S—— is a railroad town where there were Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, and Roman Catholic churches. Both the Protestant churches were small, one having less than fifty members. The chapel car comes, and another small church was started. Within a month a Congregational church of less than ten members was organized in a town of 150 people. By means of outside funds a small building is being erected. The chapel car is at work there. The only possible result is that a few may be prevented from joining what in many respects is a union enterprise. The car is then going to a town of seven thousand people, which has fourteen churches, to help in some mission work on the outskirts of the city. It has stopped at this city weeks at a time, within two blocks of the Baptist church, the evangelist helping in special meetings in the Baptist church, using the car as a lodging-place. This car once came to a town of 1,100 people, with five Protestant churches and, to my personal knowledge, not a single Baptist family, and held meetings The evangelist, a man who, I am glad to say, has been dropped from the work, reported in the denominational paper fifty conversions. The people in the place did not know of one. These are instances that I can vouch for as occurring within a radius of fifty miles. I have heard of others similar.

In justice to the excellent Baptist brethren, it is right to say that I have known of one Baptist Home Missionary Superintendent who did not believe in this kind of work, as it tended to multiply more weak churches than can be properly cared for.

In the interest of true religion and of church unity, ought not such facts to be known?

E.

Colorado College

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Having spent a month in this place, and having seen a good deal of the splendid organization and magnificent work of Colorado College, I wish to add my testimony to the claim of Colorado College upon the interest of all friends of Christian education at the present time.

There are all sorts of colleges and universities in the West; and some which appeal to Eastern friends for aid prove on examination to be mere land booms, or schemes for denominational extension, or the hobbies of individuals seeking office and position for themselves. There are none of these defects about Colorado College. It is the oldest institution of its kind in the State. It is broadly, wisely, and soundly administered. Its trustees are the leading business and professional men of the community. Its Faculty are men of high scholarship and earnest devotion Its course of study is thorough and progressive. Its students are sturdy, industrious young men and women, representing a wide territory. The College stands for the highest ideals of religious character, intellectual training, and public service.

If its present usefulness is to be maintained, if its unequaled opportunities are to be improved, if it is to become the most powerful force for intelligent Christian character between Chicago and San Francisco, as it promises to be, the securing of the remaining sixty thousand dollars necessary to complete the Pearsons fund of two hundred thousand dollars before next January is an absolute necessity.

I do not hesitate to commend this cause as the most solid, the most urgent, the most hopeful object to which persons intent on doing great and permanent good at this present moment can consecrate their gifts. The College has influential and wealthy friends in Colorado; but the business situation is such as to render it next to impossible for them to withdraw money from their enterprises at the present time. A large part of this fund must come from the East now. Once on its feet, the College is sure to have abundant support from its own locality, as soon as business conditions here improve.

The officers of the College are overburdened with

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anxiety and labor; and if some portion of this fund could come without the labor and expense of personal solicitation it would be a great encouragement and a great relief. In some way the money must come. The work already begun here cannot be suffered to decline; the opportunities before the College cannot be permitted to remain unimproved.

William D. W. Hyde.

Notes and Queries

1. In your issue of August 15, page 296, in speaking of Dr. Sanday's Romans, etc., you say, "Nearly all commentaries on Paul do lack imagination." Can you name some of those that supply this lack, with publisher and price? 2. Can you supply Henry W. Beecher's MS. on 7th of Romans, or who can? 3. Has Dr. Lyman Abbott any works on the Old Testament? 4. In answer to a query I noticed you mentioned a book on hymn-writers called "Laudes Domini." Please tell me where I can get it, and at what cost. 5. Which do you consider the best "History of Christian Doctrine" for a young minister to procure who can only afford one, and yet feels he needs such an authority? 6. In your answer to "X.," page 305, you say perfection (sinless) is attainable. If so, should we not attain it? What is sin? I don't understand your position on this. See 1 John i., 9; ii., 8; 1 Pet. ii., 21, 22.

W. S. A. C.

1. We cannot, but can recommend, as not devoid of imagination, Dr. Matheson's book, "The Spiritual Development of St. Paul" (Blackwood, Edinburgh; imported by booksellers at about $1.75). 2. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, have all of Mr. Beecher's writings now in print. Do you mean to say MS.? 3. Dr. Abbott has written no commentary on the Old Testament. You may like to see his article in The Outlook of August 15 last. 4. "Laudes Domini," a collection of hymns for public worship, is published by the Century Company, New York, at $1.50. 5. We have recommended Professor Adolf Harnack's recent book to such inquirers. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. 6. As to perfection, the New Testament idea of it, as may be seen by comparing the A. V. and the R. V., is moral symmetry and maturity, rather than sinlessness, though the latter is involved in the former. Our view as to its attainableness is that of St. Paul in such texts as Ephesians iii., 19; iv., 3. But this apostle regards it as a flying goal, which seems to advance as we advance; see Philippians iii., 12–14. As to sin, we hold with St. John 1, iii., 4, that "sin is lawlessness" (R. V.), or insubordination to the divine law. This, however, may result from either of two causes—defect of knowledge, as when good men think that to be right which greater enlightenment shows to be wrong, or defect of will to conform to what is known to be right, or to discover what is right in order to conform to it. It is to defect of the *will* to know and to do the right that the term "sin" strictly and properly applies. See Romans vii., 7.

The Rev. Andrew Murray, in his book "With Christ in the School of Prayer," teaches that any disciple who will seek the leading of God's Word and Spirit, and who prays in faith, can always expect definite answers to his requests. He admits that we cannot always know God's will, and must sometimes offer the prayer of submission, but claims that *it* will receive a distinct answer, though it may be a refusal, as with Moses when he desired to enter Canaan. No one need be in uncertainty as to God's will in prayer who truly seeks to know it. What is your opinion of this teaching? Are Christians limited in their intercession by the freedom of the will? How do you explain 1 John v., 16; Jeremiah vii., 13–16?

E. B.

We agree with Murray, though with this reservation: owing to such constitutional differences among men as natural temperament, or certain physical infirmities, there are likely to be some hindrances to consciousness of an answer that is "definite" and "distinct." If we understand that the purpose of prayer is not to get God to do our will, but to enable ourselves to do God's will, and pray accordingly, we need not doubt that such prayer will obtain its answer in the consciousness that we are being led in God's way to the ends of his wisdom. In this view there can arise no such limitation as you refer to. The texts referred to show that, in the view of the writers, some sins were past praying for. But Jesus drew no such limit, neither can we.

1. What are some of the chief abuses of conversion? can they be classified? 2. Does such a text as 1 John i., 7, hinge forgiveness on sanctification? How can such texts be reconciled with the evangelical scheme? 3. How can you distinguish a genuine revival from a spurious one?

Y.

1. Conversion itself cannot be abused, but only the name of it. Understanding the question thus, we should say that the name of conversion is abused whenever applied to anything but a turning away from one's sins, which is both manifest and decided, and also progressive toward increasing purity and beneficence of life. It is abused when applied to any half-way condition, in which some sins are abandoned, but others suffered to continue without effort to conquer them, especially sins of the tongue and temper, and indifference to self-sacrificing effort for others. 2. Not at all. No inconsistency is here. The idea is that in the effort to "walk in the light in fellowship with one another" we shall discover more of our sinfulness, but that this will be purged away in the struggle of the self-sacrificing life inspired by Christ—denoted by the phrase "the blood of Jesus." 3. The only decisive test is given in the words of Jesus, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

1. Is it Scriptural to speak of three types of conversion—nurtural, gradual, and sudden? Are the disciples examples of the second? 2. If perseverance is the proof of true conversion, must there always be an "if" in Christian life? 3. Why has the word "conversion" become so common in popular theology to describe a religious crisis? It seldom occurs in the New Testament. Would "repentance" be a better word?

*

1. We think that these types all appear in the Bible. Timothy seems to illustrate the first; the eleven disciples of Jesus the second, so far as we can judge by the record, which does not take account of individual differences; and Paul the third. 2. But perseverance is *a* proof, rather than *the* proof. There need be no "it." Witness Paul's experience. 3. We suppose because it is the first step that counts for most, according to the Greek saying, "The beginning is half of the whole." Conversion is a process rather than an event, and there are many steps to be taken before it is complete in the conforming of the entire life to the divine law. Making allowance for this, it is proper enough to refer to "the great surrender," by which it is often initiated, as the man's "conversion." We do not think "repentance" a satisfactory substitute for it.

Please mention the best modern works on John's Gospel, especially on the teaching of Jesus as found in John's Gospel. Is there any up-to-date commentary on John's Gospel? I am familiar with Beyschlag, Horton, Wendt in Biblical Theology; I know of Meyer, Godet, and Ellicott in commentaries on John. What is later?

E. E. O.

Professor Stevens's "The Johannine Theology" is later, a recent work. We would also recommend Dr. E. H. Sears's "The Fourth Gospel, the Heart of Christ," and F. D. Maurice's "The Gospel of John."

Will you kindly give me some information on the following points? 1. The names of the best writings on what is called the Reconstruction Period of our history. 2. The name of a history of the Civil War from a Southern standpoint. 3. To whom shall I send for further information with regard to the "Philafrican Liberators' League" in process of organization by Heli Chatelain?

A. M. G.

1. McPherson's "History of Reconstruction," Pollard's "Lost Cause Regained." 2. Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," Pollard's "Lost Cause." 3. We do not know.

The writer of the notice of Dr. Bergstresser's books begs to assure "H. O. W." that he lives among Tunkers, that he is personally conversant with them, that he has attended their religious meetings "in barns," that he has listened to the public confessions of sin through long hours, and that the Tunkers, though generally well-to-do farmers, decline to erect a house of public worship. They also profess a belief in the immersion (baptism) of believers, which is a distinguishing tenet of the Baptists. They are mostly German or of German descent. A reference to Carroll's "Religious Forces of the United States" confirms in general the statements of the notice in question. Only it must be granted "H. O. W." that the reviewer, relying upon the information given him by the Tunkers among whom he resides, asserted broadly the use of barns, which is not universal. The reviewer disclaims any prejudice. He stated the facts that had come under his personal observation.

"H. F. B."—Your letter on "Historical Evidences of Christianity" is conclusive so far as this, that Jesus Christ lived, and became the founder of the Christian faith. But the remarks recently made in this column were concerned with a wider question, and in reply to skeptical difficulties that have been raised on the ground that heathen writers are silent in regard to the particulars of his life and work, so that for these the New Testament, especially in the four Gospels, gives us our only historical material. This, however, as we have said with sufficient plainness, we regard as fully adequate for all reasonable demands. What the heathen writers you quote have to say is only as to the fact that he lived and died and gained adherents, who, as Pliny says to the Emperor Trajan in your quotation, sang hymns to him as to a god.

Have any of The Outlook's readers a second-hand copy of Kingsley's "Social Choir" which they would be willing to sell (it is most likely now out of print)? If so, please address, stating price, J. A. Wilcox, Five Points, Akron, O.

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The Lewis Institute in Chicago

The Lewis Institute, opened in Chicago on September 21, marks another advance in the university extension idea of carrying the college to the pupils instead of asking the pupils to move to the college.

When Allen C. Lewis died in 1877, he left $550,000 for the establishment of an educational institution for boys and girls. Owing to certain complications with regard to the settlement of the estate, the real work of founding the school was not begun until July 9, 1895. At that time the Board of Trustees, made up of three prominent business men, prepared its report, which showed that the original endowment had more than tripled in its hands, the actual amount being something over $1,600,000. A handsome building costing $225,000 was erected at the corner of West Madison and Robey Streets, in the heart of the great west side of the city, where it would reach the greatest possible number of pupils in their homes. It is six stories high above the basement and fitted with class-rooms, laboratories, manual training rooms, libraries, studios, and a lecture-hall with a seating capacity of seven hundred and fifty. In equipment it will have every convenience that a bountiful endowment can supply. The Board of Managers include William R. Harper, of Chicago University; Albert G. Lane, Principal of the schools of Chicago; George N. Carman, Director of the Institute; John A. Roach, C. C. Kohlsaat, John McLaren, and Thomas Kane. A Faculty of twenty-six professors and instructors has been provided, and it is expected that at least five hundred pupils, half of the total capacity of the Institute, will be in attendance on opening day.

The aim of the Institute is to provide a high-grade secondary education at small expense to pupils. There will be many short courses of all kinds, and evening classes, instruction being given in mechanics, stenography, household economy, and manual training, in addition to the usual language, literature, and science courses. In every study instruction will be first-class as far as it goes. It is expected that a large number of young people who have neither the time nor the money to attend college will take advantage of this opportunity for obtaining an education. Being located in a populous district, pupils may live at home and take the courses, thus avoiding the largest item of college expense—that of board and lodging. The tuition is fixed at $60 a year. A graduate from the academic course of the Institute will be capable of entering those colleges and universities whose requirements for admission are the most advanced.

Robinson Crusoe's Island

The Madrid correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" writes: "In consequence of the violent earthquakes that occurred in the center of Chili, Santiago, and Valparaiso on March 13 and 14 last, a notice has appeared in Santiago, uncontradicted up to the present, that these seismatical disturbances have destroyed the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chili, to which the group of islands belongs. It is believed that these islands have disappeared. The island of Juan Fernandez, it will be remembered, is celebrated as having been the residence for four years of the shipwrecked sailor Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures inspired Daniel Defoe to write 'Robinson Crusoe.' A merchant vessel has seen, in the direction of these islands, enormous flames which shot out of the sea, causing a violent disturbance. The government of Chili has sent a vessel to ascertain whether the islands are still in existence. The inhabitants are said to be about a hundred fishermen."

"Mamma, what is heredity?" asked Bobby, shedding a few tears and laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—it is something you get from your father or me," replied the mother. Silence of two minutes, and more tears. "Then, ma," he asked, "is spanking hereditary?"—*Texas Sifter.*

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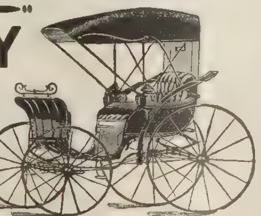

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About People

—Queen Victoria's chaplain-in-ordinary, the Rev. A. Robins, lately preached his five thousandth sermon at Windsor.

—Henri Durant, the founder of the Red Cross movement, is, it is reported, in a Swiss hospital, sick and in poverty.

—Frau Cosima Wagner has received from the King of Wurtemburg the gold medal of the Order of the Crown to mark the twentieth anniversary of the production of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at Bayreuth.

—The Queen of Roumania is said to be the only living author who has written opera librettos in four languages—French, German, Swedish, and Roumanian. She has just finished an opera libretto in French, founded on a Turkish subject, for M. Jules Massenet.

—Dr. James M. Aldrich, who has just died in Fall River, Mass., at the age of seventy-nine, was prominent in the anti-slavery movement before the war. He severed his connection with the Society of Friends because they refused to open their meeting-houses for anti-slavery meetings.

—The handwriting of the late Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon was singularly difficult to decipher. In the biography by his son the story is told of his answering some correspondent who wanted to know his views on some eschatological question. He wrote briefly, expressing his regret that he had no time to amplify. Some months later he received another letter saying: "It is certainly fortunate for me that your time was so limited. I have already spent nine weeks in attempting to decipher the handwriting of your note, and am not nearly done yet."

—The Boston "Transcript" says that this story of Daniel Webster has never before appeared in print: "He was once sued by his meat man. The man did not call upon Webster afterward to trade with him. Webster met him in the course of a few days and asked him why he didn't call. 'Because,' said the man, 'I supposed that you would be offended and wouldn't trade with me any more.' To which Webster replied: 'Oh, sue me as many times as you like, but, for Heaven's sake, don't starve me to death!'"

—A bust of Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, has been placed in Westminster Abbey. It is opposite that of Matthew Arnold, who was thus honored before his father, and is near the busts of Wordsworth, Keble, Maurice, and Fawcett. The Dean of Westminster said, in unveiling the bust, that they were trying to honor the memory of the great teacher to whose teaching they owed a debt which they could not overestimate. They were paying honor to the memory of the great Christian reformer of the whole life of English public schools.

—Miss Ella Collins, daughter of a New York tailor, will be the first woman of the United States raised to a throne by marriage. She will shortly become the wife of Colonel John F. Hoobs, who, under the name of Oumalea, reigns over the semi-barbarous people of the Jilka Islands, in the New Hebrides group. Colonel Hoobs was born in South Carolina, and after a wandering life full of strange adventure settled on one of the Jilka islands. Since then he has become the undisputed ruler of the 1,200 or more people who live there, under the title of king.

—Mr. Andrew J. Symington, a Scottish littérateur, under date of September 1, writes from Glasgow to a gentleman of this city: "I visited the Burns Exhibition and was introduced to the poet's granddaughter, Miss Burns, and to his great-granddaughter, Miss Hutchinson. I was surprised and delighted with the extent of the exhibition. It is, I think, the most marvelous homage ever paid to mortal man—more than a thousand editions of his poems, and three thousand volumes about him, with no end of MSS. and relics of the most interesting character, also numerous portraits, busts, statues, and wood carvings."

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With
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Spoons and forks you have a well furnished table.

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Bits of Fun

"Are many of the four hundred here?" "Oh, yes; thousands of them."—*Truth.*

Up North a boy is suing a newspaper for damages. A copy of its Sunday edition fell on him and crippled him for life.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"I'll knock the daylight out of you!" Having said which the horizon bumped up against the sun and made good his threat.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Sunday-School Teacher—What is the leading doctrine of Christianity? The Laundryman—Kid thlow stone—smashee glass—no can catchee—forgivum.—*Puck.*

Mr. Bacon—That Mr. Crossley, who called last evening, is a self-made man. Mrs. Bacon—Too bad he couldn't have made himself a little more agreeable.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"That's a brilliant son of yours," remarked the visitor; "he's been to Congress, hasn't he?" "Yes, I believe he was an inmate for a couple of years," replied old Farmer Mossback, dryly.—*Buffalo Express.*

"If I were so unfortunate," said the man who had no use for the clergy, "as to have a stupid son, I'd prepare him for the ministry." "In that respect," replied a mild-mannered divine, "you think very differently from your father."—*Washington Times.*

An elderly lady in Cleveland viciously "swiped" with an umbrella a scorcher who missed her by about two inches, and the spectators applauded. An umbrella is very well, but there is something to be said in favor of an ax.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Kind Inquirer—And 'ow be the old man, Mrs. Quaggins? Mrs. Quaggins—Thankee kindly, but I'm afeared he be mortal bad. Doctor he do say as 'ow if 'ee live to morning 'e'll 'ave some 'opes of 'ee; but if 'ee doant 'ee's afeared 'ee must give 'ee up.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

A minister, missing one of his congregation from church, called on him one day to see what was the matter. "Well, Mr. McNab, I was wondering what was the matter that you were not at church these few Sundays back." "Oh, I have been at Mr. Dunlop's kirk." Minister—Oh, I don't care for my congregation going to other churches. How would you like your sheep to go into strange pastures? Mr. McNab—Oh, I wadna care a grain if they got better grass.—*Tit-Bits.*

There is an Irish porter employed in a large commission house in New York—one of the kind that will make a witty reply to any sort of question. He is very fond of expressing his views in general, and has great admiration for his arguments. If he fails to get a listener, he will talk to himself in lieu of something better. A member of the firm, being annoyed one day at his constant muttering, which he was unfortunate enough to hear, sent for him. "See here, John, did it ever occur to you that your constant talk and muttering is a great annoyance to people that happen to be around? Why on earth do you chatter away to yourself, anyhow?" "Shure I have two reasons fer doin' that." "Two reasons! Well, what are they?" "One of them is that I loike ter talk to a sinsible man, and the other is that I loike ter hear a sinsible man talk."—*Harper's Round Table.*

The Eighty-seventh Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

will be held at Toledo, Ohio, in the First Congregational Church, beginning on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, at 3 P.M., and closing Friday noon, Oct. 9th.

Entertainment will be given Missionaries and Assistant Missionaries of the Board, Theological Students, Officers of the Board and of the Woman's Boards, and Corporate Members and their wives.

All others who desire to attend will be assisted in procuring places of entertainment, either free or at reasonable prices, on timely application to W. H. Eager, Chairman Com.

The Central, Eastern, and Western Traffic Associations have granted a rate of one and a third fare to those who attend. This is available only for those who ask for and secure a certificate from the agent selling ticket to Toledo that full fare has been paid to that place. This certificate will be viséd by a special agent at Toledo, and there a return ticket will be sold for one-third fare.

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An Army of People
made up of folks who paused to give thought to proper nourishment have adopted
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American Public Health Association

By William H. Hale

The American Public Health Association held an important and busy meeting at Buffalo, September 15–18.

The President, Eduardo Licéaga, of Mexico, was assisted by Vice-President Alfred A. Woodhull, of Denver. About thirty-five Mexicans were in attendance, also a considerable delegation from Canada, giving a continental character to the meeting. Indeed, the sessions of the Health Association seem to gather a more complete representation from the whole of North America than any other society or association whatever, and the great awakening of Mexico to the importance of sanitation is a fact of great interest and importance to all. The Mexicans read numerous papers, showing their interest in these matters.

A very long programme was presented at the meeting, covering a wide range of topics, three sessions having been held on every day but the last. A few interesting points may be mentioned.

How to procure wholesome milk is a vital problem. The report of the Committee on Animal Diseases and Animal Food, by Dr. D. E. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, gave prominence to the question, and two papers and considerable discussion followed. It is agreed that it is better to look well to the dairy and obtain the milk pure and clean than to try to disinfect it by sterilizing. Several of the sanitarians contended that the increase in rachitis and scurvy in infants is due to the use of sterilized milk now so prevalent. Boiling or heating the milk decomposes the lactic acid and other ingredients which assist in digestion. The process employed to obtain milk pure without sterilizing was described, and it includes careful inspection of the cows at frequent intervals, and great cleanliness, especially in washing the udders before milking, and requiring those who do the milking to wash their hands first. Also, their clothing is sterilized daily by washing in dilute solution of mercuric bichloride, and pails, bottles, and stoppers are washed with the same solution. The milk-pail is covered with a grating to keep out dirt. A large dairy near New York is now conducted in this manner, also one near Buffalo. It was stated that milk thus obtained could be sold at 8 or 10 cents a quart.

A disinfectant efficient yet harmless is a great desideratum. Fire destroys, chlorine and sulphur ruin. The ideal disinfectant for apartments is found to be formic aldehyde or formaldehyd—a gas prepared from wood alcohol by heating it. Lamps for this purpose were exhibited, the most ingenious being that of Professor Franklin C. Robinson, of Maine, in which he uses asbestos paper saturated with platinum thrown down from solution, which serves to keep up a glow after the flame of the lamp is extinguished, and thus to convert the wood alcohol into aldehyde. One liter per hour may be thus treated. Rapidity is important, because the gas is so penetrating that it will escape from cracks through which sulphur fumes would not. The efficiency of this gas depends largely upon the fact that its specific gravity is nearly that of air, so that it diffuses rapidly. If it is obtained by evaporating an aqueous solution, the molecules of vapor contain too large a proportion of water, which makes them heavy. Hence the necessity for some such apparatus which decomposes instead of simply evaporating, and sets free the molecules of aldehyde combined each with a single molecule of vapor of water. The gas destroys bacteria placed inside a mattress. Dr. Kinyoun is making experiments at Washington as to the effect of formaldehyd on fabrics, and he finds that it does not injure any fabric, nor does it affect the color of any, except two colors on silk—red and violet from certain dyes.

In the paper on Municipal Responsibility for Healthy School-houses, which Mrs. Richards sent on from Boston, she revealed a state of affairs in that city which was a surprise to many. The death-rate of school-teachers there is very high. Many of the school-houses, we are told, have been standing from thirty to fifty years without ever once having had a

[Continued on following page]

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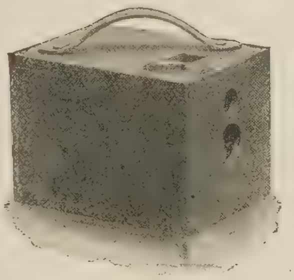

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[Continued from preceding page]

floor washed till recent agitation called attention to the subject.

Dr. Henry D. Horlbeck, of Charleston, S. C., who was afterward elected President of the Association, read a paper on Dengue, a most extraordinary and enigmatical disease. It comes on and goes off with great suddenness; causes most excruciating pain; becomes epidemic at long intervals at Charleston, where the last outbreak occurred in 1895, and nearly every one took it; but it hardly ever proves fatal. It was first known at Philadelphia in the last century, but it hardly ever appears so far north as that.

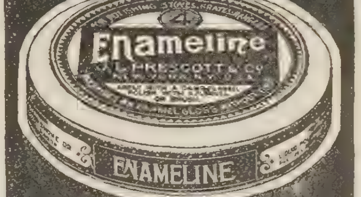
The important subject of National health legislation was pretty fully considered, and papers were read and resolutions adopted favoring it, notwithstanding the failure of the committee on that subject to prepare a report. It was urged with much force that the United States should have a National Department of Health. Mexico has one already, called the Superior Board of Health, to which all State Boards are subordinate. Dr. Licéaga, President of the Public Health Association, is President of this Board.

Closely connected with this is international co-operation in sanitary measures, which also received attention, especially in regard to protecting water-supplies from contamination. Major Smart, of the United States Army, as Chairman of the Committee on Pollution of Water-Supplies, is collecting very elaborate bacteriological statistics on that subject. Dr. Bryce, of Toronto, read the report of the Committee on River Conservancy, and called attention to the increasing pollution of border rivers, such as the Red River of the North, and the rivers which receive the drainage of Detroit and Buffalo.

The largest number of papers on any one subject was on yellow fever. Several papers and much discussion were given to diphtheria. The mooted question whether anti-toxin is beneficial developed a strong current of opinion in the affirmative. The fact that recovery in some cases is followed by paralysis does not outweigh the fact that statistics show a marked preponderance of recoveries.

An interesting group of papers was presented before an animated session on Thursday evening, and the meeting was protracted till eleven o'clock. The report of the Committee on Alcoholic Drinks from a Sanitary Standpoint, by the Chairman, Dr. Felix Formento, of New Orleans, favored a moderate use of wine and malt liquors, but was at once attacked in the discussion by several members. Dr. Gilson's paper on the Bicycle from a Sanitary Standpoint was a very amusing presentation of objections to bicycling as now conducted; but this paper also became the target for a general attack. Dr. Eliza Mosier, of Michigan, stated that in twenty one years of practice of gynecology she had had a large number of patients, had recommended the bicycle to many, and had often found it advantageous where all other remedial agents failed, and never in any one case deleterious. The evening closed with papers on Public Baths: the last, by Dr. W. H. Tolman, of New York, gave an account of the important measures now in progress under recent legislation to provide adequate bathing facilities. In all cases, the spray or shower bath is now preferred for cleansing bath, and the natatorium or swimming-bath for recreation, the use of the former being made obligatory before admission to the latter.

The closing session on Friday morning was the arena of a sharp contest over the question of place of meeting next year; and again in this Association, as in the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the meeting held at Buffalo only a few days previously, the general session reversed the decision of the Council. I believe no bacteriologist has discovered anything of the nature of a *bacterium anti-concilium*, which might have conveyed infection from the A. A. A. S. to the A. P. H. A. However, the Council recommended Toronto as the place for next year, but the general session, after long debate, in which Nashville and Philadelphia were presented, chose the latter as the appropriate locality wherein to hold the next, which will be the twenty-fifth, meeting.



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The Business World

The Week The influx of gold continues; about $35,000,000 either has arrived in this country or has been engaged. The lowering by the Bank of England of its discount rate had the temporary effect of transferring the drain of gold to the Bank of France; this lasted but a short time, however, and gold is now being taken from the Bank of England for this country. A further rise in the discount rate of the Bank of England has not taken place, although it was expected by many. The general movement of gold toward us is explained by many by referring to the Treasury Department's statement of foreign trade, from which it appears that the excess of exports over imports for the month of August was $19,200,000, and for the eight months ending August 31 the excess of exports over imports was $99,750,000; while for the corresponding period last year there was an excess of imports amounting to $36,350,000. It has been pointed out, however, that an excess of exports over imports is not always followed by the importing of gold, and it is thought by many that the pressure of demand for gold by Continental countries, which has been very strong of late years, has, for the present at least, relaxed, and that to this fact, as well as to trade conditions, must be assigned the present movement. The stock market during the first part of the week fell—partly, it was said, because the result of the election in Maine had been over-discounted, and partly perhaps because of the serious situation in the Far East By the middle of the week recovery took place, and continued on Monday of the present week. The banks' statement, for the first time in many weeks, showed a gain in specie and legal tender and also in deposits and circulation, although there was a decrease of about $800,000 in loans. Money on call varied greatly, ranging from four to eight per cent., and probably averaging about six per cent. Choice commercial paper was quoted at nine and ten per cent. A moderate improvement appeared in general trade, and merchants seem to have a little more confidence than they have recently had. Large sales of wool and of dry goods are reported. Cotton-mills are doing more work, and some which have been closed have reopened. The wheat receipts and exports have been large; the exports (including flour) were 3,566,226 bushels—over a million bushels larger than for the same week a year ago. Naturally, the price of wheat has gone up a little. The number of business failures for the week reported by "Bradstreet's" is 315—seven more than last week, and ninety-seven more than for the same week last year.

Substitutes for Currency Eggs are about the oddest form of currency. Tschudi, a sober and painstaking Teuton, whose evidence is not to be questioned, declares that he found hens' eggs the only money throughout the province of Janja, in Peru; that would be some fifty years ago. The people transmitted them by thousands to the provincial capital, and made their purchases therewith at the rate of forty or fifty to the dollar. We are to understand that the country people had little use for cash among themselves. In Manchuria brick-tea and floss-silk represent money; but the latter is going out of fashion. The usual brick of tea, ten inches by eight inches, one and one-half inches thick, is equivalent in trade with Russians to sixty kopecs (eighteen pence). It is divided to make any change necessary. Russian merchants have tried to introduce a paper currency, the notes representing sixty kopecs and parts thereof, but Tartars reject them. When a brick gets discredited, that is, too much worn by long circulation, it is consigned to the teapot. Several old travelers assure us that cats'-eyes were employed in the great Indian kingdom of Vijianagar; elsewhere iron worked into the form of large needles, cakes of salt, or again, says Nicolo Conti, cards inscribed with the name of the king. The Abyssinians also still use cakes of salt in remote districts. Various negro tribes have a currency of iron hoes. Nongua shells were the money of the Indians in British Columbia, one string representing the value of one beaver. In Australia rough slabs of freestone, to be fashioned into hatchets, represented cash. The men who hawked these slabs from tribe to tribe were sacred, passing unharmed through all the districts, even those at war. Marco Polo reckoned bank-notes among the oddest substitutes for money; his account of the notes issued by Kublai Khan and his reflections on the system are peculiarly delightful. He tells of people in the great province of Thibet who used coral; but we must ask where they got it. Had he said turquoise, it would have been quite intelligible, for the Thibetans still employ that stone at need. Elsewhere, Marco speaks of "sprigs of gold" and "porcelain." In the latter case also an error may be suspected. Our word is adapted from the Portuguese, signifying "hog's back," their name for the cowry-shell; becoming acquainted with the Chinese manufacture, they applied the same word to it, from the great resemblance to a cowry. The translator of Marco's work—no copy of the original has been reported—confused the two meanings, doubtless; at least we venture the suggestion. Excepting regular coinage, no "circulating medium" has a vogue to compare with that of the cowry. Perhaps it would not be inexact to say that every people in whose territory the shell exists once used it for cash. But this seems very strange, opposed to common sense and political economy, when we hear that the supply is unlimited. Over thousands of miles of coast a man can gather a sackful in an hour. But the fact is indisputable, however it may be explained. The value fluctuates enormously, of course, over such an immense area, but in a very rough way, we believe, African traders used to estimate a thousand cowries at a shilling. Anglo-Indian traders had no need to make a reckoning, probably, for the shell, though very largely current among natives, never entered into their transactions. Mungo Park counted 250 cowries to the shilling in his day and in the countries where he traveled. But the "bar" was Mungo's currency. In the beginning it was literally a bar of iron imported from Europe; but as the trade developed it became merely a word of value. Twenty leaves of tobacco made a "bar," a gallon of spirits a "bar;" and the natives would not willingly allow any fluctuation in the quantity, whether more or less. If an energetic newcomer tried to push business by offering more rum or tobacco to the "bar," he was regarded with suspicion; no old hand ventured to offer less. In all parts of Borneo, probably, one may still hear prices reckoned in brass guns—that is, cannon; but a man who has transactions of that importance will instantly translate the sum into dollars at the present time. There was an age when ten or twenty pounders did actually pass from hand to hand.—*London Standard.*

Our Trade with Hawaii Consul-General Mills, at Honolulu, supplementing a former report calling attention to the diversion of Hawaiian trade from San Francisco to New York, writes to the department under date of August 13 that, during the six months ending June 30, the total exports from Honolulu to the United States were valued at $8,748,526.40, against $4,499,916.27 for the corresponding period last year—an increase of nearly $4,000,000. Of this total $8,542,781.64 represents the value of sugar sent to America, $2,457,532 of it going around the Horn to New York, except a small cargo which went to Boston. Already during the present calendar year the direct shipments to New York have amounted to $3,046,368.49.

British Report on Japan's Trade The London "Financial News" says: "In 1895 the total trade of Japan was 15 per cent. larger than in the previous year, and of the total the share of Yokohama was exactly one-half. Two-thirds of the increase were due to exports and one-third to imports, and, as Consul Hall says, these figures are an unmistakable indication of the vigor and recuperative power of Japan's foreign trade. We are sorry to find that, comparing the rate of increase of the four countries which are the leading participators in Japan's trade, and taking imports and exports together, the statistics for Yokohama show that Germany is making the most rapid advance and Great Britain the slowest, the value of German trade in 1895 being an increase of over 53 per cent. on the preceding year, American trade nearly 18 per cent., French 12½ per cent., and that of Great Britain less than 8 per cent. As regards the proportions in which the gross trade of the port is shared between the same countries, America heads the list with 34 per cent., Great Britain comes next with 21 per cent., France next with 17 per cent., and then Germany with 7 per cent. Of the total exports of Yokohama America takes more than half, while Great Britain supplies nearly half the imports."

South African Demand for Lumber A correspondent of the "Canadian Lumberman," writing from Cape Town, South Africa, "states that the total imports of rough and dressed lumber into that colony during 1895 amounted to a valuation of $1,475,369, of which pine amounted to a valuation of $721,258; staves, $48,322; and hardwoods, grown in Canada, $28,625. Large quantities also went to the Transvaal Republic, the Orange Free State, and Natal. The correspondent referred to thinks that the imports of lumber into South Africa are to greatly increase, and that Canadian producers should bestir themselves in order to secure a larger slice of it. Lumber from the eastern as well as western coast of the United States went to the South African colonies in large quantities last year."

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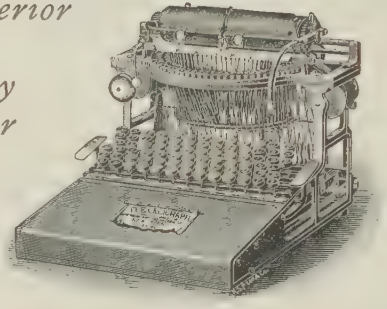

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NONOTUCK SILK COMPANY 35 BRIDGE ST., FLORENCE, MASS.

The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 31 October, 1896 Number 18

AMONG the signs which point to an increasing expectation of defeat among the leaders of the free silver coinage party is an apparent attempt on the very eve of the election to change the issue, or at least to confuse it, and the resort to some counsels which it is impossible to regard as worthy of serious consideration by honorable men. Among these is Mr. Bryan's advice to workingmen to wear McKinley buttons, march in McKinley parades, and even contribute to McKinley funds, while voting and secretly laboring for McKinley's defeat. The Australian secret ballot does not afford even a specious excuse for such a course. A secret ballot has no analogy and gives no support to hypocrisy in political action. We print in another column ex-President Harrison's condemnation of this counsel and make it our own. We do not doubt that there have been some sporadic attempts by employers to coerce their employees into voting for McKinley, for neither all the fools nor all the knaves are yet dead, and sometimes one who is both amasses money enough to be a small employer of labor, or has shrewdness enough to get a subordinate position in a great corporation. There have been, apparently, well-authenticated cases of some small-minded and short-sighted employers dishonestly paying wages in Mexican dollars as an "object-lesson"—which of course it is not—or warning their workingmen that stoppage of the factory and dismissal of the hands would follow Mr. Bryan's election. But such cases are certainly rare. Nor can we think the workingmen who are wearing McKinley buttons, marching in McKinley processions, and carrying McKinley flags, while intending to vote for Mr. Bryan, are much more numerous. That there is a large silent vote in this country is unquestionable; that there is a large hypocritical one we do not believe. Workingmen are not cowards, and all hypocrisy is cowardice. The assertion, whoever makes it, that any considerable body of American workingmen are Bryan voters and McKinley paraders is an insult to the class; and counsel to enact a lie for the sake of a chance to earn a livelihood is counsel to play a coward's part. The Outlook repeats, alike for the benefit of employer and employed—though with a strong conviction that there are very few in either rank who need the affirmation—the strong and sinewy declaration of ex-President Harrison:

> I WOULD HAVE THE WORKINGMAN ASSERT HIS MANHOOD: NOT ONLY VOTE AS HE PLEASES, BUT WEAR THE BUTTON THAT HE PLEASES, MARCH IN THE PARADE THAT HE PLEASES, AND ASK NO MAN'S CONSENT.

* * *

Quite as bad in spirit as the counsel to play the part of cowards, and more dangerous in possible results, is the attempt to set the workingmen as a class against employers as a class. So long as this attempt was made only in speeches we passed it by, partly because speeches are at best very inaccurately reported, partly because such appeals may ordinarily be disregarded as part of the froth and foam of politics. But the official pronunciamento from the free silver headquarters, issued with the approval of the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, gives to this method a significance which it did not possess when confined to rhetorical paragraphs clipped from political speeches. This pronunciamento declares—what is certainly not true—that "it is generally admitted by Chicago manufacturers that the election of McKinley will be followed by a reduction in wages" varying from 10 to 25 per cent., and advises workingmen, if in doubt as to the truth of this assertion, to appoint a committee to confer with the employers. "Let this committee ask," says the circular, "for an agreement in writing either that wages shall be raised in the event of the election of Mr. McKinley or that the present rate of wages shall be maintained, or, finally, demand an absolute guarantee that no cut in wages shall follow the triumph of the single gold standard. This will settle the whole business. Do not take any one's word for it. Have a contract made and signed, and let it specify at least two years in which there shall be no material wage reduction." The men who have issued this document must know that honest and honorable business men cannot and will not make pledges unless they *know* that they can fulfill them, and that intelligent business men, however hopeful they may be of better times in the event of McKinley's election, have not and cannot have any such assurance of it as would justify their making contracts which, if their reasonable hopes were disappointed, they could not fulfill. This proclamation can be regarded only as a deliberate, and we fear we must say unscrupulous, attempt to stir up class antagonisms for political effect. We are of the opinion that the recoil of this gun will be more dangerous than its discharge.

* * *

As the political campaign nears its end, the fight in the Central Western States, which are the real battle-ground, becomes hotter and sharper. Probably not in the memory of living men has a political contest in these States been carried on with such thoroughness of detail, in discussion, dissemination of literature, and canvassing of individual voters. The farmers in these great States have been visited by representatives of both parties, have been deluged with reading matter of all kinds, and have finally been counted on one side or the other. The Republican National Committee has probably in its possession the results of the most complete and accurate pre-election canvass ever made. The State of Michigan affords a good illustration of what is going on in its sister States. There is hardly a town of any size in that State which is not hearing daily addresses on both sides of the currency question. In Detroit a meeting in opposition to free silver coinage has been held every week-day from twelve to one o'clock for two months, and the great hall has been packed on each successive day. The free-silver men have held similar continuous meetings on the steps of the City Hall and elsewhere, and the whole State may be said to be a seething caldron of political discussion and campaign work; all this in the most orderly fashion and without any great evidences of excitement; certainly entirely without violence. There are few signs of bitterness, in spite of the great earnestness of feeling on both sides. The general drift of opinion seems to be that Mr. McKinley will be elected; that the sentiment against free coinage has been rapidly gaining ground in many quarters during the past few weeks; and that some of the Central Western States which were doubtful at the beginning may now fairly be counted on the Republican side.

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The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the original charter to the College of New Jersey, long known as Princeton College, was celebrated last week under clear skies, amid autumnal splendors, and in the presence of the most distinguished company of scholars ever gathered in this country, and of a great body of alumni. The exercises began on Tuesday, when the first academic procession, splendid in gown and hood, made its way from Marquand Chapel to Alexander Hall, where President Patton preached on "Religion and the University." In the afternoon there was a reception to the delegates of other institutions of learning, the address of welcome being responded to by President Eliot, of Harvard, on behalf of the American universities and scientific societies, and by Professor Joseph John Thomson, of Cambridge University, on behalf of the Old World universities and scientific societies. A formal reception in the library followed, and the day ended with a concert by the Damrosch Orchestra, the programme being especially appropriate to the occasion. Wednesday was in certain respects the most interesting day of the three, and the streets of Princeton were crowded in the early morning, while decorations made the old town gay with orange and black. The academic procession was watched with the greatest interest as it approached Alexander Hall, headed by President Patton, Dr. Charles E. Green, and Governor Griggs.

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The ode read by Dr. Henry van Dyke was characteristically felicitous in expression and clear in thought, with a ringing moral quality. It touched with a fine and strong hand the salient features in the history of Princeton, and interpreted sympathetically the spirit of its history. A few characteristic lines reveal its quality:

"I see thee standing in a lonely land
But late and hardly won from solitude,
Unpopulous and rude,—
On that far Western shore I see thee stand,
Like some young goddess from a brighter strand,
While in thine eyes a radiant thought is born,
Enkindling all thy beauty like the morn,
And guiding to thy work a powerful hand.
Sea-like the forest rolled in waves of green,
And few the lights that glimmered, leagues between,
High in the north, for fourscore years alone
Fair Harvard's earliest beacon-tower had shone;
Then Yale was lighted, and an answering ray
Flashed from the meadows by New Haven Bay.
But deeper spread the forest, and more dark,
Where first Neshaminy received the spark
Of sacred learning to its frail abode,
And nursed the holy fire until it glowed.
Thine was the courage, thine the larger look,
That raised yon taper from its humble nook;
Thine was the hope, and thine the stronger will,
That built the beacon here on Princeton hill.
'New light!' men cried, and murmured that it came
From an unlicensed source with lawless flame;
It shone too free, for still the church and school
Must only shine according to their rule.
But Princeton answered, in her nobler mood,
'God made the light, and all the light is good.
There is no war between the old and new;
The conflict lies between the false and true.
The stars, that high in heaven their courses run,
In glory differ, but their light is one.
The beacons, gleaming o'er the sea of life,
Are rivals, but in radiance, not in strife.
Shine on, ye sister towers, across the night!
I, too, will build a lasting home for light.'"

Professor Woodrow Wilson's address on "Princeton in the Nation's Service" brought out in clear light the extraordinary place which Princeton has filled through her graduates in the public life of the country.

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In the afternoon there was the usual football game, watched by six thousand people, in which Princeton was easily victorious. After dark came the feature of the celebration, which belonged specially to the undergraduates, and which contributed a picturesque element to the stately academic festival. This was the torchlight procession, made up of graduates of the University from a long series of classes and ending with a great crowd of undergraduates; torches flashing from end to end of the line, with humorous transparencies and floats with apt and witty local hits, illuminations from electric lamps and endless rows of Chinese lanterns, and a general air of gayety and good fellowship characteristic of an institution whose social life is exceptionally agreeable. Thursday marked the culmination of the exercises, which may be said to have been reached when President Patton announced, in Alexander Hall, that the College of New Jersey is hereafter to be known as Princeton University, and that the sum of $3,353,491 has been given as a kind of centennial endowment fund to be devoted to different purposes. A large number of degrees were conferred upon scholars and men of distinction in different ranks of life; in fact, modern scholarship has never been more generously, or, on the whole, more discriminatingly, recognized than on this occasion. Among the literary men who received academic recognition were Professors Baird, Lounsbury, and March; Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder.

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President Cleveland, whose presence had everywhere been greeted enthusiastically, was the orator of the day, and rose fully to the occasion, his exposition of the college man's duty as a citizen being characteristically urgent in its emphasis upon patriotism and duty. The dignity of the utterance and the deep emotion of the speaker were widely commented upon. The peculiar function of the universities in public crises was very happily suggested in a paragraph:

> "While the excitement of party warfare presses dangerously near our National safeguards, I would have the intelligent conservatism of our universities and colleges warn the contestants in impressive tones against the perils of a breach impossible to repair. When popular discontent and passion are stimulated by the arts of designing partisans to a pitch perilously near to class hatred or sectional anger, I would have our universities and colleges sound the alarm in the name of American brotherhood and fraternal dependence. When the attempt is made to delude the people into the belief that their suffrages can change the operation of natural laws, I would have our universities and colleges proclaim that those laws are inexorable and far removed from political control. When selfish interest seeks undue private benefit through governmental aid, and public places are claimed as rewards of party service, I would have our universities and colleges persuade the people to a relinquishment of the demand for party spoils and exhort them to a disinterested and patriotic love of their Government for its own sake, and because in its true adjustment and unperverted operation it secures to every citizen his just share of the safety and prosperity it holds in store for all. When a design is apparent to lure the people from their honest thoughts and to blind their eyes to the sad plight of National dishonor and bad

> faith, I would have Princeton University, panoplied in her patriotic traditions and glorious memories, and joined by all the other universities and colleges of our land, cry out against the infliction of this treacherous and fatal wound. I would have the influence of these institutions on the side of religion and morality. I would have those they send out among the people not ashamed to acknowledge God, and to claim his interposition in the affairs of men, enjoining such obedience to his laws as makes manifest the path of National perpetuity and prosperity."

The festival ended with a great dinner in the evening, and Princeton University is to be congratulated on the good taste, the dignity, and the variety which characterized the elaborate exercises. The task of making the arrangements for the occasion was a very heavy one; it fell largely upon the shoulders of Professor West, who discharged it with extraordinary energy, judgment, and success. The whole country will unite in an expression of hearty good will to Princeton University, so long eminent for the patriotic service and work of its graduates.

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These brilliant academic exercises in Princeton were followed on Saturday by academic exercises in New York City less impressive to the eye but not less indicative of educational life and progress. The new site of Barnard College on Morningside Heights, opposite the grounds of Columbia College, was formally dedicated by the laying of the corner-stones of two new and imposing buildings—Milbank Hall and Brinckerhoff Hall. The day was fair, the sky bright, and there was a great concourse of the friends of higher education for women in this city. The procession, which moved at half-past two from the Teachers' College, included many of the most prominent people in the city; there was a goodly number of college men in academic costume, and touches of color here and there gave an element of picturesqueness to the company. The addresses were made by Bishop Potter, President Low, and Mr. W. C. Brownell, temporary Chairman of the Trustees of Barnard College. The speeches were brief, as such speeches ought to be, but they were full of stimulating memories and of inspiring hopes. President Low and Bishop Potter share the gift of always having something to say and of saying it. The corner-stone of Milbank Hall was laid by the daughter of Mrs. A. A. Anderson, who places herself, by her generous benefaction, in the noble company of the founders of colleges; and that of Brinckerhoff Hall by Miss Emily James Smith, the Dean of the College. The large block of ground on the Boulevard which is to be the site of Barnard College cost $160,000; Milbank Hall is to cost $170,000, and Brinckerhoff Hall about $130,000. The friends of the College have therefore secured during the past four years about half a million dollars. The institution now needs another half-million as an endowment. Those New Yorkers who have walked over the ground at Morningside Heights and have been able to see in imagination the group of buildings which is soon to crown what may be fitly called the acropolis of the island, have caught a vision of the greater metropolis that is to be—a vision which needs to be translated into stone and mortar, beautiful grounds, and magnificent endowments by the generosity of those who have found in this city the opportunities of fortune. Every man who has made a competency in New York owes it to New York to share his prosperity with the community. It is this spirit which has given Chicago so intense a civic life, and has built up a great metropolis in so short a time. Half a million dollars endowment for Barnard College is sorely needed.

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Eternal vigilance seems to be the price of public forest reservations. They appeal so deeply to the cupidity of mankind that they become the constant prey of numerous forms of vandalism, many of which succeed in masking themselves under the guise of public benefit. For many years efforts have been on foot among far-seeing and patriotic citizens of New York State to secure the enlargement and permanent protection of the Adirondack reservation. Its importance to the water system of the State, and as a conservator of health and natural beauty, has compelled the long-delayed, almost reluctant, attention on the part of the lawmaking power, but without materially curbing the greed of those who found their account in the spoliation of the timber. Some time before the assembling of the last Constitutional Convention it was discovered that the laws regulating the cutting of trees within the reservation were utterly ineffective, by reason of the lack of support in local public sentiment. In executing permits to cut the larger timber the most wanton destruction resulted, and a flagrant disregard of the interest of the State was exhibited. After long and careful examination of the question by the late Constitutional Convention, a proviso was incorporated in the Constitution, at the instance of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, prohibiting altogether the cutting of timber on public lands. This we believe was the only proviso of the Constitution which received the unanimous vote of the Convention, and the ratification of the Constitution by the people seemed to place the reserve beyond reach of the lumberman's ax. But the enemies of trees were not to be so speedily outwitted, and at the last Legislature a constitutional amendment was proposed, which is to be voted upon on the 3d of November, virtually undoing the reform already accomplished, by permitting the leasing of five-acre plots.

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The one specious argument under which this is urged, and which, we regret to say, has the support of the State Fisheries, Game, and Forest Commission, is the old one—that it will prove "a source of revenue to the State." This argument is a measure of the depth to which the State policy on this subject may descend. Here is a great forested region in the hands of the State, the spoliation of which would inflict a calamity upon the entire watershed of northern New York, as well as upon the canal system of the State, to the ultimate destruction, moreover, of the sanitary advantages of the Adirondacks, which the advocates of the new amendment affect to have at heart. Its preservation is beyond considerations of expense. It would be better from every point of view that the Adirondack reserve should remain intact, even if it were to be a considerable charge upon the taxpayers of the State—a remote contingency; for if the destruction of the forests which are now in private hands in the vicinity of the public reservation continues at the present rate, there is no doubt that the time will come when the principle of eminent domain will have to be invoked to save what is left. The leasing of small tracts throughout the park would simply result in the defeat by piecemeal of the main object for which the park was originally established. Voters would do well in this matter to follow the lead of the New York Board of Trade and of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in opposing at the polls this vicious amendment.

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The semi-centennial of the American Missionary Association, of which we give a report in another column, was more than a local or a denominational jubilee. When this Association was formed, the slave power apparently dominated the continent. Texas had been annexed, with a promise that four new slave States should be organized out of it. The Mexican War was bringing another immense territory into the United States, which, but for the discovery of gold in California and the unexpected growth of anti-slavery sentiment in the North, would have been largely if not wholly given over to slavery. The two great political parties were bidding against each other for the vote of the slave States. The great missionary societies and a majority of the churches were silent respecting slavery or apologetic for it. This was the hour when a few earnest men, who did not think they must abandon Christianity because they were philanthropists, organized the American Missionary Association to preach a law embodied in the Golden Rule, and a Gospel which should proclaim liberty to all men—the law of human brotherhood and the gospel of freedom. The half-century of our noblest National life was remembered in Boston in this Jubilee celebration. It will be adequately celebrated only by a life of fifty years as courageous, honest, far-seeing, and devoted in completing the work which emancipation only began.

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All prophecies that we have seen have been disproven in the appointment of the successor to the late Dr. Benson as Archbishop of Canterbury. The great office has been filled by the choice of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, Bishop of London, Provincial Dean of Canterbury, and Dean of the Chapels Royal. Dr. Temple is one of the ablest men in the Church; the only occasion for surprise at the appointment is furnished by his age; he is now about seventy-five years old. He has had a distinguished career both at the University and in the Church. He graduated at Oxford with the highest honors, after which he became a tutor there; later was master at Rugby, and afterward Bishop of Exeter. In 1885 he was appointed Bishop of London. He is the author of the first of the seven "Essays and Reviews" about which there was great controversy some years ago. He is a striking example of the tendency towards conservatism which often comes with age. A few years since he was recognized as a somewhat extreme Liberal; now he is regarded as a somewhat extreme Conservative: formerly he was a Broad Churchman; now he is a High Churchman. The honor could not have been more worthily conferred, and it has fallen upon the one next in the line of succession, although that order has not usually been observed in the past. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone offered the position to Dean Church before it was conferred upon Dr. Benson. If he were twenty years younger, a great career might be predicted for the new Primate. Under the circumstances his term of office must be brief, and no great innovations need be expected.

The New Archbishop of Canterbury

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Several recent incidents indicate a better hope for the future of the Armenians—though the indications are slight, and not too much can be safely deduced from them. The Black Sea, apart from special treaty, is an open sea, to which any naval or commercial power would have right of access through the Dardanelles. But by the Treaty of London of 1871 the parties to that treaty agreed that foreign ships of war should not exercise this right without the consent of the Porte previously obtained. The United States is not a party to that treaty, and therefore is not bound by its provisions. The semi-official announcement that permission would not be granted to the United States to send a war-ship through the Dardanelles was replied to by fitting out the Bancroft, a vessel small enough to be within the limits of a guard-ship for the use of our Ambassador, such as the other Powers maintain in the Golden Horn. The Turk understands actions better than words, and the present indications are that not only will the Bancroft be allowed to pass up the Dardanelles, but that its presence will materially expedite some long and vexatiously delayed negotiations; that the Porte will abandon the claim hitherto maintained that a Turk cannot be naturalized and become a United States citizen without the Sultan's consent; that he will recognize as American citizens returning Armenians if naturalized and provided with United States passports; and that families of such Armenians will be hereafter permitted to come to the United States. Not less significant is the fact that the official organ of the Russian Government at St. Petersburg has suddenly learned that Christians have been massacred by the Turks at Van, which is near the Russian frontier. This, we believe, is the first information which has reached the Russian press of the Armenian massacres, and it indicates that Russia may be preparing to move on Turkey; if so, it is probably with the consent and approbation of Great Britain.

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The criticism of Mr. Gladstone's position by the Rosebery portion of the Liberal party has apparently done nothing to change his opinions or lessen his courage. The cable announces a letter written by him last week and read at a meeting in London called to protest against Turkish atrocities. He is reported to have said that it would be a wild paradox to say that the enforcement of British treaty rights to stop the systematic massacres in Turkey would provoke hostilities from the Powers. He added that it would be abandoning duty and prudence to advertise beforehand, for the ears of the Great Assassin, that British action was limited to what the most backward of the Six Powers deemed sufficient. Following this comes Mr. Gladstone's cablegram to the managers of the Armenian meeting in New York City: "I rejoice in the rescue of any faction of the Armenians from the fangs of the Great Assassin. So long as the inaction of the Powers continues, the situation will be shameful as well as sad, but the deeds are recorded both in Heaven and before man, and constantly accumulating horrors may yet work the downfall of that crying iniquity known as the Turkish Empire." *Per contra* is the extraordinary report that the German Emperor has taken this time to present to the Sultan a portrait of himself and, of all things most incredible, *his wife*, as a special token of his friendly regard, and, it is hardly too much to say, a notification to the other European Powers that any attack on the Porte will be regarded as an attack on his own personal friend, which Germany will be bound in honor to resent and resist. That in case of war Austro-Hungary would join her forces with those of Germany is certain; it is not certain whether Italy could keep out of the war, or, if she engaged in it, where she would be found. Terrible as a general European war would be, impossible as it is to see what would be the final issue, it is almost absolutely certain that it would end the domination of the Turk and result in the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire. Some events are worse than war; such an event is cowardly acquiescence in wholesale massacre.

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The Italian royal wedding by which Princess Helen of Montenegro becomes the Crown Princess of Italy is a matrimonial event of no ordinary importance. It is known that the present Czar has had a friendly interest in furthering this event, both from family and from political reasons. So pleased was Alexander III. with the matrimonial alliances of two daughters of the Prince of Montenegro with members of the Russian royal family that he wished his son to become the husband of Princess Helen. The son, however, willed otherwise, but was enough impressed with the beautiful princess to have especial attention shown her at the Moscow coronation, and to see that she and the Crown Prince of Italy saw as much of each other as possible. The result is the marriage which was celebrated with fitting ceremonies in Rome on Saturday of last week. The impulsive and generous Italians are overjoyed at the event, for Victor Emanuel had advanced beyond the age when most princes marry. It has been an open secret that for years King Humbert has been endeavoring to obtain for his son a proper matrimonial alliance. Protestants were ruled out, of course, and there was slim chance of obtaining the hand of any Catholic princess, since the royal house to which she belonged had to choose between recognizing the King or abandoning fealty to the Pope. The difficulty, as we have seen, has been solved by Princess Helen, who from the Greek Catholic Church becomes a convert to the Roman Catholic. Up to within a few months the relations between Russia and Italy have been much strained on account of the Abyssinian war, but as the Prince of Montenegro was once spoken of by Alexander III. as "the only friend I have in Europe," it is understood that the strain has now been relieved. With Italy more and more drawn to Russia, and consequently to France, it is easy to see that the Triple Alliance may one day lose its weakest member.

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The difficulties of the Spanish Government do not diminish as time goes on. On the one hand, the concession of anything like autonomy to Cuba would probably mean not only the overthrow of the Cánovas Ministry, but would very likely imperil the existence of the monarchy itself; on the other hand, the enormous expenses involved in the hitherto futile attempt to reconquer the island have brought Spain to the verge of bankruptcy. Money must be raised in large amounts, but the indications are that a loan cannot be made unless the Government's policy in Cuba is radically changed. No money will be forthcoming from European capitalists until there is a decided change in the Cuban situation, either in the way of decisive Spanish successes or of a great reduction of expenses. Neither of these conditions is likely to be secured.

The Political Issues

IV.—Safeguards of Democracy

History abundantly demonstrates that a chief peril of democracy lies in the unregulated and unrestrained passions of the populace. The judgment of the common people can be trusted when there is time to call it into exercise. But wise judgment requires deliberation, and deliberation requires time; too often masses of men acting together without deliberation, and inciting each other's illusive hopes or feverish fears, create now a sanguine delusion, now a perilous panic, the one as groundless as the other. This tendency of the mass to become a mob and of the mob to act without reason is sufficiently familiar to the student of history, sufficiently evident to the reflective student of our own times; it needs not here to be either demonstrated or illustrated.

To guard against this dangerous tendency of democracy and save it from self-destruction, the framers of the United States Constitution provided three restrictions on the otherwise absolute power of the majority. They discarded the single chamber which had been attempted by France—though afterwards abandoned even there—and provided a United States Senate, which could not be radically changed at a single National election. They framed a written Constitution, and reserved to the States all the powers not in that Constitution expressly delegated to the Federal government. And they provided a Supreme Court, whose members, elected for life, would be as independent of popular prejudice and passion as permanency of tenure could make them, and to the final arbitrament of this independent tribunal referred all questions which might arise as to the respective powers, under the Constitution, of the Executive and Legislative Departments. The ablest political writers, both English and American, have recognized in the Supreme Court the greatest contribution made in recent history to the science of self-government. Any attempt to weaken the threefold restraint which democracy has thus put upon itself—by the construction of the Senate, the supremacy of the written Constitution, and the authority of the Supreme Court—is fraught with peril to self-government upon this continent. Is such an attempt implied in that clause of the Democratic platform which intimates a possible method of overcoming the decision of the Supreme Court respecting the constitutionality of the income tax law? That clause is as follows:

> "We declare that it is the duty of Congress to use all the constitutional power which remains after that decision, or which may come from its reversal by the Court as it may hereafter be constituted, so that the burden of taxation may be equally and impartially laid, to the end that wealth may bear its due proportion of the expenses of the government."

The Outlook does not believe in a Federal income tax. But it is perfectly legitimate for those who do so believe to employ in favor of the imposition of such a tax all the constitutional power which remains after the Supreme Court's decision. Whatever is objectionable in this plank of the Chicago platform is comprised in the apparently innocent words "or which may come from its reversal by the Court as it may hereafter be constituted." Whether these words are innocent or menacing depends upon the construction given to them. For there are three ways in which that Court may be hereafter so constituted as to reverse its decision. The number of Judges may be increased by Congress, and the increased number may be appointed by the President for the purpose of reversing the income-tax decision. This is a perfectly possible method of reconstituting the Supreme Court, and it is one which would wholly destroy its moral power. The decision of such a Court would have no greater moral influence than the decision of the party whose creation it was and whose decree it registered. Or, without any such instant reversal of its decision by partisan legislation, when from time to time death produced vacancies, the President, or successive Presidents, might appoint Judges for the purpose of securing a reversal of the preceding decision. This would produce a similar result by a slower process. The tendency would still be to make the Supreme Court a partisan tribunal, constituted, not to render impartial judgments, but to facilitate party purposes. The fact, if it be a fact, that something like this has been done in the past does not tend to reconcile the lover of his country to a repetition of the operation in the future. Finally, in the natural course of events the personnel of the Supreme Court must change, as deaths and new appointments follow each other, and it is entirely possible that by this process such changes might be made in the Court, accompanying a gradual change in public sentiment, as would secure from the Court in the future a judgment that the income tax is constitutional. To such a reconstitution of the Court no one could or would object. For it is a mistake to suppose that any considerable body of Americans think that Court is infallible, or that it is above criticism, or that one may not differ from it, or hope for a future reversal of its decision, or even anticipate such a reversal. It is the function of the Supreme Court, not to be a substitute for the popular judgment or the popular will, but to put such a check on the popular will as to preserve the Nation from its own undeliberate judgment and consequent follies, panics, and passions.

There are three reasons for apprehending that more than such a very gradual and unintentioned reconstitution of the Supreme Court is threatened by the plank which we have quoted above.

The first is the very ambiguity of the phraseology. A suggestion of peril is sufficient to put the cautious man upon his guard. It is not necessary to affirm that the more revolutionary thought was in the minds of those who drafted this platform; it is enough, in the absence of any clear and emphatic disavowal, to affirm that it is capable of that interpretation. If the Chicago candidates were elected, the country could not charge them with inconsistency if they attempted to reconstitute the Supreme Court by the most radical of the methods above suggested, and it is not impossible that the more radical of their party would charge them with cowardice if they did not.

A second reason for seeing a menace to the Supreme Court in this plank is the general spirit of the platform. That spirit may at least be characterized as one of popular impatience of restraints upon the popular will. The injustice wrought by the gold standard is to be corrected by the immediate free coinage of silver, regardless alike of foreign and domestic credit, of present contracts, and of serious commercial disaster. The ebullition of popular passion in a mob threatening the United States mails and inter-State commerce is not to be interfered with unless the local authorities choose to interfere. The power of the Executive to appoint party or personal favorites to office is not to be restrained by the regulations of a civil service system. It is quite consonant with these expressions of an impatient democracy that it should wish to revolutionize the Supreme Court whenever it finds the Supreme Court an obstacle to its wishes.

A third reason for seeing in this plank a menace to the independence of the judiciary is to be found in the well-known opinions of the Presidential candidate who stands upon it. If in his defense of this plank he has disavowed the more drastic interpretation, we have failed to see such disavowal; and his previously expressed opinions, though they do not of themselves justify the charge that he would sanction an immediate reconstruction of the Supreme Court for the purpose of securing a judicial approval of the income tax, do justify the assertion that, in his judgment, that Court should be a reflection of the popular will, not a check upon it. We quote from an interesting article by the Hon. William J. Bryan, published in the June number (1896) of the "Nebraska Literary Magazine," a quarterly issued by the English Club of the University of Nebraska. The paragraph here quoted contains all that he says respecting the Federal judiciary:

> "The present method of selecting Federal judges is wrong. Nearly all the States elect the judges who preside over State courts, and find no difficulty in securing competent officials. When a judge is elected for a limited term, he can be re-elected if his conduct is such as to so merit it; but a judge appointed for life can only with very great difficulty be deposed, no matter how unsatisfactory he may prove. A President, who generally appoints upon the recommendation of a few members of the dominant party, cannot choose as intelligently as the people themselves, and the power to depose by a refusal to re-elect is an essential restraint even upon a judge. All human beings, to a greater or less extent, acquire a certain bias from association and environment, and on the great questions which divide society that bias unconsciously influences the mind of the judge. Life positions are apt to breed indifference in the public servant, no matter in what position he is placed."

To Mr. Bryan's opinion on this subject The Outlook is diametrically and earnestly opposed. Whether judges are elected or appointed is a minor matter: some very good judges have been elected—and some very bad ones; some very bad judges have been appointed—and some very good ones. What is essential is that, once elected or appointed, they should be absolutely independent of the electing or appointing power. It is well-nigh as fatal to the independence of the judiciary to have the judges come before the people periodically for re-election—and before the machine for renomination—as it is to have them dependent on a king or a president for continuance in their office. Officials appointed to carry out the will of the people ought to hold offices of short tenure. But judges are not appointed to carry out the will of the people. They are often the only protection a hapless minority possesses against the tyranny of numbers. Anything which tends to make them subservient to popular impulse tends to the overthrow of popular government. For, as the most essential quality in the self-government of the individual is the power of self-restraint, so the most essential quality in democratic government is the same quality of self-restraint, at once symbolized and made effective in a judiciary absolutely independent of popular caprice.

In our judgment, a serious, perhaps the most serious, criticism on the Chicago platform and the Chicago party is the tacit condemnation in the first and the evident impatience in the second of the safeguards of democracy in the constitutional provisions for its self-restraint.

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The Work of a Great University

President Cleveland in his address at Princeton last week admirably summed up the seemingly many functions of a great university—though they are really all one; and Dr. van Dyke, in his historical article, written with the affectionate reverence of an alumnus, and published in this week's issue of The Outlook, shows how nobly this function has been fulfilled by Princeton University.

Princeton is, in the popular estimation, synonymous with conservatism; but we need constantly to remind ourselves that conservatism is the mother of progress, and that all true radicalism is a great conservator; that progress in the future grows naturally and normally out of the past; and that a root which has in it no growth and a branch which has lost its vital connection with the root are equally in the way that certainly leads to death. The function of a great university is to learn from the past the lessons which experience teaches, and teach them to new generations; it is to discern beneath the ever-varying phenomena of life the eternal reality of which they are the manifestation. It is, therefore, at once scientific and religious: scientific because it ascertains and interprets the laws which phenomena reveal; religious because these laws are themselves expressions of God, and a comprehension of them is a comprehension of him, and his presence and authority in the world. Thus the evolution of great universities is itself the evolution of the community in which they live and which they influence. The university which is true to itself is at once an inspirer of progress and a conservator of truth, a leader toward a better future, but a cautious and wise leader, never forgetting the lessons of the past. In the university shines that light of experience which Patrick Henry so eloquently characterized as the only true light upon the pathway of a safe progress.

Thus the great university is the especial need of a democratic country and a democratic age. For the peril of democracy lies in its passions and its self-conceit. Great bodies do not always move slowly; on the contrary, great masses of men, acting collectively, are very apt to be governed by their prejudices, to be impatient of the delay necessary for deliberation, to take impulse rather than reflection as their guide, and to be led rather by the impassioned and imaginative orator than by the cautious and sober-minded statesman. And this tendency to undeliberate and impulsive action is intensified by the spirit of self-conceit which democratic institutions tend to foster in the unthinking. That all power is vested in the people, that their will is supreme, that they can do whatever they will, is constantly told them by press and from platform. Under such teaching there is a tendency to imagine that majorities are both infallible and omnipotent. Said Professor Felix Adler in his sermon last Sunday morning: "We cry to the other civilized nations, Watch! Copy! Follow us. We have nothing to get from you, but you must come and learn from us. Alienists call this the 'delusion of grandeur.'" Democracies are always susceptible to this "delusion of grandeur," and our remarkable growth since the formation of the Union has intensified this dangerous susceptibility in America. The remedy is that at which Professor Adler has also hinted. We must learn that "our assertions are not borne out by the facts. We have drawn on the old nations for all the best they have and the best we have. Our culture, our art, our literature, is determined by them."

This double service the university renders to the community: it restrains the passions and it mitigates the self-conceit of democracy. It sends out every year into the community men prepared, by their education, their social position, and in many cases by the very nature of their profession, to be leaders of the people—men who have thoroughly learned that every question has two sides, that unregulated impulse is a dangerous guide, that all experiments are hazardous and the greater the nation the greater the hazard, and that no progress is possible which is not preceded by deliberation and counseled by caution; men, too, who know that to older nations we owe all the best we have, that the lessons of their experiments cannot be safely disregarded, that the people are neither infallible nor omnipotent, that their suffrages cannot change the operations of God's laws, which are inexorable, eternal, and immutable. This effect he who has been observant of university life has often seen produced on individual students, who have entered the university, as the phrase is, "very fresh," and who graduate, after four years of university influence, with the enthusiasms of their youth unabated, but moderated, controlled, and directed by the lessons of historic experience.

The growth of universities and colleges in the United States is, therefore, one of the encouraging signs in our National life. The growth of Princeton from a body of students 268 in number in 1868 to 1,100 in 1896 is a typical fact. Analogous growth would be disclosed by a similar history of the other great universities of our land. But this growth in number of students is the least important fact. The standards of education have been improved, the methods advanced, and the equipment enriched in equal or greater proportions. That we have in the United States to-day upwards of 66,000 students who are pursuing the highest education, the great majority of them under competent instructors, and with measurably adequate facilities in books and apparatus, who are going out to be the teachers, preachers, jurists, and let us hope editors and political leaders, of the Nation, is a fact full of hopeful augury for the future.

We need not add here any eulogy of our own to the eloquent and well-deserved panegyric which Dr. van Dyke has written with a self-restraint more eloquent than any abandon could be. The history of Princeton is—with differences of detail—the history of every university of equal or nearly equal age, and will be in time the history of every more recently endowed university. The glory of Princeton is one which every college graduate, nay! every patriotic American, shares; for it is a part of the glory of the Nation, to whose highest and noblest life Princeton has so richly ministered.

Why Not?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I wish to make a suggestion which possibly has come to you from many directions. Can we not add force to the movement in America and England respecting the Armenians, by asking the leaders of religious thought to appoint a day for this subject? Here is our Thanksgiving, close at hand; soon, too, our Christmas. How dreadful it is for us to sit in peace, and let this destruction go on unheeded! On some Sabbath before Christmas, the sooner the better, there ought to be a sermon preached upon the Armenian question in every church in the land—in every church in Christendom.

Now, it seems to me that The Outlook could take this up, and that such men as Dr. Hale, Washington Gladden, Dr. Parkhurst, Albert Shaw, and fifty other people whom you can reach, could help to begin this thing properly, and give it the preliminary organization. If such a thing can be started, let me know what I can do to help in California. The old-fashioned "day of fasting and prayer" would seem to fit the case, but there ought also to be a good deal of fighting spirit infused into the movement. It is time that the Turk was hurt—time for another crusade, on a much better basis and with more reason than in the Middle Ages.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES H. SHINN.

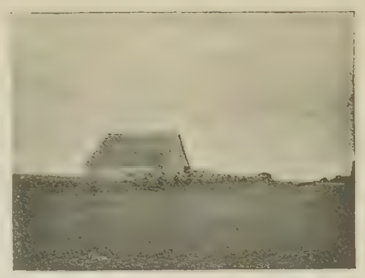
University of California, October 20, 1896.

We heartily approve this suggestion. It were well if every pulpit in the land could give a trumpet call to the conscience and courage of Christendom against the unreportable cruelties now being practiced in Turkey. The Outlook will co-operate in any way it can with such a movement.

The Spectator in the Northwest

The bonanza farm! How the words stir the imagination of the city dweller, or even of the tiller of the soil in the overcrowded East, with its books about "Ten Acres Enough"! What a difference between the old-fashioned farmer, whose work, though pleasant and healthful, was laborious and only moderately remunerative, and the "bonanza farmer," with his princely domain and his regiment of workmen to till it and to harvest the vast crop that would fill the granaries of Joseph in a single one of the seven fat years! The work of the one seems to be growing less and less attractive to the youth of the land, who yearly leave the old homesteads in increasing numbers for the easier life of the cities; the work of the other seems as alluring to the average dissatisfied mortal as the possession of a castle in Spain or a pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan's. The trouble with the bonanza farms is that there are not enough of them to go around; if Uncle Sam were to give us all one of these farms, instead of "forty acres and a mule" he would have to bestow ten thousand acres and a couple of hundred mules, to say nothing of reapers by the score and plows by the hundred. In fact, a good many of the bonanza farms are too big to be owned, as they are all too big to be cultivated, exclusively by one individual farmer; they are the property of joint-stock companies, and are operated by salaried employees just as is any ordinary commercial undertaking, raising wheat as a factory makes cloth, and paying dividends and salaries out of the product.

The Bonanza Farm Homestead


A Few Self-Binders

Hay Shed with 350 Tons of Hay

The Red River of the North

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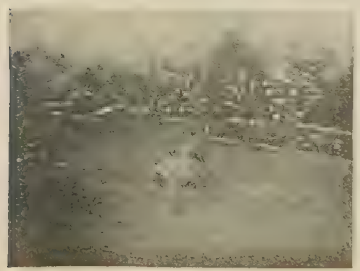
Such was the character of the bonanza farm which the Spectator saw on a recent trip to North Dakota. In this farm there were some ten thousand acres in a single block of land, and elsewhere the company had five or six thousand more. Ten thousand acres may not seem impressive to the landless man whose thoughts have not been occupied with "sections," "quarter-sections," and "townships;" but the privilege of driving all day behind a good horse on one farm, and then seeing only a part of its great domain, would make almost any one realize the magnitude of a bonanza farm of the Northwest. Another thing that will help the average reader to get the bearings of a ten-thousand-acre tract was the remark of the farm's manager (the "Vice-President of the Company" gives one a better idea of the dignity of his official position) as, with the Spectator, he drove away from the railroad station at Larimore, the little frontier town whose name is closely associated with the big farm. "From this point," said he, "we plow a straight furrow six miles long." The Spectator was afterwards told that there was another section at the end of this furrow which was plowed separately, so that his informant might have said "seven miles;" but he was grateful for the moderation of the first statement. "The men start in the morning from the house and plow one furrow; they return by noon, plowing another furrow; and they do the same round in the afternoon. Four furrows constitutes their day's work." If the plowmen had to walk behind their teams and lift the plow around stumps and over stones, as they do in some places known to the Spectator, twenty-four miles of plowing would be a great day's work; but on seeing the plowmen later at work, the Spectator concluded that they had an easy job. They ride behind the plow, the soil is a soft, porous black loam that cuts like cheese—pot-cheese, let us say—and "the mules learn to do all the work on the place," remarked the genial manager, with only a half-twinkle in his eye as he said it.


"The Only Stone in the County"

Plowing "Section 27"

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The "Red River Valley" they call this region, but it has here none of the usual characteristics of a valley. In almost any direction one sees an apparently illimitable expanse of perfectly level prairie, for the most part covered with the finest wheat in the world. Now and then we pass a circular depression a couple of hundred feet in width, in which the wheat fails to grow with its usual luxuriance. The name "buffalo wallow" takes one back with a start to the time when these great ranges were the happy hunting-grounds of the Sioux, when the black shaggy bison roamed in thousands over the Dakota plains, and took their comforting dust-baths in these huge basins. Again the monotonous level is broken by a "cooly," not of the Celestial but of the terrestrial variety—a broad low depression which in springtime furnishes the bed for a streamlet running to the river, whose course in its deeply cut bed we see marked out by the trees growing along its banks—almost the only trees we do see, except here and there a "grove" of stunted cottonwood, the feeble result of the now repealed "timber culture act." Only two crops fail to thrive in this "garden of the world"—trees and stones. Not till late in the afternoon in his day's drive did the Spectator see a stone large enough to throw at a jack-rabbit—and then the stone he finally discovered was too large. He shows herewith a photograph which he took of this only aboriginal stone in the county. There are some others, but the residents say they were brought in as curiosities.

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Roads are easily made in this stoneless, level land; a road-scraper drawn by six horses cuts down the weeds and grass, and the road is made. The soil is so soft that a drive even over plowed land is not grievous. Such a drive the Spectator took in following up the plowmen shown in the picture. "Are they plowing a long furrow here?" he asked. "No; only a mile." There were eighteen teams at work here; when all the force is plowing they plow about three hundred acres a day. A farm like this employs nearly two hundred men during harvest time, who get from $20 a month to $3.75 a day. This force is gradu-

A Load of Binding-Twine

Norwegian Farmers in Fargo

ally reduced until in winter there are only three or four men on the place. This economy of labor in part accounts for the large profits of these great farms; this Elk Valley Farm had paid as high as 40 per cent. on its investment, and even in a poor year had paid 16 per cent. And this latter with wheat at 50 cents a bushel! With wheat at 43 cents, however, which was the price in August of this year, the profits will be less; and some of the small farmers of this region assured the Spectator that they were being gradually pushed to the wall by the decline of prices. Bad weather, of course, hurts some; the Spectator overheard a fine specimen of the genus Granger—a large-limbed, huge-headed Colossus, one of a group who seemed in stature to be the fitting product of an environment of magnificent distances—say to his friends, "I have sixteen hundred acres up North, and not a hundred dollars' worth of stuff on the whole of it this year." The Spectator saw the fine house and barns of a man who in a dozen years had made a fortune of $40,000; he met another man who in the same place in the same time had made only a bare living and was anxious to sell his farm at any sacrifice.

* * *

Railway construction seems to be almost as simple as road-building in this part of Dakota. The Great Northern, which has many branches through the State, appears to be laid out in simple geometrical fashion. The track stretches out ahead of the train in an absolutely straight line until it is lost in the distance. No curves to lessen speed, no bridges to perplex the railway builder: laying the ties and fastening the rails to them, mile after mile, seems to be all that railway art requires here. But, for all that, the railroads must be well built to carry the traffic. The great crops must all be carried away on these single-track roads, and the traffic can be imagined from the fact that a million bushels of wheat have been taken during one season from a single one of these local stations.

A Sea of Wheat

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"Employment For All" was the agreeably optimistic inscription which the Spectator saw on a Fargo signboard. "The country is full of tramps; 150 got off here from one freight train yesterday," was the item which caught his eye in a Fargo newspaper. Was this a case of demand and supply? Unhappily, no. The employment, the Spectator found, was principally for man and wife (no children) on the farms in the surrounding country; there was no greater demand here than elsewhere for tramps as laborers. Occasionally, of course, the latter get work among the farmers, especially at harvest time; but a large percentage are not looking for work. Such were the colonies which were camped near the bonanza farm; they made nightly descents on the farm's vegetable gardens and pig-pens, but it was apparently judged to be safe policy to ignore their thieving. Under a freight platform during a shower the Spectator saw a motley gathering of perhaps two hundred of these wanderers (he regrets that his kodak failed him in the endeavor to take a picture of this group from the train); he read of the robbery of eighteen harvest-hands, after a pitched battle, by a regiment of tramps. So it seems that abundance of the richest soil in the world (only one-fifth of the Red River Valley, it is said, is under cultivation) open to settlement on favorable terms does not solve the problem of the "out-of-works."

Hinckley Redivivus
(Snap-Shot from Express Train)

"The Handsomest Street in the Country"

University of North Dakota

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There are many Scandinavians in the Dakotas. Young Norwegians constitute the majority of the workers on the great farms; one sees "John Bjorgson, Tailor," on signboards, and "Landsökare!" on posters before land offices. The Spectator was approached in a large town by a quaint-looking old man who uttered broken words which were finally understood to mean, "Are you a Scandinavian?"—a compliment due probably to a fair complexion. The Spectator talked with a number of these people, and found them mostly intelligent but simple-minded folk. The Americans in this section share this intelligence, but add the characteristic Western "push" and alertness. They discuss politics in the cars, in the hotels, and everywhere, but they do it so well that one can almost forgive them for it! And they are so loyal to the West! They actually seem to love their blizzards themselves. The Spectator fell into conversation with a woman (a lady, the Spectator might remark, is still the preferred Western term) who had originally come from the East. "The first two or three years I was here," she said, "I was desperately homesick. Finally I went back East for a year. That cured me. I returned to the West, am thoroughly contented now, and would on no account go back to live in the East. *The West is livelier.* And the winters are much warmer than when I first came here."

A "Cooly"

* * *

The Northwest does nothing in a small way. It has the largest wheat-fields and the biggest flour-mills in the world, the longest rivers and the largest lakes, the severest blizzards and the deepest snows, and now it has the most remarkable "burnt district" to travel through. From Duluth to St. Paul for many miles one travels between endless files of charred tree-trunks, which raise their blackened skeletons as far as the eye can reach on either side of the track. Perhaps a thousand square miles are included in this district, which has scarcely yet begun to recover from the disastrous forest fires of 1894. And yet, strange to say, while the country seems ruined, the towns which were then destroyed have been largely rebuilt. The Spectator took a snap-shot from the rapidly moving train while it was passing Hinckley, the town which in 1894 lost half its inhabitants and all its property by the fire. He points with pride to the brick school-house which the Hinckley people are building, and also records with pleasure that he took the picture from one of the cars which helped to rescue the 475 people who ran the gauntlet of fire on that terrible

Largest Flour-Mill in the World

day of '94, and heard the story from the lips of a brakeman who helped to rescue the survivors. How the people of this lumber town succeed in making a living now that the forests are destroyed, and what is the present *raison d'être* of Hinckley, are mysteries which the Spectator cannot perfectly comprehend, but the fact of recuperation seems evident.

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The "handsomest street in the country" is to be found in almost every thriving city; but, local pride aside, the Spectator would have little difficulty in giving his decision in the competition. It would be—the last one of these streets that he has seen. Is this a trifle ambiguous? It were better to remain so. But no one can fail to place Summit Avenue, St. Paul, near the head of the list of beautiful residence streets. It has charming cottages and stately mansions—so have other streets; it has broad sidewalks, smooth lawns, and fine trees—and so has many another aristocratic thoroughfare; it has a repose and a quiet dignity that belie its years—and wealth and exclusiveness have given these qualities to other residence quarters. But few streets have the natural advantages of situation that characterize Summit Avenue. It is within and yet seemingly without a great city; placed so high above the city that it seems to be apart from while yet of it; overlooks the busy marts of trade, and beyond them gives the tired eye and brain restful visions of river, woods, and fields; furnishes that delightful combination of city life and country scenery, of man's art and of nature's bounty, that seems to form the ideal outward setting for human happiness. There may be lovelier streets than this of St. Paul, but the Spectator doesn't wish to see them just yet. He will be satisfied for a while to have his memory of Summit Avenue undisturbed.

Princeton, 1746-1896

By Henry van Dyke, D.D.

PRINCETON is one of the three great historic American colleges which have done so much to mold the character and direct the development of this Nation. A century younger than Harvard, and nearly half a century younger than Yale, Princeton yet dates back, like them, to the formative period of American history. The celebration of its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary is an event of national importance, and, we may justly claim, of international interest. The record of its prosperity and growth is the record of an incorporated idea faithfully and beneficently applied to the conditions of American life.

The College of New Jersey was founded in 1746 to meet a condition and to embody a principle. The condition was the urgent need of more preachers of the Gospel in this new land—a need caused by that religious movement called the "Great Awakening," among whose leaders were George Whitefield, Jonathan Edwards, the Tennents, and other "New Light" divines. The principle was that the best way to meet this need, and to serve both Church and State, was to provide more freely for the liberal education of young men on a foundation definitely Christian and as distinctly non-sectarian.

Princeton is not now and has never been a denominational institution in any exclusive sense. It is true that the bulk of the money to support it has come from Presbyterian sources; but that is because the Presbyterian Church has always believed most strongly in liberal education. It is true, also, that Princeton in its turn has rendered a very large service to Presbyterianism in training men for the ministry; but this is no more than a fair return for the support which has been received. All the loyal sons of Princeton hope that this mutual relation of generous support and fruitful service between a great church and a great college will always be continued. But Princeton is so far from being a sectarian school that it is the first academic institution in America in whose charter the principle of religious liberty was distinctly embodied. The charter especially provides "that no person be deprived of any of the privileges of the said college on account of any speculative principles of religion; but those of every religious profession shall have equal privilege and advantage of education in said college." The first board of trustees of the College contained representatives of the Episcopal Church and of the Society of Friends. Among the graduates of Princeton there have been distinguished ministers of almost all religious denominations. The names of Bishops Hobart, Meade, McIlvaine, and Johns among the Episcopalians, and Doctors Manning and Smith among the Baptists, will indicate the quality of the contributions which Princeton has made to other churches than that from which she drew her chief support.

The College was at first established in the house of its earliest President, the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, of Elizabethtown, N. J. It was then removed to Newark under the presidency of the Rev. Aaron Burr, the noble father of a notorious son. It was under his administration that the College was finally fixed at Princeton, in the year 1756. Largely through the warm interest and liberal patronage of Governor Jonathan Belcher, of the Province of New Jersey, Nassau Hall, its first college building, and one of the finest and most substantial structures of the kind in the American colonies, was erected. Under the first five Presidents, Dickinson, Burr, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, and Samuel Finley, the energies of Princeton were chiefly directed to supplying the need which called it into existence. The average size of the graduating class for the first twenty years was fifteen; and one-half of each class entered the Christian ministry. But in 1768 a new President, the Rev. John Witherspoon, was called from Scotland; and new conditions gave a new direction to Princeton's energies, and a new application to the formative principle of its life. The great struggle for liberty and national independence came upon the American colonies, and Princeton became in a peculiar sense a nursery of patriotism and a fountain-head of republican ideas. Witherspoon, although (or perhaps we might say because) he was born in Scotland, was peculiarly fitted to give clear and powerful and philosophic expression to such ideas. He was an ardent patriot, a wise councilor as well as "a high son of liberty," and the only clergyman and college professor among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Under his administration of twenty-five and a half years, extending from 1768 to 1794, 489 students graduated. Of these 120 entered the ministry; among the remaining 369 graduates we find the names of 1 President of the United States, 1 Vice-President, 3 Judges of the United States Supreme Court, 1 Secretary of State, 1 Postmaster-General, 3 Attorney-Generals, 2 foreign ministers, 12 members of the Continental Congress, 24 members of the House of Representatives, 13 Governors of separate States, 20 officers in the Army of the Revolution, and at least 43 who took arms in defense of the liberties of their country. In the Convention which framed the American Constitution there were 55 members; 32 of these were college men. London, Oxford, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen contributed 1 each; 5 came from William and Mary, 1 from the University of Pennsylvania, 2 from Columbia, 3 from Harvard, 4 from Yale, and 9—the largest number of all—from Princeton. The two plans which

JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D.

were presented to the Convention were both the work of Princeton graduates. The large State plan was prepared by James Madison; the small State plan was the work of William Paterson; and the compromise which was finally adopted was suggested and supported by Oliver Ellsworth and William R. Davie, who were both Princetonians. In view of these facts, it is not too much to claim that the influence of Princeton in the formation of the United States was greater than that of any other college.

GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE

The record of Princeton during the middle period of its history, under the administrations of Presidents Samuel Stanhope Smith, Ashbel Green, James Carnahan, and John Maclean, is one of slow and steady growth and unfaltering devotion to the cause of liberal, Christian education. Two points are deserving of particular mention—the influence of Princeton as a mother of other colleges; and its attitude towards science as a necessary part of academic training. Of thirty-two colleges which were established in this country between the years 1746 and 1810, the founders or the principal supporters of seventeen were alumni of the College of New Jersey. Brown, Union, Hamilton, Washington, Hampden Sidney, Cumberland, and many other institutions of learning, drew their life and their principles from Princeton. Princeton was also the first of the American colleges to recognize the full importance of natural science, and to introduce the study of chemistry as a distinct branch of academic study. Dr. John Maclean was called from Scotland in 1795, as Professor of Chemistry; and his successors, Henry Vethake and Professor John Torrey, kept up the high standard of work which Dr. Maclean had begun. In later years the course of scientific instruction at Princeton was greatly enriched and enlarged. The John C. Green School of Science was founded in 1872. At least three Princeton professors have won an international fame as scientists—Joseph Henry, in Electricity; Arnold Guyot, in Physical Geography; and Charles A. Young, in Astronomy.

The history of modern Princeton begins in 1868. Just one hundred years after the arrival of President Witherspoon, a second Scotchman and an equally great one, James McCosh, was called to the presidency of the College. He also was an American "born out of his native country." He threw himself as promptly and as thoroughly as his great predecessor had done into the conditions of American life, and identified himself in citizenship and all other interests with his new home. He was a commanding personality, a man of mark, ardent in spirit, generous in heart, profound in intellect, clear and simple and strong in Christian faith. He came to Princeton with a firm resolve and a distinct policy. The College must be kept true to its ancient traditions as a Christian institution of sound learning and patriotic culture. At the same time it must be developed and enlarged to meet the new conditions of American life, and to become, as rapidly as possible, a modern university, with the fullest equipment for education in philosophy, science, and the liberal arts.

President McCosh was himself a philosopher, and his influence impressed upon Princeton the stamp of a distinctly philosophic spirit in regard to all the problems of scholarship and education. He was one of the first of orthodox divines to recognize, and to say publicly, that the theory of evolution was not necessarily hostile to religion. He held that the spiritual philosophy could only prove its right to exist by dealing frankly and fairly with all facts actually discovered by science. He was a firm believer in the liberty of scholarship. He taught his pupils to weigh conclusions rather than to take sides. The practical effect of his teaching and of his example was to lead men into an attitude of profound reverence toward truth and unshaken confidence in the verities of the Christian religion.

He introduced wide and fruitful changes into the college curriculum, but he introduced them in a conservative rather than in a radical spirit. The first two years of the academic course were still to be devoted almost entirely to required studies arranged very largely upon the old basis of the classics, mathematics, natural science, and philosophy. But with the third year of the course elective studies were introduced and given an increasing prominence and a wider range. The teaching force of the College was rapidly enlarged. New branches of study were introduced with almost every year; post-graduate courses and special schools were established; and the College moved forward swiftly toward a university basis. The increase in the number of students and in the influence of the College was remarkable, and has continued without intermission to the present time. At Dr. McCosh's accession the number of students was 268; at the present time Dr. Francis L.

VIEW OF FRONT CAMPUS

Patton, the twelfth President of Princeton, stands at the head of an institution of 1,100 students and over eighty professors and instructors—a powerful and harmonious association of non-professional schools, grouped around a central philosophic idea, and qualified to assume, with full right and dignity, the title of Princeton University.

In its physical aspects Princeton is one of the most beautiful and impressive of American seats of learning. The wise foresight of its founders gave it a most favorable situation on the long, sloping ridge of a hill, the highest point on the road between New York and Philadelphia. The campus, which is very extensive, is adorned with fine trees, many of which were planted by President Samuel Stanhope Smith, and are as old as the present century. It commands a wide prospect over the fertile plain of New Jersey, extending to the hills of the seacoast. The buildings, which have sprung up, as if by magic, during the last twenty years, are large and costly, and compare favorably with those of any other American college. But the most interesting, and, to my eye at least, the most dignified of all, is the original Nassau Hall—"old North College"—which stands practically unchanged as it stood in the days of the Revolution. Within its walls in 1776 the Provincial Congress of New Jersey adopted the first State Constitution. Here the British troops, flying before the victorious army of Washington after the battle of Princeton, took refuge. The American artillery, attacking them, sent a cannon-ball crashing through the roof, and tore the picture of George II. from its frame on the wall of the chapel. Six years later the American Congress assembled in the same building, and held their sessions here for more than four months. At the Commencement in 1783 Washington was present, and showed his interest and recognized the debt which the new-born nation owed to Princeton, by a personal gift of fifty guineas to the College. This was expended in the purchase of a portrait of Washington painted by Peale, which still hangs in the same frame from which the picture of George II. was shot away by the American guns. Remembering these things, the sons of Princeton must always look with pride upon the gray walls of Nassau Hall, and feel that there is justice in the assertion of the historian, Professor William M. Sloane, that this building "has no peer as the most historic university pile in the world. This contention rests on the fact that it saw the discomfiture of the British at the ebb-tide of the American Rebellion, harbored the government of the United States in its critical moments, and cradled the constitution-makers of the greatest existing republic. No other university hall has been by turns fortress and barrack, legislative chamber and political nursery in the birth-throes of any land comparable to our land."

CLIO HALL

The undergraduate life of Princeton does not differ essentially from that of any other of the great American colleges. It is thoroughly democratic in its spirit, and heartily athletic in its physical embodiment. Princeton has won many honors upon the field of manly sports, and encourages in every legitimate way the development of physical strength and courage in its students. With the abuses which have crept into college athletics in late years through publicity and professionalism, Princeton has no sympathy. It does not believe that the chief end of a college is to train oarsmen, or baseball-players, or football teams, but it does believe in the cultivation of a rounded manhood on a firm physical basis. It proposes to continue the practice of those games and exercises which tend to promote health and bodily vigor and self-control and bravery, and it takes a fair pride in the prowess with which Princeton students have carried the orange and the black to the front on the athletic field, and proved their fitness to play a good part in the minor, as well as in the greater, contests of life.

MARQUAND CHAPEL MURRAY HALL

There is no more accurate and searching test of the inward life of an institution of learning than the quality of the voluntary societies which are established and controlled by the students. The class-rooms are part of a systematic drill; and even the public exercises of religion may assume the aspect of the inevitable. But the associations which the men form and maintain among themselves are altogether free, and therefore profoundly significant. They express character. They unconsciously utter ambitions and ideals. They confess and they determine the tone of student life.

ALEXANDER HALL

Three voluntary societies have long been flourishing

PRESIDENT PATTON

and potent at Princeton. Clio Hall and Whig Hall, the two literary societies, have had a deep and strong influence upon the history of the institution. Clio Hall was founded in 1765, and Whig Hall in 1769. They are both secret in their organization and internal arrangements. But it is an open secret that their common object is to train their members in the arts of expression and argument, to fit them for debate, and to make them understand the laws and courtesies by which men must be governed when they come together to deliberate and discuss and act. These halls are, in fact, little Houses of Congress in a miniature republic. In them the Princeton students have received, for more than a hundred years, much of their most valuable training and discipline. The rivalry between the two societies lends spirit and verve to the public debates and oratorical contests in which they engage every year. They have retained their vigor and kept alive their traditions more fully than any other college literary societies of equal age. They have done more for the intellectual life of Princeton than they could have done if they had been a part of the curriculum. The visitor who has not been admitted to one or the other of their twin white marble temples can hardly understand to the full the influences which have kept the fire of patriotism and public service burning so brightly on Princeton's altars.

The third of the principal voluntary associations among the students is the Philadelphian Society. It was founded in 1825, and is the oldest college religious society in America. It is entirely in the hands of the undergraduates, and welcomes members of all denominations to an equal brotherhood in Christian worship and work. The beauty and simplicity of the building which was erected for the Society in 1879 by the will of Hamilton Murray, one of its members, who perished in the loss of the ill-fated "Ville du Havre," is a fitting type of its spirit and service.

NASSAU HALL

WITHERSPOON HALL

In a country like ours, which is so fond of change that it does not always stay to ask whether change means progress, and so rich in new opportunities that it is not always patient in carrying forward great enterprises to their legitimate destiny, it is a fine thing to see an institution which has moved steadily forward through a century and a half of work to complete as well as to maintain the ideas of its founders, and which has been true to the past without being blind to the present or deaf to the calls and promises of the future. The true conservative is the man who keeps the tree well pruned of its dead branches. The true progressive is the man who brings the harvest from the seed that has been planted in the past. The glory of Princeton lies in the strength and self-consistence of its intellectual and ethical spirit. It has been for one hundred and fifty years distinctly philosophic, and patriotic, and Christian. Its temper has been well expressed by Professor Andrew F. West, who speaks in the name of that strong company of young professors, most of them sons of Princeton, who are to carry the College forward under its new title of a University, along the old lines, to a wider career of usefulness. He says: "As Princeton faces the problems of metaphysics, her temper is theistic and realistic. Toward the questions of jurisprudence, politics, and economics her attitude is ethical. In the sphere of science this temper appears as the spirit of inductive reasoning, which, though severely laborious in its examination of facts, manages to arrive at something beyond facts. In the spheres of literature and art it appears as the conviction that these studies are worth most as expressions of the ever-struggling human spirit striving to utter itself with nobility and beauty. In the presence of the truths of Christianity it appears as clear faith. Of course we have not begun to realize all these, and are not even realizing them as we might, but the illustrations given above show what is the spirit with which Princeton faces the deep questions which meet every university."

The distinguished audience which assembled last week in Princeton to take part in the Sesquicentennial Celebration heard the voice of this spirit very distinctly. It was a brilliant throng that crowded the fine auditorium of Alexander Hall and filled the marble benches of its stately bema. Representatives of the learned societies and universities of the Old World and the New World were there. Men of mark in science, literature, and philosophy, leaders in all departments of human thought and action, sat together in a great assembly of sympathetic intelligence. The countenance of the audience was instinct with knowledge and power. The brilliant hues of the various academic hoods and gowns spread over the crowd a glow of color like a solar spectrum. The lofty notes of the freedom of scholarship, the brotherhood of letters, the obligations of culture to humanity, and the deep reverence of true philosophy, sounded clearly through all the simplicity and dignity of the ceremonial. And every one who was present felt that the noble past of the College of New Jersey was the fit and harmonious prelude to the large and high future of Princeton University.

TAPESTRY MADE AT THE MERTON ABBEY FACTORY
The Visit of the Magi. Design by Burne-Jones

A Visit to William Morris's Factory

By Rho Fisk Zueblin

NOT many years ago, Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell made a Canterbury Pilgrimage—a modern pilgrimage, since, unlike the Monk and Knight, Nun and Wife of Bath, they rode a tricycle; a *very* modern pilgrimage, as described in Mrs. Pennell's sprightly and slightly irreverent pages. After exciting mishaps all along the way, the final catastrophe reads thus: "The verger pointed to the pavement, 'which now,' he said solemnly, 'you have come to the shrine of the saintly Thomas.' We had reached our goal. We stood in the holy place. Even the verger seemed to sympathize with our feelings. For a few moments he was silent; presently he continued: ''Enery the Height', when he was in Canterbury, took the bones, which they was laid beneath, out on the green, and had them burned. With them he took the 'oly shrine, which it and the bones is here no longer!' "

Last summer two other travelers made a still more modern pilgrimage, since we not only rode a tandem, in a gala spirit, but we journeyed to a *Pagan* shrine. Alas! the catastrophe was changed, for, though monks and priests no longer roam the monastery walks at Merton Abbey, and it could doubtless be said of its patron saint, Austin, "the 'oly shrine and his bones are here no longer," yet the spirit of a religion dwells here in such might that the pilgrim learns many lessons in truth and beauty. Of this religion, the present patron saint of the Abbey, Mr. William Morris,[1] gives an idea, by words in a letter to a friend: "I am an artist or workman, with a strong inclination to exercise what capacities I may have, and a determination to do nothing shabby, if I can help it; or, if I do anything shabby, to admit that I have done so, and to be sorry for it. This appears to me to be the socialist religion."

Our missal for this pilgrimage was the writings of Mr. Morris on Art, its glories and duties and sorrows, providing such texts as these to ponder: "It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do, which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious." "In a properly ordered state of society every man willing to work should be insured: 1. Honorable and fitting work. 2. A healthy and beautiful house. 3. Full leisure for rest of mind and body."

These are some of the tenets of the high priest of this religion. Will a visit to the shrine show them a mockery, or will there be an ardent living and working toward this ideal?

Mr. Triggs has written: "In 1861 Morris and Burne-Jones and Rossetti formed an art firm—a guild of idealists! The distinguishing mark of these artists was their conviction of the honor of labor and the glory of thoroughness. Each was gifted with a love of order and splendor, and filled with a deep sense of the need of beauty and human life. To join art to labor, to add pleasure to the things of common use, was the purpose of this company." We crossed over a small stream which could easily be thought of as forming an ancient moat, but which now, after curving through the grounds, has the peaceful duty of making the mill-wheel go! We found Mr. Triggs's description true: "Under the trees are gathered the low and unpretentious buildings of the factory. From the garden comes an odor of grass and roses. There is no air of the factory, no clang of machinery, no dust, no haste or distraction." The fact most impressed upon me by these grounds (in which we were lost several times before we could find the factory) and by the insignificance of the factory buildings, was that the *just emphasis* is put upon the nobility of the work and life within its walls. Mr. Morris has acted consistently with these words of his: "Love of nature in all its forms must be the ruling spirit of works of art, and the brain that guides the hand must be healthy and hopeful, must be keenly alive to the surroundings of our own days."

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[1] Of course this article was written before the death of Mr. Morris.

At the station we asked to be directed to the Morris factory, and the man, pointing over the way, said: "You see all those trees? well, right straight in through them you'll find it." Not by any gigantic smoke stack was this factory revealed, but—ponder it—by *trees!* And with a true ring still sound these words of William Morris: "Pray do not forget that any one who cuts down a tree wantonly or carelessly, especially in a great town or its suburbs, need make no pretense of caring about art."

Our guide was delightful, being one of the workmen in the stained-glass rooms. His face shone with good will, and he had such a factory complexion as I had never seen—the most wonderful glow of health. The stained-glass work was first shown to us. Here the genius of Burne-Jones reigns supreme, since all the stained-glass work in the Morris factory is from his designs. We saw many of the cartoons, and the glass in all degrees of disarrangement and arrangement, the cutting with the diamond chisel, and the hand shading of the brush. A genial, gray-headed man had under his brush Stephen dividing his cloak with his sword. While we were admiring the rich coloring, the art workman jocosely said: "'E's not cuttin' 'is cloak in 'alf: the hother won't get 'is good share." In these stained-glass rooms the signs of work were cheery and inspiring. Often there was the buzz of friendly talk, and the whole fellowship appeared to be one of intelligence and mutual interest, and, certainly in that department, these words of Morris have been fulfilled: "This seems to me most important—that our daily and necessary work, which we could not escape if we would, which we would not forego if we could, should be human, serious, and pleasurable, not machine-like, trivial, or grievous. I call this, not the very foundation of architecture in all senses of the word, but of happiness also in all conditions of life." Amid this glass art work we are pleasantly reminded of the story of Morris's and Burne-Jones's college days together, of their query as to calling in life, since they were both supposed to be destined for the service of the Church, and, finally, of their mutual pledge to devote their lives to art. This comradeship of purpose and work has lasted long years, and many English churches have been abundantly served in these glorious windows.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Next we passed into the mazes of weaving—the plainer rug-weaving, the daintier silk-weaving, and the wonderful tapestry-work. In all these rooms there were simply hand-looms, which moved back and forth with a sort of click-clack of sociability, but with no wearying thunder. There were younger people at the heavier looms where the rugs were growing, but the two places of honor were held by the patriarchs of the art: a gray-haired man who was carrying through his loom the daintiest silk brocade in white and green and gold, and who stopped with the pleasure of the artist to turn it over that we might see the beautiful imagery of the light side; over by a quiet window sat an old, old lady gently casting her shuttle threaded with pale blue silk, and who smiled when we wondered what fair maiden should be gowned in it. Of this beautiful work, yet possibly monotonous, William Morris writes quite justly: "I do not call the figure-weaver's craft a dull one, if he be set to do things which are worth doing; to watch the web growing day by day, almost magically, in anticipation of the time when it is to be taken out, and one can see it on the right side in all its well-schemed beauty, to make something beautiful, that will last, out of a few threads of silk and wool, seems to me not an unpleasant way of earning one's livelihood, so long as one lives and works in a pleasant place, with work-day not too long, and a book or two to be got at."

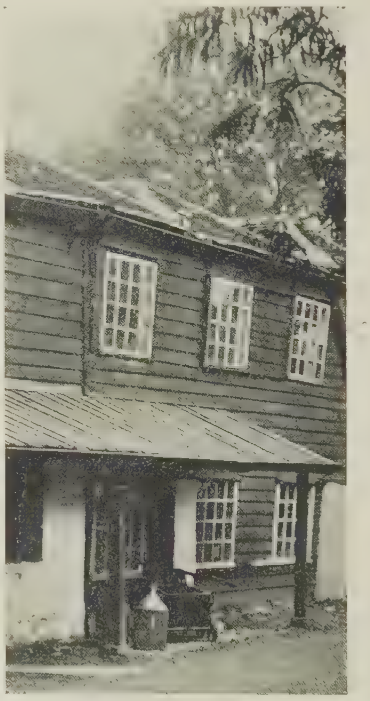
But, oh! the tapestries! Two looms were bearing these lovely burdens. One picture growing in most delicate tints was a copy of Botticelli's "Spring," this the first time it has ever gone into tapestry, it being the special order of a woman who had long fancied it would well lend itself to being thus wrought. The other was "The Visit of the Magi," this being from Burne-Jones's design, and the third time, I think, it has gone on the Merton Abbey loom. The only discouraging feature of the tapestry-weaving was that these sensitive, quick fingers belonged to men from the Far East, and that it is not yet an English art. Our appreciative guide spoke in honest, rapturous terms of tapestries that during their weaving had lent their beauty to the factory and to all the workers. A series representing the King Arthur legends had been with them seven years. Seemingly they had grown to love them as their life, and now in rich memories their thoughts followed them to the courtly home whither they could not go. I know of no home adornment that Morris writes of with more keen feeling and love than of wall-hangings. These are his words in an essay where he is mourning the decadence of the art: "What a noble art it once was! To turn our chamber walls into the green woods of 'the leafy month of June,' populous of bird and beast, or a summer garden with man and maid playing round the fountains, or a solemn procession of the mythical warriors and heroes of old: that surely was worth the trouble of doing, and the money that had to be paid for it; that was no languid acquiescence in an upholsterer's fashion." In "Jason" he verses an ideal:

> With richest webs the marble walls were hung,
> Picturing sweet stories by the poets sung
> From ancient days, so that no wall seemed there,
> But rather forests black and meadows fair.
> And streets of well-built towns, with tumbling seas
> About their marble wharves and palaces;
> And fearful crags and mountains; and all trod
> By changing feet of giant, nymph, and god,
> Spear-shaking warrior, and slim-ankled maid.

The pattern-stamping room seemed quite natural, for there we saw the glorious designs and rich coloring in the cretonnes and velvets and fabrics which American importers have graciously made more familiar to us. An old design was slowly growing under the strong and skillful hands of one of these art workers—a design that could easily suggest Mr. Morris's dictum, "The absolute necessities of this art are beauty of color and restfulness of form." It required muscle to carry the copper plate steadily, and perfection of touch to plant it firmly in its proper place. The coloring was in rich golden brown, which the interested stamper told us was the most durable color, it being practically *rust!* We all know Mr. Morris's love of the Persian designs which reappear with new life under his pencil, in stamped fabrics and in woven stuffs. If we heartily enjoy these gorgeous things, we may partially sympathize with Mr. Morris's feeling about the old Persian workers and designers when he writes: "I believe I am not thinking only of my own pleasure, but of the pleasure of many people, when I praise the usefulness of the lives of these men, whose names are long forgotten, but whose works we still wonder at. In their own way they meant to tell us how the flowers grew in the gardens of Damascus, or how the hunt was up on the plains of Kirman, or how the tulips shone among the grass in the Mid-Persian valley, and how their souls delighted in it all, and what joy they had in life; nor did they fail to make their meaning clear to some of us."

The allied craft of nearly all these arts is that of the dyer, and these pure, ravishing colors we next traced to their abiding-place in the Merton Abbey vats. Certainly these seemed like magic caldrons! We hear much of the poet's love of color, and this poet's fondness is also ascribed to Morris. Mr. Triggs speaks of his "Summer Dawn" as "touched with *grayness.*"

The summer night waneth, the morning light
    slips,
Faint and gray, 'twixt the leaves of the aspen,
    betwixt the closed bars
That are patiently waiting there, for the
    morn
Patient and colorless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the
    sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young
    corn,
The heavy elms wait, and, restless and
    cold,
The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;
Through the long twilight they pray for the
    morn,
Round the lone house, in the midst of the
    corn.



ENTRANCE TO FACTORY

But what other poet, besides feeling color and writing of color, could say, in discussing the niceties of the color craft, as Morris does in such plain workman's prose—"I myself have dyed wool by the self-same process that the Mosaical dyers used"! Mr. Morris rather enjoys color tirades, and, after having delighted in the perfect glasses or wools or fabrics from the factory, or having felt his painstaking care when looking in a vat where the dye had stood for seven years, we can quite easily sympathize with an attack upon the new dyes like this: "The fact is that every one of these colors is hideous in itself, whereas all the old dyes are in themselves beautiful colors—only extreme perversity could make an ugly color out of them. Under these circumstances it must, I suppose, be considered a negative virtue in the new dyes that they are as fugitive as the old ones are stable; but even on that head I will ask you to note one thing that condemns them finally—that whereas the old dyes, when fading, as all colors will do more or less, simply gradually change into paler tints of the same color, and are not unpleasant to look upon, the fading of the new dyes is a change into all kinds of abominable and livid hues. I mention this because otherwise it might be thought that a man with an artistic eye for color might so blend the hideous but bright aniline colors as to produce something at least tolerable; indeed, this is not unfrequently attempted to-day, but with small success, partly from the reason above mentioned, partly because the hues so produced by 'messing about,' as I should call it, have none of the *quality* or character which the simpler drug gives naturally. In short, this is what it comes to, that it would be better for us, if we cannot revive the now almost lost art of dyeing, to content ourselves with weaving our cloths of the natural color of the fiber, or to buy them colored by less civilized people than ourselves."

The workers in all these crafts, by their goodly occupation, eight-hour working day, and highest wages known in the trade, seem to be realizing, as far as is possible at present, the claims of a decent life as Mr. Morris has himself stated them: "First, a healthy body; second, an active mind in sympathy with the past, the present, and the future; thirdly, occupation fit for a healthy body and an active mind; and, fourthly, a beautiful world to live in."

Our visit to Merton Abbey Factory was over, and with reluctance, yet with satisfying thoughts, we left the interesting group of people behind, and passed again through the trees into the dingy world. The charm of William Morris's idealism was not broken by having visited the spot where of all others this ideal must be tested. We felt, indeed, that this visit had marked our most hopeful and instructive and inspiring day in England. Juliana Horatia Ewing says of one of her heroines what very well belongs to a character-sketch of William Morris: "It is so easy to become more thick-skinned in conscience, more tolerant of evil, more hopeless of good, more careful of one's own comfort and one's own property, more self-satisfied in leaving high aims and great deeds to enthusiasts, and then to believe that one is growing older and *wiser!* And yet those high examples, those good works, those great triumphs over evil which single hands sometimes effect, we are all grateful for, when they are done, whatever we may have said of the doing. But we speak of saints, and enthusiasts for good, as if some special gifts were made to them in middle age which are withheld from other men. Is it not rather that some few souls keep alive the lamp of zeal and high desire which God lights for most of us while life is young?" William Morris and Burne-Jones have valiantly and radiantly kept their college-day pledge to Art.

Among modern prophets, Ashbee[1] has written: "It is only in the reconstructed workshop that we may hope to find our citizen perfected in heart and hand and head." The artist, Mr. G. F. Watts, in his preface to "Plain Handicrafts," writes: "To lead the weary toiler along the dreary road of every-day mechanical work into its wayside gardens, to open closed eyes to a world of loveliness and grace, where every flower that blows and every tendril that twines enlist themselves in his service and become his friends, is the function of the Plain Handicrafts." Ruskin has said, "Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality." We might easily have said, "These are hard sayings; who can hear them?" But with the grand reality and accomplishment at Merton, such words no longer fall upon our ears with a hollow tone of hopelessness and impossibility, but with the stirring ring of alarum and incentive.

With good faith in William Morris's hand and heart, in his *sense* and *vision*, we can read such words of his own as the following. In "A Dream of John Ball" he says: "Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them." He makes Sigurd say to the King of the Niblungs:

And I would that the loving were loved, and I would that the
    weary should sleep,
And that man should hearken to man, and he that soweth should
    reap.

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[1] Ashbee, "Workshop Reconstruction and Citizenship" (D. C. Heath & Co.).

In one of his essays he writes: "What other blessings are there in life save these two, fearless rest and hopeful work? Troublesome as life is, it has surely given to each one of us some times and seasons when, surrounded by simple and beautiful things, we have really felt at rest; when the earth and all its plenteous growth, and the tokens of the varied life of men, and the very sky and waste of air above us, have seemed all to conspire together to make us calm and happy, not slothful, but restful. Still oftener, belike it has given us those other times, when at last, after many a struggle with incongruous hindrances, our own chosen work has lain before us, disentangled from all encumbrances and unrealities, and we have felt that nothing, not even ourselves, could withhold us from doing the work we were born to do, that we were men and worthy of life. Such rest and such work I earnestly wish for myself, and for you, and for all men: to have space and freedom to gain such rest and such work is the end of politics; to learn how best to employ it is the end of education; to learn its inmost meaning is the end of religion."

THE MERTON ABBEY FACTORY

With paramount force and insistency we have been taught the fleetness of life, resulting in great stress upon immortality. In hard, narrow fashion has this truth been carried into our lives. The Bible words, noble and beautiful, are often too much with us: "My days are consumed like smoke;" "My days are like a shadow that declineth;" "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust;" "As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

FROM THE RIVER

But this is only a half-truth; *the place thereof shall know it more;* the quasi-immortality of material things is also true, magnificently and gloomily true. Our deeds live after us, and how stubbornly and sturdily, in the things we build! The tree we hew down for our street railway, for our factory, can never bloom a leaf for our grandchild. The ugly mansion we build so solidly may be the life-torment of our son or somebody else's son. Some gracious bit of beauty your hand leaves behind may be the treasure of some ardent heart for many a year! The Bible tells us this, too: "Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. Thy years shall know no end. The children of Thy servant shall endure, and their seed shall be established." "For none of us liveth to himself, and *no man dieth to himself.*" This thought, this belief, makes for us two duties: to make our works beautiful and true, that *their* everlasting life may be wealth and benediction for those who come after, and also to *demand* like things from others, that beautiful things, noble things, may represent the activities of all men and women. With this view we can understand Ruskin's extreme statement, "Taste is the only morality," since it simply means the constant duty of appreciating all material values in terms of life.

October

By William Morris

O love, turn from the unchanging sea and gaze
Down these gray slopes upon the year grown old,
A-dying 'mid the autumn-scented haze
That hangeth o'er the hollow in the wold,
Where the wind-bitten ancient elms enfold
Gray church, long barn, orchard and red-roofed stead,
Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead.

Come down, O love; may not our hands still meet,
Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
Forgetting May, deeming October sweet—
Oh hearken, hearken! through the afternoon
The gay tower sings a strange old tinkling tune!
Sweet, sweet and sad the toiling year's last breath,
Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we, too—will it not be soft and kind,
That rest from life, from patience, and from pain,
That rest from bliss we know not when we find,
That rest from love which ne'er the end can gain?—
Hark, how the tune swells that erewhile did wane!
Look up, love!—ah, cling close and never move!
How can I have enough of life and love?

—*From "The Earthly Paradise."*

ROOM IN SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS'S BUSINESS PREMISES, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, IN WHICH THE FIRST YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE ASSEMBLED

Sir George Williams

Founder of Young Men's Christian Associations

By Lord Kinnaird

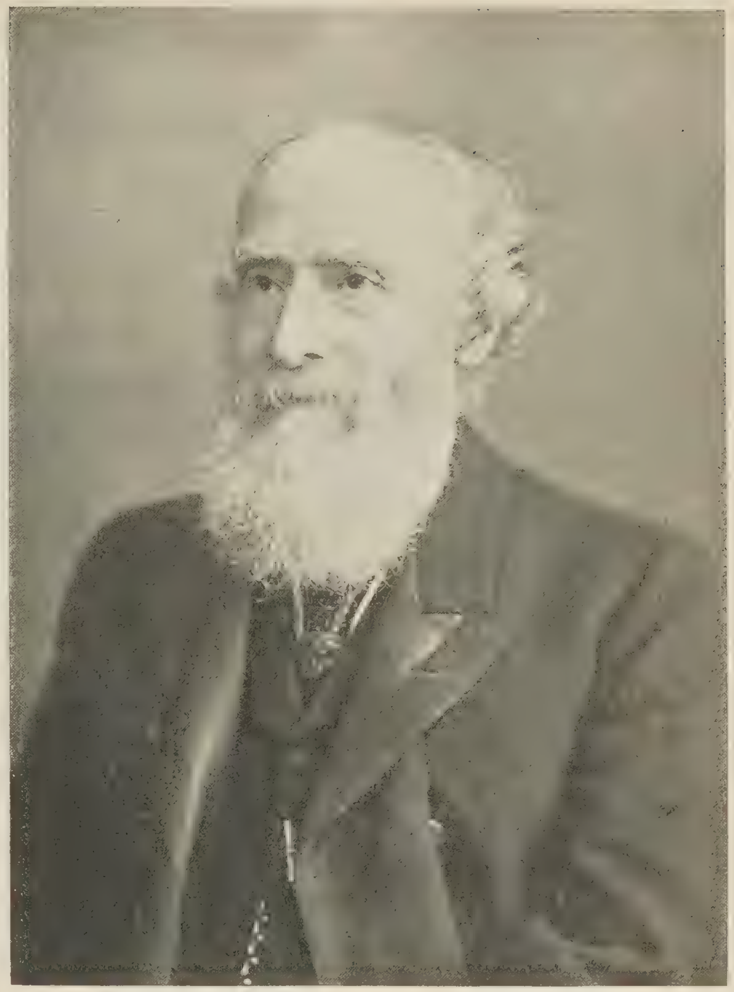
Sir George Williams
(About 1860)

"There is not any other one man in the world to-day who has touched so many men for good." Such is the pronouncement of the Hon. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States, in regard to the subject of this brief sketch. It refers to Sir George Williams, of course, in the light of his life's work—the Young Men's Christian Association. To trace his career is of necessity to recite the leading facts in the history of that great and beneficent movement, so completely has he absorbed himself in it. While all forms of religious and philanthropic effort have for many years received his munificent support—at the present time he is President of not a few societies—he has been pre-eminently the Friend of Young Men, and, to an extent altogether unique, has devoted himself and his substance to the promotion of their highest and best interests, not alone in this country, but in all the principal countries of the world.

The remarkable series of gatherings in London in June, 1894, which celebrated the Jubilee of the Y. M. C. A., and of which he was the central figure, gave unmistakable evidence of the vitality and universality of the work; showing, as Canon Fleming aptly put it, that it had "made a deep mark upon the young men of this age, upon the Church of God, and, indeed, upon the world at large." The Convention, it was estimated, was the largest delegated Evangelical assembly that had ever met. Two thousand men, speaking seventeen languages, represented the work as it is carried on in twenty-six nationalities; and all delighted to honor the man whom God had thus honored in originating and developing their beloved enterprise. Huge meetings, in almost bewildering succession—in Exeter Hall, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, the Royal Albert Hall, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the City Temple, and the Great Park at Windsor—gathered around the founder in demonstrative acknowledgment of what, by the blessing of God, he had been enabled to accomplish; the press of the whole country, as well as of America and the Colonies, cordially indorsed the tribute; and, to the utmost gratification of members of the Association in all lands, her Majesty the Queen signified her approval of the lifelong effort of "a peaceful hero" by conferring upon him the dignity of knighthood, while the Corporation of London marked their appreciation of his services to young men in the metropolis by bestowing upon him the honorary freedom of the city. Probably no such distinguished public recognition had been given to any work of the kind that had been in existence fifty years only.

Sir George treated the matter with characteristic modesty. "It has been to me a glorious service," said he. "In it

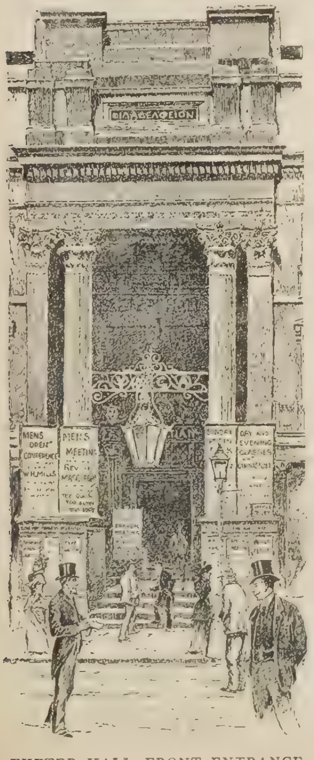
I have experienced the happiest moments of my life. . . . To Almighty God be all the praise. He it was who inspired the thought."



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS
From a recent Photograph

This confession is noteworthy, from the circumstance that it illustrates what has ever been with Sir George Williams a first principle of his faith—that he has been in everything the steward and instrument of God. It was this dominating conviction within him that inspired the few young fellows who joined him in forming the Association in 1844, in the business house of Mr. George Hitchcock, in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, to which he had come as a junior assistant from Bridgewater three years previously. It was this that made a profound impression upon his employer, who at a subsequent period had the joy of testifying that the Association started under his roof had been the means of bringing him to a knowledge of himself and of Christ. It was *this* that gave life and impetus to the movement in all its early years; for the youthful promoter marked his overwhelming sense that "the thing was of God" by contributing to it at the rate of more than a third of his entire income. And while the conviction, conscientiously acted upon, has—because God will be no man's debtor—enriched his experience, his experience all through life has been such as to deepen the conviction. An abundant return has been made to him for his faithfulness; a return which has been maturing for half a century, but which will reach its climax only when he hears the "Well done" that is to be the final reward of all those who are good and faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." It was by keeping steadily before him this grand triple rule of life that Sir George reached the position which he has now so long and honorably filled, as head of one of the largest and best-reputed business establishments in the greatest city of the world. In the exalted position, as well as in the humbler, he has been faithful to the great trust divinely reposed in him, and has dispensed with generous hand the good gifts of God placed in his keeping. His large-heartedness is manifested in this; but it is evinced in no less a degree, also, in the breadth of his sympathies with all forms of real and practical Christian work. Here, as well as in other respects, he bears strong resemblance to his predecessor in the presidency of the English work—the late noble Earl of Shaftesbury. His views are pronouncedly evangelical, but he combines with definiteness of creed a spirit of generous toleration and charitableness, and the outflow of his affection to all who bear the name of Christ and are seeking to extend his kingdom has none of the limitations which sectarian differences are apt to engender. Further than this, his heart has always been large enough to enable him sympathetically to share and relieve the burdens of difficulty brought under his notice by individual young men. Not only since his sons have been able to divide with him the responsibilities of his great business, but all through his life, he has ever been ready to set aside his own concerns for a period of each day, important as they have been, in order to help in the affairs of others; and the number of callers he has been in the habit of receiving day by day, upon all conceivable errands of necessity, has for many years been very large.



EXETER HALL, FRONT ENTRANCE

Sir George has always observed the utmost simplicity and plainness in his style of life. His seventy-fifth year finds him still quick of perception and strong of purpose, buoyant in spirit, genial, gentle, lovable; while both Lady Williams and himself maintain and exhibit an unflagging and inexhaustible interest in all the concerns of young manhood.

The history of the Young Men's Christian Association is as full of interest as the life of the founder. The work was commenced in the realization of a pressing need, and was shaped with a very definite purpose in view—the salvation of young men. The aim was to unite Christian young men, first, for development and upbuilding in their most holy faith; and, next, in order that they might make concerted effort in behalf of their companions. They were to do this in the sphere of their daily calling—that is to say, they were to bear their testimony in their *life*. With the passing of years, diversification and variety of method have come: but first principles are still adhered to. They are not generally popular—no Christian expects that vital religion ever will be; but the healthy and useful environment in which, within the Associations, they have been maintained, has not failed to convince right-thinking people everywhere of the wisdom of giving to an institution for the benefit and improvement of young men a distinctly spiritual basis. This is the only leaven that will effectually prevent deterioration.

Whether consisting of six or six hundred young men, the management of each Association is vested alone in the membership, which is essentially Christian and missionary.

There is associateship for young men of good moral character, carrying with it participation in all privileges except control. Each Association is absolutely autonomous. Organization is not wanting, either so far as district, State, national, or international matters are concerned. Indeed, it is wonderfully complete; but, after all, the cement that binds the Associations together is not of men's manufacture—it is to be found in the pursuit of a common and exalted purpose, in the carrying on of an active propaganda in behalf of young men on a spiritual and evangelical foundation.

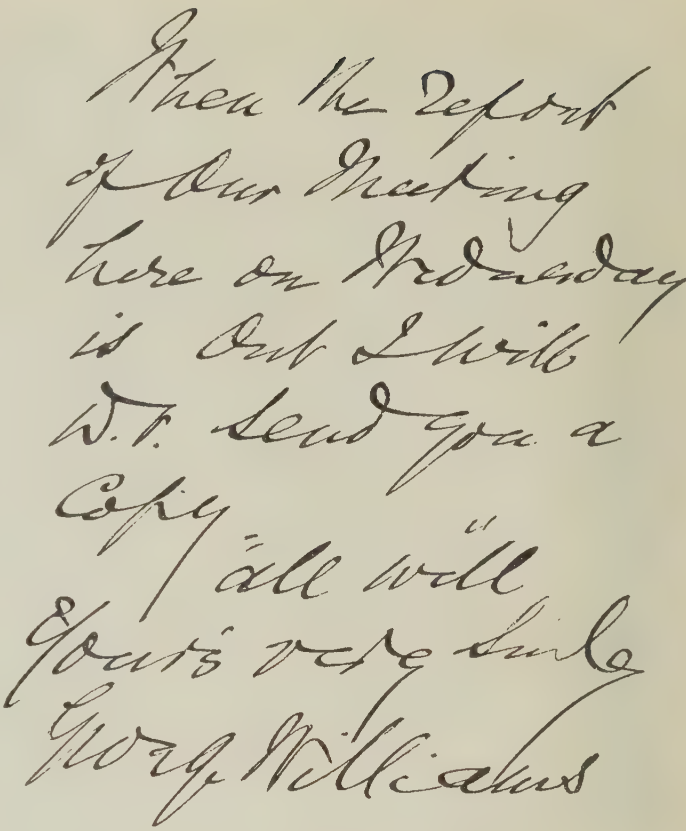
Throughout the world the Young Men's Christian Association is now represented at over 5,500 centers, and has a membership of over half a million. But these figures are no gauge of the extent of its influence. It probably gets into close touch each year with five times as many men as those whose names appear upon its books. The Archdeacon of London attributes its success to the fact that it represents and maintains: (1) the grand principles of unity and co-operation (its plan and platform are interdenominational); (2) the spiritual priesthood of the laity (it puts the obligation upon each member of doing all that in him is to extend the kingdom of Christ by becoming an evangelist to his fellow young men); and (3) the divine doctrine proclaimed by our Lord of the brotherhood of men in himself. Hundreds of ministers of the Gospel at home and abroad received their early stimulus or training at the hands of the Association. D. L. Moody and John McNeill are among the many who acknowledge its invaluable aid; and quite recently the general service rendered by the institution to the churches has received the emphatic witness of the Rev. H. E. Fox, M.A., Hon. Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, who mentions a remarkable fact: that almost every male candidate offering himself to that great Society confesses to having been influenced by the Young Men's Christian Association at some point of his life—either owing to its instrumentality his conversion, or his incentive to and training for missionary work. And what is true of the Association in regard to missionary enterprise abroad applies with equal force to its relation to the ministry at home; while strong indorsements come also from business men on every hand, who, so far from finding the Association an agency for the development of namby-pamby men—as is often laid to its charge—testify that they have secured from the ranks of the membership many of their smartest and most trustworthy employees.

W. H. Mills

Secretary International Committee Young Men's Christian Association

The Association seeks by all means to win the souls of men; but much of its usefulness has arisen from the fact that it has not been slow to recognize that they have also minds and bodies which require looking after. It is one of the largest physical agencies in the world: it has also done most valuable educational work, and is likely, in countries where such work is not already provided for by secular institutions, to make great developments in this direction. But all the departments, whether of club or home or school or playground character, subserve the one supreme end—that of bringing men to the Saviour.

There is not space in this article to give any adequate idea of the extent to which the Associations have by this time encompassed the world. America, to which country the work was directly transmitted from England, affords perhaps the most striking example of development—possessing over fourteen hundred Associations, many of them with fine and substantially endowed buildings, and carrying on a far-reaching departmental work among students and railway employees, as well as among young men generally. A large number of the Associations on the Continent were brought into the general organization at the Paris Conference, and are year by year developing their work along the lines pursued so successfully in Great Britain and the United States. In Japan there has been a remarkable growth of the work; and in India also, where great scope and opportunity are presented for Association enterprise in behalf of the many thousands of educated English-speaking young men. In Australia the Associations are not numerous, and have suffered as a consequence of commercial depression; but they have nevertheless done and are doing excellent work, particularly among young emigrants, who reach the largest towns in great numbers. The first United Conference has just been held in South Africa, where the movement has obtained good hold and is creditably represented. Scattered Associations are achieving good results in almost every other country of the world; and the general experience is that—despite all the activities for the benefit of young men which the Associations have prompted and quickened—the need for their specific work, as it was borne in upon the mind and heart of Sir George Williams half a century ago, so far from declining, is continually on the increase.



When the Report
of Our Meeting
here on Wednesday
is Out I will
D.V. send you a
Copy
"all well
Yours very truly
George Williams

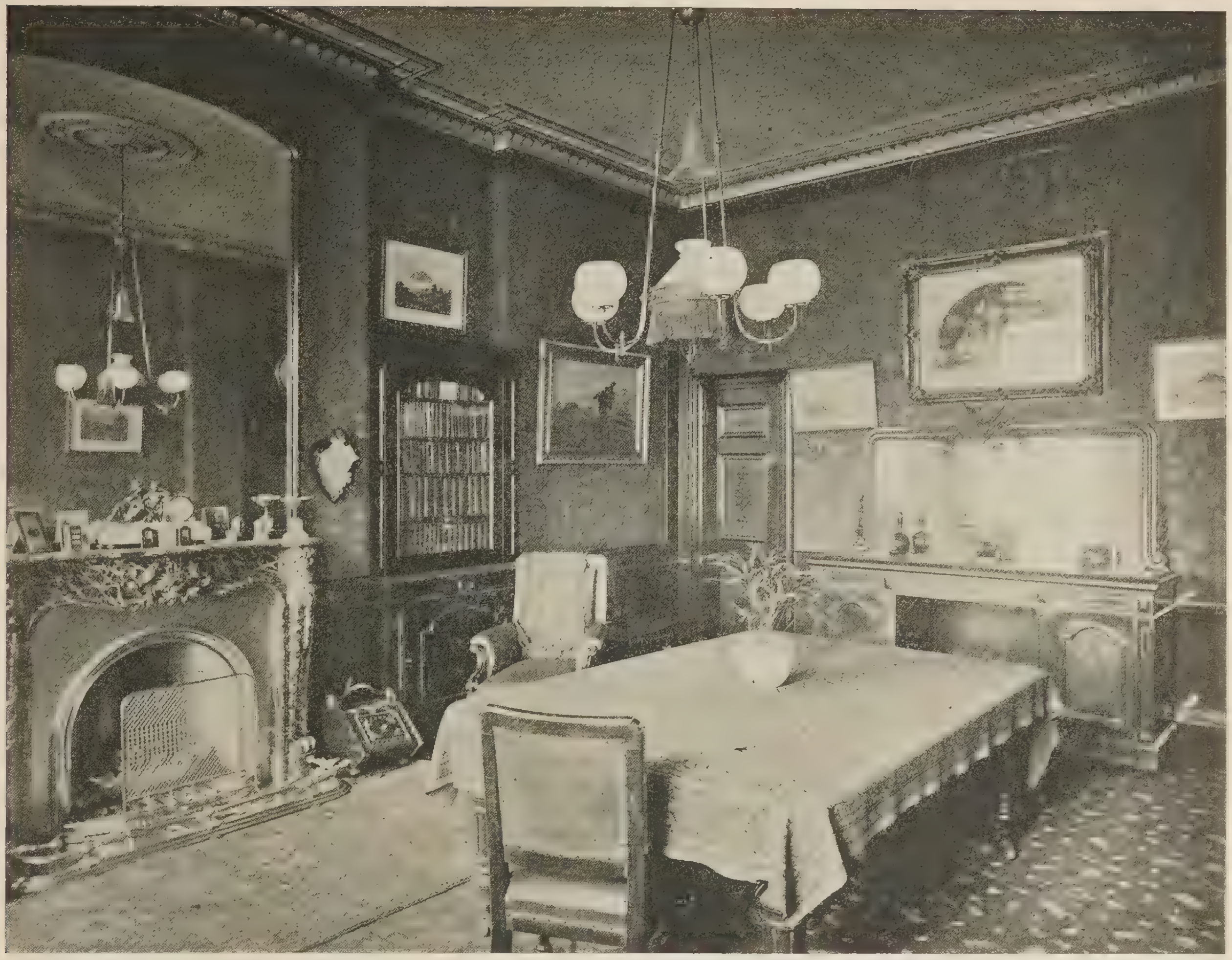
FACSIMILE OF SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS'S WRITING

❧

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Kinnaird

The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird

With the single exception of Sir George Williams himself, as President and Founder, Lord Kinnaird is probably the best-known friend of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Great Britain and Ireland. And in several other important religious and philanthropic movements, centrally represented in London, Lord Kinnaird, because his sympathies are similar, is brought into close and intimate touch with Sir George. Hence the peculiar appropri-



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS'S LIBRARY

ateness and value of his article upon Sir George's life and work.

Arthur Fitzgerald Kinnaird was born in 1847, and succeeded in 1887 to his present title, which carries with it the dignity of English as well as Scottish peerage. In Scotland his seat is Rossie Priory, Inchture, Perthshire; he has town and suburban residences also in the metropolis, where his busy working days are spent.

For Lord Kinnaird is brimful of activity. As partner in one of the principal banking houses in London, he undertakes constant and responsible work; and his readiness to assist good enterprises of any and every kind further entails upon him much exacting labor—often to the extent of spending the greater part of the night in a train, if by this deprivation a worthy cause may be advanced and workers in it helped or encouraged. His Parliamentary duties, moreover, as a peer of the realm, are not infrequently very heavy. Only recently he has given much attention, as a member of her Majesty's Royal Commission on Sunday observance, to the law in relation to this important question.

In earlier years Lord Kinnaird was largely identified with Mr. Quintin Hogg in an endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes of boys in London. But while the flux of time has tended to focus Mr. Hogg's efforts upon the oversight and development of his splendid Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, it has widened the sympathies of Lord Kinnaird, and greatly enlarged the sphere of his generous help. He is still one of the warmest supporters of the Homes for Working Boys; but he displays also very cordial and practical interest in the work of numerous other prominent Christian enterprises, such as the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London City Mission, etc.

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS'S HOUSE
13 Russell Square, Bloomsbury, W. C.

Most of all, perhaps, his time and resources are freely devoted to furthering the work of the Young Women's and the Young Men's Christian Associations. Of the former—in behalf of which his sisters, the Hon. Misses Kinnaird, are zealous workers—he is President; he is President also of the Scottish Union of Young Men's Christian Associations; and is a leading Vice-President of the English Union of the same organization.

It is significant in regard to his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, for the *spiritual* side of whose work he is an earnest champion, that Lord Kinnaird is keenly interested in all branches of athletics, particularly in football, and that he holds office as President of the National Football Association. Nothing will more surely serve the best interests of an institution like the Young Men's Christian Association than to have prominent on its governing body men of Lord Kinnaird's energeti robust, and practical influence.

The Junior Republic at Freeville

By Washington Gladden

A DELIGHTFUL ride of thirty-eight miles on the first day of September, through the ripening corn-fields and the heavily laden apple orchards of Tioga and Tompkins Counties in New York, brought a carriage-load of us to the gates of the Junior Republic at Freeville. Gates must be taken metaphorically; for road-fences are not in vogue in these parts, and the domain of the Republic is open on one side to the highway. Our chariot stopped in front of a small frame cottage, designated as the "Capitol" by a pasteboard label on the door. A young man of thirty, coarsely clad, was talking with some animation to a group of visitors; a few boys and girls, more or less clothed, were standing near him apparently waiting for an interview; to him one of our party presented himself, and found, as he had supposed, that he was speaking to the founder and President of the Junior Republic, Mr. W. R. George. For the rest of the afternoon, and for two or three hours the next day, Mr. George was kind enough to devote himself largely to our instruction, and we were able to gain considerable insight into the administration of this notable commonwealth.

At the time of our visit the census of the Republic showed a population of 173 boys and girls, from the age of eight or nine to seventeen or eighteen—all gathered from the slums of the great cities, most of them from New York. A few remain through the year, but the great majority are residents for only two months in the summer; two days after our visit camp was broken, and the body of the citizens returned to their homes and were reabsorbed by that larger and worse-governed community which generally takes its orders from Tammany Hall. But for two months they have been a free and self-governing society, working out an experiment of great interest to philanthropists and statesmen.

IN THE BANK

The cashier of the bank shown in the above picture was the capitalist of the Junior Republic last summer. He was also Senator the greater part of the season. He immortalized himself while in Congress in the season of 1895 by framing and introducing the bill that effectually abolished the public support of paupers, the terms of the bill declaring that "A feller what don't work sha'n't eat."

WILLIAM R. GEORGE

Mr. George, whose home is now in New York, is a native of Freeville, a country hamlet nine miles from Ithaca; and the impulse in which this movement originated was a desire to give some of the children of the slums a taste of country life, as he remembered it, among these hills. With the aid of his mother he brought, five or six years ago, twenty-two children into the country for a two weeks' outing; the next year his caravan numbered two hundred and ten, and he kept them in camp the same length of time; for the next three years the number averaged about two hundred and fifty. These brief summer camps were under his own and his mother's care; they tried to give some instruction in religion, patriotism, and various simple industries. In the summer of 1895 the Junior Republic was fully organized, and the term of residence was two months. Early this summer the farm of forty-eight acres was purchased by the trustees of the corporation which has now been formed to support this project; the barns and sheds have been rudely remodeled to serve as barracks, in some of which are located the offices and assembly-rooms; some of the sleeping-rooms and restaurants are in extemporized shelters with canvas walls. In these unpretending quarters, and on the broad expanse of this sightly hill, are gathered eight or ten score boys and girls, drawn from the least promising homes of New York; and here they constitute a civil and industrial society, with a Congress, with civil and criminal courts, with police and executive officers, with a military organization and a prison, with a bank, also, and a currency of their own, and with industry and commerce in full blast. Mr. George is President of this Republic, by divine right, I suppose; he reserves the veto power and uses it sparingly; but he assumes no dictatorship; the responsibility for the government rests upon the citizens. The Constitution of the United States and the laws of the State of New York are accepted as fundamental in this Republic, but the legislative body enacts such laws as may be needed by this community, and enforces them by its own executive and judicial officers. Last year the Cabinet officers were adults, chosen from among the helpers of Mr. George; this year he has selected his advisers from among the citizens of the Republic. The Judge of the Civil Court is a boy of sixteen or seventeen; he is also commander of the battalion. The Judge of the Criminal Court is a boy of perhaps fourteen; he is adjutant of the militia.

The Congressional term lasts only one week, and its representation, like that of the mediæval cities, is by guilds. There are six industrial classes—in farming, landscape-gardening, carpentry, cooking, millinery, and sewing; each of these was originally represented in the lower house, there being one representative for every twelve members. This made a body too large and too expensive, for officials are paid a moderate stipend in the coin of the Republic; the number of representatives in the lower house has been reduced to seven. The Senate consisted of one representative from each of the six classes, and Senators held office two weeks. All laws must pass both houses and be signed by the President. The statute-book, which lay open upon a table in one of the offices, contained such enactments as these:

"The right of suffrage is hereby extended to all citizens over twelve years of age, without distinction of sex."

"Candidates desiring to practice law in the Republic shall pass the civil service examination, and also a special examination before the judges."

"Gross impoliteness at table or in other places shall be regarded as a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment."

"A poll-tax of thirty cents shall be levied on every citizen for the week ending July 20. Those who are unable to pay shall work out the amount in government employment."

A GUARDIAN AND HIS WARD

Boys and girls under twelve years of age are not admitted to the Junior Republic unless some junior citizen above that age adopts the young person and assumes all the responsibility of a regular parent or guardian. This little boy, nine years of age, created quite a sensation a short time ago in the city of Syracuse. He committed arson on three occasions and burglary twice. He is now in the custody of the Junior Republic, and is consummately happy in the midst of his new surroundings.

That the laws of this Republic would be sometimes violated in a society composed of such elements might be safely predicted, but the provision for the detection and punishment of misdemeanors seems to be adequate. The policeman is, indeed, much in evidence. This is the department of government which possesses a special attraction for the average New York boy. His estimate of the blessedness of a policeman's life is not that of the familiar lyric; and the list of applicants for appointment on the police force is always formidable at the opening of the season. But the civil service examination proves an insuperable barrier to the ambition of many of them, and gives them a new and vivid sense of the value of an English education. One youngster, who had risen, hopelessly plucked, from this examination, exclaimed: "I don't play hooky this winter, you bet! I'll come back here next year and git to be a cop." The boys thus selected are distinguished by a simple uniform and equipped with a club, and the peace of the Republic is committed to their keeping. Most of them act very promptly and courageously in any case of disorder, and the sense of the sacredness of law enables the small boy with the policeman's badge to lead to the lockup a lawbreaker much bigger than himself.

A LAWYER AND HIS CLIENT

The prisoner when arrested is taken before the magistrate; if the offense is not bailable, he is committed for trial. These trials are conducted in regular form—the prosecuting attorney conducts the case for the people, the prisoner has his counsel, and a jury of boys is empaneled. Mr. George says that, as a rule, these verdicts are remarkably just; that they nearly always command the popular approval. Offenders are sentenced by the court to labor "on the gang," as the boys call it; they are reduced to the grade of convicts and taken in charge by a keeper, and dressed in stripes; they exchange their name for a number, and work all day instead of half a day, receiving no wages, and only the plainest fare. The severity of this treatment makes an impression even on the toughest boys of the East Side gangs. Mr. George told us of one boy who had been sent to jail in the afternoon before our arrival. "I saw that boy," he said, "sentenced once by a Police Judge in New York, and he laughed in the Judge's face; the spirit of the outcast was so strong in him that he deemed himself a hero because he had fallen under the ban of the civil law, and he knew that he would be so regarded by all his associates. But this afternoon, when a boy no older than himself pronounced upon him the sentence of our court, he broke down and cried. I have seen this very thing four times in this place."

To the query whether this regimen of actual prison bars and stripes is not pretty severe, Mr. George replies that it undoubtedly is, but that he does not wish the boys to get the impression that a prison is a picnic ground, or that the way of the transgressor is easy. And his testimony is that the discipline is effectual: that offenses rapidly lessen as the weeks pass.

The economic features of this commonwealth are not less interesting. Self-support as well as self-government is required of these citizens. The moment a boy arrives on the scene he is made aware of the fact that he must live by his industry. Work is ready for him in the industrial classes named; for this work he will be paid in the coin of the realm—his wages varying with his fidelity and efficiency, and out of these wages he must pay for his own food and lodging. A little more than half of the day is devoted to work, the remainder to recreation. No one is

IN THE LAUNDRY

compelled to work except by the compulsion of his own necessities. If he choose to play ball or to lie upon the grass, that is his privilege; but when dinner-time comes he must have in his hand the price of his dinner or he will not be admitted to the restaurant. Possibly he may borrow of his industrious and thrifty neighbor, but this soon becomes difficult. The government does not support a pauper class in idleness. One of the earlier statutes declares that "No tax shall be levied for the support of the boy or girl who can work and won't." The afternoon of our arrival a gang of boys were at work with pickaxes, shovels, and a wheelbarrow, grading a portion of the grounds under the supervision of an overseer. It was after working hours, and I inquired of the overseer, in short trousers, what they were doing. "Oh," said he, "these fellows are out of money, and they have been set at work, under government employ, to earn enough to pay for their supper and their breakfast. We make them work about three hours, at ten cents an hour; to-morrow, if they don't like this, they can go to work and earn their living in the regular way." "But how do they happen to be out of money?" I asked. "They have been lazy, or else they have squandered their money." "How do boys squander their money here?" "On candy, or apples, or whatever they see that they want to buy."

IN THE ARMORY

The coin of the realm consists of tin discs, of diameters similar to those of our silver and nickel coins, and bearing the same denominations; in this money laborers and officials are paid, once a week, for their services; with this money they must pay for meals and lodgings, and there is a store filled with contributed second-hand clothing and other useful goods in which purchases can be made for their money. There is also a commercial class which manages to procure and bring into the camp fruit, candies, and various knickknacks, which are sold to the laboring and professional classes for their currency, and some of these thrifty traders contrive to amass wealth; social distinctions quickly appear in this rudimentary society, and you hear the boys talking about the "rich fellers" and the "plutocrats."

The life of the camp is, of course, of the plainest; the beds are wooden cots, and the bill of fare, at the best, offers none but the commonest viands. But even here there are degrees, and the boys have dubbed their best lodging-house the "Waldorf," while the high-grade restaurant where the "plutocrats" take their meals is known as "Delmonico's," and a less expensive one as "Sherry's."

One does not wisely pronounce upon the probable outcome of a social experiment as new and as bold as this; but it is safe to say that Mr. George has seized upon a great idea, and that his attempt to realize it appears, thus far, to be meeting with a fair measure of success. To bring two or three hundred boys and girls of this class into the country and put them under conditions where self-support and self-government are required of them is a daring undertaking; if even partial success can be reported it is a notable fact. And I cannot doubt that strong and salutary impressions are made upon most of these boys and girls. The great majority of them come from homes in which the habit of dependence is forming, and the sentiment of the submerged tenth, that the world owes them a living, is apt to prevail. Here they find themselves in a society which stoutly repudiates that sentiment, maintaining that it owes to no citizen anything more than a fair chance to earn an honest living, and which proposes to deal summarily with him if he refuses to accept that chance. And the order of things is such that the lazy and extravagant must eat the fruit of their own doings; there is nobody to step in here, as our public and private charities are constantly doing, to protect them from the consequences of their own folly. What they sow they must reap. Those who are diligent and frugal live well, enjoy the respect of their fellow-citizens, accumulate the money of the realm, exchange it for real values, and go home with decent clothes and with food and raiment purchased with their savings for their friends. Those who will not work, or who waste their earnings, sleep much of their time in paupers' beds, are forced to work for their keeping while the rest are at play, and go home at last as ragged as they came, with no recompense in their hands.

THE POLICE COURT

It is needless to say that those who return in that plight do not think well of the Junior Republic, and that their parents, who have trained them to be idlers and sponges, are often highly indignant when their children come home to them in this condition. To such the Republic would have seemed a far better thing if it had taken them into the country, fed them in idleness for a few weeks on milk and honey, and sent them home laden with the spoils of the charitable.

Mr. George asks all the boys and girls of the Republic, on one of the last days in camp, to put down, with entire frankness, in writing, their impressions of the commonwealth. A large number of these are printed in the last report, and some of them are explicit in their dislike of the whole business. One says: "I don't like sinc im here for we starf an i wish i wars home caus i dont haf to work." Another testifies that he doesn't like the boys—"they tease me so much cause ime poor. I would like it better if it was near a candy store."

Others, however, put a different estimate on their experience. One boy writes: "I have learned a great deal. I didn't know what the Legislature was when I came here, but I know what it is good for now. I have saved $45 since I am here. I have worked for every cent I got. I think I am a good citizen now. I know how to vote and I am proud of it." And another testifies: "The prison taught me a good lesson. You bet I won't get in there any more." And another: "The bank has helped me very much in saving my money." And still another, who is clearly one of the most thoughtful of all:

"What is charity? It is to me, to tell the honest truth, but the ruining of the majority of the people who receive it. In time they rely on charity, expect things, and think it is all right if they do not work for their living. It breeds them into pauperism to such an extent that they begin to be a heavy weight on the commonwealth. How is it that we have tramps? What are they in other sense of the word but paupers? Are you helping them? No, you are ruining them. Do not give things unless they work for them, and then tramps shall diminish and our country far more prosperous. We are taught here to rely on ourselves. Without working we cannot get food and clothing. What are we to do? We must work. It places all responsibility on ourselves. We are taught what citizenship means. We make the laws a training which shall last us through life. Our money is the machine in city politics but not out here. We are put on our own resources. We have to pay for our meals. How proud I felt the first week when I saw the money I earned! How I prized it! It was almost sacred. Why was it that I prized it? Because I earned it. Why was it my meals tasted so good? Because I paid for them."

IN THE POTATO-FIELD

It is clear that this Junior Republican has caught the idea—quite a number of ideas—that a large share of our senior republicans—makers of laws, platform orators, administrators of charity—have failed to catch. If even a few hundred boys can be thoroughly furnished with such ideas and distributed through the city populations, they may prove to be the little leaven which shall leaven the whole lump.

PRISON CORRIDOR

There is a pathetic little sketch in the last report of a boy who through idleness and extravagance had been for several weeks on the pauper list, and who finally turned right about and made a stand for independence. Mr. George found him looking over his weekly earnings, which he had tied up in seven parcels—money enough for each day's expenses—"dis pile for Monday, dis for Tuesday, and so on. You see, don't youse," he explained, "dat I've got 'em tied up so dey can't get away!" And then, with a more serious air, he told Mr. George that his father's weekly wage was wont to disappear during the first two or three days of every week, and that the children were apt to go hungry for the rest of the week unless the "mission folks" helped them. "An' I was t'inkin' just now, when you come up, dat if dis fixin' up camp money worked for me all right, I could tell me parents, an' mebby we could make it work wid pop's money." His letter at the end of the summer shows that he had made a great discovery. "I hev learned how to save money, and how to work for my money. . . . At first I was paupper caus I did not no how to save money but I no how to save money now and I am not paupper any more." The spelling of this brief extract is not all accurate, but there is more of a sound philosophy of life in it than in some whole economic libraries, and in several cart-loads of campaign speeches.

It is easier to criticise than to create, and it may seem ungracious to offer any suggestions of amendment; but,

POLICEMAN AND U. S. MAIL-CARRIER

CARPENTER SHOP

because this thing is so essentially good, one does not wish to see its success imperiled by remediable errors. My own hasty inspection leads to the belief that a few things could be mended.

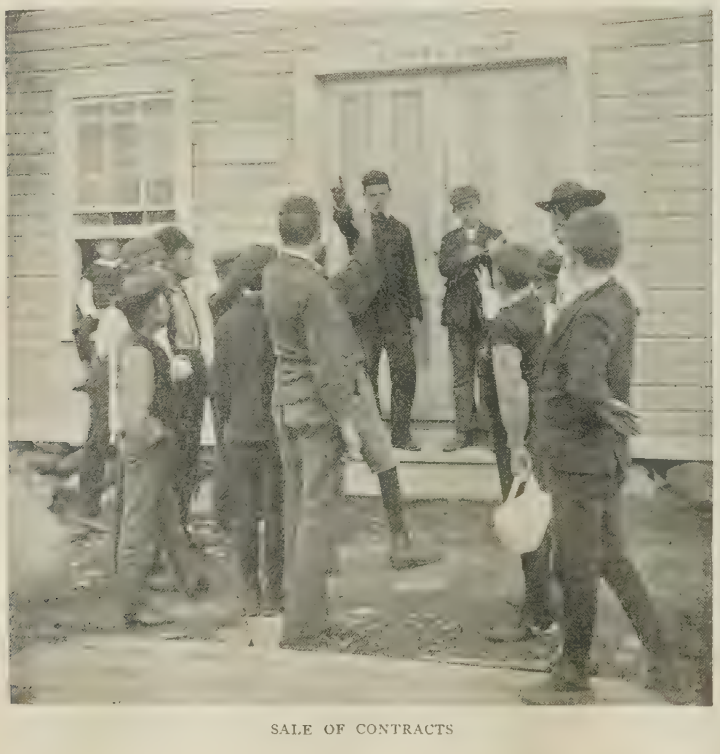
1. Some of the citizens are too young to profit by the discipline. The lower limit of twelve years of age should be strictly adhered to.

2. I doubt the wisdom of co-education in this case.

3. The term of the camp is too short. Four months or six would be far better.

4. Mr. George ought to be relieved by some capable executive officer of all the business details of the administration, that he might devote himself wholly to the social interests of the Republic.

5. Some limit should be placed upon the admission of visitors, by whose presence the time of the officers is absorbed and the business of the community impeded. I am one of the offenders on this score, and I should be glad to prevent others from repeating my offense.



SALE OF CONTRACTS

6. Most serious of all is what seems to me an error in the undue complication of economic questions through a system of importations and a tariff which constantly affects the value of the camp currency, and tends to promote speculation and to discourage honest industry. Curiously enough, all these symptoms were apparent in this miniature Republic at the time of my visit. Financial questions of this grade are too deep for any but the shrewdest of these citizens, and it is doubtful whether it is wise to train them in operations largely speculative. It would be wiser if there were no importations and no tariff; if the articles employed in the trade of the Republic were furnished by the managers at uniform prices, to be paid for in the currency of the Republic, so that traffic might flow on in an even and normal current, unflurried by booms or panics.

These criticisms, which are submitted, under correction, for what they are worth, do not touch the essential spirit and purpose of the scheme, in which I am deeply interested. And one does not need to be many hours upon the grounds before he discovers that, while the plan is a novel one, and while great possibilities in the way of education seem to be suggested by it, the real motive power of it all is the faith and hope and love in the heart of the man who is its founder.

For a Day

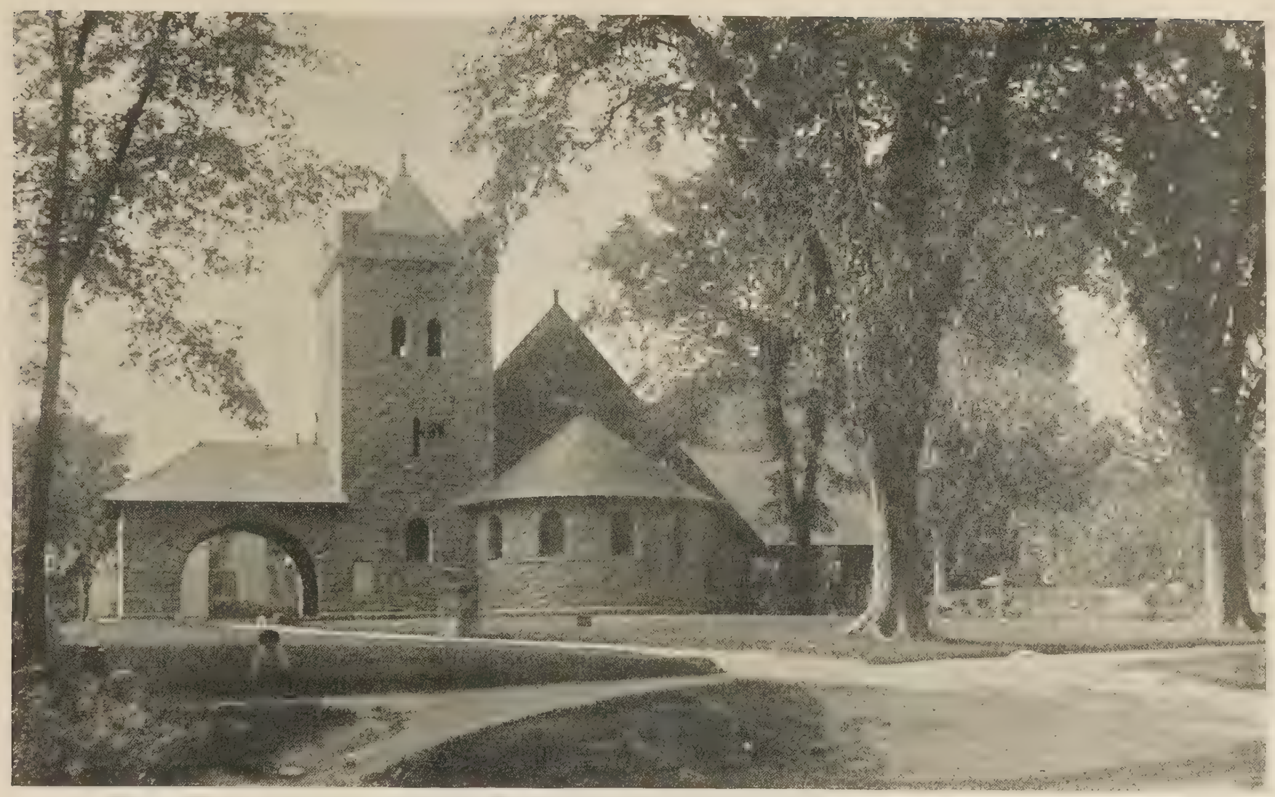
By William Watson

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,
Went your bright way, and left me to fall back
On my own world of poorer deed and aim.

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel
Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed town,—
In a brief pause of labor's sullen wheel,—
'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown,

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll,
Saw mountains mirroring the perfect sky,
Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul
The torment of the difference till he die.

—*Selected.*



A SETTING OF ELMS AND LAWN
·Greenwich, Conn.

The Rural Church

II.—" A Gem Without a Setting "[1]

By J. Cleveland Cady

WHEN, "once upon a time," a distinguished man, and a devoted lover of nature, came to settle in one of the most rural suburbs of New York, he found the leading men of the place intent upon building a church which, to his alarm, was to be of a cheap but very "showy" character—"a cathedral in a bandbox." The modest means, attained only with great difficulty, of course limited the outlay, while the uncultivated tastes of the people demanded a building as pretentious as those of the larger communities with which they were acquainted. With considerable shrewdness the newcomer offered to furnish the services of an architect of repute as his donation—an offer which was gladly accepted, no one realizing how it would probably affect the character and outcome of the scheme.

Church committees often regard the architect as one who puts into a practical "working" shape a scheme which they have mutually agreed upon—they seldom foresee the serious results of their choice of a practitioner; that if he is uncultivated and tasteless, he will of necessity lead their efforts to a crude and disagreeable outcome; that if he is not particularly in sympathy with the work, he will guide them in ways that will be sure to be regretted while the edifice lasts.

In the case which we narrate the architect was in love with his work, and his enthusiasm for that which would be sensible and beautiful gradually turned the ideas of the people from a tall, ambitious building in stucco to a simple, low-walled church of stone, greatly to the relief of the newcomer, as he realized that the hamlet would be beautified instead of disgraced by its new house of worship. With great interest he often called the attention of his friends to what were to him very attractive features of the scheme: the coziness suggested by its low, massive walls; the dignity of its simple, dominating roof; the picturesque character gained in a most natural way from two of its very useful features—the generous Sunday-school hall, and the broad, spreading porch that seemed to speak "welcome" to every passer-by. He also called attention to the fact that in the perspective the architect had suggested that a portion of the very ample grounds be used as "God's acre"—the burial-place of the hamlet.

There was one danger, however, which he did not realize—a danger arising from a very common fault among our countrymen—that of underestimating the importance of a suitable and generous site. He was, therefore, greatly surprised one day to hear the chairman of the committee remark that they would place the new building about fifteen feet back of the roadside walk! The architect, who was present, was the first to recover from surprise (and lose his temper), and exclaimed, with considerable heat, that "such an atrocious course would ruin the building," and "they might as well give the whole thing up."

The chairman, however, coolly remarked that "in Putney," where he was brought up, "the church was only nine feet from the sidewalk, and it was dreadfully convenient; besides, it had the advantage that every one could see the building all the way up and down the road a great deal better than if it had been further back."

The architect replied that "it was far more interesting *not* to see the whole of a building at once, but little by little—the sight of one part stimulating the desire to see more; that curiosity and interest were excited by being obliged to make some effort to view the whole; that it was gratifying to find something still in store after the first glance had been taken." "Furthermore," he said, "a low, spreading, rambling building, such as ours will be, will especially need an ample setting of grounds to bring out its beauties; its easy lines will not be suited to a stiff, cramped, mechanical-looking plot."

As the rural committee, however, did not feel the force of these remonstrances, they determined upon locating the church not far from the street; and the newcomer, seeing that nothing could be gained by further argument, determined upon a piece of strategy that accomplished his purpose.

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[1] For the previous article see The Outlook for September 26.

Being appointed, with the chairman and secretary, a committee to locate the corner stake for the builders to base their building lines upon, he suggested to his two committeemen that they should take the end of the tape-line and go to what would be the further end of the church—a hundred feet or more away: he would tell them where to stop, and then the peg could be driven. So he allowed the elderly gentlemen to go forward until he was quite satisfied that the church would be well away from the road, when he called upon them to stop, and, hurrying to them, assisted in driving the stake. When he was afterwards asked by friends, who found out the joke practiced, how he "could thus do evil that good might come," he replied that he was only carrying out the injunction of the Apostle—"catching them with guile."

No sooner, however, did the massive walls go up than every one realized what a serious mistake would have been made had not the handsome foreground been secured for the building; and still later, when a tasteful use of trees and shrubs gave great beauty to the site, there was a general feeling that they had narrowly escaped a serious blunder.

A thoughtful person, speaking of it, said: "I think the beauty of our lovely church is more than doubled by its charming setting of lawn, trees, shrubs, and vines; it reminds me of a contrast a lapidary showed me not long since—two precious stones, equal in size and beauty, one without setting and the other with the most skillful and ingenious one that artist could devise—a setting that strikingly displayed the beauty of the gem, that seemed also to separate it by a harmonious environment from all surrounding objects. One could not believe the other stone to be as valuable; as I have thought it over, I have realized that without its beautiful grounds our church would be 'a gem without a setting.'"

How well this characterizes any beautiful rural church that does not possess ample grounds tastefully and judiciously treated!

In a picturesque New England town the writer not long since met a very instructive example of this kind—a beautiful, carefully studied Gothic church, the design of one of our most eminent architects.

The stone used in construction was a soft, warm gray, which exhibited its pretty detail and pleasing features to excellent advantage. It was apparently about fifty feet in width by one hundred in length, and, surprising to relate, was placed on a plot only seventy-five feet in width. As treated, a passage of ten feet was left on the north side, and one of fifteen feet on the south, which was the entrance front of the building. The chancel being on the end toward the street, the main porch, the tower, and other features were placed on this long south front with its fifteen-foot strip of ground, the limitations of which were strongly emphasized by a high, uncompromising fence that the owner of the adjoining property had erected to keep the "church people" and Sunday-school children off his grounds.

The space on either side of the building being fully occupied by road and path, there was, of course, no space for trees or grass. As careful observation revealed the beauty of the design, the wonder grew that it should have been built upon so limited a plot, and the regret that this architectural gem so completely lacked a setting quite neutralized all pleasure in it. It was found to be a difficult matter to get any good idea of its merits without entering the neighboring properties; the chancel was the only portion that could be seen to advantage, and that was but one end of a long, rambling structure.

Let us consider what was lacking in this instance, besides the opportunity to see the various portions of the building to advantage.

The first lack in this and any similar case is that of perspective. By this is meant the lack of space and natural surroundings that seem to bring the several portions and features of the building into more complete unity and better relationship. In the pleasing vistas which are obtained, different portions and features become promi-

"GOD'S ACRE" THE SETTING
Betchworth Church, England

nent, while from some points the entire ensemble is visible, its outline softened and modified by the foliage of the great overhanging trees.

Still another lack, where such grounds are wanting, is that of color.

From the neatly kept turf, the varied foliage of trees and vines, a charming variety of greens is brought in contrast with the stone of the walls and the covering of the roofs. This, with the play of light, of shadow and sunshine, modifies and softens the otherwise monotonous, and possibly hard, color of the building as by magic, and we wonder at the subtle charm.

Lastly, the lack of suitable grounds involves not only a lack of perspective and color, but also of sentiment—an element which is sure to be felt or missed as the case may be, though the cause of our sensations may not always be recognized.

The impression made by any beautiful spot is one that lingers long and delightfully in the memory, but when it is strongly associated with tender and sacred memories its impressiveness is greatly deepened.

In journeying through rural England one is often charmed, not only with the country church, but especially with its surroundings. Within its inclosure is the "churchyard," with its grassy mounds that remind of those who generations ago came here to worship; who perhaps were christened, married, and buried here; whose most hallowed hours and brightest hopes were connected with this place; there they slumber under the shadow of its low, sturdy tower and spreading trees—a beautiful and enviable resting-place.

As we pass on, what a lovely view we get of the tower, framed between the arching branches of the great trees! Perhaps it is spring, and the tall lilacs, trimmed as trees, are in beautiful bloom and delicious odor. How they recall early impressions, and many a personality whose memory is most sweet and fragrant!

Nature, in its changing moods so full of varied beauty, is continually reminding us of the power and wisdom of Him whose worship is celebrated here. Surely the relation of gem and setting is a very intimate and important one.

In a locality where the charming accessories of nature are within reach, is it not a great mistake to fail to devote a reasonable portion of the means in hand for securing them?

Would it not be better to build more simply, to forego something of ornamentation, and gain such great natural attractions; and, even if our "gem" be a very humble one, give it the charm that a judicious "setting" can add—a charm which would constantly increase with the changing seasons and the flight of years?

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

The Rabbi had been careful to send an abstract of his speech to Carmichael, with a letter enough to melt the heart even of a self-sufficient young clerical, and Carmichael had considered how he should bear himself at the Presbytery. His intention had been to meet the Rabbi with public cordiality and escort him to a seat, so that all men should see that he was too magnanimous to be offended by this latest eccentricity of their friend. This calculated plan was upset by the Rabbi coming in late and taking the first seat that offered, and when he would have gone afterward to thank him for his generosity the Rabbi had disappeared. It was evident that the old man's love was as deep as ever, but that he was much hurt and would not risk another repulse. Very likely he had walked in from Kilbogie, perhaps without breakfast, and had now started to return to his cheerless manse. It was a wetting spring rain, and he remembered that the Rabbi had no coat. A fit of remorse overtook Carmichael, and he scoured the streets of Muirtown to find the Rabbi, imagining deeds of attention—how he would capture him unawares mooning along some side street hopelessly astray; how he would accuse him of characteristic cunning and deep plotting; how he would carry him by force to the Kilspindie Arms and insist upon their dining in state; how the Rabbi would wish to discharge the account and find twopence in his pockets—having given all his silver to an Irish Presbyterian minister stranded in Muirtown through peculiar circumstances; how he would speak gravely to the Rabbi on the lack of common honesty, and threaten a real prosecution when the charge would be "obtaining a dinner on false pretenses;" how they would journey to Kildrummie in high content, and—the engine having whistled for a dog-cart—they would drive to Drumtochty manse, the sun shining through ther ain as they entered the garden; how he would compass the Rabbi with observances, and the old man would sit again in the big chair full of joy and peace. Ah, the kindly jests that have not come off in life, the gracious deeds that never were done, the reparations that were too late! When Carmichael reached the station the Rabbi was already half-way to Kilbogie, trudging along wet and weary and very sad, because, although he had obeyed his conscience at a cost, it seemed to him as if he had simply alienated the boy whom God had given him for a son in his old age—for even the guileless Rabbi suspected that the ecclesiastics considered his action foolishness and of no service to the Church of God. Barbara's language on his arrival was vituperative to a degree; she gave him food grudgingly, and when, in the early morning, he fell asleep over an open Father, he was repeating Carmichael's name, and the thick old paper was soaked with tears.

His nemesis seized Carmichael so soon as he reached the Dunleith train in the shape of the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie, who had purchased six pounds of prize seed potatoes and was carrying the treasure home in a paper bag. This bag had done after its kind, and as the distinguished agriculturist had not seen his feet for years, and could have stooped only at the risk of apoplexy, he watched the dispersion of his potatoes with dismay, and hailed the arrival of Carmichael with exclamations of thankfulness. It is wonderful over what an area six pounds of (prize) potatoes can deploy on a railway platform, and how the feet of passengers will carry them unto far distances. Some might never have been restored to the bag had it not been for Kildrummie's comprehensive eye, and the physical skill with which he guided Carmichael, till even prodigals that had strayed over to the neighborhood of the Aberdeen express were restored to the extemporized fold in the minister's top-coat pockets. Carmichael had knelt on that very platform six months or so before, but then he stooped in the service of two most agreeable dogs, and under the approving eyes of Miss Carnegie; that was a different experience from hunting after single potatoes on all fours among the feet of unsympathetic passengers, and being prodded to duty by the umbrella of an obese Free Kirk minister. As a reward for this service to the aged, he was obliged to travel to Kildrummie with his neighbor—in whom for the native humor that was in him he had often rejoiced, but whose company was not congenial that day—and Kildrummie laid himself out for a pleasant talk. After the sorts had been secured and their pedigree stated, Kildrummie fell back on the proceedings of Presbytery, expressing much admiration for the guidance of Doctor Dowbiggin, and denouncing Saunderson as "fair dottle," in proof of which judgment Kildrummie adduced the fact that the Rabbi had allowed a very happily situated pig-sty to sink into ruin. Kildrummie, still in search of agreeable themes to pass the time, mentioned a pleasant tale he had gathered at the seed-shop.

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

"Yir neebur upbye, the General's dochter, is cairryin' on an awfu' rig the noo at the Castle"—Kildrummie fell into dialect in private life, often with much richness—"an' the sough o' her ongaein's hes come the length o' Muirtown. The place is foo' o' men—tae say naethin' o' weemin; but it's little she hes tae dae wi' them or them wi' her—officers frae Edinburgh an' writin' men frae London, as weel as half a dozen coonty birkies."

"Well?" said Carmichael, despising himself for his curiosity.

"She hes a wy, there's nae doot o' that, an' gin the trimmie hesna turned the heads o' half the men in the Castle, till they say she hes the pick of twa lords, five honorables, and a poet. But the lassie kens what's what; it's Lord Hay she's settin' her cap for, an' as sure as ye're sittin' there, Drum, she 'ill hae him.

"Ma word"—and Kildrummie pursued his way—"it'll be a match, the dochter o' a puir Hielant laird, wi' naethin' but his half-pay and a few pounds frae a' fairm or twa. She's a clever ane: French songs, dancin', shootin', ridin', actin', there's nae deeviltry that's beyond her. They say upbye that she's been a bonnie handfu' tae her father—General though he be—an' a' peety her man."

"They say a lot of . . . lies, and I don't see what call a minister has to slander," and then Carmichael saw the folly of quarreling with a veteran gossip over a young woman that would have nothing to say to him. What two Free Kirk ministers or their people thought of her would never affect Miss Carnegie.

"Truth's nae slander," and Kildrummie watched Carmichael with relish; "a' thocht ye wud hae got a taste o' her in the Glen. Didna a' hear frae Piggie Walker that ye ca'd her Jezebel frae yir ain pulpit, an' that ma' lady whuppit oot o' the kirk in the middle o' the sermon?"

"I did nothing of the kind, and Walker is a . . ."

"Piggie's no very particular at a time," admitted Kildrummie; "maybe it's a mak-up, the story aboot Miss Carnegie an' yirsel'.

"Accordin' tae the wratch," for Carmichael would deign no reply, "she wes threatenin' tae mak a fule o' the Free Kirk minister o' Drumtochty juist for practice, but a' said, 'Na, na, Piggie, Maister Carmichael is ower quiet and sensible a lad. He kens as weel as onybody that a Carnegie wud never dae for a minister's wife. Gin ye said a Bailie's dochter frae Muirtown 'at hes some money comin' tae her and kens the principles o' the Free Kirk.'

"Noo, a' can speak frae experience, having been terrible fortunate wi' a' ma wives. . . . Ye'll come up tae tea; we killed a pig yesterday, an' . . . Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun hae his wy," and Carmichael, as he made his way up the hill, felt that the hand of Providence was heavy upon him, and that any high-mindedness was being severely chastened.

Two days Carmichael tramped the moors, returning each evening wet, weary, hungry, to sleep ten hours without turning, and on the morning of the third day he came down in such heart that Sarah wondered whether he could have received a letter by special messenger; and he congratulated himself, as he walked round his garden, that he had overcome by sheer will-power the first real infatuation of his life. He was so lifted above all sentiment as to review his temporary folly from the bare, serene heights of common sense. Miss Carnegie was certainly not an heiress, and she was a young woman of very decided character, but her blood was better than the Hays', and she was . . . attractive—yes, attractive. Most likely she was engaged to Lord Hay, or, if he did not please her—she was . . . whimsical and . . . self-willed—there was Lord Invermay's son. Fancy Kate . . . Miss Carnegie in a Free Kirk manse—Kildrummie was a very . . . homely old man, but he touched the point there—receiving Dr. Dowbiggin with becoming ceremony and hearing him on the payment of probationers, or taking tea at Kildrummie manse—where he had, however, feasted royally many a time after the Presbytery, but . . . This daughter of a Jacobite house, and brought up amid the romance of war, settling down in the narrowest circle of Scottish life—as soon imagine an eagle domesticated among barn-door poultry. This image amused Carmichael so much that he could have laughed aloud, but . . . the village might have heard him. He only stretched himself like one awaking, and felt so strong that he resolved to drop in on Janet to see how it fared with the old woman and . . . to have Miss Carnegie's engagement confirmed. The Carnegies might return any day from the South, and it would be well that he should know how to meet them.

"You will be hearing that they hef come back to the Lodge yesterday morning, and it iss myself that will be glad to see Miss Kate again; and very pretty iss she looking, with beautiful dresses and bonnets, for I hef seen them all, maybe twelve or ten.

"Oh, yes, my dear, Donald will be talking about her marriage to Lord Kilspindie's son, who iss a very handsome young man and good at the shooting; and he will be blowing that they will live at the Lodge in great state, with many gillies and a piper.

"No, it iss not Janet Macpherson, my dear, that will be believing Donald Cameron, or any Cameron—although I am not saying that the Camerons are not men of their hands—for Donald will be always making great stories and telling me wonderful things. He wass a brave man in the battle, and iss very clever at the doctrine, too, and will be strong against human himes (hymns), but he iss a most awful liar, iss Donald Cameron, and you must not be believing a word that comes out of his mouth.

"She will be asking many questions in her room as soon as Donald had brought up her boxes and the door was shut. Some will be about the Glen, and some about the garden, and some will be about people—whether you ever will be visiting me, and whether you asked for her after the day she left the kirk. But I will say, 'No; Mister Carmichael does not speak about anything but the religion when he comes to my cottage.'

"That iss nothing. I will be saying more, that I am hearing that the minister is to be married to a fery rich young lady in Muirtown who hass been courting him for two years, and that her father will be giving the minister twenty thousand pounds the day they are married. And I will say that she is very beautiful, with blue eyes and gold hair, and that her temper is so sweet they are calling her the Angel of Muirtown.

"Toot, toot, my dear, you are not to be speaking about lies, for that is not a pretty word among friends, and you will not be meddling with me, for you will be better at the preaching and the singing than dealing with women. It iss not good to be making yourself too common, and Miss Kate will be thinking the more of you if you be holding your head high and letting her see that you are not a poor lowland body, but a Farquharson by your mother's side, and maybe of the chief's blood, though twenty or fifteen times removed.

"She will be very pleased to hear such good news of you, and be saying that it iss a mercy you are getting somebody to dress you properly. But her temper will not be at all good, and I did not ask her about Lord Hay, and she said nothing to me, nor about any other lord. It iss not often I hef seen as great a liar as Donald Cameron.

"Last evening Miss Kate will come down before dinner and talk about many things, and then she will say at the door, 'Donald tells me that Mister Carmichael does not believe in the Bible, and that his minister, Doctor Saunderson, has cast him off, and that he has been punished by his Bishop or somebody at Muirtown.'

"'Donald will be knowing more doctrine and telling more lies every month,' I said to her. 'Doctor Saunderson—who is a very fine preacher and can put the fear of God upon the people most wonderful—and our minister had a little feud, and they will fight it out before some chiefs at Muirtown like gentlemen, and now they are good friends again.'

"Miss Kate had gone off for a long walk, and I am not saying but she will be calling at Kilbogie Manse before she comes back. She is very fond of Doctor Saunderson, and maybe he will be telling her of the feud. It iss more than an hour through the woods to Kilbogie," concluded Janet, "but you will be having a glass of milk first."

Kate reviewed her reasons for the expedition to Kilbogie, and settled that they were the pleasures of a walk through Tochty woods when the spring flowers were in their glory, and a visit to one of the dearest curiosities she had ever seen. It was within the bounds of possibility that Doctor Saunderson might refer to his friend, but on her part she would certainly not refer to the Free Church minister of Drumtochty. Her reception by that conscientious professor Barbara could not be called encouraging.

"Ay, he's in, but ye canna see him, for he's in his bed, an' gin he disna mend faster than he wes daein' the last time a' gied him a cry, he's no like tae be in the pulpit on Sabbath. A' wes juist thinkin' he wudna be the waur o' a doctor."

"Do you mean to say that Doctor Saunderson is lying ill and no one nursing him?" and Kate eyed the housekeeper in a very unappreciative fashion.

"Gin he wants a nurse, she 'ill hae tae be brocht frae Muirtown Infirmary, for a've eneuch withoot ony fyke (delicate work) o' that kind. For twal year hev a' been hoosekeeper in this manse, an' gin it hedna been for peety a' wud hae flung up the place.

"Ye never cud tell when he wud come in, or when he wud gae oot, or what he wud be wantin' next. A' the waufies in the countryside come here, and the best in the hoose is no gude eneuch for them. He's been an awfu' handfu' tae me, an' noo a' coont him clean dottle (silly). But we maun juist bear oor burdens," concluded Barbara piously, and proposed to close the door.

"Your master will not want a nurse a minute longer; show me his room at once," and Kate was so commanding that Barbara's courage began to fail.

"Who may ye be," raising her voice to rally her heart, "'at wud take chairge o' a strainger in his ain hoose an' no sae muckle as ask leave?"

"I am Miss Carnegie, of Tochty Lodge; will you stand out of my way?" and Kate swept past Barbara and went upstairs.

"Weel, a' declare," as soon as she had recovered, "of a' the impident hizzies," but Barbara did not follow the intruder upstairs.

Kate had seen various curious hospitals in her day, and had nursed many sick men—like the brave girl she was—but the Rabbi's room was something quite new. His favorite books had been gathering there for years, and now lined two walls and overhung the bed after a very perilous fashion, and had dispossessed the looking-glass—which had become a nomad and was at present resting insecurely on John Owen—and stood in banks round the bed. During his few days of illness the Rabbi had accumulated so many volumes round him that he lay in a kind of tunnel, arched over, as it were, with literature. He had been reading Calvin's Commentary on the Psalms, in Latin, and it still lay open at the 88th, the saddest of all songs in the Psalter; but as he grew weaker the heavy folio had slid forward, and he seemed to be feeling for it. Although Kate spoke to him by name, he did not know any one was in the room. "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? . . . I suffer Thy terror, I am distracted . . . fierce wrath goeth over me . . . lover and friend hast Thou put far from me . . . friend far from me."

His head fell on his breast, his breath was short and rapid, and he coughed every few seconds.

"My friend far from me. . . ."

At the sorrow in his voice and the thing which he said the tears came to Kate's eyes, and she went forward and spoke to him very gently. "Do you know me, Doctor Saunderson—Miss Carnegie?"

"Not Saunderson . . . Magor Missabib."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—so much she knew; and now Kate stroked the bent white head. "Your friend, Mister Carmichael. . . ."

"Yes, yes"—he now looked up and spoke eagerly—"John Carmichael, of Drumtochty . . . my friend in my old age . . . and others . . . my boys . . . but John has left me . . . he would not speak to me . . . I am alone now . . . he did not understand . . . mine acquaintance into darkness . . . here we see in a glass darkly . . . (he turned aside to expound the Greek word for darkly), but some day . . . face to face." And twice he said it, with an indescribable sweetness, "face to face."

Kate hurriedly removed the books from the bed, and wrapped round his shoulders the old gray plaid that had eked out his covering at night, and then she went downstairs.

"Bring," she said to Barbara, "hot water, soap, towels, and a sponge to Doctor Saunderson's bedroom immediately."

"And gin a' dinna?" inquired Barbara, aggressively.

"I'll shoot you where you stand."

Barbara shows to her cronies how Miss Carnegie drew a pistol from her pocket at this point and held it to her head, and how at every turn the pistol was again in evidence; sometimes a dagger is thrown in, but that is only late in the evening, when Barbara is under the influence of tonics. Kate herself admits that if she had had her little revolver with her she might have been tempted to outline the housekeeper's face on the wall, and she still thinks her threat an inspiration.

"Now," said Kate, when Barbara had brought her commands in with incredible celerity, "bring up some fresh milk and three glasses of whisky."

"Whisky!" Barbara could hardly compass the unfamiliar word. "The Doctor never hed sic a thing in the hoose, although mony a time, puir man . . ." Discipline was softening even that austere spirit.

"No, but you have, for you are blowing a full gale just now; bring up your private bottle, or I'll go down for it.

"There's enough," holding the bottle to the light, "to do till evening; go to the next farm and send a man on horseback to tell Mr. Carmichael, of Drumtochty, that Doctor Saunderson is dying, and another for Doctor Manley, of Muirtown."

Very tenderly did Kate sponge the Rabbi's face and hands, and then she dressed his hair, till at length he came to himself.

"This ministry is . . . grateful to me, Barbara . . . my strength has gone from me . . . but my eyes fail me. . . . Of a verity you are not . . ."

"I am Kate Carnegie, whom you were so kind to at Tochty. Will you let me be your nurse? I learned in India, and know what to do." It was only wounded soldiers who knew how soft her voice could be, and hands.

"It is I that . . . should be serving you . . . the first time you have come to the manse . . . no woman has ever done me . . . such kindness before. . . ." He followed her as she tried to bring some order out of chaos, and knew not that he spoke aloud. "A gracious maid . . . above rubies."

His breathing was growing worse, in spite of many wise things she did for him—Doctor Manley, who paid no compliments, but was a strength unto every country doctor in Perthshire, praises Kate unto this day—and the Rabbi did not care to speak. So she sat down by his side and read to him from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—holding his hand all the time—and the passage he desired was the story of Mr. Fearing.

"'This I took very great notice of, that the valley of the shadow of Death was as quiet while he went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose these enemies here had now a special check from our Lord and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing was passed over it. . . . Here also I took notice of what was very remarkable: the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life. So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate . . .'"

The Rabbi listened for an instant.

"It is John's step . . . he hath a sound of his own . . . my only earthly desire is fulfilled."

"Rabbi," cried Carmichael, and, half kneeling, he threw one arm round the old man, "say that you forgive me. I looked for you everywhere on Monday, but you could not be found."

"Did you think, John, that I . . . my will was to do you an injury or . . . vex your soul? Many trials in my life . . . all God's will . . . but this hardest . . . when I lost you . . . nothing left here . . . but you . . . —my breath is bad, a little chill— . . . understand . . ."

"I always did, and I never respected you more; it was my foolish pride that made me call you Doctor Saunderson in the study; but my love was the same, and now you will let me stay and wait on you."

The old man smiled sadly, and laid his hand on his boy's head.

"I cannot let you . . . go, John, my son."

"Go and leave you, Rabbi!" Carmichael tried to laugh. "Not till you are ready to appear at the Presbytery again. We 'ill send Barbara away for a holiday, and Sarah will take her place—you remember that cream—and we shall have a royal time, a meal every four hours, Rabbi, and the Fathers in between," and Carmichael, springing to his feet and turning round to hide his tears, came face to face with Miss Carnegie, who had been unable to escape from the room.

"I happened to call"—Kate was quite calm—"and found Doctor Saunderson in bed; so I stayed till some friend should come; you must have met the messenger I sent for you."

"Yes, a mile from the manse; I was on my way . . . Janet said . . . but I . . . did not remember anything when I saw the Rabbi."

"Will you take a little milk again, . . . Rabbi?" and at her bidding and the name he made a brave effort to swallow, but he was plainly sinking.

"No more," he whispered; "thank you . . . for service . . . to a lonely man; may God bless you . . . both. . . . He signed for her hand, which he kept to the end.

"Satisfied . . . read, John . . . the woman from coasts of—of—"

"I know, Rabbi," and, kneeling on the other side of the bed, he read the story slowly of a Tyrian woman's faith.

"It is not meet to take the children's meat and to cast it to dogs."

"Dogs"—they heard the Rabbi appropriate his name—"outside . . . the covenant."

"And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

"Lord, I believe . . . help mine . . . unbelief."

He then fell into an agony of soul, during which Carmichael could hear, "Though . . . He slay . . . me . . . yet will I trust . . . trust . . . in Him." He drew two or three long breaths and was still. After a little he was heard again with a new note—"Not put to confusion . . . nor break the bruised reed." Then he opened his eyes and raised his head, and said in a clear voice, full of joy, "My Lord, and my God."

It was Kate that closed his eyes and laid the old scholar's head on the pillow, and then she left the room, casting one swift glance of pity at Carmichael, who was weeping bitterly and crying between the sobs, "Rabbi, Rabbi!"

CHAPTER XXII.—WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

Doctor Davidson allowed himself, in later years, the pleasant luxury of an after-luncheon nap, and then it was his habit—weather permitting—to go out and meet Posty, who adhered so closely to his time-table—notwithstanding certain wayside rests—that the Doctor's dog knew his hour of arrival, and saw that his master was on the road in time. It was a fine April morning when the news of the great disaster came, and the Doctor felt the stirring of spring in his blood. On the first hint from Skye he sprang from his chair, declaring it was a sin to be in the house on such a day, and went out in such haste that he had to return for his hat. As he went up the walk, the Doctor plucked some early lilies and placed them in his coat; he threw so many stones that Skye forgot his habit of body and ecclesiastical position; and he was altogether so youthful and frolicsome that John was seriously alarmed, and afterward remarked to Rebecca that he was not unprepared for calamity.

"The best o's tempts Providence at a time, and when a man like the Doctor tries tae rin aifter his dog, jidgment canna be far off. A'm no sayin'," John concluded, with characteristic modesty, "that onybody cud tell what was coming, but a' jaloused there wud be tribble."

The Doctor met Posty in the avenue, the finest bit on our main road, where the road has wide margins of grass on either side, and the two rows of tall, ancient trees arch their branches overhead. Some day in the past it had been part of the approach to the house of Tochty, and under this long green arch the Jacobite cavaliers rode away after black John Carnegie's burial. No one could stand beneath those stately trees without thinking of the former days, when men fought, not for money and an easy life, but for loyalty and love; and in this place the minister of Drumtochty received his evil tidings like a brave gentleman who does not lose heart while honor is left. During his years in the Glen he had carried himself well, with dignity and charity, in peace and kindliness, so that now, when he is dead and gone—the last of his family—he still remains to many of us a type of the country clergyman that is no longer found in Scotland, but is greatly missed. It seemed, however, to many of us—I have heard both Drumsheugh and Burnbrae say this, each in his own way—that it needed adversity to bring out the greatness of the Doctor, just as frost gives the last touch of ripeness to certain fruits.

"Fower letters the day, Doctor—ane frae Dunleith, ane frae Glaisgie, another frae Edinburgh, and the fourth no clean stampit, so a' can say naethin' aboot it. Twa circulars an' the 'Caledonian' maks up the ha'e hypothic" (complete stock).

Posty buckled and adjusted his bag, and made as though he was going, but he loitered to give opportunity for any questions the Doctor might wish to ask on foreign affairs. For Posty was not merely the carrier of letters to the Glen, but a scout who was sent down to collect information regarding the affairs of the outer world. He was an introduction and running commentary on the weekly paper. By and by, when the labor of the day was done, and the Glen was full of sweet, soft light from the sides of Ben Urtach, a farmer would make for his favorite seat beside the white rose-tree in the garden, and take his first dip into the Muirtown "Advertiser." It was a full and satisfying paper, with its agricultural advertisements, its roups, reported with an accuracy of detail that condescended on a solitary stirk, its local intelligence, its facetious anecdotes. Through this familiar country the goodman found his own way at a rate which allowed him to complete the survey in six days. Foreign telegrams, however, and political intelligence, as well as the turmoil of the great cities, were strange to him, and here he greatly valued Posty's laconic hints, who, visiting the frontier, was supposed to be in communication with those centers. "Posty says that the Afghans are no makin' muckle o' the war," and Hillocks would sally forth to enjoy Sir Frederick Roberts's great march, line by line, afterward enlarging thereon with much unction, and laying up a store of allusion that would last for many days.

Persons raised to the height of a daily newspaper, like the minister, might be supposed independent of Posty's *précis*, but even Doctor Davidson, with that day's "Caledonian" in his hand, still availed himself of the spoken word.

"Well, Posty, any news this morning?"

"Naethin', Doctor, worth mentionin', except the failure o' a company, Glaisgie wy; it's been rotten, a' wes hearin', for a while, an' noo it's a fair stramash. They say it 'ill no be lichtsome for weedows an' mony decent fouk in Scotland."

"That's bad news, Posty. There's too many of those swindling concerns in the country. People ought to take care where they place their savings, and keep to old-established institutions. We're pretty hard-headed up here, and I'll wager that nobody in the Glen has lost a penny in any of those new-fangled companies."

"The auld fouk in Drumtochty pit their siller in a pock an' hode it ablow their beds, an', ma certes, that bank didna break;" and Posty went along the avenue, his very back suggestive of a past, cautious, unenterprising, safe, and honest.

The Doctor glanced at the envelopes and thrust the letters into his pocket. His good nature was touched at the thought of another financial disaster, by which many hard-working people would lose their little savings, and all the more that he had some of his private means invested in a Glasgow bank—one of those tried and powerful institutions which was indifferent to every crisis in trade. Already he anticipated an appeal, and considered what he would give, for it did not matter whether it was a coal-pit explosion in Lanarkshire or a loss of fishing-boats in the Moray Firth, if widows needed help the Doctor's guinea was on its way within four-and-twenty hours. Some forms of religious philanthropy had very little hold on the Doctor's sympathy—one of the religious prints mentioned him freely as a Unitarian, because he had spoken unkindly of the Jewish mission—but in the matter of widows and orphans he was a specialist.

"Widows, Posty said; poor things! and very likely bairns. Well, well, we 'ill see what can be done out of Daisy's fund."

Very unlikely people have their whims, and it was his humor to assign one-fourth of his income to his little sister, who was to have kept house for him, and "never to leave you, Sandie," and out of this fund the Doctor did his public charities. "In memory of a little maid" appeared in various subscription lists; but the reference thereof was only known after the Doctor's death.

"The Western Counties Bank did not open its doors yesterday, and it was officially announced at the head office, Glasgow, that the bank had stopped. It is impossible as yet to forecast the debts, but they are known to be enormous, and as the bank is not limited, it is feared that the consequences to the shareholders will be very serious. This failure was quite unexpected, the Western Counties Bank having been looked on as a prosperous and stable concern."

He read the paragraph twice, word by word—it did not take long—he folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, and he stood in the spot for five minutes to take in the meaning in its length and breadth. A pleasant spring sun was shining upon him through a break in the leafy arch, a handful of primroses were blooming at his feet, a lark was singing in the neighboring field. Sometimes the Doctor used to speculate how he would have liked being a poor man, and he concluded that he would have disliked it very much. He had never been rich, and he was not given to extravagance, but he was accustomed to easy circumstances, and he pitied some of his old friends who had seen it their duty to secede at the Disruption, and had to practice many little economies, who traveled third class and had to walk from the station, and could not offer their friends a glass of wine. This was the way he must live now, and Daisy's fund would have to be closed, which seemed to him now the sweetest pleasure of his life.

"And Jack! Would to God I had never mentioned this wretched bank to him! Poor Jack, with the few hundreds he had saved for Kit!"

For some five minutes more the Doctor stood in the place; then he straightened himself as one who, come what may, would play the man, and when he passed Janet's cottage, on his way to the Lodge, that honest admirer of able-bodied, good-looking men came out and followed him with her eyes for the sight of his firm, unbroken carriage.

"Miss Kate will be grieving very much about Doctor Saunderson's death," Donald explained at the Lodge, "and she went down this forenoon with the General to put flowers on his grave; but they will be coming back every minute," and the Doctor met them at the Beeches.

"May I have as fair hands to decorate my grave, Miss Catherine Carnegie," and the Doctor bowed gallantly; "but of one thing I am sure, I have done nothing to deserve it. Saunderson was a scholar of the ancient kind, and a very fine spirit."

"Don't you think," said Kate, "that he was . . . like A'Kempis, I mean, and George Herbert, a kind of . . saint?"

"Altogether one, I should say. I don't think he would have known port wine from sherry, or an *entrée* from a mutton chop; beside a man like that, what worldly fellows you and I are, Jack, and mine is the greater shame."

"I'll have no comparisons, Padre"—Kate was a little puzzled by the tone in the Doctor's voice; "he was so good that I loved him; but there are some points in the General and you, quite nice points, and for the sake of them you shall have afternoon tea in my room," where the Doctor and the General fell on former days and were wonderful company.

"It's not really about the road I wish to talk to you," and the Doctor closed the door of the General's den, "but about . . . a terrible calamity that has befallen you and me, Jack, and I am to blame."

"What is it?" and Carnegie sat erect; "does it touch our name or . . . Kate?"

"Neither, thank God," said Davidson.

"Then it cannot be so very bad. Let us have it at once," and the General lighted a cheroot.

"Our bank has failed, and we shall have to give up everything to pay the debt, and . . . Jack, it was I advised you to buy the shares." The Doctor rose and went to the window."

"For God's sake don't do that, Sandie. Why, man, you gave me the best advice you knew, and there's an end of it. It's the fortune of war, and we must take it without whining. I know whom you are thinking about, and I am . . . a bit sorry for Kate, for she ought to have lots of things—more dresses and trinkets, you know. But, Davidson, she 'ill be the bravest of the three."

"You are right there, Jack. Kate is of the true grit, but . . . Tochty Lodge."

"Yes, it will hit us pretty hard to see the old place sold, if it comes to that, when I hoped to end my days here . . . but, man, it's our fate. Bit by bit we've lost Drumtochty, till there was just the woods and the two farms left, and soon we 'ill be out of the place—nothing left but our graves.

"Sandie, this is bad form, and . . . you 'ill not hear this talk again; we 'ill get a billet somewhere, and wherever it be, the'ill be a bed and a crust for you, old man;" and at the door the two held one another's hands for a second; that was all.

"So this was what you two conspirators were talking about downstairs, as if I could not be trusted. Did you think that I would faint, or perhaps weep? The Padre deserves a good scolding, and as for you—" Then Kate went over and cast an arm round her father's neck, whose face was quivering.

"It is rather a disappointment to leave the Lodge when we were getting it to our mind; but we 'ill have a jolly little home somewhere; and I'll get a chance of earning something. Dancing, now—I think that I might be able to teach some girls how to waltz. Then my French is really intelligible, and most colloquial; besides revolver-shooting. Dad, we are on our way to a fortune, and at the worst you 'ill have your curry and cheroots, and I'll have a well-fitting dress. Voila, mon père!"

When the two Drumtochty men arrived next forenoon at the hall in Glasgow, where the shareholders had been summoned to receive particulars of their ruin, the dreary place was filled with a crowd representative of every class in the community except the highest, whose wealth is in land, and the lowest, whose possessions are on their backs. There were city merchants, who could not conceal their chagrin that they had been befooled; countrymen, who seemed utterly dazed, as if the course of the seasons had been reversed; prosperous tradesmen, who were aggressive in appearance and wanted to take it out of somebody; widows, who could hardly restrain their tears, seeing before them nothing but starvation; clergymen, who were thinking of their boys taken from school and college. For a while the victims were silent, and watched with hungry eyes the platform door, and there was an eager rustle when some clerk came out and laid a bundle of papers on the table. This incident seemed to excite the meeting and set tongues loose. People began to talk to their neighbors, explaining how they came to be connected with the bank, as if this were now a crime. One had inherited the shares and had never had resolution to sell them; another had been deceived by a friend and bought them; a third had taken over two shares for a bad debt. A minister thought that he must have been summoned by mistake, for he was simply a trustee on an estate which had shares, but he was plainly nervous about his position. An Ayrshire Bailie had only had his shares for six months, and he put it, with municipal eloquence, to his circle whether he could be held responsible for frauds of years' standing. No one argued with him, and indeed you might say anything you pleased, for each was so much taken up with his own case that he only listened to you that he might establish a claim in turn on your attention. Here and there a noisy and confident personage got a larger audience by professing to have private information. A second-rate stock-broker assured quite a congregation that the assets of the bank included an estate in Australia which would more than pay the whole debt, and advised them to see that it was not flung away; and a Government pensioner mentioned casually in his neighborhood, on the authority of one of the managers, that there was not that day a solvent bank in Scotland. The different conversations rise to a babel, various speakers enforce their views on the floor with umbrellas, one enthusiast exhorts his brother unfortunates from a chair, when suddenly there is a hush, and then in a painful silence the shareholders hang on the lips of the accountant, from whom they learn that things could not be worse, that the richest shareholder may be ruined, and ordinary people will lose their last penny.

Speech again breaks forth, but now it is despairing, fierce, vindictive. One speaker storms against Government which allows public institutions to defraud the public, and refers to himself as the widow and orphan, and another assails the directorate with bitter invective as liars and thieves, and insists on knowing whether they are to be punished. The game having now been unearthed, the pack follow in full cry. The tradesman tells with much gusto how one director asked the detectives for leave to have family prayers before he was removed, and then declares his conviction that when a man takes to praying you had better look after your watch. Ayrshire wished to inform the accountant and the authorities that the directors had conveyed to their wives and friends enormous sums which ought to be seized without delay. The air grew thick with upbraidings, complaints, cries for vengeance, till the place reeked with sordid passions. Through all this ignoble storm the Drumtochty men sat silent, amazed, disgusted, till at last the Doctor rose, and such authority was in his very appearance that with his first words he obtained a hearing.

"Mr. Accountant," he said, "and gentlemen, it appears to me as if, under a natural provocation and suffering, we are in danger of forgetting our due dignity and self-respect. We have been, as is supposed, the subjects of fraud on the part of those whom we trusted; that is a matter which the law will decide, and, if necessary, punish. If we have been betrayed, then the directors are in worse case than the shareholders, for we are not disgraced. The duty before us is plain, and must be discharged to our utmost ability. It is to go home and gather together the last penny for the payment of our debts, in order that, at any rate, those who have trusted us may not be disappointed. Gentlemen, it is evident that we have lost our means; let us show to Scotland that there is something which cannot be taken from us by any fraud, and that we have retained our courage and our honor."

It was the General who led the applause so that the roof of the hall rang; but it is just unto Ayrshire and the rest to say that they came unto themselves—all men of the old Scots breed—and followed close after with a mighty shout.

The sound of that speech went through Scotland and awoke the spirit of honest men in many places, so that the Doctor, traveling to Muirtown, third class, with the General, and wedged in among a set of cattle-dealers, was so abashed by their remarks as they read the "Caledonian" that the General let out the secret.

"Yir hand, sir," said the chief among them, a mighty man at the Falkirk Tryst; "gin it bena a leeberty, ilka ane o's hes a sair fecht tae keep straicht in oor wy o' business, but ye've gien's a lift the day," and so they must needs all have a grip of the Doctor's hand, who took snuff with prodigality, while the General complained of the smoke from the engine.

Nor were their trials over, for on Muirtown platform—it being Friday—all kinds of Perthshire men were gathered, and were so proud of our Doctor that before he got shelter in the Dunleith train his hand was sore, and the men that grasped it were of all kinds, from Lord Kilspindie—who, having missed him at the manse, had come to catch him at the station—"Best sermon you ever preached, Davidson"—to an Athole farmer—"I am an elder in the Free Kirk, but it iss this man that will be honoring you."

It was a fine instance of the unfailing tact of Peter Bruce that, seeing the carriage out of which the two came, and taking in the situation, he made no offer of the first class, but straightway dusted out a third with his handkerchief, and escorted them to it, cap in hand. Drumtochty restrained itself with an effort in foreign parts—for Kildrummie was exceptionally strong at the Junction—but it waited at the terminus till the outer world had gone up the road. Then their own folk took the two in hand, and these were the body-guard that escorted the Minister and the General to where our Kate was waiting with the dog-cart, each carrying some morsel of luggage—Drumsheugh, Burnbrae, Hillocks, Netherton, Jamie Soutar, and Archie Moncur. Kate drove gloriously through Kildrummie as if it had been a triumph; and let it be said to its credit that, the news having come, every hat was lifted; but that which lasted till they got home, and long afterward, was the handshake of the Drumtochty men.

[To be continued in the November Magazine Number of The Outlook]

William Morris

By Joel Benton

Out of England's dwindling choir
  A bard of pure Virgilian touch
Has fallen. His was no harp of fire,
  But tender, dreamy. It was such
As one who, fond of languorous tunes,
Could wish for summer afternoons,
Or hear with pleasure all the day,
Till Summer's self should fade away.

He gave us light from land and sea,
Rare tales of old mythologie;
And, if with sorrows sad enough,
Full of the marvelous lore of love.

No more fair dreams of Paradise
From his rapt lyre for us shall rise;
Ended is all that lulling verse
Which Jason's quest could so rehearse,
And which from Odin's polar sky
Drew wonders so idyllicly.

With lotus and nepenthe filled,
He had the artful power to gild
And touch with charm each tale he told,
And make its sorcery manifold.

But now Death comes, and, ruthless, steals away
"The idle singer of an empty day."

◆

The historian must be a poet; not to find, but to find again; not to breathe life into beings, into imaginary deeds, but in order to reanimate and revive that which has been; to represent what time and space have placed at a distance from us.—*Joseph Roux.*

Books and Authors

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending October 16. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Pre-eminent among the novels of the week is Henryk Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis*. In this the great Polish writer enters a third field of fiction; he has achieved fame in the novel of Polish historical romance and in that of psychological analysis, and now he attempts to reconstruct for us the life of Rome in the early days of Christianity. The time chosen is the reign of Nero, and St. Paul and St. Peter are among the characters. The author works on a large canvas, with many figures and a close attention to detail. One misses the humor and vivacity of "With Fire and Sword" and its sequels, but there is in their place a calm strength and a distinct purpose. The book is deserving of a careful and thoughtful reading. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)——Maurice H. Hervey's *Amyas Egerton, Cavalier*, is a manly and spirited story of the end of the war between Charles I. and his rebellious subjects. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——*Captain Shannon*, by Coulson Kernahan, is a clever detective story growing out of a dynamite outrage. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——*Nell Haffenden*, by Tighe Hopkins (same publishers), is a singular mixture of weakness and excellence; the spirit and intent of the author are admirable, and the characters are fairly interesting, but their talk is too often trivial and tiresomely drawn out, and there is too much forced liveliness. A good deal of compression would improve the story. An "American boarding-house" in London introduces us to certain strange creatures labeled Americans, who talk the extraordinary dialect used by Americans only on the English stage and in English novels; a lesson in Yankee dialect from Miss Wilkins would be of use to the author.——*The End of the Beginning*, by an anonymous writer, appeals to a thoughtful rather than a popular audience. Its recurrent question, "What is love?" is answered by the title and by the cover-motto, "Life is love, and love is eternity." The chief character is a New England girl of peculiar refinement of spirit, but with an underlying romantic vein. The philosophy is optimistic, and there is a distinctly original flavor in the style. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)——*Tales of Our Coast* comprises five exceedingly good English short stories of coast and sea life; their excellence is assured in advance by the authors' names—S. R. Crockett, Gilbert Parker, W. Clark Russell, "Q" (Mr. Quiller-Couch), and Harold Frederic; and the opinion thus formed is amply confirmed by a reading of the stories; that by "Q" is particularly fine. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——*Redburn*, by Henry Ochiltree (same publishers), introduces a new exponent of Scotch rural life, and a new practitioner in "Doric" dialect. The author is worthy to join the band of popular writers now having such wide and well-deserved vogue. He has an admirable knack at character-observation, and if the imagination and humor are less strong than with Mr. Barrie and Mr. Watson, the realism is sound and true.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's *The Gray Man* is a semi-historical story of Scotch feuds in the reign of James VI. of Scotland (James I. of England). Launcelot Kennedy, the young squire, who is the hero, is a manly and brave fellow, and his fighting and love-making are both picturesque. The faction quarrels are a little confused to the average reader's mind. The incident of Sawney Bean's cannibals and their cave, though founded on fact, is too horrible for the uses of fiction, and is not well treated at that. While Mr. Crockett has won a good measure of success in books like this and "The Man of the Moss Hags," he has not, it seems to us, struck in them the note of individual strength and originality found in "The Stickit Minister," and even in "The Lilac Sunbonnet." (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Green Mountain Boys, by Eliza F. Pollard, is a patriotic and spirited tale of the Revolution, in which the lines of history are closely followed. It has a love story also. It can be cordially commended for young people's reading (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York); as can also a pleasant story about a jolly and lively group of young people, called *We Ten*, from the same publishers. Barbara Yechton is the author.——Mr. William Drysdale has found a new subject for a boy's book in *The Fast Mail*. It is really the life of a train-boy, and includes an interesting study of the details of railway work. Boys will like it. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)——Henry Kingsley, as a novelist, deserved greater fame than he obtained in his lifetime. Of late his merits have been more widely recognized. *The Mystery of the Island* was intended as a boy's book, and while it is not to be compared with "Ravenshoe" or "Geoffry Hamlyn," it is a readable story of "bush and pampas, wreck and treasure trove." (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)——Mr. J. P. Webster's *Oracle of Baal* is the offspring of a riotous imagination, and has little literary merit. (Same publishers.)——*Shod with Silence*, by Edward S. Ellis, is the first of a series of boys' stories which will deal with frontier life, under the general title "The Boone and Kenton" series. Simon Kenton is the hero of this book. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)——Two excellent stories of outdoor life for boy readers are Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley's *The Boy Tramps*, and Professor C. G. D. Roberts's *Around the Camp-Fire*. Both have their scenes laid in Canada, and the heroes of both have thrilling adventures in abundance. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)——From the same publishers comes a new edition of that justly popular girls' story, *Half a Dozen Girls*, by Anna Chapin Ray.

Lovers of "the gentle sport" have very generally been interested in the series of articles on *Angling* which have appeared in "Scribner's Magazine." These are now combined and printed in book form. Among the writers are Leroy M. Yale, A. Foster Higgins, Robert Grant, and C. F. Holder. The book belongs to the excellent "Out-of-Door Library." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The football season makes timely *A Primer of College Football*, by W. H. Lewis, a member of a former Harvard University team. It is clearly expressed, and illustrated by instantaneous photographs. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Crowning of Candace is a thoroughly cheerful, sensible, and pleasantly written story for girls, by Katherine Pearson Woods. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The Mistress of Sherburne, by Amanda M. Douglas (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a tale of ordinary domestic life—the interests, trials, sacrifices, and happinesses of pleasant, every-day folk.——*Bushy*, by Cynthia M. Westover (The Morse Company, New York), is a story of the adventures of a child in the Rocky Mountains. There are plenty of hairbreadth escapes and opportunities for bringing out the girl's plucky nature.——In *Dwell Deep, or Hilda Thorn's Life Story*, by the author of "Probable Sons," we follow the experiences of a deeply religious girl who succeeds in standing aside from the frivolities of life and in the end leads a few friends into her own way of thought. The style is immature. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)——The hero in *The Majesty of Man* certainly does not live up to this title in his early career. Ambition, selfishness, and love collide, and it takes ten years of experience to discover that duties do not conflict and to suggest a return to a devoted and a neglected wife. The lesson that "the majesty of man comes out in the love of 'im" is unfolded in several characters and from different standpoints. The book is by "Alien," and is beautifully published by Messrs. Dodd Mead & Co., New York.——*Nephelé*, by Francis W. Bourdillon, is a plea for "telepathic consciousness." Probability and possibility are each swallowed up in the supernatural. The author follows his victims relentlessly through the mystic communion of their kindred souls—to brain fever. Nephelé is the betrothed of the hero's best friend, but in mysterious music-language the two musicians confess their mutual love and then Nephelé dies, while the hero and the affianced husband are left lamenting. (The New Amsterdam Publishing Company, New York.)——An Egyptologist, with a resurrected mummy for his bride and an avenging Fate in the spirit of the bride's rejected suitor of centuries ago, make up the rather unusual *dramatis personæ* of *Iras*. An overwrought brain, a clairvoyant, and an ancient inscription help to solve the riddle, and one follows with interest the fortunes of the mummy-princess. The author of the story is Theodore Douglas, and the volume is attractively published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Midnight in a Great City, by the Rev. Cortland Myers (Merrill & Baker, New York), is the title of a volume recounting the woes, vices, and miseries of the metropolis. The style is feverish and hysterical.——*Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York, 1816 to 1860*, by Charles H. Haswell (Harper & Brothers, New York), is an interesting volume by the well-known author of the "Mechanic's and Engineer's Pocket Book of Tables." Mr. Haswell tells us that he does not propose to furnish a history of the city during the period designated, as there are several histories in existence which in detail and extent are in advance of any essay that either his recollection or information would attain. He succeeds well, however, in giving his recollection of certain matters which have come under his own observation, and of certain individuals who are prominently before the public. Perhaps the most interesting descriptions in his book are those of the old theaters and of the Macready-Forrest riots.——To the already astonishing number of year-books has now been added *The Northfield Year-Book* (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York), selected and arranged by Delevan L. Pierson, and illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury. The combination of selected passages in the text is better than the combination of illustrations.——The new edition of *A Primer of American Literature*, by Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), contains an appendix giving portraits of eight American authors, with illustrations of their homes. This appendix is not remarkable, but the book is. It offers to the busy man exactly the condensed text for which he craves, and it is a good book to be in any one's hands.

Messrs. Marquand and Frothingham, Professors of Archæology and the History of Art in Princeton University, have issued a small *History of Sculpture* which finds fit place in the "College Histories of Art." (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) A concise survey of the history of sculpture is something needed everywhere. We note with pleasure the rapid description of prehistoric sculpture in this volume, and we heartily agree with the reason given for such brevity, namely, that the connection of prehistoric sculpture with the flow of civilization is at the present too remote and too ill defined. This reason is to a certain extent true of the history of Saracenic, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese sculpture, and hence we are glad to see that the authors of this volume pass over as quickly as possible those periods which do not directly affect our own time. We can go to the work of Perrot and Chipiez and others for illustration on various periods of sculpture; what we have to do now is, in the first place, to get a correct and concise survey of the whole history before attending to any one period—and it is safe to say that such a correct and concise survey is had by few persons, even those who are supposed to know much about art: then to judge correctly of what makes the art life of to-day as represented in sculpture. A good feature of this book—and one which should be imitated—is the list indicating where casts and photographs may best be obtained. Of course such a volume is amply indexed.

Old Houses of the Antient Town of Norwich, 1660 to 1800, by Miss Mary E. Perkins, is a large and sumptuously published volume. The text is entertaining, and is supplemented by many maps, illustrations, and genealogical tables. We learn that this book is one of a projected series of volumes which will aim to give an account of the old houses of Norwich, their owners and occupants, from the settlement of the town to the year 1800. Of course the volume will appeal to those who have lived in Norwich, or whose ancestors lived there, or who know the town in any way; but even to him who does not, but who loves New England, there is in the old-time portraits from miniatures, silhouettes, daguerreotypes, and paintings, and in the reproduction of lovely old houses, such a charm that, after having fingered the book once, one is moved to go back to the beginning and look it all over again. Copies of the book may be obtained by addressing the author at No. 148 Pequot Avenue, New London, Conn.

M. François Coppée's *On Rend l'Argent* has been adapted to the class-room, and edited, with introduction and notes, by Thomas Bertrand Bronson, Master in the Lawrenceville School. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) Nothing could be more happy than the book's dress, and the notes are both ample and helpful.

The Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, Jr., has gathered a series of Lent papers into a small volume, and has published them through Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. The great merit of these short sermons is in their exceeding simplicity, and in that respect this is a commendable devotional book. The volume's title is *The Christian Life.*

An attractive holiday book will be the translation into English of M. André Theuriet's *Rustic Life in France*, illustrated by M. Léon Lhermitte. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.) We reserve fuller notice until later.

Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, has put forth a notable book, *Faith and Social Service* (Thomas Whittaker, New York), it being a collection of eight lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. There is no one at the present day uninterested in the new social service, which, abreast of the "new theology," is demanded of all Christians. In Dean Hodges's lectures the economic questions raised are just those that have been most puzzling to most men, and, therefore, the book has a direct and practical value beyond the value of many books published at the present time. The Dean not only states the problem; he also goes far in solving it. We cannot too cordially commend his book. Perhaps the best means of introducing it will be to mention the titles of the chapters—they are in themselves suggestive: "The New Forces," "Indifference," "Doubt," "Poverty," "Labor," "Moral Reform," "The City," "The Divided Church." While there is something of the preacher in this book, there is a good deal more of the publicist. The volume has also an every-day-like, journalistic character which will insure its wide popularity.

Dr. W. G. Horder's *Quaker Worthies*, published by the Headley Brothers, London, contains a series of sketches of eminent Quakers, both English and American, from the hand of the eminent Congregational preacher of London.——*A Manual for China Painters* is described in its sub-title as "a practical and comprehensive treatise on the art of painting china and glass with mineral colors." The author does not claim to present anything new, but bases her book on the results of many years of observation and experience, and writes especially for those who are at the beginning of this difficult but fascinating minor art. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)——Mr. Norman D. Gray, following in the footsteps of Mr. Bellamy, and with the same respect for charades as an intellectual diversion not to be too lightly tested or too swiftly finished, has prepared a little volume of *'96 Charades* well calculated to test the knowledge and ingenuity of its readers to the utmost. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.)

Probably no illustrated book of the season will awaken a warmer personal interest than that which contains selections from the writings of John Burroughs under the title *A Year in the Fields*, with a series of delightful photographic illustrations in perfect harmony with the text, and presenting Mr. Burroughs in the various aspects of his life. The selections were made and photographs taken by Mr. Clifton Johnson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The publication of a long poem or of a volume of short poems from the hand of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is an event of the first interest and importance in current literary history. His latest venture into the field of verse, *Judith and Holofernes*, is dressed with the taste and dignity which the theme and the quality of Mr. Aldrich's work alike demand. Mr. Aldrich has used the old story for dramatic purposes, and has taken such liberties with the text as those purposes seemed to require. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The third and final volume of Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith's "Republic of Childhood" contains an exposition and description of *Kindergarten Principles and Practice.* The three volumes taken together probably represent as much freshness of thought and of feeling as any recent contributions to educational literature, and they are of interest not only to kindergartners, but to all who are concerned with the training and development of children. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

In *Modern Political Orations* the editor, Mr. Leopold Wagner, has collected what he regards as the most notable examples of political oratory during the Victorian age. Lord Brougham, John Bright, Earl Russell, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Morley, and Richard Cobden are among those from whose orations selections have been made. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)——The compact little volume by Lieutenant A. S. Rowan and Professor M. M. Ramsey on *The Island of Cuba* comes at a time when information touching that much-disturbed province of Spain is greatly needed. The volume treats the subject under three heads. First, it gives a descriptive account of the geographical and climatic features; next it fills in the historical background; and in the third part it discusses the political and commercial aspects. Several maps are introduced. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Lovers of folk stories—and in these days they are a multitude—will be interested in the volume of *Fairy Tales of the Slav Peasants and Herdsmen*, translated from the French of Alexander Chodsko, and illustrated by Emily J. Harding. Many of these tales are now brought under the eye of English readers for the first time. The illustrations show considerable imagination, and the stories are full of it. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——Probably very few readers who glance at the title of Katherine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid's book, *In the Volcanic Eifel*, will know the country so pleasantly described by these experienced travelers and writers. That country lies between the valley of the River Rohr and the valley of the Moselle, and in this volume its volcanic remains, its crater lakes, its sparkling rivers, and its picturesque little inns are very familiarly and unconventionally described, with numerous illustrations. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——The Rev. H. R. Haweis has filled two prettily made volumes with very familiar talk about his travels on this continent and in the Pacific islands, under the general title *Travel and Talk.* American readers will be especially interested in his comments on prominent men and women whom he met in this country, his impressions of American cities, traveling facilities, streets, architecture, and manners. His style is distinctly offhand. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Probably very few books of the year will have a more intimate interest than Mary Cowden-Clarke's autobiographic sketch of what she calls *My Long Life.* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) It was her good fortune, not only to know a great many interesting people in a very interesting time, but to be herself a very interesting person. The volume is enriched with several portraits.——*Legends from River and Mountain* contains ten stories taken from the German of Carmen Sylva, all of them being of Roumanian origin. The remaining stories in the volume are collected from different parts of Germany. The book is not intended as a contribution to the study of folk-lore, but rather as a contribution to the entertainment of younger readers. For this purpose it is capitally illustrated. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The fourth volume of the *Writings of Thomas Paine* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) includes a number of interesting and characteristic pieces, among them the once famous "Age of Reason."——Few recent series of books have had a wider popularity or have more thoroughly deserved it than the "Story of the Nations," to which the latest addition is Mr. C. E. Maurice's *Story of Bohemia*, a chapter of history of which, as a rule, Americans know very little. The volume may therefore be said with entire accuracy to supply what was needed, and what in this form has not existed before.

The Memoirs of Mgr. Salamon, the Internuncio at Paris from 1790 to 1801, throw an interesting light on the tragic period of the Abbé de Salamon's residence in Paris. He was an eye-witness of some of the most striking scenes of the revolutionary epoch, and he describes what he has seen in a very direct and unconventional fashion. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)——A very pretty copy of Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen* has been issued by Little, Brown & Co. The translation from the French is made by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett. There is a memoir of the author by Miss Guiney, and there are five etched plates and seven etched vignettes, with a photogravure frontispiece of Calvé as Carmen.——A translation by F. Max Müller of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* very fitly commemorates the centenary of the first publication of that epoch-making work, and is put in a substantial and well-printed volume by the Macmillan Company.——The growing popular interest in architecture is evidenced by the rapidly increasing literature on the subject. To this literature no American is probably better qualified to make a contribution of lasting value than Mr. Russell Sturgis, whose *European Architecture: A Historical Study*, comes from the press of the Macmillan Company in a large, well-made, and generously illustrated volume. The story of the art is told from the time of prehistoric building to the architecture of western Europe so late as the close of the last century.

The Temple Shakespeare is nearing completion, *The Rape of Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis and Passionate Pilgrim* being the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth volumes, leaving one more to follow. (The Macmillan Company.)——The same publishers have added to the Modern Reader's Bible, recently noticed at length in these columns, *The Judges*, with Professor Moulton's introduction and notes.——They have also added to their new edition of *Wordsworth's Works* Vol. VII., which includes the Ecclesiastical Sonnets and the poems of 1823 and 1834, inclusive.——The same imprint is also upon Balzac's *Beatrix*, translated by James Warren, with the usual preface by Mr. Saintsbury. There is an excellent etching of Balzac's birthplace introduced by way of frontispiece.——*The Bridal March, and One Day* make up the fifth volume in the new edition of the novels of Björnson. The former was written in 1872, and the latter was first published in 1893. (The Macmillan Company.)

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have made an exceedingly pretty book of a number of Mr. Brander Matthews's short essays under the title *Aspects of Fiction and Other Ventures in Criticism.* Readers will be equally interested in what Mr. Matthews has to say about American literature, about "The Penalties of Humor"—one of his very characteristic essays—and about novels and the writing of novels, for on all these matters Mr. Matthews may be said to have expert knowledge.

Professor Corson's *Selections from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* has been prepared, he tells us, as an introduction to the study of Chaucer as a poet rather than as a writer of fourteenth-century English. This was an excellent thing to do, and no American is more competent to do it than Mr. Corson. The Ellesmere text is used, and there are a very interesting general introduction, copious notes, and a glossary. (The Macmillan Company.)

The small boys and girls who wrestle with temptation and overcome it, and in return accomplish the thing they want to accomplish most, are the heroes and heroines of *The Making of a Hero*, by Mrs. George A. Paull. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

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The Religious World

Jubilee Meeting of the American Missionary Association

From our Special Correspondent

A peculiar interest always attaches to an annual meeting of the American Missionary Association. Including as it does in the scope of its labors the elements of both home and foreign missionary work, it is able to present all that is heroic and romantic in both lines of effort, and to appeal in an impressive manner to both patriotic and philanthropic sentiment. It addresses itself particularly to what are called the "despised races" in this country—a phrase which ought long ago to have been abandoned—the negroes in the South, the Indians upon the reservations, the Chinese on the Pacific coast, the illiterate "mountain whites" of the Appalachian range, and the Eskimos of Alaska. It is able to gather from these various fields a vast amount of fresh and telling material; and as the officers and workers of the Association have always been men and women of a conspicuously devoted type, the annual gathering of the Association in public meeting has long ranked among the most notable religious anniversaries of the year.

The meeting at Boston last week possessed an unusual interest from the fact that the Association has just completed fifty years of work, and the occasion was properly given something of a festival character. The place of meeting was the new Tremont Temple, whose spacious and brilliant auditorium was profusely decorated with the National colors and with banners bearing legends appropriate to the anniversary. More than a thousand delegates were in attendance, and a large audience was present at every session, the evening audiences particularly testing the full capacity of the hall.

There was, of course, much of reminiscence in the addresses which were given. Several of the speakers, notably the venerable Secretary, the Rev. Dr. M. E. Strieby, whose long years of connection with the Association have won for him distinguished honors, were able to draw from abundant resources in this line. There was frequent reference to the old anti-slavery days, and many a thrilling incident and heroic achievement were recalled, stirring the hearts of old and young alike. It was the privilege of the Association also to recall to its platform a number of speakers who represented in themselves the practical value of the Association's work; and, as these looked backward to the days of bondage and barbarism from which they had been rescued, their sense of gratitude shone forth at times in a way deeply pathetic. It was right that these noble men and women, with their host of redeemed fellows in the South and West, should be frequently referred to as the true monuments of the Association's work.

But while the reminiscent feature of the gathering was naturally prominent, the chief emphasis was laid upon present needs and opportunities. The fifty years of toil, sacrifice, and hardship were regarded, not as a cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving alone, but as furnishing a basis for yet more extended and hopeful effort. Indeed, this look toward the future was the pronounced characteristic of the anniversary. From the opening sermon by Dr. Lyman Abbott, in which the proclamation of brotherhood was eloquently set forth as the special mission of America, to the closing impassioned words of Dr. Alexander McKenzie, who urged the lifting up of Christ as the one who is drawing all men unto himself, this thought was continually uppermost: What is our present duty? How shall we best improve the vast opportunities opening before us? In special line with this thought was the notable address of Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, who dared to lift the veil of the future and describe the Nation with these various racial elements assimilated; also the scholarly consideration of the sociological bearings of the Association's work by the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, with its companion eloquent utterance regarding the patriotic relations of the work by the Rev. Dr. C. W. Hiatt; also the special addresses on various departments of the field by the Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins, speaking for the Indians, the Rev. Dr. James Brand in behalf of the Mountain Whites, and the Rev. Dr. J. H. Twichell pleading for the Chinese. A most practical application of this thought was given Thursday afternoon, when, under the inspiration of two forceful addresses by the Rev. Drs. Nehemiah Boynton and Robert R. Meredith, an appeal was made to the audience to assist in the effort to reduce the debt of the Association by taking "Jubilee shares" of fifty dollars each. More than $20,000 had already been subscribed toward this fund (the debt now being $66,000 as against $96,000 a year ago), and, amid considerable enthusiasm, over $9,000 was pledged in a brief space of time, most of the contributions being in single shares or less. There was one vivid moment during the response to this appeal when a telegram from Florida was read announcing that the infamous Sheats Law had just been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of that State.

The anniversary was naturally a time for congratulation. Prominent in this connection were the addresses of Hon. Roger E. Wolcott, the acting Governor of Massachusetts, and Hon. Josiah Quincy, the Mayor of Boston, who welcomed the Convention in words of sincere appreciation and genuine Christian sentiment. Fraternal addresses were also received from eminent representatives of the six associated benevolent societies sustained by the Congregational churches of the country. Especially notable were the addresses of Bishop Benjamin F. Tanner, of the African M. E. Church, and of Bishop C. V. Galloway, of the M. E. Church, South. The latter address, which was as fine a piece of rhetoric as has ever been heard on the Association's platform, and as cordial in its brotherly feeling as it was perfect in diction, was received with marked demonstrations of satisfaction and approval.

By courtesy of the city authorities the Association was given permission to "rock the cradle"—which, in local parlance, means holding a meeting in Faneuil Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty." Two noon meetings were held in this historic edifice, and the hall was crowded each time with an enthusiastic audience. The presiding officers on the two occasions were Hon. S. B. Capen and Hon. A. H. Wellman, who both eulogized the work of the Association in promoting an exalted type of patriotism. The speakers were the Rev. Drs. Robert R. Meredith, Alexander McKenzie, Edward Everett Hale, and Alonzo H. Quint—names whose bare mention in such connection will suggest the nature of what was said, and its reception by the audience. Naturally, the all-prevailing political excitement could not be banished from such gatherings, and while no speaker was guilty of "offensive partisanship," there were numerous references to the currency question which indicated a practically unanimous sentiment in favor of "sound money." At the second of these "town meetings," to use Dr. Hale's felicitous phrase, a ringing resolution was adopted, under Dr. Hale's lead, demanding that the Armenian refugees be given an asylum in this country.

Other subordinate but none the less interesting gatherings were the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting in Park Street Church on Wednesday evening under the lead of Secretary J. W. Baer, which was characterized by the customary Christian Endeavor enthusiasm, and the Women's Meeting in Tremont Temple on Thursday afternoon, when the list of speakers included such noted names as Miss Susan Hayes Ward, Miss Alice L. Dawes, Miss Mary C. Collins, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer.

It was a great disappointment that neither Senator George F. Hoar nor Dr. Richard S. Storrs, who were announced for the closing session, could be present, Dr. Storrs being detained on account of sickness in his family, and Senator Hoar on account of—the fact need not be disguised—politics. The former, however, sent an eloquent letter, which was eloquently read by Dr. Lyman, of Brooklyn, in which he pointed out the providential leadings of the Association in its relation to American history and public affairs.

A most delightful feature of the sessions was the singing of a double quartette, composed of students and recent graduates from Fisk University. Their rendering of the old slave songs, inexpressibly sweet and musically artistic as well, was greatly enjoyed by the audience. Special mention should also be made of the admirable arrangements which had been devised by the local committee, under the lead of the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton, of Shawmut Church, for the comfort and convenience of the delegates. The committee was not responsible for the abominable ventilation of Tremont Temple—a blemish upon this otherwise attractive place of meeting—but in every other respect its provisions were most liberal and acceptable.

The Convention as a whole was a splendid success from every point of view, and a new impetus will be given to the cause for which the Association is working, which is sure during the coming years to be productive of large results.

H. W. G.

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Fourth Convention of the Institutional Church League The selection of the Fourth Congregational Church in Hartford, Conn., as the meeting-place for the annual Convention of the Open and Institutional Church League was most appropriate. For ten years this church, under the admirable leadership of the Rev. H. H. Kelsey, has been with conspicuous force demonstrating to the traditional conservatism of the old order in New England the practicability of making the church not chiefly a school of teaching but a center of ministry. How helpful to this end have been the faculty and students of the Hartford Theological Seminary is a matter of history. The "Old Fourth" still stands, sadly deficient as a plant for its multiplied work, but hope for a building which may be adequate to its needs and at the same time yield an endowment income awaits only the favorable results of the present political struggle for its fruition. It need not be said that in such an environment this gathering of the workers and supporters of the so-called institutional churches found warm welcome. Excellent audiences were present at the more formal public meetings of the evenings of the 20th and 21st inst., and the discussions in the other sessions were vigorous, rich in sound principle and common sense, and full of courage and hope. Those who have watched the growth of the League for the three years of its history, and who have participated in its previous conventions in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, perceive a definite increase of strength not only in the individual enterprises represented, but in the closer coherence of the constituent parts of the League. Their creed, that "ministration to all men and all of the man" is the function of the Church, has required no revision. The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: President, the Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., of New York; Corresponding Secretary, the Rev. E. B. Sanford, D.D., of New Haven; Treasurer, Mr. John S. Huyler, of New York; Recording Secretary, the Rev. Gaylord S. White, of Brooklyn. Among the Vice-Presidents are such influential names as those of Drs. C. A. Dickinson and Everett D. Burr, of Boston; Drs. Russell H. Conwell, W. M. Paden, Kerr B. Tupper, and Sylvanus Stall, of Philadelphia; Dr. C. S. Mills, of Cleveland; Drs. John Clark Hill and Graham Taylor, of Chicago; Drs. Josiah Strong, F. M. North, Edward Judson, C. S. Harrower, and Leighton Williams, of New York; and Messrs. William E. Dodge and Robert C. Ogden.

The Discussions as Signs of the Times

The subject matter of the Convention is quite as significant as was its personnel, as the topics, even without the synopsis of the exceedingly able addresses, will indicate. Dr. Charles L. Thompson, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in this city, and Dr. Charles H. Richards, of the Central Congregational Church in Philadelphia, discussed both analytically and broadly the question, "Is the Church Fulfilling its Mission?" Stronger pleas for an open church, an every-day church, for the spirit and method of ministry shown in the Apostolic church, have not been uttered. Dr. Everett D. Burr, of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church in Boston, spoke on "The Spirit of Ministration as Exemplified in the Institutional Church," an address penetrated with truest sympathy for the poor and the workingman, and strong in illustrations from the daily experiences of the speaker's own ministry. Professor William F. Blackman, who holds the chair of Sociology in the Yale Divinity School, presented a most discriminating paper upon "The Institutional Church in its Relation to the Community," in which the kinship of this movement in the churches to the development of the social order and the true perspectives of theology was most effectively stated. From the remarkable successes of the Holland Memorial Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia as a free church, its able pastor, Dr. W. M. Paden, illustrated that very imperative question, "The Problem of Support." Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University, whose eminent services in the field of agricultural chemistry are everywhere recognized, and who has been conducting practical experiments not only in the chemistry of foods but in the habits of the poor in the matter of food supply and cooking, discussed "Some Things the Church may do toward Improving the Food and Nutrition of the Poor." The mass-meeting of the second evening brought to the platform three speakers. Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper, now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia—a church with a plant which will cost $400,000 when finished, a membership of thirteen hundred, and a remarkably effective organization for church work—spoke of "Some Methods of Church Work which I Have Tried." Upon the present-day theme, "The Institutional Church an Essential Factor in City Evangelization," Dr. C. A. Dickinson, of Berkeley Temple, declared the truth as he saw it in the work of this first institutional church of the land; and the Rev. S. P. Cadman, of the Central Metropolitan Temple (Methodist) in New York, eloquently plead for broader foundations for evangelical thought and a wider scope for the ministries of the Church. Such a Convention, with such discussions, by men who in many different fields have won the right to a hearing, emphasizes the reality of the new era which has come to the Church and the world.

A Quiet Day

The Evangelical Alliance of the United States has issued a call for the observance of "A Quiet Day" by the ministers of the various churches of the United States as a means of preparation for the campaign of the coming winter. It suggests that a day of conference and prayer be spent together by all the ministers in each community, and that that day be November 17, and that in the evening of the same day all the officials of all churches be invited to be present. They call attention to the fact that most of the great movements in Christian history have been preceded by periods set apart for prayer and humiliation. The great missionary enterprises of this century had their origin in such a meeting. It is proposed that the ministers of the Free Churches of Great Britain unite in such a day this year. The call is issued in view of the fact that we are evidently in the midst of a period of transition, and such periods are crowded with great perils, and no less with great opportunities. The call, which is signed by William E. Dodge as President, Dr. Josiah Strong as Secretary, and representatives of all the evangelical churches, is itself an admirable and inspiring document. It can be secured in full from the Secretary at the general office in New York. We desire to give our influence to this movement. We can think of no better way for beginning the campaign in all the towns of the country than for the ministers and officers of the churches to meet for prayer and devout conference Let the call of the Evangelical Alliance be heeded, and the 17th day of November be observed as a quiet day by the ministers and church officers throughout the country.

The Greatest Work of the Age

Last week we referred to the annual meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. This week we notice the annual meetings of the Baptist Union and of the Church Congress. The most significant utterance of the Baptist Union was contained in the address of the President, the Rev. T. Vincent Tymms, whose subject was "Authority, True and False." In the course of the address Mr. Tymms brought out the fact that the teachings of Christ are essentially revolutionary; that wherever the social order is not organized on the basis of righteousness it finds an implacable foe in Christianity. Concerning the social and political condition in England he said: "There is a schism in the body politic. The lower self is so far smitten and restrained by the higher mind which seeks to serve the law of God that it cannot fully execute its just designs, and is sometimes entirely arrested; but the higher is so fiercely resisted and impeded by the lower that its noblest purposes are often frustrated, and its best acts so marred and mixed with what is bad that its good is evil spoken of, and seems at times, both to Englishmen and foreigners, to be a fraud." Following, he declared that the greatest work of the age is the education of men for authority according to the method of Jesus Christ. He used these words: "It is a greater thing to make men fit for liberty . . . than it is to make them free. It is a greater thing to make men worthy of power than to put a scepter in their hands and to provide them with a realm which they may desolate." Following this he argued earnestly in favor of the distinctly spiritual work of the Church, and said: "I view with jealousy attempts to convert the Church into an engine for the performance of lower works than those for which she was created as a spiritual body." The main thought of the address was that the education of the people in moral ideas is the greatest work of the time, and that that can be accomplished better by the ministry and the churches devoting themselves to distinctly spiritual lines than to co-operation in schemes for political and social renovation.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew began its annual Convention in Trinity Church, Pittsburg, October 14. The meeting, while not as large as some which have preceded, was regarded as eminently successful. Among the more notable addresses were those of Bishop Sessums, who spoke on the subject of "Citizenship," and Bishop Whipple, who delivered the anniversary sermon. Six or seven hundred young men representing the Order were present. An interesting feature of the meeting was a session devoted to college men, in which there was a movement to induce them to turn their attention to the founding of college settlements, after the manner of other settlements already in existence both in Great Britain and America. From the report of the Council we notice that the growth of the Brotherhood during the last year has been comparatively small. Forty-nine new chapters have been added, making a total of 1,174. "The most notable incident in the life of the Brotherhood during the year was a visit of a committee representing the two American Brotherhoods to England and Scotland. One outcome of the visit was the formal organization of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the Church of England. This occurred June 12 in the Church House, London. One of the interesting incidents of the visit abroad was the receipt of a cordial letter from Mr. Gladstone. From the report of these meetings in the "Churchman" we make the following extract concerning Bishop Whipple's sermon: "The Bishop paid a glowing tribute to the missionaries of other communions, and said that 'in the other land there will be but one communion.'" There is no indication that the Bishop went further, and intimated what that communion would be; but, being a peculiarly liberal and broad-minded man, we have no doubt that he referred to the common communion of saints. What a blessing it would be if there could be more of that common communion in all forms of Christian work before we reach that other land!

For the Little People

At Eventime

By Mary F. Butts

Swallow, dear swallow,
Hasten from the sky;
The ant with her pack
Has just hurried by.

Madame Honey-Bee,
Who started with the day,
Has carried home her honey,
And packed it all away.

Work and play are over,
The evening sky is red
Let all little people
Hurry home to bed.

The Two Orphans

By Nora Archibald Smith

There was a flutter, a splutter, a rustle, a scratching, and a squeak in the chimney, and, suspecting a mouse, I hurriedly called out "Scat!" Then there was more flutter, more rustle, and more squeak, and the noise of a light fall. It must be a bat, I thought; but who ever heard of a bat falling down a chimney?

The curious noise went on, so I cautiously stole to the fireplace and moved aside the fire-board a little, not at all sure what sight would meet my eyes. The light pouring in produced a marked effect, and the fluttering increased, while the other noise grew louder and sounded like a snake's hiss, alternating with a shrill chirp. Brave in the knowledge that snakes never crawl down chimneys, I thrust my head still further into the darkness, and there, clinging to the blackened bricks, was a half-grown swallow, in a high state of fear and excitement, apparently calling for his mother in one breath, and in the next bemoaning the ruffled, sooty condition of his first suit of feathers. In the ash-pan lay another swallow, not fully fledged as yet, and not as strong as his brother, but very bright-eyed, noisy, and watchful, while beside him were the nest, one long, pointed white egg, and the pieces of a broken one. Evidently while the parents were out for an airing the young birds had been having a nursery frolic, and down had come babies, cradle, and all. Knocking a thing down, as perhaps you have noticed, is really quite an easy matter, but putting it up again is often very different. The more I looked at the nest, the more sure I felt that fastening it to the bricks was a task altogether beyond my powers, even if I had been able to climb far enough up the chimney to secure it in a suitable place. The baby birds were too young to give advice, and, besides, I did not understand their language, though I knew enough about it to be sure that they were both crying at once, "Oh, mother, I'm so frightened! Oh, father, do come quickly!"

The nest really was so sooty and so dirty that I lifted it with the tongs and laid it in the dust-pan. The little thing was beautifully made, like half an oval basket in shape, and carefully woven of flexible twigs in real basket-work pattern, over and under one, over and under one, with not a single bit of a mistake in one of the rows. The twigs were glued together to make it more secure, and it had evidently been glued to the chimney, too, only the father and mother bird perhaps had not had much experience with babies before, and did not know how they kicked nor how strong their cradles had to be. The more I looked at it, the more I wondered how two small swallows could make such a cradle, with no hatchet to cut the wood, no knife to trim it into shape, no shuttle to weave the twigs, no foot-rule to measure them, no glue-pot and no brush to stick them together, and no needles and no thread to sew the soft linings. What care and tenderness and patience and industry had been lavished on that nest, and here it was in a dust-pan at last! But my admiration was not half finished when the young swallows grew so noisy and so uneasy that I felt that something must be done at once to help them; so I picked them up, too, put them in the dust-pan, and carried nest and all downstairs and laid it on the grass under the lilacs. Now, I thought, the father and mother bird will certainly find their babies, for no one could help hearing such cries, and, of course, they will think out some way of meeting the difficulty. I must go away, though, or the parents will be afraid to come, and I went upstairs to my work. But hours passed and the old birds did not appear, while, after an interval of silence, the screams of the two orphans grew so much more piercing that I really feared they would attract a neighbor's cat half a mile away.

It was late afternoon now, and the babies of course were hungry, as well as frightened and lonely. They must not be left on the ground all night, so I hunted up a small basket, and, lining it with flannel, tucked the sufferers within and hung it high in the branches. The basket was not half as well made as their own, but it would serve for a shelter. Now bed was provided, but where was supper? I moistened bread with warm milk, and tried to open their beaks and coax a few mouthfuls down their gaping throats. No, they would not eat; they gasped and choked and almost tumbled out of the basket in their fright and disgust. It was much as if an elephant should try to feed a mouse, and I retired to the library window, ready to weep over my failure. Where were the father and mother? Had they both been killed, and were the babies alone in the world? They were quiet now, and in the silence I heard the flutter of the catbird's wings as he came to his nest in the same clump of lilacs. I knew him and his dusky wife very well, and had taken a great interest in their three little ones, and I could hear now their flutterings and calls for food and see their heads thrust out of the nest for the expected mouthful. The baby swallows heard, too, and began to cry again, "Oh, dear, I am so hungry! oh, dear, I am so cold! oh, dear, I am so lonesome!" over and over again. The catbird seemed surprised to find the noise so near, and hopped on a twig to look at the basket and its contents. Of course he had heard the crying all the afternoon, but at a greater distance, and it could scarcely be called his business then, as I appeared to be nursing the foundlings. He shook his head now, and retired to think the matter over. Presently his wife returned, and again there was excitement and loud calls for food from the kitten birds, followed as before by renewed wails from the swallows. The mother listened, fluttered through the lilacs to the basket, made some remarks in a low voice to its inmates, and rustled away.

What was going to happen? Would this dear, kindly little couple take the sad case in hand? Yes, bless the warm hearts that beat under the gray feathers! here they came flying back, each with a beakful for the orphans. To and fro, to and fro they hurried, thrusting bit after bit into the wide-opened mouths until the hungry cries died away and soon only sleepy twitters of satisfaction could be heard.

I watched them in my window, and cried for very joy in their goodness and relief at the orphans' good fortune. But their tender charity was only half completed, for as the evening grew dusky and the night dews began to fall, one of the good Samaritans hopped into the basket and cuddled the shivering swallows under her thick feathers and close to her warm, loving little heart, while her mate hovered their own brood. Happy kitten birds to have such a mother and father, and happy swallows to have found such protectors!

The next morning I eagerly watched the lilacs, and saw that the orphans were being cared for as regularly and as carefully as the other brood, while at night they were tenderly hovered again. So the days went on, the parent birds working with scarcely a moment's rest to care for their five little ones. The swallows grew up as strong, bright-eyed, and well-feathered as if their very own father and mother had been tending them, and when the right time came they were taught to fly, and went out into the world.

Though I did not see them bid the home nest good-by, yet I know the parting must have been a very tender one, and I am sure, of all the carols of all the feathered songsters in the world, none can ever be so sweet to them as the mew of the catbird.

A New Kind of Kite

Kites used to be considered toys for boys Now they are used for weather observations, and for decorations during a parade or outdoor demonstrations, having held flags in the air at varying heights. Now the possibility of using them in times of war to study the enemies' fortifications is being talked about. In New York Harbor is an island called Governor's Island, used by the Government for purposes of defense. On this island is a fort equipped with mounted guns. Soldiers are stationed there. Opposite on the other shores are other forts equipped with mounted guns and soldiers. No enemies' ships could come to New York without passing these forts. The guns at the forts would sweep the decks of the ships, and sink the ships. This is what is meant by the defense of the harbor. One of the officers on this island has been experimenting in making a kite that will carry a man high in the air, where he may see the surrounding country. He made a frame thirty feet long and nine inches deep. This frame is strongly braced on the inside, and the kite-string is a quarter-rope. There are really two kites, one smaller than the other, fastened four hundred feet apart on the kite-string. The kites have no tails. The ends of the frame are covered at either end with canvas, and the wind has free play through the frame. The kite-string fastened to the main frame is wound round a windlass, and is played out by four men. Less than that number could not hold the kites. The smaller kite helps to raise the larger one. Last week the kites floated in the air with a dummy weighing forty pounds, dressed as a man, sitting in a hanging seat below the larger kite. The kites carried the dummy easily, and when it was drawn in, it settled gently to the ground. The problem is to find out how heavy a load the kites will carry, and then to devise some steering-gear by which the kites may be controlled in the air. Lanterns were tied on the kite-string the other night and made a very pretty sight.

Two Babies in a Bag

Out West, last spring, two young men were plowing when they found two young coyotes, a species of prairie-dog. They tried to take the coyotes home. After a good deal of trouble with the father and mother, who tried to recover their dear babies from these, to them, cruel monsters, the men succeeded in driving the father and mother away, and then tied the babies securely in a bag. They watched the bag for a while, but, as the father and mother did not attempt to come nearer than the edge of the wood, they thought they were thoroughly frightened and would not try to get their babies back. The men followed the plow from end to end of the field, passing the little creatures in the bag several times. Suddenly there was a strange sight when they turned down the field. It was the mother coyote dragging the bag with her babies in it across the field to the woods. She reached the woods with the bag, escaping the men, and there probably ripped the bag open and let her babies out. She seemed to know that to let them out of the bag in the field would mean recapture; she could run with them tied up faster than they could run if free.

A Queer Cat

The Chicago "Tribune" says there is a cat in Chicago that loves water, and dislikes warm sunshine or the heat from a fire. This cat was in a house that was burned down, and its feet were burned. Ever since he has shown a dislike of heat, and that he likes water.

Correspondence

Silver and Mexico

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your successive articles on the "money" question have always met with my hearty approval. As it seems desirable that all possible light shall be cast upon this subject, especially at this critical period, I beg leave to add to your valuable contributions on this topic a very interesting letter received by me from a very distinguished and influential citizen of Mexico, and my reply thereto, not as directly bearing on this election, which involves issues of far greater importance to the welfare and existence of our Republic, but as aiding in the solution of the financial problem, which will remain and become an all-important question long after the election shall have settled the more momentous issues. The situation seems almost grotesque, that a citizen of Mexico should be commenting upon and deploring the threatened disorders of the United States!

The translation of the letter is as follows:

EXTRACT FROM LETTER

My Dear Friend: . . . I see with regret that the political agitation in your country continues to produce financial uneasiness of fatal consequences to the natural course of business. It may be that after the 3d of November next you may enjoy some tranquillity; but in the meantime the alarm, whether it has solid foundations or not, will continue increasing, in all probability. A panic is a sentiment very easily communicated, and takes hold of the multitude with lightning rapidity, causing among them terrible havoc. Will the United States reach such a stage? With all my heart I desire that they shall not. The fact that two great parties, which in turn have been directing the affairs of state, should be divided on the question of "Free Trade" or "Protection," of itself entails a serious impediment to the normal life of business. And, besides, an additional obstruction exists; a natural law, which seems to recognize a financial crisis of greater or less importance as likely to occur in periods not exceeding ten years, almost as great a disturber as the tariff reform, arises in each Presidential epoch, which, affecting as it does production in its source, affects perforce all the mechanism of the question of "wages," "exchanges," and of "credit," without obtaining, in a properly constituted social body, any compensation by the acquirement instead of other advantages. And if to this, already a serious question, we add the new problem, or, to better express it, the new conflict which is being waged, notwithstanding the technical character of the matter, between "gold" and "silver" supporters, it appears but natural that doubt and indecision should invade all classes, this phenomenon producing an alarm which all feel, but cannot clearly account for. I venture to send you a copy of an article I wrote and published here (in the City of Mexico) on the silver question, hoping it will interest you. The article is as follows:

"*Editor of the Corres Español:*

"Sir—The silver problem, concerning which you have asked my opinion in your esteemed daily, rather demands a book, scrupulously considered, than a few lines written in haste. A good many have, in fact, been published in late years, but, abstracting the very important collection of data necessary for the formation of a judgment concerning the approximate circulation of the white metal, all that these intellectual efforts have shown has been the uselessness of every tendency to withdraw this problem from its economic channel to place it in spheres of administrative action, seeking a thousand legal solutions, all of which are impossible. Within such a field it would be useless to pretend that this matter should acquire greater light than the very small one with which it is now illumined; and in truth it does not cause much wonder to see it obscured and entangled, in view of the inefficiency of the methods of examination applied thereto. In my opinion, the value of silver "bullion" has come to be confused with that of silver "coin," not considering the fact that a coin of a nation represents, to a certain degree at least, its credit; and, as such, made receivable for taxes and other uses as money, might as well be placed upon a piece of argentiferous metal (making an abstraction of the bullion value thereof) as on a piece of paper. When a State is sufficiently rich to convert into gold at a given moment all its coined silver presented, it can fix the relation between the two coined metals in any manner it may deem most reasonable, as France, Belgium, or the United States are now able to do. But whereas in Italy, Spain, or Portugal, the economic power is weak and badly organized, public authority lacks the means to force said relation, and the market then establishes it—the coin becomes bullion, changeable in value according to supply and demand. From this confusion between silver as a product and silver as coin arises the prejudgments which prevent the solving of the problem."

"The rise of silver at this moment (August 31, 1894) is an accident of commercial character and has no connection of any kind with the scientific view of the question. As to my personal opinion on the subject, it can be condensed in a few lines. I do not believe in the positive and permanent reinstatement of the value of the white metal, and I will not believe in it even if all the governments in accord fix upon it a definite ratio in its relation to gold. Let us suppose that said arrangement had been agreed upon at this moment. In what form could it be done? The relation, it is obvious, could only be established between gold and silver coins. Supposing that the contracting powers fix a common standard for their coinage. None of them, unless they had lost their reason, would obligate itself to coin a larger amount than it required for its own use. The moment that silver would, by this device, receive a higher value than properly belongs to it, the production thereof would necessarily be stimulated to an exorbitant degree. Let us imagine that the governments would obligate themselves to convert into coin all the silver now produced from the mines, distributing it equitably (*i. e.*, according to each country's need and ability to maintain at par with gold on the fixed ratio). As soon as the hope of a greater profit increased the production, who would then consume the surplus? Would it be offered for sale, as any other product? Then, in such case, from that moment the legal standard and the fixed price would perforce be altered, and the silver subject, like any other commodity, to the law of supply and demand.

Would the production of silver in the world be limited to a fixed amount to prevent so difficult an obstacle? Could the amount of silver, in excess of the limit which the contracting powers had determined necessary for consumption, be declared contraband? And even if this were done, would such a measure be at all effectual? The limitations to the legitimate use of our activity are never decreed except to fall into disuse. I do not, therefore, think that silver will ever recover its former purchasing power (at least as refers to natural products, as the manufactured products will constantly cheapen), nor as a coin, nor as a product; and I do not think, either, that its present condition can be bettered in a permanent manner by monetary congresses or international agreements. In case mining should prove unprofitable, and the product be diminished thereby, we might hope, considering the necessity of silver as an intermediary coin, for an advance in price; but this advance could never go beyond the level of a reasonable compensation for the labor employed, because otherwise, as soon as the phenomenon of large profits presents itself, the increase of the production would come, and moderate it by competition.

"Such are the eternal and unavoidable laws which govern the economic life of humanity."

Your affectionate friend,
Telesfero Garcia.

My reply was as follows:

My Dear Friend: On my return I find your valued favor of 7th inst., with your letter on "silver." I am struck and impressed by both your views on the political outlook in the former, and on silver in the latter. I must absolutely agree with you in all you say on the former topic, and am glad to report that the continuous speeches of Bryan are illustrating and demonstrating, to all who read them, what a shallow, unprincipled fellow he is. His appeals to the passions and prejudices of the mob shock every good citizen, and produce a silent if not a public avowal of enmity and a determination to vote against him. This feeling is so widespread already as to very much relieve the situation, and many of us do not hesitate even now to predict an overwhelming defeat to him. As to silver, all your propositions are incontrovertible, although I cannot accede to your conclusion, which, alas! would be death to silver and thus a catastrophe for the time being. It seems to me that every argument you use in reference to "silver" applies equally to "gold." And it occurs to me that to constitute that metal the one sole measure of value is to make the standard a variable one—certainly depending on the supply—liable to bring about every financial evil if the supply be largely diminished, and almost as great disturbance in the opposite direction if the world should be flooded with a great excess. The two metals seem to have operated to establish an equilibrium in this particular; perhaps I am wrong, but such has been my idea. Certain statisticians declare that our annual supply of gold now exceeds 200 millions. Well, that is barely sufficient to meet the present demand—in fact, absolute requirement—of the world for its annual increase of money. Positive facts show that from 1860 to 1890 the annual average sum added to the existing bulk of money in the world has been 200 millions of dollars. Just think of it! in thirty years, 1860–90, the bulk of money was doubled! In 1860 the accumulation of all the preceding ages of civilization was a little less than 6,000 millions of dollars. In 1890 there was 12,000 millions. A study of this most astounding fact leads one to a singular conclusion, which is that the progress of the world may be measured by the amount of new money required to be added to the existing volume; and that, applying this test, there has been as much real progress and advancement in the world in the last thirty years as has taken place during all the preceding ages of civilization.

From these facts I infer that no less than 200 millions per annum are required now to keep pace with the world's needs. Can this sum be supplied with gold as sole basis, remembering that the lowest estimate of the amount of gold required each year to supply the present demand of the arts and sciences and dentistry—and which increases yearly—is at least 60 millions per annum, and up to possibly 90 millions; take out whatever sum this may be, and this must be supplied by paper. The evident insufficiency of supply opens the door to monopoly of gold supplies and corners in gold, by which the locking up in a critical time of even a moderate quantity of gold would produce a panic and financial crisis. If this be so now, what will be the condition fifty years from now, when the time will have added at least 700 millions to the world's inhabitants, and to maintain an equal per capita sum would have required by that time the creation of at least 7,000 millions more money than now exists, and to maintain our present rate of progress double this amount, or 14,000 millions will need to be added. I cannot think that there are deposits of gold on the surface of the globe to afford any such sum. One is lost in discussing the subject. I have a strong feeling that some other resource must be devised as a basis for currency than gold, and I will in another letter give you my ideas.

Most sincerely,
Your affectionate A. F. H.

Gresham's Law

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A few months ago I subscribed for your valuable paper in order that I might have abundance of light and truth during the campaign. Will you kindly allow me to call your attention to a general error which you have made, in common with most writers and speakers who oppose independent free coinage? It is a thing as simple as the Gresham Law, and yet I have not seen it correctly stated, while the conclusions drawn from it are often false.

Cleveland's
Baking Powder
does the work
just right
every time.

The law as commonly stated is that the cheaper coin will drive the dearer one out of circulation. From this it is implied that, under free coinage, silver will drive gold out of circulation and also out of the country. Now, this law works only when there is a redundancy of coin. It does not work to cause violent contraction. The tendency of contraction is to lift the cheaper coin up to the value of the dearer, and cause both to float together. The law properly stated should be: When there is a redundancy of coin, the cheaper will drive the dearer out of circulation. Under free coinage gold will not leave us by the action of the Gresham Law until enough silver is coined to cause a redundancy of coin. Free coinage will not, therefore, necessarily cause violent contraction. So important is this point that I hope you will make a note of it before the campaign closes.

R. E. B.

Chicopee, Mass.

The Precious Metals

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook for October 17 "F. S. K." says that the production of the precious metals is not largely governed by the market price, and "that any increase in the production of the precious metals is largely dependent upon chance finds."

Is either statement correct? Gold is used for coinage, also for jewelry and ornamentation. A large part of the gold mined must be sold in the open market, but the market value of gold is such that the average person cannot afford to spend a great amount for gold ornaments. Hence the limited demand for gold, and, therefore, limited production.

With free coinage of silver there might be an unlimited amount of silver coined.

Every mine-owner in the United States would work his mine for all there was in it if there were a market in this country for every ounce of silver it contained.

When the United States Government had taken the silver bullion and coined it into dollars, those dollars would go back into the mine-owner's own capacious pocket to spend how and where he pleased, in this country or abroad, as he pleased. Perhaps he would go to some South American silver country with which the silverites are anxious to increase our trade, and buy another silver mine—one of the inex-

Votes

Have been cast by thousands of sufferers from impure blood, and their verdict has settled the question of the great curative power of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every mail car brings in these letters of praise for Hood's Sarsaparilla. They tell the same wonderful story of health restored, pain and suffering relieved, and happiness brought back. They prove

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

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haustible mines of the Andes, for instance. Then he would bring more silver bullion to the United States to coin. Those dollars would also belong to him. He might possibly spend a few in this country, so as to say he was increasing the amount of silver money in use in this country. By and by he would be rich enough to exchange his silver for half its weight in gold, or less by that time, and go to the gold countries of Europe and end his days in luxurious ease.

An extreme case? Possibly. Meanwhile our silver dollars would be worth the weight of the silver that was in them, fifty-three cents or less, according to the market value of silver for the world. We laboring people would have to work just as hard as we do now for our $1 or $2 a day, but the hard-earned dollars would be worth only the silver that was in them. Why will a United States silver dollar or silver certificate buy 100 cents' worth to-day? Because it has a gold dollar behind it. Take your United States silver dollar to Mexico. Buy a dollar's worth of goods. You will get your dollar's worth of goods—what the Mexican shopkeeper calls a dollar's worth, of course—and a Mexican silver dollar in change. Because a United States dollar is worth two of the Mexican, and the Mexican dollar you would get in change would have more silver in it than the United States dollar you took with you. So much for our gold standard at present.

And, after all, how does helping the mine-owner help the farmer? We hear a great deal about helping the farmer and the poor laboring man, but how is free coinage of silver going to do it? How is the money to reach the farmer? If the United States Government offered to buy all the wheat the farmers would raise, every farmer would plant every square inch of his land in wheat, and we should hear no more of abandoned farms. Then the farmers and laboring people and everybody else would be benefited, and we should all be sure of cheap bread, though perhaps not much else in the way of cheap food. Similar to the other case? Yes, but a farm is a small thing compared to a silver-mine, and the farmer would be likely to spend his money in this country. But is not one plan as sensible as the other?

Some people say "with free coinage there will be more money, and we'll all get some of it." That reminds me of a picture that I saw the other day. A farmer from a very rural district has ridden into town to interview the station agent. He says, "If Bryan gets elected we'll have free silver, won't we?" "Yes." "Well, when you get the free silver, will you send it out to us, or shall we come in after it?"

We should all have to work for our money, and the farmer and grocer and shoemaker would give us fifty cents' worth of their goods for fifty cents' worth of silver even if that fifty cents' worth of silver were marked one dollar. Wheat and manufactured goods have a value in the market of the world, as well as silver, and the farmer and manufacturer would want the market price. "A man is known by the company he keeps" applies to intelligence as well as to morals, and we, as the United States of America, want to be with the best company we can find in the world.

If the greatest countries of the world and the best financiers of our own country approve of a gold standard, why should we wish to rank ourselves with Mexico and China

Isn't China spoken of in the geographies as half-civilized? G. W. S.

Highlandville, Mass.

The Power of Free Coinage to Restore the Parity

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of the 17th inst., "F. S. K." states that after the adoption of free coinage we should have the six hundred millions of gold now supposed to be in this country "thrown upon the markets of the world, *and a demand created for at least enough silver to coin an equal amount.*" (The italics are mine.) This seems to be a singular misconception; there is no evidence that there would be any such demand. The United States Government now holds over four hundred millions of silver idle in its vaults. This quantity would be at once available. Last year's production of silver was upwards of two hundred millions of dollars, and with free coinage of silver in this country the production would probably increase largely.

These facts, I think, completely upset "F. S. K.'s" theory of a short supply of silver to be caused by the advance of gold to a premium. On the other hand, as you point out in an article in the same number of your paper on the Transvaal gold fields, there is every prospect of a very large and very steady increase in the supply of gold, which will tend to equalize the value of the two metals.

In view of this immediate increase of the gold supply of the world, it seems the height of folly to debase our currency and incur all the dangers which must follow such a course. O. E. E.

Blowing Rock, N. C.

Respectfully referred to The Outlook of October 10

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your paper dated May 4, 1895, page 721, in reply to Secretary Morton's statement as to the cause of falling price of silver, you show by table that it was not due to its increased production. In summing up the article you say, the relative depreciation of silver since 1873 (and especially since 1893) is entirely due to legislation, decreasing the demand for silver and increasing the demand for gold. The relative value which legislation clearly destroyed, legislation can as clearly restore. This is just what the silverites are claiming now, and you are at this time giving your aid to McKinley. Please give your answer, through the columns of The Outlook, why this change of front. J. W. F.

Fairlawn, O.

An Office-Holding Aristocracy

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you have the fairness to publish a protest against your recent editorial on "Civil Service Reform" as an issue in the present political campaign?

I have read and re-read the Democratic plank on this subject, and am utterly unable to find in it any justification of your statement that it is an attack upon our civil service system, and the still more astounding and sweeping assertion that "there is small reason to doubt that if Mr. Bryan is elected our whole system of civil service would be swept away." I am not writing as a silverite—I have no affiliations with the party—but as a governmental employee, appointed under civil service, and a long-time reader of The Outlook, anxious to keep his respect for and confidence in the fairness of that paper.

The Democratic plank declares for "appointments based on merit" and "equal opportunities for all citizens of ascertained fitness." You characterize these statements as "vague" and "shadowy." I have never seen anything from either party clearer or more reassuring. Will you justify your adjectives?

It also objects to life terms and declares for "fixed terms of office."

This is a new departure, and fit subject of criticism and discussion.

At sight it might seem to invite the evils of the spoils system; but, as a result of some two years' experience of the inevitable working of our present laws, I wish to say to you that I think no more useful amendment to our civil service could be made than a fixed term of office—in other words, periodical re-examinations to test continued fitness.

It is notorious that our Government pays higher salaries for less work than competing employers. The idea that the Government should lead in liberality toward labor, the pensioning sentiment, and, most of all, the personal touch of office-holders themselves with the Government, secures this, and their combined influence is massed against all reform that imperils their positions. A reform department chief finds as a result of all this a low standard of work as compared with the outside business he has been managing. Where there is a flagrant violation of rules or exceptional incompetence discharge is easily effected, but this very fact of a low average makes it well-nigh impossible to single out and dismiss enough to revitalize the service. You would regard such wholesale removal of men selected and serving without complaint for years under civil service as a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the law, and yet it is the easiest way of renovating the service, of removing the rust and sloth and decrepitude and rutism that mark the average old Government employee and debase the service.

Furthermore, so long as Government employees get more pay for work than the average, the many will be taxed for the benefit of the few, and the "outs," the many, will legitimately protest against such favoritism. This I understand the Bryan party to do more from the logic of the situation than from the phraseology of their declaration, but this is no part of true civil service, but its abuse.

Are you not governed by preconceptions and do you not confuse all suggestions of reform with the desire for "spoils"? OFFICE-HOLDER.

Free Silver Coinage Moral and Wise

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you permit a few questions from one who finds neither his judgment nor his conscience satisfied with the outcome of your discussion of the political issues in The Outlook of October 10? As is usual with The Outlook, you have made all those who are compelled to differ with you in your final conclusions your debtors for the fairness with which you state the underlying facts and principles in the opening of your article. Your spirit of candor and fairness has carried great weight, and has made us desirous of agreeing with your conclusions. Unable to do that, I am sure that your courtesy will welcome questions designed to show why I feel constrained to doubt the assurance you would have us feel in your conclusions.

1 First, as to the morals of the free coinage of silver. The moral objections to free coinage you say are more serious than the economic objections. The first question I ask is, Cannot your two principles for guidance in times of moral perplexity be turned against your own cause? You say it is rarely wise to do to another what he thinks unjust. I do not know what stronger argument you could put into the hands of the advocates of free coinage. Do you know how strong is the sense of injustice that has been rankling in the hearts of tens of thousands for years? It is this very sense of injustice which has given this movement its mighty impetus and is to-day making it almost resistless in its momentum. Nor is it satisfied in directing itself against a wrong inflicted by a former generation. I am convinced that the crime of '73, as the crime of '73, has never taken very strong hold of the general conviction of the people. They are rather content to let that go with Professor Francis A. Walker's characterization of it as one of the greatest political blunders to be found upon the pages of history. But it is the injustice of the maintenance of the gold standard in the light of the present facts that arouses this sense of outraged justice. It is a present wrong, persisted in in the face of long-continued and unheeded protests.

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that has so stirred up the feelings of the West and South. So over against your first principle we may place this second: It is equally rarely morally wise to continue to do to another what he thinks unjust. This compels the weighing of wrong against wrong. Which course involves the greater injustice? Which injustice is perpetrated under the least excusable circumstances? Which victim of the wrong, admitting both courses to involve wrong, is best able to endure its hardships? If I read aright the messages of all God's prophets, it is that injustice takes on a special turpitude when it is inflicted upon the poor or the defenseless. Now, is not this battle of the gold standard the battle of the strong against the weak; if you please, of the wise against the unwise? Are not our ears almost constantly assaulted with the charge that this is the battle of the poor against the well-to-do? of the proletariat against the property-owner, according to Archbishop Ireland?

Alongside of your second principle may not this one also be placed: It is never morally right voluntarily to continue upon a course of action as to the justice of which the actor is himself in doubt? It would seem that in view of the widespread ills resulting from the gold standard—evils not problematical, not lying in the future, and uncertain ever to occur, but evils now for a long time present, with us to-day, and therefore not dependent on any man's infallibility as a prophet, evils which have already entailed untold suffering and loss—it would seem that in view of this fact there ought to be awakened some compunctions of conscience and some misgivings of wisdom on the part of those who are endeavoring to force the continuance of the gold standard. Is not the Nation equally uncertain as to the moral merits of the gold standard as to those of free coinage? And if that uncertainty is fatal to the one course, should it not be equally fatal to the other? If a nation may not enter upon an experiment which a large proportion of its people regard as immoral or even of doubtful morality, then how may it continue upon such a course after its results have clearly indicated its immoral character? Let it not be forgotten that there are two consciences here; and if one will be outraged by being made a party to free coinage, the other will be equally outraged by being still held a party to the gold standard. If on the one hand there is a question of honesty, on the other there is a question of righteousness. How far are we required, how far are we justified, to entail this suffering and loss upon the innocent, in order to continue to pay our creditors in gold? I fail to see that the question of repudiation has place in the discussion. Silver and gold have been the world's money for thousands of years. This Nation, with a few others, was foolish enough to abandon silver. Wisdom and sound economics dictate its restoration. Any sacrifice involved therein must be accepted as a part of the price of the common folly. If it be said that others ought not to be required to pay the price of our folly, the answer is that all knew alike that we were embarked upon this untried experiment, that no guarantee was given to any that it would be continued should it prove disastrous, and, therefore, all investors took the risk of its abandonment.

By what consideration are we compelled to continue this costly experiment? No political jugglery is able longer to hide its folly, nor will be able much longer to hide its iniquity.

Much is made of the fact that our return to silver is to be an experiment. To me it is an exact reversal of the facts. It is monometallism that is the experiment, as Professor Walker has so well said. It cannot even longer claim the shelter of a doubt. Twenty-three years have already weighed it in the balances and found it wanting.

Speaking now upon the economic side of the question, it does not seem to me that you have done justice to Mr. Bryan's argument. Unintentionally, I am sure, you have done injustice to the argument for free silver. Its proposition, varying your statement a little, would be: "The gold standard is proving a disastrous experiment; it is safe to abandon an experiment when its disastrous character has been clearly shown." Now, the argument by which this proposition is maintained was left out of sight in your discussion. For it you substituted Mr. Bryan's "firm conviction." Instead of the firm conviction, it would have been better to have given the argument upon which that firm conviction is based. It is available in the free-coinage literature, and especially in the writings of St. John, Harvey, President Andrews, and in these latter weeks in the testimony of the leading European bimetallists, of whose recent change of front nothing is said in your article—an omission which seemed to me very remarkable, considering its weighty bearing on the question under discussion. I know nothing in the recent literature of this subject quite so important. Their common note is that if the present deadlock is to be broken, it is to be by some strong and independent nation taking the lead. And in this crisis they turn their eyes hopefully toward the United States.

Sanguine must he be who hopes that the return to silver, however accomplished, is to produce "nothing but beneficial results." It is only by contrasting the possible dangers of that return, even by the United States alone, with not only the present evils of the gold standard but those also which loom portentously in the future, that we are encouraged to venture the hazard. If "monometallism only half born" has wrought such havoc, what must be expected from the full-born child! Instant strangulation would seem to be in order! I admit the danger of precipitancy. But is there no danger in delay? May we not be losing a glorious opportunity? You surely are not insensible to the deep purpose behind the St. Louis platform. to fasten the gold standard upon this country? If it rested with Mr. McKinley alone, it might be different. But will not those who have forced him upon that platform, rather the platform upon him, and who will elect him, if he is elected, control to a large degree, in spite of his efforts, the course of his administration? It is because we see this set purpose in those who are chiefly fighting Mr. McKinley's battles that we fear the results of his election. It is on this account, too, that we are willing to risk some perils which many good people are now so ready to threaten upon the election of Mr. Bryan. I am confident that it is easy to exaggerate those perils. Many selfish and unpatriotic influences are conspiring to do so. Corporate greed shrinks from seeing Mr. Bryan in the Presidential chair, and with good reason. For this reason it has not hesitated to magnify the dangers of free coinage. Looking at the industrial progress of Mexico for the last ten years as compared with our own, I cannot bring myself to feel that even the threatened silver basis for this country, temporarily at least, would be such an unmixed and dreadful calamity. I prefer to reason from facts I know, rather than from those I conjecture. Nor can I see how gold, as it begins to decline, as it must in regard to commodities, even though it go to a considerable premium over silver, is going to go into hiding. Men do not hoard depreciating money, but money that is appreciating. If property begins to appreciate, will not gold seek investment in order to profit by the rise, instead of hiding and suffering the loss of its own decline? If a general enforcement of debt-payment is undertaken, will not the creditor lose more thereby in the long run than the debtor? On the whole, it seems to me that we are not yet half-way across the river to the safe ground of monometallism on the other side, if indeed there be such safe ground. There is deeper water before us than we have yet passed through. It is easier to turn back than to keep on. It is also safer; for we know both the water and the ground behind us, while we know neither before. The real experiment is not in going back, but in keeping on. President Andrews agrees with Professor Walker that the waters are not half passed through, and are deeper ahead than behind. Under the circumstances I cannot feel that it is safe to put those in command whose real purpose, whatever their words may be, is to keep up the forward march.

With only the highest appreciation for both the ability as well as the candor and fairness of your article, I am yet impelled to send you this protest.

San Miguel, Cal. T. W. D L.

[For other Correspondence see following pages]

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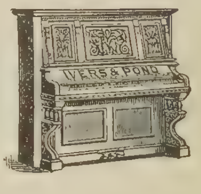

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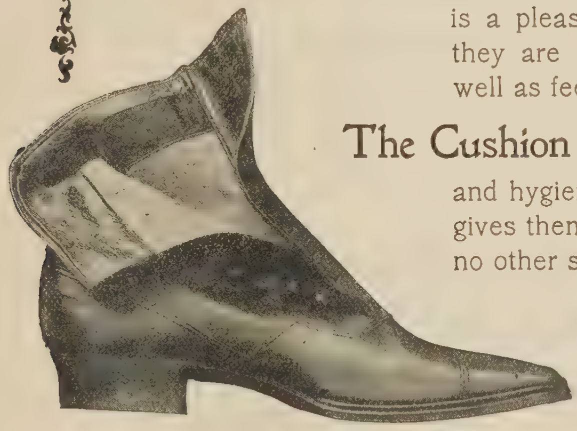

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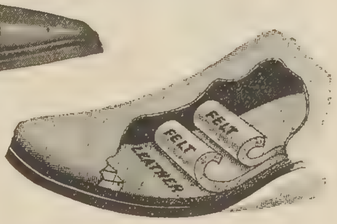

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Bits of Fun

"There is poetry in everything," mused the editor. "Now there is yonder waste-basket." And he laughed, as he sometimes did when he was all alone.—*Detroit Tribune.*

She—I think your young friend is entitled to great credit for the way he is doing. He—Yes, and the fellow gets it. He owes more than he can ever pay.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An old lady lauding up the Thames scenery said to Whistler: "The whole trip along the river was like a series of your superb etchings." "Yees," he replied, "nature is creeping up." —*McClure's Magazine.*

Mamma—How cruel, Eleanor, to hurt the poor little worm! Eleanor—But he looked so lonesome, mamma, an' I jus' cut him in two so's he'd have company, an' the two of him wiggled off together jus' ever so happy.—*Life.*

"John," she said, rather sternly, "the coal-bin is empty." "Yes," was the disconsolate reply, "it's that way the most of the time. It's never of use in an immediate emergency. I'm going to change its name, and call it the 'coal has been.'"—*Christian Work.*

Streeter—I don't understand how you can be so engrossed in religious work. Kirke—I suppose it depends in large measure upon association. There are people who are interested in golfing, for instance. Streeter—Oh, that's different.—*Boston Transcript.*

Like Beavers.—Tommy—Paw, what does it mean in the paper when it says that the leaders of a party are working like beavers? Mr. Figg—It might mean they are saying nothing and sawing wood, but it usually means they have begun throwing mud.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"I presume," remarked the tourist, "the amazons have a war cry?" The King of Dahomey inclined his head affirmatively. "Yes," he answered; "that is to say, they use substantially the same cry in war that they use when they want a new dress. Yes. Effective? Say!"—*Detroit Tribune.*

A Scotch visitor to the Carlyles in Cheyne Row was much struck with the sound-proof room which the sage had contrived for himself in the attic, lighted from the top, and where no sight or sound from outside could penetrate. "My certes, this is fine," cried the old friend, with unconscious sarcasm. "Here ye may write and study all the rest of your life, and no human being be one bit the wiser."—*Household Words.*

A certain rector in a Suffolk village who was disliked in the parish had a curate who was very popular, and on his leaving was presented with a testimonial. This excited the envy and wrath of the rector, and, meeting with an old lady one day, he said: "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this testimonial." "Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd bin a-going I'd 'ave subscribed double."—*Tit-Bits.*

A rich man of this city gave a chestnut party. Chestnut parties are quite the rage just now. They are easily planned and carried out. About the only necessity is chestnuts. That's where the rich man stumbled. The chestnut supply at the point he had selected for the party was scarce. There was a splendid tree, but its crop was light. Wealth is the true father of expedients. The rich man bought a generous supply of chestnuts and sent them out to be carefully scattered beneath the tree. When the party arrived at the nutting ground, lo! the tree had been shaken, and there on the ground lay the remarkably generous supply of nuts. The business of gathering them went merrily forward, when, all of a sudden, one of the older members of the party picked up a fallen leaf and looked at it suspiciously. Then she glanced up at the tree above her. "Isn't it strange?" she said. "Isn't what strange?" asked the rich man. "That all these chestnuts should grow on an oak tree." And it was oak, sure enough. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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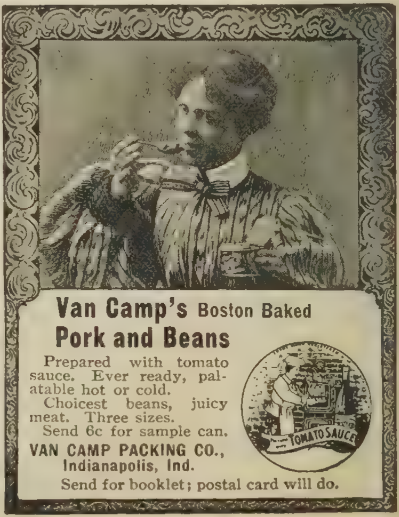

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About People

—Herr Krupp has dismissed all foreign workmen and officers, on the ground that they might betray his methods of gunmaking to foreign governments.

—The latest journals from Naples assert, upon what they say is the highest authority, that Verdi has given up his work on the opera "King Lear," and that for many reasons he will leave it a posthumous and unfinished achievement. The papers add that the master is putting the finishing touches to an oratorio to be sung by large choral masses; it is said to be in the style of the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn.

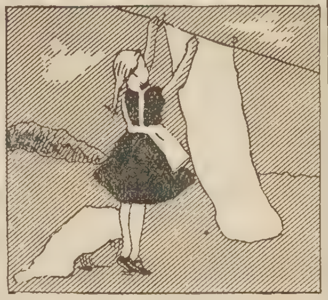
—The Lord Mayor-elect of London is Mr. Alderman George Faudel Phillips, a son of Sir Benjamin Phillips, who was chief magistrate of London in 1865. This is the only instance of father and son having been Lord Mayors. Mr. Phillips is a Hebrew and a millionaire merchant. His wife is the sister of Sir Edward Lawson, the owner of the London "Daily Telegraph."

—The Vermont Legislature has just reelected as United States Senator Justin S. Morrill, who thus attains a distinction reached by no other man in the history of this country. He has now been chosen to the Senate for six consecutive terms of six years each. Only one other man has ever been so continuously in public life in Washington—Senator Sherman. Both men entered the House together, and since 1867 have been colleagues in the Senate except during the four years when Mr. Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury.

—We recently published a note relating to the manner of signature of English bishops. Since then the following has come under our observation. Mr. C. J. London, the well-known horticulturist (whose handwriting was notoriously bad), once wrote to the old Duke of Wellington, asking permission to inspect his Walmer beeches—the beech avenue at Walmer Castle being famous. "Bless me!" said the Duke, "I wonder what the Bishop of London wants with my Waterloo breeches." However, with military promptitude, he rang for Constant, his valet, and ordered him to take those articles to the Bishop of London. Stupefaction of the Bishop!

—William Adams Richardson, Chief Justice of the Court of Claims at Washington, who has just died, was an Overseer of Harvard University, and also at one time lecturer and professor in the Georgetown Law School. Years ago, when practicing in Massachusetts, he was appointed to revise the statutes of that State, and soon after was chosen by the Legislature to edit the annual supplements to the general statutes, a duty which he continued to perform during twenty-two years. In 1869 he became Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, and in 1871 went to Europe as financial agent of our Government to negotiate the sale of the United States funded loan. In 1873 he became Secretary of the Treasury, but the next year resigned his position in order to accept a seat on the bench of the United States Court of Claims.

—The Chicago "Times-Herald" tells this story about Sir Walter Besant: "One day in midsummer, while the World's Fair Auxiliary Congress of Authors was in session, the Art Institute became as hot as an oven, and Walter Besant—the English novelist, now Sir Walter—nudged one of the managers of the Congress, while some one was reading a tiresome paper, and whispered: 'I say, my man, can't we slip out of here and get a breath of air and a little something cool to drink?' The great and good man thus addressed readily assented, and piloted the Englishman across Michigan Avenue into a drug-store and against a soda-fountain. 'What will you have, Mr. Besant?' he inquired, waving his hand toward the fountain. 'Gimme a pint of 'alf and 'alf.' promptly responded the novelist. The embarrassed pilot gasped, and explained that no 'strong' drinks could be bought there. Mr. Besant calmly adjusted his eyeglasses, looked the marble outfit over quizzically, and ejaculated: "It's one of those blarsted American fizzing machines! All right, sir; go ahead; do you choose for me. Pick out whatever you consider least dangerous.'"



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Bronchitis.

New York, Aug. 26, 1896.

My Dear Sir: I am very loath as a minister to give an endorsement to a patented article, but I feel it but just to you to say that I have used your Hyomei for Bronchitis with perfect success. I had a chronic cold last winter which stubbornly resisted every remedy for seven weeks. Your Hyomei gave me relief in one day, and enabled me to fill all my subsequent lecture dates with satisfaction.

(Rev.) **Thomas Dixon, Jr.,**
Pastor People's Church.

Clifton Forge, Va.,
May 14, 1896.

Dear Sir: The patient for whom I ordered Booth's Hyomei Pocket Inhaler, and who was suffering from Purulent Bronchitis, expectorating large quantities of purulent, offensive sputum, made a perfect recovery, and is now a healthy, robust young man.

R. S. Wiley, M.D.

Catarrh.

Newry, S. C., Aug. 12, 1896.

Dear Sir: I have used your Pocket Inhaler for Catarrh of the head and throat, and it has benefitted me wonderfully. I think there is nothing that equals it. I believe it is all that you claim it to be. I can highly recommend it to any one suffering from any kind of Catarrh.

W. W. Veal.

Colds.

Lyceum Theatre,
London, Sept. 6, 1896.

Dear Sir: It is quite true that I am using the Hyomei Pocket Inhaler and I have the greatest pleasure in strongly recommending it.

Faithfully yours, **Henry Irving.**

Asthma.

New Haven, Conn., May 5, 1896.

I have given Hyomei a thorough test during the past winter, consequently I have been able to go to bed and sleep without being disturbed by my old enemy, Asthma. Hyomei should be in every home in the land.

L. A. Kimberley,
P. O. Box 1102.

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23 Marshall St.,
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La Grippe.

The author of the $1,000 prize story "Titus" says:

Staten Island, March 6, 1896.

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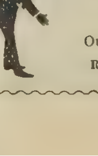

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Correspondence

[For other Correspondence see page 796]

A Criticism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your letter of October 15, 1896, was duly received. I should be glad to take your paper, but I think $3 is too high these times under a gold standard. Two dollars will buy as much now as $4 would a few years ago. As you are in favor of the existing gold standard, you ought to be satisfied to reduce the price of your paper to $2. You are too intelligent to believe that bimetallism will ever be established by the co-operation of Great Britain and the principal commercial nations, unless it is first established by the United States. What the St. Louis platform says about it is a "tub thrown to amuse the whale."

I am in favor of a paper currency based on gold and silver in the Government vaults, dollar for dollar. I would cancel all greenbacks and Treasury notes as fast as they are redeemed; have no banks of issue and circulation; wind up all national banks as fast as their charters expire; would favor and regulate banks of deposit and discount; issue government certificates on all the gold and silver bullion offered at the present weight and ratio, and make them a legal tender for all debts, public and private; coin the bullion at the convenience of the Government; pay creditors gold or silver at the option of the debtor; place gold and silver on an equality as money.

The country will then have a stable currency, not based on confidence or fiat money, and not liable to create a panic for fear it cannot or will not be kept on a par with gold, as the gold and silver parties alternate in power; a currency that will expand as fast as the wealth and population of the country expand. It will require no expert skill in banking to provide a currency of that kind. Such a revolution in the currency should be wrought out gradually, with a desire to produce as little disturbance of business and injustice as possible.

Very likely gold would go to a premium at first, but the immense demand for silver would so enhance its value that the two metals would soon circulate at par as money. Its commercial value, fixed by the gamblers of the stock exchange in London, Berlin, Paris, and New York, would fluctuate, but the mint value would be practically stable. Our experience from 1792 to 1873 shows that such a currency in substance could be established, if gold financiers would consent to it. Then the currency question would not be political.

It appears to me that the "two principles by which we may well be guided in times of moral perplexity," found on page 643 of The Outlook for October 10th, are too shadowy to be applied to this currency question, when you agree that we are suffering from the fraud of 1873 demonetizing silver, when the Matthews resolution, January 25–28, 1878, passed the Senate by a vote of two to one, and the House by a vote of three to one, provided "that to return to its coinage such silver coins as legal tender in payment of said bonds, principal and interest, is not a violation of the public faith, nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditors," when the House passed a free-coinage bill in 1890, which McKinley voted for, and when the Senate now has a majority of nine for free silver. If the doctrine of your two moral principles had prevailed, slavery never would have been abolished. Where one creditor will be hurt by free coinage, fifty debtors will be benefited; and many creditors will be more benefited by the appreciation of other property than hurt by decline in money.

If these low prices continue until a majority of the farmers become tenants of their creditors, the country at large will suffer more than it will if a few thousand creditors lose a few millions of dollars by the decline in money. Let me state a case. The great majority of our creditors are the holders of greenbacks, and the bonds bought with greenbacks. They cost, on an average, fifty cents on the dollar, measured in gold. Under a gold standard they have doubled in value by the appreciation of gold, giving them a profit of four dollars to one. Do you call that just? Would there be any injustice now to redeem the greenbacks and bonds in silver worth fifty-three cents on the dollar, measured by the commercial value (which is not the mint value) and 100 cents by the mint or money value?

I have tried to condense. Hope I am understood.

D. L. PRATT, Ex-Cir. Judge.

Hillsdale, Mich.

A Clergyman's View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Democracy and republican institutions are being greatly distrusted and discredited by those who have been unflinching supporters of popular government. Men and papers whose views naturally allied them with popular movements heretofore have become, strange to say, and in an hour when the Nation needed them most, either direct upholders of unrepublican policies, or apologizers for a business and economic system whose evils are widely felt and acknowledged.

Into certain aspects of this conduct The Outlook has entered, which, if the writer understand the position of an accredited independent catholic journal—a journal imbued with the scientific and social spirit—is a step its friends did not expect to see it take. To instance, The Outlook of June 27 said, in substance, that we are obliged to take the judgment of experts upon the money question, though experts are likely to be biased, or are not always disinterested parties; that the gold standard has worked great injury and injustice; that free coinage of silver would, without the consent of the leading nations to bimetallism, produce greater injustice and inequality; and that, therefore, we had better remain under a gold standard, though serious evils attend it, until bimetallism is secured by international agreement. The admissions in the above declaration are all that the gold-standard advocates asked in the opening of the campaign, as subsequent discussion has proven.

The first admission is that the money question must be referred to experts; the next is that silver monometallism would be worse than gold monometallism; the third is that bimetallism cannot exist without the joint agreement of nations.

These neutralize completely the accusations, which are, first, that experts may be selfish; and, second, that gold has wrought great injustice.

Now, the logic of all who have supported the St. Louis platform is that expert judgment assures the only safe financial policy; that the people are not capable of rendering a just decision upon so important a matter, and, therefore, they should vote for a financial system proposed by those who believe that gold is the only sound basis for money, or is the only money furnished by commercial experience and nature; that no legislation is needed upon the question. Hence The Outlook's first admission is made the reason for shifting the whole question of finance from the people, from legislation, from Congress, to the men who are called experts, and these are the few who have pronounced the gold standard sound and safe. This virtually distrusts the popular convictions, which are bimetallic, and which have arisen, not out of unmoral nor immoral people, but out of those basic virtues which declare what is just and right between men.

Concerning the second admission of The Outlook, that silver would be worse than gold as the only basic money, it turns out that the party The Outlook supports holds, in the arguments made, that the gold standard has no evils and has not wrought great injustice, and hence it is not to be set aside. And as to having bimetallism by international agreement, the arguments of this party are that the commercial nations do not want bimetallism. This was the only thing in The Outlook's deliverance that pointed to the settlement of the question by popular consent; and yet, after the Republican leaders, speakers, and interpreters have spent the time in this campaign in showing that bimetallism has proven a failure in the commercial nations, it seeks to swell the vote for Mr. McKinley in a series of editorials saying that he is more likely to secure bimetallism for us than Mr. Bryan. If this party had made an argument throughout the discussion harmonizing with its plank on the money issue, or had acknowledged the evils of the present system and that we must get around to bimetallism as soon as possible, The Outlook would not be in quite so bad an attitude, and it would not have given substantial aid to views that seriously distrust the popular mind of this country. The Outlook contends strongly for democracy and the acceptance of democracy's results, though these may involve some evils; but this writer has noticed that when a real issue arises in politics—not in religion or theology—it departs from its creed.

It is time for journals and teachers who feed the social virtues to show absolute or practical faith in their philosophy.

G. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Pastor M. E. Church.

Glenwood, Mo.

Had Never Picked a Flower

Thirty-five boys and girls in Chicago, who recently applied for admission to the Joseph Medill Summer School, were asked to answer the following six questions: 1. Were you ever in the woods? 2. Did you ever see the lake? 3. Did you ever pick a flower? 4. Were you ever in the park? 5. Did you ever ride in a wagon behind horses? 6. Did you ever ride in a car on the railroad?

On examining the answers it was found that thirty out of thirty-five had never been in the woods, nineteen had never seen Lake Michigan, eight had never picked a flower. During the writing of the answers one little girl was found to be crying bitterly. On inquiry it was discovered that she had been obliged to answer no to nearly all the questions, and "was afraid she wouldn't pass." The Secretary of the Bureau of Charities, in relating the incident, said: "She had never seen Lake Michigan, never picked a flower, never been in the woods, but she understood perfectly well an examination."

—M. Émile Zola, who is an expert bicyclist, is, according to a Parisian journal, so fond of the wheel that he has made up his mind to write a novel about it. The novel is to follow the book entitled "Paris." The development of the cycling movement, in M. Zola's opinion, is destined to produce a race of vigorous young men and women.

You might just as well try to blow around a weather vane as to help some people by pointing out the right way. They won't see it. Even if you prove to them that it's the easiest way, and the safest, and cheapest, they won't walk in it. But this isn't so with all. It's only a few, comparatively. We're not complaining. There are millions of women who have seized on Pearline's way of washing—glad to save their labor, time, clothes, and money with it. Most women don't need much urging when they fully understand all the help that comes with Pearline. 500

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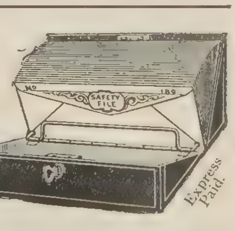

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The regular winter schedule of trains to Lakewood via the Central Railroad of New Jersey went into effect October 13. This is the only route to the great resort in the New Jersey pines, and the Company offers a service up to the highest standard of excellence. Trains leave New York, station foot of Liberty Street, as follows: 1:45 and 4:40 P.M., reaching Lakewood at 3:35 and 6:25 P.M., respectively. Each train carries a Pullman car through. Express trains to New York leave Lakewood at 7:45 and 10:50 A.M. Two of the large hotels are now open; likewise many of the cottages.

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Notes and Queries

1. Does Christ teach that God is the Father of all men? If so, where? Was not the Sermon on the Mount, in which the Fatherhood of God is implicitly taught, addressed primarily to the disciples alone? Does not Christ, in John viii., 41 ff., explicitly deny that God is the Father of some? Do you think the preaching of the universal Fatherhood of God is harmful on the ground that men, if taught that they already are sons of God, will think nothing further is necessary? 2. In Matt. xix., 17, where Christ asks, "Why callest thou me good?" does he deny his own sinlessness? 3. How does Kains's "Introduction to Philosophy" rank, and by whom is it published? 4. I notice a recent correspondent asks for a text-book on systematic theology written from the standpoint of modern scholarship, and you reply, "There is none." I think "An Outline of Christian Theology," by Professor William N. Clarke, of Hamilton Theological Seminary, which can be obtained direct of Dr. Clarke, would be the thing your correspondent desires. R. A. A.

1. The parable of the Prodigal Son, referring as it does to "publicans and sinners," is conclusive proof that Jesus taught the universal Fatherhood of God. The text you refer to does not deny this, but shows only what men make themselves to be, as in Matt. xxiii., 15 (R. V. *marg.*). The preaching of this truth is no more harmful than preaching what Paul referred to as "the goodness of God [which] leadeth thee to repentance" (Rom. ii., 4). 2. No; see R. V. and *margin*. In reading the different version of this saying found in Mark x., 18, Luke xviii., 19, emphasize the "*why.*" This will put you on the line of Jesus's suggestion to his inquirer, viz., that if the address "Good Master" conveyed more than a compliment, it practically acknowledged Jesus's authority to answer him by the Spirit of God, since he could be really good only as God was in him. 3. We do not know the book, and have endeavored to find it without success. 4. Another friend writes: "Dr. Clarke's 'Outline' is one of the best books I know on the subject. It is written from the standpoint of modern scholarship." The Baptist Publication Society, Fifth Avenue, New York, can supply it, at $2.50.

Please explain to me the essential difference, if any, between the Unitarians and the Liberal Orthodox. One sometimes hears it said by a Unitarian in speaking of a minister of the Liberal Orthodox variety, "He is a good enough Unitarian for me," and yet he always denies that he is a Unitarian.

A CONSTANT READER.

Those who make such remarks upon single sermons would qualify them after a three months' hearing. The essential, though not the only important, difference is in their estimate of Jesus. Unitarians believe Jesus to have been of human parentage on both sides, and to have been related to God precisely as we are. The Liberal Orthodox accept the Virgin Birth, and ascribe to Jesus an authority superior to human criticism.

I have been intensely interested in two editorials in your issue of October 17—"A Theological Etching" and "The Invalid." I like the theology that they breathe. Will you be kind enough to state the title or titles of one, two, or three volumes that give a system of such theology? C.

There is a legion of books which are pervaded by such theological ideas, but for systematic theology of that kind see President Hyde's "Outlines of Social Theology" (The Macmillan Company), and Professor W. N. Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology," a larger work, to be had of the Baptist Publication Society, New York.

Please tell me why the inhabitants of the District of Columbia are not allowed to vote for Presidential electors. I have tried to find out, but no one of whom I have inquired is able to enlighten me. I cannot conceive of any reason for the prohibition.

F. A. J.

For the same reason that the inhabitants of the Territories have likewise no vote. The Constitution, framed before the District or Territories were organized, provides for the choice of electors in the States only, in such manner as each State may determine.

A. H.—Your letter has unfortunately been mislaid, so that its queries cannot be reproduced, though answered from memory. For the influence of the North African Church upon Christian theology, see J. B. Heard's "Alexandrian and Carthaginian Theology" (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh). As to what can be said for the influence of Egypt, see J. F. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions." Oriental influences manifested themselves mainly in the Gnostic and Manichæan heresies, which the Church successfully withstood. The development of Mariolatry owes little to any specific outside source. The same may be said for Christian eschatology. As to Bishop Brooks's cure of his stammering, we can only repeat, from hearsay, that he overcame it by forcing himself into a habit of rapid speech.

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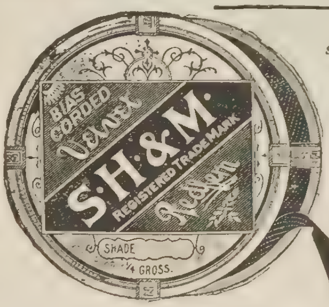

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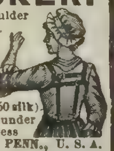

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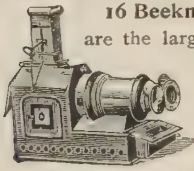

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THOSE answering advertisements appearing in The Outlook will confer a favor upon the advertiser as well as the publisher by mentioning this publication.

Ex-President Harrison on Coercion

Last Sunday evening ex-President Harrison thus vigorously denounced the attempt to coerce workingmen and the counsel to workingmen to render a feigned submission to the attempt when made:

"My friends, Mr. Bryan assumes that Mr. Ingalls and I have justified coercion. It is an assumption absolutely without truth. [Great applause.] Mr. Ingalls has publicly proclaimed that every employee of every railroad in his charge should be free to vote as he pleased. [Applause.] He has publicly declared that if any subordinate of his dismissed any man because of his political opinions, or attempted in any way to coerce his action and vote, he would dismiss that man and reinstate the workingman that was dismissed. [Applause.]

"It is not a question at all of justifying coercion. I denounce it; I have always denounced it. I have always proclaimed as American doctrine that every man should vote according to the dictates of his own conscience [applause]; that no man should coerce him, and that his vote, when cast, should be honestly counted. This gentleman does me wrong when he imputes to me any acquiescence in the suggestion that the vote of any man shall be coerced.

"But what of his position? My view of the situation is that if any railroad president, if any employer of labor, attempts to control the political convictions of any employee, he should assert his manhood then and there [great applause], and declare to that president or employer that he would vote as he pleased [continued applause], and that declaration of his will be supported by everybody. [Great applause.]

"I will undertake to defend this principle everywhere, not only here, but if an instance of this kind is brought to my attention I will pledge myself as a citizen and a lawyer to rebuke it. [Great applause.] What shall be said, however, of the suggestion that Mr. Bryan makes? I would have the workingman assert his manhood; not only vote as he pleases, but wear the button that he pleases [applause], march in the parade that he pleases, and ask no man's consent. [Applause.]

"I cannot think of stultification that goes further than for a man to cover his face with a mask and march under a banner that he declares he has to use to conceal his face in order to keep his place. [Applause.] That is not the spirit of a free man, and Mr. Bryan greatly undervalues the manhood of the American workingman when he commends such a programme as that to him. [Applause.] He greatly undervalues the sense of fairness of the American people; for I undertake to say that if there were one well-authenticated instance in the city of Indianapolis where the poorest workingman had been coerced in his convictions, the entire press of the city, the entire public sentiment of the city, would be felt in condemnation of the base act. [Applause.]"

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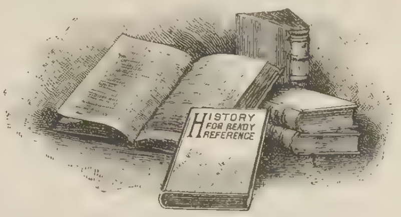

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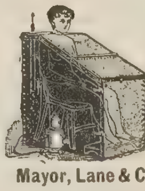

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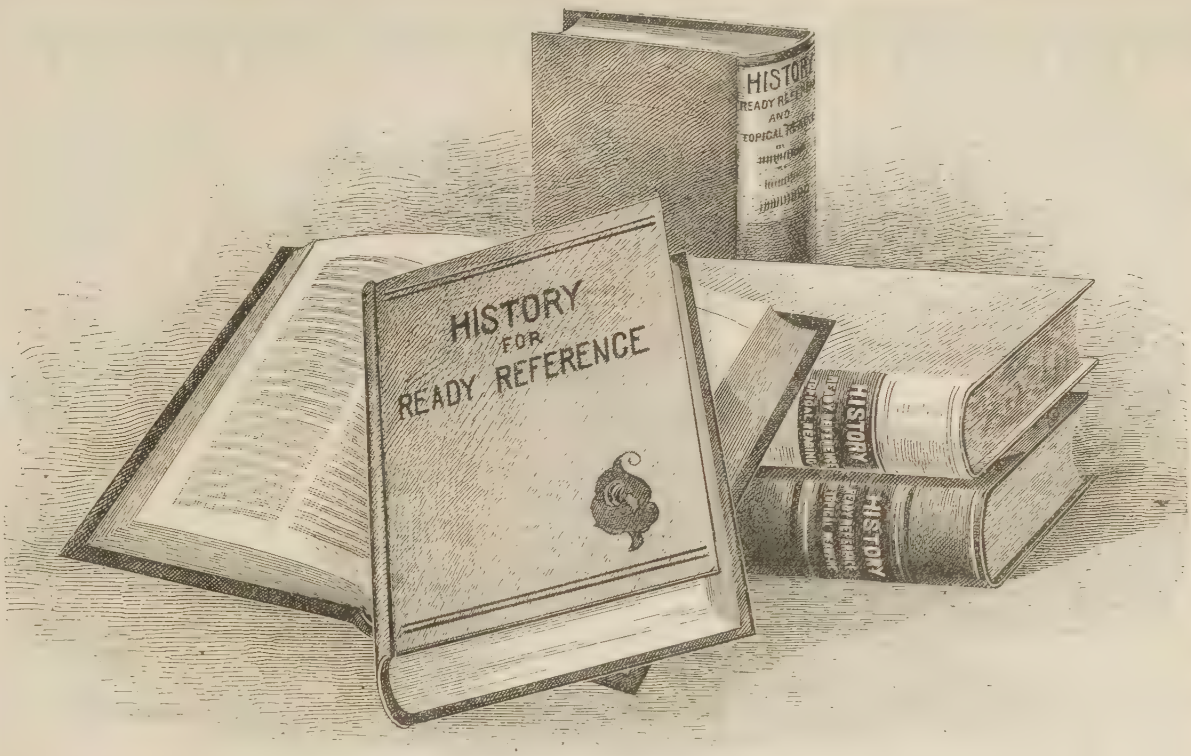

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THE Fifty-fifth volume of The OUTLOOK begins with the first of January, 1897. The new departure which The OUTLOOK made a year ago in becoming a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one has met with the most cordial approval on the part of all readers, and has greatly added to the popularity and the circulation of the paper. Beginning with the fifty-fifth volume, the paper will assume the regular magazine size, which will add greatly to its convenience and attractiveness. The OUTLOOK is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the ordinary issues, together with a large number of pictures. The following is a brief announcement of a few of the more important features for the coming year.

Justin McCarthy

The Story of Gladstone's Life

Mr. Justin McCarthy, the historian, novelist, and political leader, has written for The Outlook a popular life of the **Right Honorable William E. Gladstone.** Mr. McCarthy has maintained an intimate personal and political acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone for many years, and is peculiarly fitted for the work. His skill in graphic narration and in imparting to history the attractive qualities that many readers look for in fiction only is well illustrated in his book, "A History of Our Own Times." Few books of our generation have had a wider reading on both sides of the Atlantic. "The Story of Gladstone's Life" will be published in the Illustrated Magazine Numbers of The Outlook, beginning with January, and continuing through the year 1897. It will be profusely illustrated with portraits, reproductions of drawings, and other material gathered from many sources, including a series of photographs made for The Outlook at Hawarden, by special permission of Mr. Gladstone.

GREAT LIBRARIES

The New Library of Congress at Washington, which will, when completed, be the greatest library building and one of the greatest collections of books under a single roof in the world, has been described with the pen of the artist and book-lover for The Outlook by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, who devoted a week to the study of the superb building, and has painted four pictures, showing various aspects of it, for The Outlook. These paintings will be reproduced, each in a full page, and accompanied by reproductions in photograph of many features of decoration.

The Public Libraries of Chicago form the subject of an illustrated article from the pen of Rabbi Emil Hirsch, Ph.D., LL.D., of Sinai Temple, Chicago, Professor of Semitics in the Chicago University.

The Greater New York Library. The bringing together of the Astor Library, the Lenox Library, and the Tilden Library under one management in the city of New York, and the prospective erection of a great building which shall be the library center of the city, affords the topic for an important article by Dr. John Shaw Billings, who is to be the librarian of the consolidated library.

MUNICIPAL STUDIES

The cities of Detroit and Toronto, one in Western Canada and one in Michigan, of nearly the same size, are particularly interesting from many points of view. Articles concerning their municipal life have been secured from the Hon. Robert J. Fleming, Mayor of Toronto, and the Hon. H. S. Pingree, Mayor of Detroit.

SHORT STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE

The Outlook will make a strong feature of short stories of American life during the coming year. Many of the leading story-writers of this country will contribute tales dealing with life and character in the different sections of the country. Among the writers who will contribute stories are Octave Thanet, Hamlin Garland, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Grace King, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Charles Egbert Craddock, Brander Matthews, Martha McCulloch Williams, Margaret S. Briscoe, Anna Fuller, Annie Eliot, Virginia W. Cloud, and Anna Eichberg King.

The New Library of Congress
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AIDS TO THE DEVOUT LIFE

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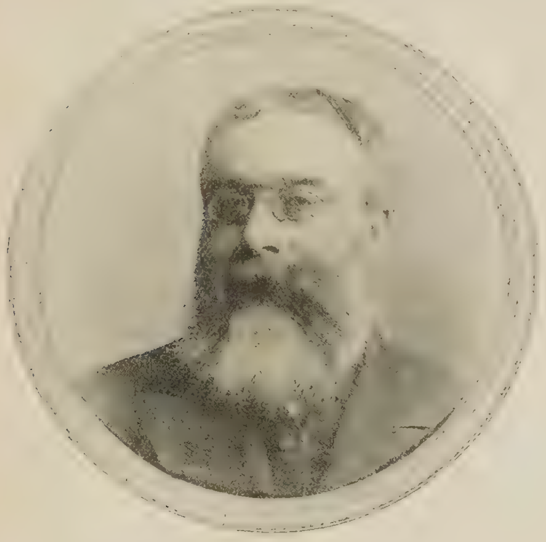

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LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, ROME, GENEVA

The articles on "The Higher Life of American Cities," so interesting a feature of The Outlook in 1896, will be supplemented in 1897 by a series of papers, profusely illustrated, concerning important European cities.

Sir Walter Besant, whose "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" was the inspiration of the People's Palace, has written for The Outlook a paper on "The Higher Life of London."

Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, whose explorations in Rome, and books about them, have made his name so well known, will write an article on "The Higher Life of Rome."

The Rev. Charles Wagner has written on "The Higher Life of Paris," and a singularly interesting series of illustrations has been secured for the article. M. Wagner is the author of "Youth," "Justice," and other important books.

Baron Hermann von Soden, the well-known preacher and theological writer, has written concerning "The Higher Life of Berlin," and his article will be, like the others, richly illustrated.

Professor Louis Wuarin, Professor of Sociology in the University of Geneva, will write the article on "The Higher Life of Geneva."

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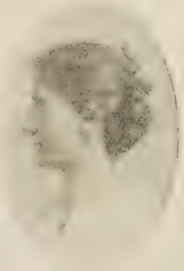

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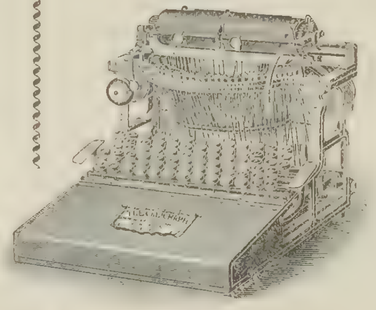

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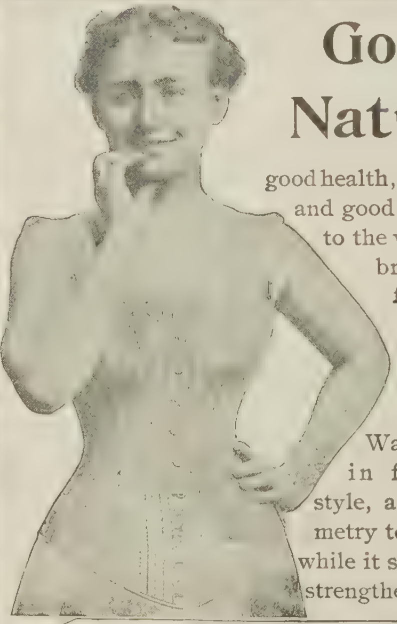

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 28 November, 1896 Number 22

THE party lines of the future will, it is evident, be widely different from the party lines of the past; what they will be no one can at this writing clearly foretell. The immediate and pressing questions are all connected with the revenue; the remote but not unimportant ones are the relative authority of the Federal and the local governments: not their *degree* of authority, which was settled once for all by the Civil War, but the *field* in which their authority may be respectively exercised. This question is as yet remote, and cannot be permanently obscured in the public mind by charging all the descendants of the old Democracy of the Jefferson type with being disturbers of the public peace, and assuming that all virtue of loyalty to law and order is monopolized by the inheritors of Federal tendencies. The other and immediate question, of revenue, presents itself under two aspects—tariff and currency. On the tariff there is apparent an inclination of conservative or middle men, in both the National Democratic and the Republican parties, to get together, illustrated, for example, by such utterances as this of Bourke Cockran at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in New York City:

> " We are confronted with the necessity of raising revenue at the very threshold of this Administration. That question must be met, and for my part I am ready to concede the right of the majority to fix the means by which it shall be met. I would deplore as the greatest disaster that could overcome this country the spectacle of the President of the United States, elected on a platform of sound money, forced to bargain with the silver Senators for the passage of the legislation necessary to support the Government of the United States. Here is the theater where Democrats can show patriotism. Here is the opportunity which Democrats alone enjoy, and which is denied to our Republican brethren."

It is currently reported that President Cleveland is considering propositions for an increased tax on beer, and a moderate tax on tea and coffee. Both taxes raise large amounts for the revenue in England, and without friction or popular hostility. The "Evening Post" is quite right in saying that the question of economy in expenditures is quite as important as that of taxation for revenue. But whether Congress will take this view is, we fear, quite doubtful. It is, at all events, evident that protection is not just now a very vital issue, since it is impossible by any recognized method of taxation to raise the revenue which is absolutely indispensable without a tariff which will be practically protective.

* * *

It is at least too early to affirm that gold monometallism has won in this election. Says the New York "Journal" (Silver organ):

> " There is growing up an expectation that President McKinley, who knows a great deal more about the money question than the gold-standard men like to think he does, will be disposed to make use of his knowledge in his recommendations to the new Congress. It is not at all improbable that he will scandalize the monometallists by taking the Republican platform seriously and urging efforts looking toward international bimetallism. It is also not improbable that he will be averse to radical action in the matter of increasing the privileges and power of the national banks. Major McKinley is a cautious man, he has been a long time in public life, and is a shrewd student of popular sentiment. The problems he must face are difficult ones, and it is not likely that he will go at them rashly. The cause of silver has a strength behind it for which President McKinley will be pretty sure to show some respect, particularly as he is himself a veteran bimetallist."

We are inclined to believe that there is truth in these suggestions, and wisdom in them also. If Mr. McKinley is as wise a politician as we think him to be, he will recognize that the popular demand for bimetallism in this country is very strong. If the issue had been, not between gold and silver, but between gold and bimetallism, it is almost certain that the majority would have gone against gold. We shall be rather surprised if the President-elect does not, under the counsel of such advisers as Senator Hoar and President Walker, consider plans for bringing about international bimetallism, without the co-operation of England. Meanwhile a very wise plan has been started in the West for the organization of a commercial, non-partisan, non-political commission to frame some permanent currency scheme for the future. We quote from a dispatch in the New York "Tribune:"

> " Indianapolis, November 18 (Special).—The Board of Governors of the Board of Trade held a well-attended meeting to-night to consider the financial situation of the country. Justus C. Adams presided. By invitation Hugh H. Hanna, a prominent manufacturer, but himself not a member of the committee, read a paper outlining the plan of the movement. He said that since the Far West will not move in the direction desired, and such a movement instituted by the East would be met with the prejudices that pervade the West, it was left to the business men of the Central West to inaugurate a movement by which, he predicted, some desirable ends may be attained. He proposed that the Indianapolis Board of Trade invite the Boards of Trade of the fifteen or sixteen cities of the seven States lying east of the Missouri and west of the Alleghanies to meet here on December 1, and prepare a plan for a meeting of the Boards of Trade in the United States later in the month."

We earnestly hope that some such plan may be carried out, and an attempt, freed from the bitterness of political animosity, may be made for a scientific adjustment of our currency problem. And the place to make the attempt is in the West.

* * *

The report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration shows that 340,000 immigrants arrived last year, as against 280,000 the year preceding, when the prostration of business was greatest, and 503,000 in 1893, before the present depression began. As the number of immigrants registers in some measure the difficulty of finding employment, it would seem that this difficulty was at least materially less last year than two years ago. Most of those in Europe who contemplate emigrating to this country are in some way in communication with immigrants already here, and more immigrants would not have come to this country unless employment were easier to find here, or harder to find in Europe. Out of 270,000 who were over fourteen years of age, 78,000 could neither read nor write. Of these, 31,000 were from Italy and 36,000 from Austria and Russia. This is the kind of immigration which the Lodge Bill would exclude. As this measure has now not only the support of the labor organizations but also of the most definite pledge in the Republican platform, the Immigration Restriction League hopes to have it enacted into law by the present Congress. It has already passed the House.

❀

The friction which has retarded the development of the public-school system of New York under the new law is at an end. The Mayor has appointed four new members to the Board of Education, whose term of service is for three years from January 1—Messrs. E. Ellery Anderson, John E. Eustis, William Greenough, and Richard H. Adams. Two of the appointees are graduates of Harvard, one a graduate of Wesleyan University and the Columbia College law school, and the third, a native of New York City, was educated in Germany. The Mayor has also reappointed three of the old Commissioners. Two of these are identified with the former majority of the Board. The new appointments change the character of the Board and put the reform element in the majority. The friends of school reform throughout the whole country will rejoice for the marked advance made in the law, as well as in the character of the men governing the school system of the metropolis of the country. The committee on the establishment of high schools are actively at work. They hope to have at least one high school ready in February, but have been forced to change their plans, and it appears now that the high schools will not be ready for occupancy until September of 1897. The proposition has been made to change the school hours in the crowded districts where the greatest number of children are denied admission, arranging for one session from eight to twelve, and one from one to half-past four, with two sets of teachers. This plan has many advocates as being the only one that will meet the present emergency. There is money enough, its friends claim, to employ the double set of teachers, and they also declare that it will at least save one year of school life to thousands of children. Comparatively few of the buildings offered to the Board of Education are adapted to school-room purposes. The Building Department has condemned nearly all that have been offered, lack of ventilation and absence of light being the main causes for the condemnation.

❀

The National Council of Jewish Women has been in session during the past week in New York. The total membership of this Council is three thousand. The purpose of the Council was to bring about closer relations among Jewish women, to furnish a medium of communication and a means of prosecuting work of common interest, to educate the mass of the Jewish people by supplying means of study, and to further the efforts of social reform by the interchange of experience and suggestion and the application of the best thought to philanthropic effort. The officers of the Convention are all Chicago women, as the idea of the Convention grew out of the Congress of Women held in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, when that city took up in a spirit of earnestness the idea of a National organization of Jewish women. The difficulties and limitations of the lives of the Hebrew immigrants to be found in such large numbers in all our large cities are fully realized by the intelligent Jewesses of the country. They recognize, as does every worker among the poor, that the best moral protection thrown about any family of immigrants is the preservation of their religion to them; they hold that proselyting means, in the vast majority of cases, a moral weakening that is almost fatal to the family. How to combat the skepticism that so soon assails the Hebrew family, how to combat indifference to their traditions, how to preserve the rites and ceremonials of their Church so that God may not be lost to these families, is a problem which these Jewish women recognize and are endeavoring to solve. One of them said: "This Convention is not to elevate Judaism, but to elevate our people through Judaism." The care, nurture, and culture of children was a paramount subject at the conference. First, the preservation of the home and the God of Judea in the home; secondly, how to preserve the home when pauperism stares it in the face; thirdly, how to educate the children of all classes in fidelity to their religious faith; and, finally, how to administer the charity and the philanthropic effort of the rich Hebrews so that larger returns will be made, were the questions that received full and intelligent attention from this audience. The Convention dropped the word National from its title, and will hereafter be known as "The Council of Jewish Women." The President of the Convention summed up the purpose of this Council in these words: "A true Jewish womanhood, a Jewish life, and a home true to our spiritual inheritance, true to the flag under which we live, faith in God's providence, these are the ties that bind us. This is the Jewish thought that shall belt the globe, bringing its message of higher life, of spiritual aims and purposes, practicing justice, loving mercy, and walking in modesty and humility before God and his light. For this we have come together."

❀

The Board of Health of New York City has within the last month begun investigations of the condition of bake-shops in the basements of tenement-houses on the East Side. These investigations have been carried on during working hours in the shops, from 12 to 4:30 A.M.; the result is that about one thousand arrests for violation of the law will be made. This law, which was passed in May of 1895, had the cordial support of the Bakers' Unions and the allied trades. It regulates the working hours, no man being allowed to work more than sixty hours a week or "more than ten hours in any one day," unless for the purpose of making a shorter work-day on the last day of the week; it provides that all buildings occupied by bakeries shall be drained and plumbed to the required standard; that any room used for the manufacture of flour or meal food-products shall have an impermeable floor; that the side walls shall be plastered or wainscoted, and whitewashed at least once in three months; that flour and meal food-products shall be kept in rooms so arranged that the floors and shelves can be perfectly cleaned; that proper wash-rooms and water-closets, apart from the bake-room or rooms where the food-product is manufactured, shall be furnished; that sleeping-places for the persons employed in the bakery shall be separate from the room or rooms where the food is manufactured or stored. The penalties for misdemeanors or violations of the law are $50 for the first offense, not less than $50 or more than $100 for the second offense, or an imprisonment of ten days, and for a third offense a fine of not less than $250, or imprisonment of not more than thirty days.

❀

On January 27, 1896, eight months after the passage of the law to regulate the manufacture of flour and meal food-products, the tenth annual report of the State Factory Inspectors was issued. The greater portion of that report was given to the bake-shops. The details of the report are so disgusting as to make it impossible for The Outlook to place them before its readers. The violations of the law regulating the hours of employment are almost incredible. In some of the bake-shops in the cellars under tenement-houses, where the sanitary conditions were sickening, men were found who were compelled to work from twelve to twenty-two hours a day. In one bake-shop in Mulberry Street the "second hand" was required to work nineteen hours a day seven days a week; or, in all, one hundred and thirty-three hours every week. For this he was paid $25 a month and boarded himself. He slept in the bakery on a mattress black with filth; he never took off his clothes to sleep. The inspector says that four others were employed in that shop, "and a more woe-stricken set of men it has never been our lot to see." In the Jewish bakeries men worked on an average about fifteen hours a day, but they work only six days in the week. In other shops it was found that the mattresses for the men are laid on top of the barrels of flour stored in the cellar. That it is time that public sentiment demanded the enforcement of this law is evident. Some defects in the law as printed make part of its enforcement difficult, especially the regulations as to the boiling of fat for crullers and doughnuts in buildings that are not fireproof. Among the many evils growing out of the tolerance of bake-shops in dwelling-houses is that of the escape of gas into the buildings. There is scarcely a tenement-house to be found in New York with a bake-shop in its basement in which the inmates will not be found to be suffering from throat and lung difficulties. Within a year a bake-shop in one of the large East Side tenements failed. It had been located there ten years. It was impossible to keep from coughing at any hour of the day on entering that building. The people in the house were all consumptive-looking, and the percentage of deaths of little children was enormous. The same families are occupying that house, and the decided improvement in their appearance began within three months after the shop was closed. To maintain hospitals, on the one hand, with lavish generosity, and, on the other hand, tolerate the conditions that make those hospitals necessary, is not a mark of intelligence.

⁂

The suit against the wire-nail trust begun some time ago by a Cincinnati manufacturer, on the ground that the trust had prevented a maker of machinery from fulfilling a contract to supply him with nail-making machines, has resulted in a temporary injunction against the trust. The attorneys for the nail combination sought to defeat the suit on the ground that the United States Court before which it was brought had no jurisdiction. The case was tried before Judge Baker, of the District Court at Indianapolis, who overruled the contention of the trust, making use of the following language:

> "The trust described is an unlawful combination, a conspiracy to raise the price of goods and to interfere with the manufacture of wire-nail machinery, and is in direct violation of an act of Congress, of good morals, and of the public weal."

The allegations made by the Cincinnati manufacturer, and not denied by the attorneys of the trust, amply justify the vigor of these terms. Not only was it alleged that the trust had purchased control of all the nail-making machinery in the country, so that competitors are forced to the wall, but also that the trust has, within eighteen months of falling prices, advanced the price of wire nails two hundred per cent., and by this extortion transferred $7,000,000 from the pockets of the nail-buying public to the pockets of its members. All of this plunder went to the stockholders in the trust. Labor received not the smallest driblet of it. On the contrary, the advance in the price of nails has been so great that hardware merchants in many parts of the country complain that the consumption of nails has been seriously reduced. In other words, the combination to raise prices has been incidentally a combination to lessen the demand for labor. The temporary injunction granted by Judge Baker has led to a wide-spread hope that in this case the Anti-Trust Law will be enforced against a trust. The loss of trade to hardware merchants has been so marked as to goad their National Association to action. At its recent meeting this Association resolved to make an aggressive fight. Some of the threats made seem to have proven to a certain degree effective. The price of wire nails has suddenly been reduced from $2.55 a keg to $1.70. Even this price, however, is double that at which such nails were sold before the trust was organized. The suit begun before Judge Baker should be prosecuted with vigor.

⁂

The Massachusetts Labor Bureau has again published a most valuable report. It deals exclusively with the relation of liquor to crime, pauperism, and insanity. So many loose assertions have been made on this subject that it is a great satisfaction to have a comprehensive and dispassionate examination of the facts. As to criminals the Massachusetts investigation is singularly comprehensive, and the results reached seem to justify most of the generalizations made by earnest temperance reformers. Examination was made of 26,672 convictions recorded last year. Of this number 18,232, or over sixty-eight per cent., were for drunkenness alone, or for drunkenness in connection with other crime. Of the 8,440 remaining convictions the further inquiry was made: "Was the criminal under the influence of liquor at the time the crime was committed?" In 3,640 cases the answer was "Yes." This left only 4,800 cases, or but eighteen per cent., in which the person convicted was entirely sober when his offense was committed. Further inquiries were made as to the condition of criminals when their crimes were planned, and as to the extent to which that condition was due to intemperate habits. The answers in these cases have less scientific value, as the accuracy of the criminal's statement is less reliable; but here also the answers simply made stronger the evidence of the closeness of the relationship between drunkenness and crime. Of less moral importance, but nevertheless of considerable interest, was the investigation of the parentage of criminals. In only thirteen per cent. of the cases were both parents native, in three per cent. one parent was native and the other foreign born, while in eighty-three per cent. of the cases both parents were foreign-born. In the State at large forty-four per cent. are of native stock, and fifty-six per cent. have foreign parentage.

⁂

In Boston the plan of confining the saloons to the business district has found support in an unusual quarter. The Chairman of the Police Board, General A. P. Martin, gives it his warm approval. The plan has been so successful in Minneapolis, Minn., where nine-tenths of the area of the city is saloon-free, that its application to Boston would certainly seem to be an immense stride forward. There are, however, certain practical difficulties in the way of the complete transplantation of the Minneapolis plan. The present law in Massachusetts allows one saloon in Boston for every 500 people, and there is not temperance sentiment enough in Boston to make the liquor interests fearful of extirpation. As a result, the 993 saloons now licensed will fight vigorously against any considerable reduction in their number, while a great many families residing in the so-called "business" district will fight as vigorously against any considerable increase in their saloon facilities. In fact, an emphatic protest against the proposed plan has already come from representatives of the temperance elements in the district marked out for the saloon quarantine. Apparently, therefore, the exclusion of the saloons from the distinctively residence districts in the city can be secured only through ward option, and public sentiment in Boston is turning strongly in that direction. Unfortunately, a few persons in general sympathy with the temperance movement are urging that saloons cannot logically be excluded from temperance neighborhoods in license cities unless admitted into drinking neighborhoods in no-license cities. This seems to us to be straining the logic of local option to the breaking point. The fundamental principle involved is the right of the people to protect themselves against the evils of the saloon. Local option is, on the whole, the best method of securing such protection, but its warmest advocates admit its inadequacy when the unit of local government is so small that the people of one district are "served" against their will by the saloons in the district adjoining. A license ward in a no-license town would supply saloons for the whole town against its will; a no-license ward in a license town, on the other hand, does not take away the saloons from the districts desiring them. To deny saloons in license towns the right to invade residence neighborhoods against their will is the natural development of the local option idea.

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Massachusetts has taken hold of the problem of better roads with greater vigor than any other commonwealth, and the progress it is making deserves National attention. The State Commission was established four years ago, with the duty of mapping out the work that needed to be done, and estimating the cost. Each year since, the work of the Commission has been enlarged, and more and more liberal appropriations have been made for carrying on its work. The Commission at the outset decided to reject the plan of building a few State roads, and to accept instead the plan of building a large number of good stretches of roadway in various parts of the State. The plan adopted proves to have been the wise one. According to Professor Shaler's recent book on "American Highways," the Commission learned a great deal of the relative value and cost of different kinds of road-beds from the large number of experiments tried, and the knowledge of road-making was immensely extended throughout the Commonwealth. Massachusetts towns are pure democracies, and the work done upon the roadways came directly under the popular judgment. The selectmen to whom the local supervision was intrusted became, many of them, experts in road-making. "When the Commonwealth began to build roads," says Professor Shaler, "there were no people outside of a few engineer officers who knew anything about the business. It is safe to reckon that there are at the present time not less than five hundred who have taken a sufficiently intelligent share in the labor to be tolerably well trained in the routine part of the business." In addition to these gains, there was a tremendous gain in the popularity of good roads. This was reflected in the appropriations made by the Legislature. In 1894, $300,000 was appropriated; in 1895 the sum was raised to $600,000. Next year, in spite of the hard times, a still further increase is possible. According to the Springfield "Republican" of last week, the Commission is receiving from various towns six times as many petitions for new roadways as can be granted. In part, of course, the number of these petitions is due to the fact that a relatively small part of the expense falls upon the town, and each wants its "share" of the State appropriation; but in part also the number of these petitions is due to the great popularity of the improved roads. The Commissioners hear from all quarters that the work of hauling has been greatly lessened by the State roads.

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In another column a correspondent gives a brief account of the formal dedication of the Armstrong and Slater Memorial Trade Schools at Hampton on Thursday of last week. Those who were present could not have been unmindful of the extraordinary beauty of the day and the extraordinary suggestiveness of the exercises. Never, surely, have an inspiring faith, a statesmanlike mind, and a resolute will illustrated more clearly the power of these invisible forces to effect momentous visible results. Eighteen years ago there was nothing at Hampton except the dream in General Armstrong's mind; to-day there is a large group of buildings, a large corps of teachers, an army of students, and behind these eighteen years of successful work along the most practical lines. Mr. Booker T. Washington, who was one of the speakers at the opening of the trade-schools, touched the very heart of the value of the education given in Hampton Institute at this stage in the declaration that the salvation of the negro race must be worked out, not only with pen and ink, but with square and compass, with saw and hammer, with spade and plow, and that a more practical connection must be made between the brains of the negro and his means of earning a livelihood. Thorough training in the practical arts of life is perhaps the most immediate and pressing need both of the negro and the Indian; and General Armstrong, who was swift to see that the solution of the race problem lay in education, was also swift to see that education in the workshop was the starting-point for the development of the full power of two races. Hampton, Tuskegee, Atlanta, and kindred institutions are making contributions to the solution of the race problem, the full importance of which will not be discerned for decades to come. In this work Hampton was the pioneer. No institution ever grew out of a greater need, and few have met such a need with so much wisdom, intelligence, and genuine power. The great throng of friends who crowded the chapel of the Institute last Friday showed how deep a hold it has taken not only upon the interest but upon the affection of the country.

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The curiosity that has existed both in Canada and this country as to the exact terms of the proposed settlement of the Manitoba school question is at last gratified by a semi-official statement from M. Laurier. The main features are as follows:

> Religious teaching is to be conducted in the public schools (1) if authorized by a resolution passed by a majority of school trustees, or (2) if a petition be presented to the Board of School Trustees asking for religious teaching and signed by the parents or guardians of at least ten children attending the school in a rural district, or by the parents or guardians of at least twenty-five children attending school in a city, town, or village. School work of a purely secular character will occupy the whole of the school day except the last half-hour, when the representative of any religious denomination will be allowed to come in and instruct the children belonging to his denomination, provided the parents are willing to have them remain. In cases where the people decide not to have this religious instruction, the regular school work will go on until the close of school hours.

These provisions are sufficiently liberal to the Roman Catholics to satisfy the more moderate parents and citizens, though the extremists and some of the newspapers profess to believe that their cause has been betrayed. Where there is an average attendance of twenty-five Roman Catholic children, they are to have a teacher of their own faith, and where the children are mostly French it is to be required that the teacher shall speak both French and

English. The principle that has prevailed in this compromise is that of local option. Why does not this suggest a plan which might be profitably carried out in the United States? What are the objections to it?

* * *

The restiveness of Germany under the repressive policy of the present Emperor came out in a striking way in the debates in the Reichstag last week. The Government was successful in evading the attempt of various parties in opposition to secure information upon the question of the secret treaty with Russia, but it was not successful in attempting to define its policy with regard to the attitude of the military class toward civilians, and specifically with regard to the matter of dueling in the army. Every one who knows anything about Germany knows how arbitrary and insolent is the treatment which civilians are constantly receiving from the hands of army officers of all grades. In this country or in England such treatment would not be tolerated for an instant. In Germany, and especially in Prussia, it has been endured with a surprising docility. The story of outrages to which civilians have been subjected by army officers is a long one, and that which has aroused the recent discussion is by no means exceptional. A workingman who brushed against the chair in which an officer was sitting in Carlsruhe was promptly run through for an act which might have been pure accident, and which, in any event, was nothing more serious than a piece of impertinence. In the southern provinces, where the military spirit is not so dominant, there has long been an intense dislike of militarism in its offensive features, but now even Prussia, which has long been molded to the exigencies of a dominating military organization, is in revolt. The attitude of the Government seems to be that the army constitutes a class by itself, and that it can be kept in a high state of efficiency only by preserving an artificial sense of honor, which consists mainly in imposing every possible kind of annoyance and insolence upon civilians. Under the present system, if a German army officer thinks his honor touched in any way, or the honor of the army, he is justified in promptly putting the offender to death, he himself being the sole judge of the gravity of the offense. The debate showed that the Government takes the narrowest and most feudal view of the rights and privileges of the military class, and that very little is to be hoped from it in the way of reform; but the debate also showed that the German people have at last awakened to a sense of the enormity of the offenses which are constantly committed against them. Some very plain things were said with regard to the army, and even with regard to the Emperor, and if the latter has any sagacity he can hardly fail to read the handwriting on the wall, which declares unmistakably that the day of absolutism and of the rule of a military caste is fast drawing to an end.

Thanksgiving

We thank Him who has made and preserved us a Nation.

Who hid this continent from the eyes of the world until the time for its revelation had come.

Who summoned hither faithful men, believing in God and in men as the children of God.

Who preserved the brave colonists from famine, pestilence, and sword; from internal dissensions and from foreign foes.

Who united the hearts and minds of the various peoples in their demand for liberty and their declaration of independence.

Who made wise the counsels of their counselors and strong the arm of their defenders, and gave victory to the weak battalions.

Who pacified the strifes and vanquished the jealousies which separated the several States, and joined them in one indissoluble Union.

Who suffered not the corruptions of slavery to end in the Nation's death, but raised up prophets of liberty to awaken the consciences of the people.

Who gave to the Nation in the critical hour of its destiny leaders wise, brave, strong—men who saw the right clearly, and dared to do the right.

Who crowned not the National arms with victory until the Nation had proclaimed emancipation to the slave and to itself.

Who followed the wounds of a great war with the healings of a great peace, and the impoverishment of destructive war with the wealth of beneficent peace.

Who has brought to our shores the oppressed of other lands, and made it a refuge, a school, a home for the needy and the aspiring of all nations.

Who has given us wisdom in the past to provide a free school and free churches for a free people.

Who inspires in our own day clear-sighted, brave-hearted men to battle without truce or retreat against open violence and insidious corruption, against the perils of popular ignorance and the perils of concentrated wealth.

Who inspires other clear-sighted, brave-hearted men to toil in peaceful vocations without stint for public education and public virtue.

Who has given to us an open Bible, a risen Christ, a living Church, and a common faith in a righteous and a redeeming God.

Whose protecting, guiding, inspiring presence in the past is the ground of our hope for our Nation in the future.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men!

Government by Injunction

Our readers will find on another page an able defense of government by injunction from a lawyer of Toledo. We are obliged to him, and are glad to lay his views before our readers, for we think the subject one of the first importance to the Republic.

The main proposition of Mr. A. L. Smith's letter is entirely reasonable. There is no reason "why individuals or corporations should be deprived of the remedy by injunction against threatened interference with their property rights, simply because the public are interested in, or affected by, the controversy in question." The right of the Court to grant such injunctions in proper cases was not denied; nor was the obligation to punish violations of proper injunctions disputed. The question was whether, in such cases, it is safe to allow a single judge first to prescribe a rule of conduct, then to declare that it had been violated, and finally to punish the violation, in his absolute discretion, without a jury and without appeal.

Until within the last thirty years we believe that there never was an instance in which an English or American court granted an injunction to restrain the commission of an act which was a clear and positive crime, punishable as such by the criminal law. There were any number of strikes, riots, and criminal conspiracies tending to injure property rights, and yet it never occurred to anybody to so much as ask any court to grant an injunction against them. Injunctions were asked, both in England and America, against libels, and were refused. The first case in which any English court ever granted an injunction against the criminal proceedings of strikers occurred in 1868; and we have not been able to find that another injunction like it has ever since been granted. In the United States we have not been able to find that any such injunction has ever been granted by a State court. But the Federal courts have recently granted and enforced several injunctions of this kind. The Debs case is the most famous as well as the most recent, and that is of course the case which presents the question most clearly.

In the Debs case the United States claimed the right to intervene by injunction, under the provisions of the Anti-Trust Law, referred to by Mr. Smith. The use of that law for this purpose is one of the grievances most bitterly resented by the laboring classes. This statute was passed for the avowed purpose of putting a restraint upon great corporations and monopolies. Not a single corporation has been interfered with under it, nor a single monopoly restrained. The present Attorney-General has never made the slightest effort to put the law in operation against the persons and corporations whom it was intended to restrain. Very possibly his action in this respect has been expedient, as all efforts of the previous Attorney-General in that direction had failed. But to discover in this statute, which was intended solely for the purpose of restricting corporations, a new weapon *in favor* of corporations, however ingenious it may be and however justified in law, was eminently calculated to arouse bitter feelings. This law, at any rate, has emphatically been proved to be one which cannot be enforced against the rich, and which can be enforced against the poor.

Under this law an injunction was issued against Debs, commanding him to refrain from certain acts which, if he committed them, were crimes, upon a charge of which in the ordinary way he would have a right to trial by jury. A single judge, granting this injunction, caused Mr. Debs to be arrested on a charge, not of the act itself, but of a violation of the order prohibiting that act. The same judge sentenced Debs to six months' imprisonment for a violation of the injunction, being substantially the same punishment which would have been inflicted upon him had he been tried in a criminal court and convicted by a jury. Now, the Supreme Court says that this does not in the least deprive Debs of his right to trial by jury, because, if he wants to, he can have himself indicted in a criminal court, tried by a jury, and sentenced to imprisonment for six months more. He has not been imprisoned for his criminal act; he has only been imprisoned for his disobedience of the court's order.

All this brings to mind the famous statement of the philosopher in Scott's "Antiquary." He told his nephew that there was no imprisonment for debt in Scotland. What really happened was that the creditor informed the King of the debt, and thereupon the King wrote his gracious "letters in four forms," commanding the debtor within a given time to pay his debt. The debtor, obstinately refusing to do so, was then denounced as a rebel by three blasts of a horn in Edinburgh. After which he was arrested, not in the least as a debtor, but solely as a rebel against his Most Gracious Majesty the King.

Where is this thing to stop? Embezzlement and shoplifting are plainly injuries to property and nothing else. Shall they be restrained by injunction? Shall the great establishments of New York and Chicago obtain twice a year injunctions against all their clerks prohibiting embezzlement, and thereupon, when an embezzlement is committed, secure the punishment of the criminal for contempt of court? It is manifest that this would be a most easy and pleasant method for the managers of these establishments. Instead of having to dance attendance upon a District Attorney, a Grand Jury, and finally a trial jury, and subject themselves or their agents to the annoyance of cross-examination, they would have nothing to do but to file affidavits proving the embezzlement, upon which, after hearing counter affidavits from the accused clerk, a single judge would decide, without troubling any jury, that the embezzlement had been committed. Thereupon he would sentence the offender to six months' imprisonment, not at all on account of his theft, but solely on account of his contempt of court. On appeal from such an order the only question is whether the papers stated upon their face sufficient facts to give the judge jurisdiction. All the affidavits may be false—and it is well known that affidavits are very seldom entirely true—but that makes no difference. The accused person may in fact never have committed the offense, but that makes no difference so long as a single judge decides that he has done so.

This was very strikingly illustrated forty years ago in the case of Passmore Williamson, a Quaker, who was commanded by one of the United States judges of that day, a judge just as sincere, upright, and incorruptible as any Federal judge at the present day, to deliver a negro to his master. Failing to do so, he was convicted, by the sole decision of this judge, of the crime of concealing the negro. Everybody who looked into the papers was perfectly well satisfied that Mr. Williamson really did not commit this atrocious crime; but the Federal judge had lost his temper, and, upon the strength of affidavits plainly false, adjudged that Mr. Williamson was responsible for the "nigger." As the slave-driver could not catch the "nigger," the judge shut up the Quaker. It was then decided by the courts that there was no appeal and no redress, and Passmore Williamson actually remained in jail until the judge recovered his temper and became amenable to a sense of decency. It is unlikely that any other judge than the one who issued the order in that case would ever have made a decision so contrary to notorious facts as was then made.

What we claim is that the judge who issues the order and who feels his sense of dignity wounded by disobedience to that order should not be the sole judge of the question whether it has been disobeyed or not. And where such disobedience necessarily involves the commission of a crime, we think that the question should be left to the decision of a jury, precisely as the question whether a crime had been committed, without any injunction, would have to be left, under the Constitution of the United States and of every State in the Union.

The Advent Season

The Episcopal Church offers a most helpful suggestion to its sister churches by its setting apart four Sundays, besides Christmas Day, for commemoration of the Advent of Jesus Christ. The incoming into the world of that life which is to pervade the life of the world with its regenerating spirit is a fact of so many-sided significance that the observance only of its natal day gives scant opportunity to the mind and conscience that would apprehend the full import of that Divine Fact. Fitting as the effort is for all days, some days more than others incite to it. For the study and exhibition of those fundamental principles which distinguish the world with Christ from the world without Christ—the only principles from which we can look for better men and better institutions to proceed—the weeks of the Advent season seem specially opportune.

The Church Congress

The meeting of the Church Congress at Norfolk, Va., last week, a report of which appears in another column, was significant in several ways. It brings to mind afresh the vital movement in the Episcopal Church which has of late years brought it into closer touch with American life and given it an influence out of proportion to its numbers, for it is certainly true that in dealing with practical methods of religious work and with sociological and religious questions this great communion stands in the forefront, while in numbers it ranks seventh. The Church Congress is a body which discusses but never votes; this does not mean, however, that it never decides. On the contrary, many questions are practically settled by preliminary discussion before they reach the General Convention, which is the legislative body of the Episcopal Church. The Church Congress has consequently no small influence in shaping the policy of the Church and in giving it ultimate direction. It serves also as a place of escape for those ideas and schemes which in escaping melt into thin air and leave even their originators at peace. This does not mean that it offers a free platform for cranks; on the contrary, it has from the start been remarkably free from eccentricity. But it does make room for men to free their minds on a great variety of questions, and it is therefore one of the preservers of peace and order in the Church. The freedom of speech which it permits is a thousand-fold more effective in this direction than the most rigid ecclesiastical repression. The liberty is used generously, but it is not abused.

The Congress is of great importance also because it brings the clergy and the laity together on the same platform; and the Episcopal Church has always been strong in men of commanding ability and influence outside the pulpit. In fact, the opinion long prevailed among people in other Churches that the Episcopal laity were intellectually superior to the clergy. However that may have been during the decades when the life of the Church was less vital and its preaching less vigorous and searching, it is certainly true no longer. A Church which has given the country thinkers like Mulford, preachers like Brooks, scholars like Allen, men of combined intellectual and administrative force like Bishop Potter, priests of such consistent courage and devotion as Dr. Dix, has no need to apologize for the quality of its clergy. In this city, for instance, the prominent Episcopal pulpits are all places of notable personal and spiritual authority, and men like Drs. Huntington, Rainsford, Greer, Grant, Shipman, Dix, and Bishop Potter stand in the front rank of contemporary preachers.

The Church Congress, representing as it does the progressive element in the Church and the free movement of ideas, has been mainly in the hands of the liberal, progressive men in the Church. The men of extreme views, either with regard to the sacraments or the authority of the Church, have, as a rule, held aloof from it; but moderate men of all schools are heard on its platform, and the views of the two main wings of the Church are brought out with entire frankness but also with entire good spirit. There is thus afforded a prime opportunity for men of these two wings to meet each other and hear directly from each other instead of through intermediaries; and it need hardly be said that nothing is more provocative of division and bitterness than the failure of those who hold divergent views to come into personal contact and to get impressions of each other at first hand. It is one of the noblest characteristics of the Episcopal Church that it has been large enough to afford room for differences of opinion on ecclesiastical questions and on questions of philosophical interpretation of the facts of Christianity, while holding to the facts with unusual tenacity and giving them the first place in worship and teaching. There will always be these two parties in the Church; or, rather, to be more exact, there will always be an active and coherent party holding advancing views of doctrine and sacraments, and there will always be the spirit which makes for breadth, freedom, and true catholicity—the spirit which reacts against excess in ritual, against undue emphasis on symbols and sacraments, and which holds to the spiritual vitality and power of the Church as the true basis of its authority. This spirit is not the less influential in the long run because it does not foster close and aggressive party organization. At this moment, in this country as in England, there is a strong reactionary movement in the Church. This movement has not yet reached its height; it may go still further and become still more powerful, but it will not finally stamp itself on the Church. There are elements of weakness in it which will impair its influence and check its advance. These influences are already showing themselves plainly in England; they will presently show themselves here. Sacerdotalism and sectarianism, in their extreme forms, will not finally establish themselves in this country; that which is true and sound in this movement will remain; that which is artificial, mechanical, and purely ecclesiastical will pass away.

The Church Congress has had no small influence in developing true catholicity of spirit in the Episcopal Church—a clear recognition of the fact that a real church must find room for men who, agreeing sincerely on the great facts of Christian revelation and history and accepting them heartily, differ in their philosophical and ecclesiastical interpretation of these facts. The men of broader mind have come to see clearly that certain questions between the two wings must be, to quote the phrase of a leader of the Church, neutralized; that certain differences of opinion of these questions must be recognized and accepted. There is to be, therefore, no final triumph of either wing; and the Church is never to become, as some extremists would like to have it become, a small sect holding identical theological views and practicing a uniform ritual—a monotonous uniformity of thought and worship. This was what befell the Roman Church when the Ultramontanes captured it and destroyed the old national freedom and enthusiasm of the German, French, Spanish, and English Churches, and put in their places the dreary monotony of the Italian Church; this is what will befall the Roman Church in this country if American Catholics like Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Keane are finally crushed. That is precisely what would happen in the Episcopal Church if a small body of advanced sacramentarians and sacerdotalists could have their way. But they will not have their way, because the genius of the country, of the Church, and of spiritual Christianity is striving against them; and the Episcopal Church in this country, in spite of reactionary movements, will remain free, spacious, and fundamentally religious instead of becoming repressed, narrow, and rigidly ecclesiastical. To this result the Church Congress has contributed not a little; and in so doing has rendered a lasting service to the religious life of the country.

Three Scots Worthies in America

By James MacArthur

Co-Editor of "The Bookman"

If the shade of the venerable chronicler of the sufferings of the Scottish martyrs in his "Book of Scots Worthies" were to witness the use I have made of his noble title testifying to the undying religious worth of those who lived and died "for Christ and his Church," he would stand aghast at its sacrilegious application to those who follow so remote and alien an avocation as the writing of what one of our grandfathers called "lying tales." Life to the Scottish Puritan, the Puritanism of the Covenant, was an austere, self-denying ordinance. He stood with his back to the wall fighting, not for dear life, but for what was dearer still to him, his faith; and thus he conquered for Scotland her ecclesiastical freedom. But if the austere spirit we have evoked from the strenuous past were to ponder the literary product of these writers who have succeeded to his title, and were he to trace the stream back to its source, he would cease to be shocked, and a wondering smile of admiration would gather about his wan features as he saw in these men and their work the natural outcome of the period of stress and storm during the long struggle for religious freedom in Scotland. The echoes of that great religious and intellectual war resound in their writings. Their spirits have sprung from the soil sown with the blood of the martyrs. They are the lineal descendants of the old Scots Worthies.

In 1866 a young journalist who had descended from the bleak hills of northern Scotland to London saw the possibilities which existed in the fertile and fond imagination to capture the life of this people and crystallize it in undying forms of art, and with a foreseeing eye wrote this singularly prophetic passage in a letter to a friend: "In Scottish life, political, social, and religious, you have a rich and almost unworked mine, a mine from which I have no doubt you will dig valuable ore and beat it into shapes that will attract even the southerner's eye." This was the hope which beat in another young Scotchman's breast when, twenty years later, he also went to London from the historic pulpit of Dr. Horatius Bonar, in Kelso, to enter the ranks of journalism. It was then—in 1887—that Dr. Nicoll inaugurated the "British Weekly." It had been established about six months, when one day the editor was reflecting gloomily on whether it was possible to find a man who could write in a lively way on Scottish ecclesiastical affairs. He took up the Edinburgh "Evening Dispatch" and found in it a burlesque account of the Inverness Assembly of the Free Church then in session. He lost no time in putting himself in communication with the writer, and on July 1, 1887, an article appeared on the front page of the "British Weekly" on "The Rev. Dr. Whyte, By an Outsider." It was signed "Gavin Ogilvy," and in Scotland immediately drew attention to the writer. Before many months had passed his name and style were well known north and south. But there was an allusion in this article which the alert editor was not slow to observe. In it Mr. Barrie spoke of Thrums, and said that its inhabitants would discuss any topic with you, from the ontology of being to Robert Louis Stevenson's style, but for choice give them the Rev. Dr. Whyte. Here was perhaps the man for whom Dr. Nicoll was looking. Almost immediately, in the autumn of the same year, Mr. Barrie's story, "When a Man's Single," began to appear serially in the "British Weekly," and there followed subsequently nearly all the chapters that compose "A Window in Thrums." It was at this juncture that Dr. Nicoll's influence and insight swayed Mr. Barrie and caused that immense difference which divides the "Auld Licht Idylls" from "A Window in Thrums," and gave to the latter that quality which brings every reader of its pages to his knees. "I urged Mr. Barrie," Dr. Nicoll said once to me, "to represent the deeper and nobler elements in the life of the Scotch people—the profound sentiment and real heroism, as well as what is eccentric, grotesque, humorous."

From a copyrighted photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London

Believe me
very truly yours
J. M. Barrie

Mr. Crockett, also, tells us how "a great London editor [Dr. Nicoll] wrote some years ago to a young and perfectly unknown writer [Mr. Crockett], and advised him to collect and print his tales, which had been appearing in a local paper and were being copied into various colonial papers. He prophesied a future for them such as even the fond heart of their parent could not believe in. No kinder or more chivalrous thing was ever done to an unknown author." The book when published was "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men." The English edition of Mr. Crockett's last book, "The Gray Man," bears this dedication:

To
W. R. Nicoll
are affectionately inscribed
these Chronicles of a Stormy Time
in Memory of
Unforgotten Days of Peace and
Quietness
Spent with him and his.

Mr. Barrie's "When a Man's Single" was dedicated to Dr. Nicoll, and one of the latter's numerous literary treasures is the closely written manuscript of the "Little Minister" in two volumes, handsomely bound, with an inscription from the author to Dr. Nicoll. I may also say here that another of his treasures is a calf-bound copy of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" inscribed to

Dr. W. R. Nicoll,
without whose suggestion this book had not been written,
October, 1894,
from the author.

In the introduction to the "Auld Licht Idylls" in the new Thistle Edition of his works (Scribner's), Mr. Barrie says that "they were written mainly to please one woman now dead." In the beautiful biography of his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy," just published, he speaks of "the mute blue eyes in which I have read all I know and would ever care to write; for when you looked into my mother's eyes you

John Watson.

From the latest photograph. Copyright, 1896, by The Rockwood Company, New York

knew as if He had told you why God sent her into the world—it was to open the eyes of all who looked to beautiful thoughts, and that is the beginning and end of literature." How much, how very much, Mr. Barrie owes to his mother and to his home life may be gathered from this little volume. It is a book to lay beside "A Window in Thrums," not only because of the beauty of the work, but because it flashes a light upon those chapters which illumines them, and, if possible, makes them more noble and enduring in their revelation. He tells us how one day as a boy he conceived a glorious idea, "or it was put into my head by my mother, then desirous of making progress with her new clouty hearthrug." He was suffering from a moment of suspense in the interval between the last and forthcoming numbers of a magazine called "Sunshine," which contained a serial story. "The notion was nothing short of this—why should I not write the tales myself? I did write them—in the garret—but that by no means helped her to get on with her work, for when I finished a chapter I bounded downstairs to read it to her, and so short were the chapters, so ready was the pen, that I was back with a new manuscript before another clout had been added to the rug." At twelve or thereabout he put the literary calling to bed for a time, and took up cricket and football instead, but from the day on which he first tasted blood in the garret his mind was made up. "There could be no hum-dreadful-drum profession for me; literature was my game. I remember being asked by two maiden ladies about the time I left the University what I was to be, and when I replied, brazenly, 'An author,' they flung up their hands, and one exclaimed, reproachfully, 'And you an M.A.!'" His mother's views at first were not dissimilar, and her ambition for her boy was that he should be a minister, with a lurking hope at the bottom of her heart that he might rise to a professor's chair. Mr. Barrie relates an incident of those years which has a prophetic significance. "I had one person only on my side; he was an old tailor, one of the fullest men I have known, and quite the best talker. . . . This man had heard of my sets of photographs of the poets, and asked for a sight of them, which led to our first meeting. . . . I remember how he spread them out on his board, and, after looking long at them, turned his gaze on me and said solemnly,

'What can I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?'

These lines of Cowley were new to me, but the sentiment was not new, and I marveled how the old tailor could see through me so well. I hurried home, but neighbors had dropped in, and this was for her ears only, so I drew her to the stair and said imperiously,

'What can I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?'

It was an odd request for which to draw her from a tea-table, and she must have been surprised, but I think she did not laugh, and in after years she would repeat the lines fondly with a flush on her soft face. 'That is the kind you would like to be yourself!' we would say in jest to her, and she would reply, almost passionately, 'No, but I would be windy (proud) of being his mother.' . . . She who stood with me on the stair that day was a very simple woman, accustomed all her life to making the most of small things, and I weaved sufficiently well to please her, which has been my only steadfast ambition since I was a little boy."

I have said that this is a book to put side by side with "A Window in Thrums," and there is a deeper reason for this when we remember that on the recent deaths of Mr. Barrie's mother and her daughter, within a few hours of each other, it was then disclosed that they were the originals of Jess and Leeby. The lovely story of their lives had a beautiful and not wholly mournful end; it was mournful as mortal things are, but the beauty was more than the sorrow, and Mr. Barrie's book will make this clearer. In the almost intolerably pathetic chapter, "Dead This Twenty Years," Mr. Barrie, in writing about the tragedy in another woman's life, drew his inspiration from a similar tragedy in his mother's life. "It was the only thing," he says, "I have written that she never spoke about, not even to that daughter she loved the best. No one ever spoke of it to her or asked her if she had read it; one doesn't ask a mother if she knows that there is a little coffin in the house. She read many times the book in which it was printed, but when she came to that chapter she would put her hands to her heart or even over her ears."

I was struck by a remark which Dr. Henry van Dyke made at the dinner given to Mr. Barrie at the Aldine Club on November 5. He told us how, on the morning after the election, his little boy came running up to him, exclaiming, "Papa, McKinley's anointed!" The word has a peculiar fitness, it seems to me, in characterizing the distinctive quality in Mr. Barrie's work. The light of consecration lies upon every page. It is the light that never was on sea or land, but is all the more real because it shines from a beautiful soul. The anointing from on high which gave the divine right to kings — may not also the same spiritual unction obtain in the sovereignty of letters?

MRS. WATSON

Photograph by The Rockwood Company, New York

The literary impulse which sprang to light in the first instance in "Auld Licht Idylls" has shown evidence that it was no isolated wonder, but that it was a deeper movement borne on a strong undercurrent which was impelling the imagination of several writers uniformly to the same goal, each, however, coloring the stream of romance with his own peculiar genius. We have found that "The Raiders" was written previous to "The Stickit Minister," and that twenty years ago the material was seething in Ian Maclaren's brain which has since been "beat into such beautiful shapes." Indeed, an incident occurred to Dr. Watson many years ago in Liverpool which might be taken as the genesis of the "Bonnie Brier-Bush." One evening, after delivering a lecture on Scottish life, a friend said to him, "You ought to develop that lecture and turn it into a book." The lecture was never published, but we have the evolution of the idea in "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush."

Dr. Watson tells you, in that playful ironic manner peculiar to the Scot, how Dr. Nicoll kept at him—"talk, talk, talk, in that queer, quiet way of his"—to write some sketches of Scottish life, how in desperation he wrote a story, "a very poor story I believe it was, but I could only convince him of my penury by exhibiting my rags. But, oh! that man! he's just 'no canny.'" In short, the manuscript was returned, and he was told that he could do far better. "Write something else in your true vein," wrote Dr. Nicoll, "and send it to me soon."

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

"There was nothing for it but to give in," continues Dr. Watson, "so I thought of some types of character which I had known in my Scottish parishes when I was a young minister about twenty years ago, and I selected one or two of them, and wrote 'Domsie,' which, you remember, is the first sketch in the 'Brier-Bush.' And, by the way, there is just one point which I should like to mention now. Some people seem curious about the 'originals' of this and that character in the stories. If the book continues to interest people, I should like it to be known that there are no originals—that there is not a single portrait in the volume; the people are simply individualizations of types that are familiar to every minister—or, for the matter of that, to every layman—in any Highland or semi-Highland parish. But I was telling you about 'Domsie.' This time I didn't receive the manuscript back again. I simply got a letter from Dr. Nicoll, the purport of which was that 'Domsie' had affected him much in the same manner that you were kind enough to say it had affected you. It was just what he wanted, and should appear in an early number of the 'British Weekly.' Then he wanted more, and somehow the other stories came into shape, till finally the book was published. And there it is; but, as I have said, it is a surprise to me still."

It is more than suggestive to learn that Dr. Watson first thought of giving "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" the general title "Annals of a Perthshire Parish." Indeed, to define the character of Dr. Watson's "Kate Carnegie" [which closes in this number] as a novel one must go back to John Galt. The permanent impression that the reading of this book leaves is that Ian Maclaren is the true successor in the present Scottish school of fiction of the author of the "Annals of the Parish." In some of the chapters of "Kate Carnegie" Dr. Watson's humor is seen at its best and purest—in other words, at its quietest and driest. But he is seen at his strongest in his portrait of the "Rabbi." Jeremiah Saunderson is undeniably Dr. Watson's masterpiece, and this portrait, which is the best he has yet given us, would in itself insure a wide popularity for the book which contains it. The "Rabbi" is the most powerful impersonation of Scottish spirituality whom much learning has made almost mad that has ever been presented in fiction.

Dr. Watson is perhaps the most popular man in America at the present hour. He arrived in this country fully two months ago, and after delivering the Yale Lectures on Preaching, which were received with unbounded satisfaction, and have been published under the title "The Cure of Souls," he started on his lecture tour, which has been a series of unprecedented triumphs on the platform. It is remarkable that the audiences which seem to be attracted to Dr. Watson are largely the theater-going, entertainment-loving people. That is to say, he represents the democracy. No one can read his books without feeling how thoroughly democratic he is, and the man on the platform is the same man we have learned to love in his books. The power of sympathy, together with his great fund of humor, which are so potent there, are characteristic qualities of the lecturer. I have heard him twice since he came to America, and the enthusiasm which his presence begot on each occasion was marvelous. He has a way of taking you into his confidence, of telling you about the characters in his books as if they were real personages, of presenting them to the audience so that you actually see them, which is intensely dramatic. He will speak of Drumsheugh, who, as he enters his study, "just fills the door." He tells you how he reasoned with Jamie Soutar about his stretch of imagination in straining the truth and in drawing on his powers of unveracity, and then, with a touch which reveals Jamie to you in a flash, he will say, "But as he went out of the door I declare if he didn't wink at me." Good people, he says, have objected to Posty in his book, because of his lapses into drunkenness; but when he describes how he saw Posty fling off his coat to jump into the mill-stream to save the child who had fallen into its raging waters, and how he struggled with him, and how Posty left the coat in his hands and jumped, knowing that he might save the child but could not save himself, the thrill that passes through the audience is one of conviction, and none would dare after that to say a word against poor Posty. In his lecture on Scottish characteristics he is equally happy. The Scottish characteristics, according to Ian Maclaren, are five: humor, which in the Scot takes the form of irony; caution, or, as he would say, "canniness;" love of argument; dourness, which is something more than obstinacy, and which Ian Maclaren illustrated in this way: "Were I a showman," he said, "and had a magic lantern here, I would flash this picture on a screen. I would show you a stocky, short-necked, long-horned cow, with her calf beside her, who had suddenly become aware of approaching tourists. The short neck grows shorter, the horns seem to lower, the nostrils twitch, and there is a dangerous gleam in the eyes. I should throw this picture on the screen, and I would say, 'Gentlemen—Dourness.'" The fifth Scottish characteristic Ian Maclaren named as sentiment. He spoke of it as the sap of tenderness protected by the rough bark of "dourness."

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll sailed for England on November 7. Dr. Watson and Mrs. Watson will remain here until December 16. The five weeks which the former spent among us were distributed in visiting several country towns in New England, Boston, Niagara Falls, New Orleans, Washington, and Philadelphia. Their headquarters were at the Holland House in New York. Everywhere they acknowledge that they were received with kindness, and they say that they have gone back to England with larger, more enlightened, more generous thoughts of this great country and this great people. "Our first impressions of New York," they said, "were, first, its Continental look, then the noise made by the traffic on the rough pavement, and, lastly, the erect bearing of the women. It is a noble city, not so much of the business type as we had expected—in short, not a Manchester or Glasgow, but a grand foreign capital. Fifth Avenue in particular is a magnificent street, stretching out for miles, with its many imposing public and private buildings. The noise is at first deafening." While in New York they went to hear Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. "Dr. Hall," says Dr. Nicoll, "reminds me of the best type of the Disruption minister—dignified, authoritative, clear, with strong foundations of doctrine underlying his exhortations—a man of weight. No tincture of the modern spirit—its wonder, its yearning, its weakness—entered his discourse. Things were settled—they were so—let us not trifle, but act. Neither was there anything of the modern style—no light, or color, or touch of imagination. But the language was clear, terse, and impressive, and you felt such preaching must do good. After all, there are millions of people who have never read, or at least never been touched by, Browning or Carlyle." Dr. Nicoll and Mr. Barrie seemed amazed that the earlier books of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, such, for instance, as "Old Town Folks," were so sadly neglected. "I found," says Dr. Nicoll, "that Miss Wilkins had read and greatly admired 'The Minister's Wooing,' but did not know much beyond it. The fact is, so far as I have seen, Americans are very modest about their authors, and hardly realize the immense influence many of them have had in England." They spent a pleasant visit at the home of Mr. G. W. Cable, in whom they were very much interested, Mr. Barrie having as a young journalist in Nottingham written long and enthusiastic articles on Mr. Cable's early books. Of all men in America, Mr. Barrie said, he most wished to meet the author of "Old Creole Days" and "The Grandissimes," and the meeting took place under the happiest circumstances. Dr. Nicoll considers Mr. Cable the greatest of living American authors. In connection with his new monthly, called "The Symposium," Mr. Cable was interested to hear that Professor Drummond long ago thought of "The Symposium" as a title for a monthly magazine. We gather from Dr. Nicoll's visit to Northampton, which revived recollections of Dr. John Todd, the author of "Sermons to Children" and "The Students' Guide," that the "Sermons to Children" was the first book that Dr. Nicoll ever read with interest, the first book which ever gave to him the idea that there might be something pleasant in reading. On the occasion of the dinner at the Aldine Club given to him and Mr. Barrie, Dr. Nicoll gathered up his impressions of "the present state of literature in America" in a speech which is published in the December "Bookman."

THRUMS

DRUMTOCHTY—THE VILLAGE

These are the days when, contrary to the famous proverb, all things under the sun are New, and in speaking of the new school of Scottish fiction we are reminded that many people deplore the neglect which is shown to the older national writers, and decry the present enthusiasm for the new writers as a fad or fashion. It recalls a story which I once heard about an old Scotch minister and his beadle (sexton), who, after locking up the church for the day, were walking home grieving over the poor attendance as compared with the large audiences which a younger minister was drawing in the same street. The beadle, who was a tailor, also had reason to take the matter sorely to heart, and, in seeking to sympathize with the minister, said: "We are just twa auld men that the world has nae use for now. My best customers have all left me for the fashionable tailor doon the street. Minister, it's a' in the cut. It's the new cut that has put us baith out o' fashion!"

Some Illustrated Books

By John C. Van Dyke

NEARLY a hundred years ago Professor Edward Christian, of Cambridge, sighing over the deterioration in books, wrote: "The fury for prints proves the frivolity of the times; and our books, I fear, will shrink from comparison with those of the age of Queen Anne, which were not adorned with such superfluous and meretricious decorations." But what would the Professor write if he could only see the illustration of the present day! The "fury for prints" has increased tenfold. The pictorial is everywhere, in books, magazines, and newspapers, in commerce and trade, in the scientific laboratory, the archæological museum, and the college lecture-room. Some of it serves a purely illustrative purpose, some of it has no more definite aim than entertainment, some of it is designed to catch the applause of the groundlings and is mere claptrap. One can agree with Professor Christian that the claptrap is "meretricious" without being able to suggest a means of escape from it; but the decorative and the illustrative are far from being "superlative" features of modern life. Even that which merely pleases the sense of sight with form and color is not to be despised. It educates the eye if it does not inform the mind, and the education of the sense of sight has worked wonders in nineteenth-century progress.

Of course the progress of the present is always foolishness to those who hold by the excellences of the past. The world is always deteriorating, and each generation has its prophets who are harking us back to the "good old times." But for some reason the world never turns back. It moves serenely on, and there is usually a justification for its movement. Illustration, for instance, is a necessity of our times. We have many more things to learn, many more things to do, many more problems to wrestle with, than had the people of Queen Anne's day. Why use one hand when we can use both? Why employ only one sense for comprehension when we can use two? The sense of sound conveys best such ideas as those of time, thought, infinity; the sense of sight conveys best conceptions of form, space, dimension. Each without the other is limited in expression, but taken together there is scarcely anything that cannot be told by them. It is not matter of regret that the second sense has come into use. Illustration to the eye is often a most potent means of bringing a truth home to the mind. And the truths of to-day are so many and so complicated that we need all our senses to comprehend them.

From "A Year in the Fields." (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

But it is said that illustration is doing away with careful reading, that the author is skipped for the illustrator, that "short-cut" knowledge is in the ascendant. There are evils in every system, but they are generally appraised too highly. Those who look only at pictures never were careful readers at any time. And if certain ideas can be revealed better by illustration than description, why should they not be so revealed? Let the book change and adapt itself to modern needs. In the drama we have seen the long, chorus-like descriptions of pomp, passion, and parade curtailed by a stage setting that shows the things themselves. The dramatist is now a writer of dialogue; the place, time, and circumstance are given by that very clever illustrator the stage-carpenter. Why should not the book accept a similar change? Why write a ten-page description of the Pantheon when a "half-tone" of it beggars your description? Why talk to one's ear about countries, faces, costumes, and the like, when an illustration can tell them so much better to one's eye? I am aware that this idea may sound a little shocking, and yet it is not impossible that the book will evolve and develop in just this way. The new book—for, of course, there must be a New Book with capitals—is likely to be a collaboration of author and artist, a division of labor in which the author will give that portion which may be told by sound and the artist that portion which appeals to the sense of sight. But the new book has not yet arrived, and in the meantime much of present artistic effort is little more than repetition of literary effort. The artist and author are not working together except in a nominal way. The illustrator glances over his author's sheets searching for something that will lend to a new *technique* or a modern effect, and seldom tries to translate the spirit of the writer. The result is such illustration as Mr. F. C. Gordon supplies to a new edition of Bulwer's *Richelieu* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York)—illustra

From "Legends of the Virgin." (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

tion conceived, not in the spirit of Bulwer or Richelieu, but in the spirit of Meissonier and the seventeenth century. Cavaliers singly and in pairs adorn the pages, and occasionally there is a duel or midnight escapade on horseback, but the subjects and incidents chosen for illustration are generally outside the action of the play. Richelieu as a young man cleaving the head of a Britisher at Rochelle is shown, but Richelieu the Cardinal launching the curse of Rome on the heads of the conspirators does not appear. The book is handsome, but the illustrations help the text but slightly. Not so with Mr. George Birkbeck Hill's *Talks About Autographs* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). One might ask, Why talk about autographs when they can be seen so much better? But Mr. Hill is really talking about autograph letters, and he gives reproductions of a number of them that are not only interesting but illustrative of the text. We are afforded a glimpse of the original papers in facsimile, and from them we comprehend how Sir Thomas Browne or Mr. Ruskin wrote, just as in a museum we learn from a plaster cast how Pheidias or Michael Angelo modeled. This is true sight-help to the written text. One aids the other. The inadequacy of language is helped out by an appeal to the eye. Just so with Mr. Walter F. Lonergan's *Historic Churches of Paris* (Thomas Whittaker, New York). It is properly a book of facts, and in picturing such things as churches, streets, marbles, and inanimate life generally the mechanical photograph is often more satisfactory than the work of a draughtsman. Of course if one can have the drawings of Vierge or Joseph Pennell there is an artistic value added to the fact, but in the book before us the drawings of Mr. Brinsley S. Le Fanu hardly better the half-tone reproductions from photographs. The bulk, the proportions, the details of carvings, can be given by the camera, and these are the chief requisites of such illustration. Mr. Le Fanu is not a bad draughtsman, and his pen-and-ink work is interesting, but if we are studying the flying buttresses of Notre Dame or the ceiling of Sainte Chapelle we want the facts rather than an artist's impression of the facts.

PLOUGHING.

From "Rustic Life in France." (*T. Y. Crowell & Co.*)

Every one who knows Venice loves to see the Venetian pictures by Turner and the thousand other painters who have set up easels along her waterways. They suggest the Venice we look back at in our dreams—a glamour of colored glory, a city of pearl on an opalescent sea. But, again, if we are studying facts in M. Charles Yriarte's *Venice: Its History, Art, Industries, and Modern Life* (Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia), we need the photographs of the chief squares, churches, canals, and palaces. These we have in fifty excellent photogravures well chosen and clearly printed. It is certainly a great help to those who have never been in Venice to see her living landmarks of history; and those for whom Venice is an old story will not the less be pleased to see again in miniature the Piazza and the Piazzetta, the Riva and the Rialto, the Colleoni, the Bronze Gates of the Campanile, and the Marcello monument in the Frari. A wonderful city was that young Venice rising in beauty from the mud islands of the lagoon; and to-day, when her palaces are crumbling to decay and her beauty sinking back into the mud of the lagoon, she is still a wonderful city. Any book, any tale, any picture of her has interest, and M. Charles Yriarte's book and pictures are exceptionally interesting because they are exceptionally good.

Rome is quite a different story. It is a record of deeds rather than a record of art, and a glance at the maps and photographic reproductions of Mr. John Dennie's *Rome of To-day and Yesterday* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) will show how well designed are all those columns, bridges, and temples to typify the Roman conception of strength, endurance, and power. Mr. Dennie tells the tale of the pagan city, the Rome of the kings, the republic, and the emperors; he does not deal with Christian Rome. The tale has been more than twice told, but Mr. Dennie thinks he can tell it over again in a popular way and thus reach the unarchæological masses. The fifty-eight half-tones that accompany the book show the remains of palace, forum, and triumphal arch, and are calculated to lift the mind of the reader to an imperial height. They will certainly prove a great aid to comprehension. This is equally true of the five hundred half-tones and twenty-two copper-plates that illuminate the pages of Émile Bourgeois's *France Under Louis XIV.*, translated by Mrs. Cashel-Hoey (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). All the paintings, prints, almanacs, and fashion plates of the period have been drawn upon to complete this picture of the pompous Louis surrounded by his satellite court and supported by his too patient French people. And what an idea of those times, independent of M. Bourgeois's careful text, we gain from this profuse illustration! The seventeenth century seems to pass before us like a panorama. We see the people, the costumes, the life of France; and when we turn to the text, how much better we grasp the meaning of its descriptions and its recorded facts! The volume is an imperial octavo, handsomely printed and bound, and is as good an example of the properly illustrated book as can be instanced. The illustrator and author were not working at cross purposes, for M. Bourgeois selected these "human documents" and shaped his text to conform to them. In fact, the documents are the history and the text is their illustration.

The ancient Vasari—he who narrated the happenings (and many things that did not happen) in the lives of the great Italian painters, sculptors, and architects—has been explained, contradicted, and set to rights by a number of editors in the past, and this year he has been taken in hand by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins, who bring the editing down to the present time, with all the information that modern research has disclosed. The new edition—in four superbly printed volumes (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)—was badly needed, since there has been no English edition since 1850. Moreover, the editorial work has fallen into the hands of those who know about art in general, and Italian art in particular. Seventy of the Lives have been selected from the original work, the editors deeming it wise to annotate the important ones thoroughly rather than the whole series scantily. These seventy Lives they have studied very closely, and the footnotes that mark the pages not only give historical changes and corrections, but contain critical characterizations of the painters that are of no small value. Vasari, in spite of his occasional hearsay evidence and his apparent antipathy to certain painters, is the fountain-head from which the histories of Italian art derive, and this new edition of his Lives is both timely and welcome. Some forty-eight photogravures of the masterpieces of Italian painting and sculpture help out the narratives by showing us the original works commented upon by Vasari. The edition is limited to five hundred copies—more's the pity, for the work should be popular and accessible to all.

So much for the books with illustrations that illustrate. Aside from the help the pictures afford the text, there is, naturally enough, a publisher's method in illustration. It brightens a volume, gives it an interesting look, and, when accompanied by good paper, wide margins, and "open-faced" type, results in artistic book-making. The present rivalry among publishers in the matter of handsomely made books is very strong, and we have no end of types and papers, ornamented covers with gold stampings, and variegated cloths. Sometimes it happens that pictures are thrust between the book-covers more to stimulate the curiosity and smarten the appearance than for anything like illustration. Yet it does not follow of necessity that every picture in a book should have something to do with the text. There are pictures that have value for their illustrative meaning, and there are pictures that should have value for their decorative meaning. The distinction marks a fundamental difference. It is a hard one for us to grasp. We are so matter-of-fact, and so insistent upon it that everything should mean something, that we often pass by that which is graceful and good simply because it tells no story. Just at present people are having much merriment over the work of a young Englishman, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. He is all sorts of an impressionist, symbolist, egoist, or decadent, as people choose to name him. Why? Simply because he decorates rather than illustrates—fills a page with pretty patterns instead of pretty stories. There is always enough of the Saxon in us to ask, What does it mean? and not enough of the Latin to ask, How does it look? If we could regard his work as ornament put in to make a book beautiful, we should applaud it to the echo. Perhaps we shall do so yet. Time changes many contemporary opinions, and a few years hence we may be found guilty of acclaiming Beardsley as a genius. Whether we do or not, he is no less an artist of pronounced ability and originality.

From "Poems of Johanna Ambrosius." (*Roberts Brothers.*)

But the decorated book did not originate with Mr. Beardsley. It is of very ancient lineage. The papyrus books of the Egyptians were illustrated and decorated, and the illumination of manuscripts was practiced in the earliest times. When printing was invented, the page-patterns followed the manuscripts, and in Japan the book-maker followed the kakemono. To-day we are still following precedent to some extent. Some follow the Japanese, some the Italians, some the Germans. For instance, Mr. Hadaway's decorations for Mr. T. B. Aldrich's *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) are of German inspiration, and remind us of the old Nuremberg calendars. The pages are long and thin, with ornamental borders, the type is black, underscored with red lines, and the initials are rubricated. The title-pages are figures of ecclesiastics in pattern, and the frontispiece is an illustration in red ink of Friar Jerome in his cell. The whole book makes up prettily, and has something of antique quaintness about it. Quaint and reminiscent, too, are Mr. H. G. Fell's ornamental designs for *The Book of Job* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York). It would seem almost impossible for any one to make designs for this book without thinking of William Blake's "Job," and Mr. Fell has at least taken a peep at it. The flying figures of the borders, the long cowled people, the swirling circles, point to Blake; but Mr. Fell has been himself on more than one page, and has produced some effective work both as illustration and decoration. A companion volume, *The Book of Ruth* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), pictured and designed by Mr. W. B. McDougall, is more modern in spirit and has less of the old woodcut effect than Mr. Fell's volume. In fact, Mr. McDougall rather suggests the modern poster in his designs, but with much delicacy of line and originality in patterns. Some of the backgrounds and borders are charming in their adaptation of flowers, leaves, and other natural forms, and the illustrations themselves are effective Both of these volumes are good specimens of modern printing and book-making. There is no reason why the statement should not be extended to *A Book of Christmas Verse*, selected by H. C. Beeching (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), with ten designs by Walter Crane. It is just as handsomely printed, and the "fat-faced" type, the full margin, the strong paper, are most attractive. But Mr. Crane's designs are not soul-stirring either as illustration or decoration.

The new two-volumed edition of Irving's *Bracebridge Hall* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), in its white and gold binding, is not only ornamented by Miss Armstrong with pale-green page-patterns, but is furnished with some twenty-eight illustrations by American artists. The book is filled with good picturesque material, but some of the illustrators have thought their own conceptions more fetching than those of Washington Irving, and have treated us to "effects" that might as appropriately be inserted in the Koran as in "Bracebridge Hall." They are well enough done artistically, and the printing of them upon heavy plate-paper is excellent, but—they do not illustrate. The dainty little border-pieces in color by Amelia M. Watson that adorn the pages of Thoreau's *Cape Cod* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) serve their purpose much better. They really enlighten the text, for the sketches were made along Cape Cod; and with their color they give us quite an idea of the country about which Thoreau wrote. The printing of the colors is exceedingly good, and the use of the page margins for small sketches is quite a novelty. The result is decorative illustration, and that is what all picture-making for books should be.

One of the most important of the season's illustrated books is M. Gréard's *Meissonier: His Life and His Art* (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York). The life is not an exhaustive study of Meissonier. It is rather a series of sketches taken from the artist's own talk and letters, but what there is of it is authentic—something that cannot be said for some other published accounts of the painter. It was not necessary to say much about the man, for the public is interested only in the artist. Meissonier, like every other artist, wrote his autobiography in his art, and here it is, reproduced in two hundred illustrations, with forty full-page plates, partly in photogravure, partly in color. His best pictures are thus shown, and, of course, they help the text, because they are the very man himself. Meissonier had all the gifts of the illustrator, and had he devoted himself entirely to black-and-white work he would perhaps have achieved quite as much fame as he did in painting. His *genre* pictures—cavaliers, smokers, riders—admirably done though they be, are little more than colored illustrations. The Napoleonic cycle rises to pictorial creation, but is not the less illustrative. His whole work was a record of observation, and Meissonier himself was more of an eye than a poetic mind. He left nothing to the imagination, and was ever intent upon giving facts. There is an *édition de luxe* of the book, the type on Japanese vellum, the plates on India paper, that should give one a still better conception of this man's great skill. He was a master in craftsmanship beyond any doubt.

From "A Window in Thrums." (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

Daniel Vierge is a master, too, but his work lies entirely within the realm of black-and-white Here he certainly has no superior among living men. The story of his losing the use of his right hand, and the facility with which he trained his left hand to take its place, has been recounted more than once. The difference between the two hands is scarcely apparent in his work. Certainly the illustrations which he has recently made for Mr. A. F. Jaccaci's *On the Trail of Don Quixote* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) show the old spirit and energy with no perceptible diminution in accuracy. Each one of these 130 illustrations is worthy of study simply for the art it displays. No one has ever shown life, motion, character, force, better than Vierge. And how decorative he is in the massing of lights and shades, in the swing of lines, in the filling of page-space! Here at last is the true decorative illustration—the kind that gives light to the book as well as to the text, and makes both beautiful to look upon. Vierge is a Spaniard born, and has known the land of Don Quixote from boyhood. Mr. Jaccaci knows that country too, and is besides an artist who knows what to omit as well as what to put in his narrative.

From "Constantinople." (*H. T. Coates & Co.*)

Poems by Paul Verlaine

Translated by Emerson G. Taylor

I.

O River in the street,
How quaint is thy retreat
  Between high walls immured!
Thy waters dark and clear
Through byways thou dost steer
  With ripple faintly heard.

O River pale like death,
Hopeless thou flow'st beneath
  A pall spun from decay;
E'en though above thy shores
On tower and cottage pours
  The splendor of the day.

II.

Borne on the Autumn's wings
I hear, as from vibrant strings,
  Harmonies.
Telling of Summer fled,
They wake in my heart—long dead
  Memories.

Breathless and pale of soul,
I hear the deep bell toll,
  Full of fears;
As the dark hours flit by,
Old days I dim descry
  Through my tears.

And then I'm whirled away,
The bitter wind's poor prey,
  Here and there
I and the withered sheaves
Of helpless blasted leaves
  Tossed in air.

Old Books in New Dress

By Hamilton W. Mabie

WHEN one looks through the list of new editions of standard works of literature, he begins to doubt the accuracy of observation of those critics of contemporary conditions who tell us, from time to time, that serious books are no longer read, and that the reading public has ceased to care for sound literary workmanship. That there is a great laxity in the matter of discriminating between the good and the bad in literary form and substance is beyond question; that too many of those who read show no evidence of intelligence of taste or aim is also beyond question; but there are also many evidences of the existence of a body of readers who care only for the best, and who discriminate between literature and the great mass of writing which is issued in book form, but which bears no more relation to literature than a block of unhewn stone bears to the Parthenon. There are, fortunately, a very considerable number of publishers who deal with book-making in a generous and honorable spirit, who care for books as literature as well as merchandise, and who are glad of an opportunity of forwarding the interests of an unknown man of promise. But the publishing of books is, of course, a business, and must be conducted on business principles; and while intelligent publishers are ready to make ventures for the sake of introducing a new writer of force and talent, they do not republish old books as a matter of entertainment. If old books are reprinted from time to time, it is because there are readers who want them and who buy them. The constant reappearance, therefore, of the standard writers in new and handsome issues furnishes good evidence of the survival of the habit of serious reading and of the renewal and extension of the circle of those who know and care for good books.

One can imagine the satisfaction with which Wordsworth would have studied the long row of sixteen attractive volumes in which the Macmillan Company (New York) are now issuing his complete poetical works; for this dignified and attractive Eversley edition, with its suggestion of library rather than of railroad use, is in itself a declaration that the verse it contains has classic quality and standing. Better still, this noble body of poetry receives its proper homage of thoroughly intelligent editing. Mr. William Knight has long been a student of Wordsworth; he edited a library edition of the poems ten years ago; published a life of the poet three years later; wrote a very pleasant book on "The English Lake District as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth," and prepared the "Memorials of Coleorton," which every lover of the Lake poet has read. In this edition the poems are arranged in the order in which they were written; the changes of text made by the poet in successive editions are given in foot-notes; several pieces of verse are printed for the first time in a complete edition; a new bibliography is added; eight volumes are devoted to the poems and two volumes to the prose works; the journals of Dorothy Wordsworth and the letters of Dorothy and of the poet are given; with a new life of Wordsworth in one volume. Each volume contains an etching of a locality associated with the poet, and a new portrait of Wordsworth or of his wife or daughter or sister. The edition leaves nothing to be desired.

William Wordsworth

It is no very violent change of atmosphere and feeling to pass from Grasmere to Thrums; to exchange the old-time English dalesman for the sturdy Scotch weaver. Mr. Barrie, like Wordsworth, is a lover of nature and of man in his primitive estate. He cares supremely for those simple experiences in which the life of men finds a common consciousness and out of which the human drama is compounded. It is too early to assign Mr. Barrie his final or even his relative place, but there are many indications that he has come to stay. His popularity has waxed so much of late that one trembles when he remembers that the writer of "Sentimental Tommy" is so young. There is that in his work, however, which allays such an anxiety. Mr. Barrie has a real insight into life, and such an insight is an immense safeguard against the corrupting tendency of popularity. He is, moreover, a true artist, and a true artist never wholly succumbs to the lower temptations of success. Those who care, therefore, for the sensitive genius of a writer who puts his heart into his books, without any sacrifice of that reticence which is the guard of every fine nature, may take unalloyed satisfaction in the fact that the reading public has found Mr. Barrie out and has profited by the knowledge. The man who wrote "Sentimental Tommy" has the stuff of literature in him, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have made no mistake in giving his work that dignity of form which was once reserved for writers who had passed all the barriers and taken their places among the classics. When the ten volumes of the Thistle Edition stand together, there will be few to withstand the charm of the fair page, the noble type, the judicious illustration, and the tasteful binding. Such books, by their happy combination of old-fashioned dignity and modern decoration, are a credit to American book-making.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

The Riverside Press has so thoroughly defined its aims and so long illustrated its workmanship that its imprint has become a synonym for sound and beautiful work. One by one the older American classics have come in final forms from this press, and no one who cares for our literature can look through the long list from Hawthorne to Mrs. Stowe without recognizing the service which this press has rendered to American writers and readers. For it is no small matter that our classics are now in our hands in forms so harmonious and appropriate that the very shape and dress of the books are significant of the quality and value of the text. To this company of beautiful editions the works of Harriet Beecher Stowe, in sixteen volumes, are now being added. One reads the pages without being conscious of the type, and the volumes are so well dressed in color and stamping that one fails to note any single feature of binding or lettering; and this is saying that the edition is in perfect taste. The title-pages are worthy of special attention, and each volume is to contain an etched portrait or other illustration. This edition is the truest memorial of a writer who was not only the foremost woman who has yet appeared in this country, but who was also the most widely read of Amer-

Ivan Turgenev

ican authors. The great vogue of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has passed, but that striking story will long find readers to be stirred by its dramatic power and moved by its passionate intensity of spirit. Mrs. Stowe's best work as a novelist is to be found, however, in her sketches of New England life and character.

A new generation of novelists has come upon the stage since the brave days when Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot were writing those great novels which have become a part of our literature. Time has dealt gently with Thackeray, whose soundness of substance and whose beauty of workmanship become more clear as the years go by; it has searched Dickens with dispassionate scrutiny, and has rejected half a dozen stories which our elders once laughed or cried over; and it has not left George Eliot's work intact. It has discarded "Daniel Deronda," "Theophrastus Such," the great majority of the poems, and it has had misgivings about "Romola;" but it has put "Scenes from Clerical Life," "Silas Marner," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Adam Bede" with the books that endure; and it has postponed final judgment on "Middlemarch" and "Felix Holt." On the whole, therefore, George Eliot has fared extremely well, and is likely to go down to posterity in the company of a goodly array of works of noble quality. During those fortunate years when the artistic temper was in the ascendant, and the philosophic temper was its servant, she was a really great writer; a master of some of the deeper elements of human experience, and of a style at once capacious, vigorous, and eloquent in a worthy sense of that much-abused word. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. have put the work of this gifted woman in a Standard Edition which is both dignified and agreeable; the books are admirably printed and bound, the page is harmonious, the coloring and stamping rich, and the general effect of the long row of books very taking.

Thomas Hardy
(By courtesy of Harper & Brothers)

Charles Kingsley

This generation, which has seen so many literary artists attain the mastery of their craft through years of laborious training, has known no finer artist in the field of fiction than Ivan Turgenev. The deep-hearted Russian, who loved his country and his people so passionately that he could not do more nor less than speak the truth about both, paid the penalty which is always exacted of the man who feels with the radicals the misery of existing conditions, but who sees how inadequate are the remedies which radicalism often brings forward. Feared, hated, and exiled by the Government, Turgenev was compelled also, by his sheer veracity, to antagonize the popular movement in which so many of his friends were enlisted. Time always works for a writer of such insight and mastery of form, and the lonely novelist has already had his reward. The six novels which bear his name, with the volume of sketches which first made Russia completely aware of the conditions of serf life, are now recognized as masterpieces. They ought to be in the hands of every young novelist; for their restraint, condensation, balance, and deep-going energy of style are corrective of some of the worst faults of contemporary writing. No writer ever submitted himself more loyally to the discipline of art; none was ever more entirely free from carelessness, haste, crudity, and unbalanced emotion. It was a service to American readers to secure a fresh translation of this noble group of novels, and to give them so convenient a form as that which they have received at the hands of the Macmillan Company in nine small volumes.

Thomas Carlyle

Thomas Hardy brings to the writing of fiction the greatest natural force now at work among English novelists. Less intellectual than Meredith, he is far more dramatic. At his best he easily stands in the front rank, and in one field he has no superior in English literature. "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "The Woodlanders" are stories of classic quality; in power of natural description, of vivid portraiture of rustic life, in humor and keen characterization, they are unsurpassed. They have a Shakespearean breadth and vitality of treatment; their roots are deep in the soil out of which they grow. In sheer dramatic power, "Tess," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and "The Return of the Native" belong also in the front rank. Mr. Hardy is, however, a fatalist, with a tremendous grasp of the irony of life as it appears from his standpoint, and with a limitation of interest and vision which, in later years especially, have told heavily against the truth of his interpretation and the beauty of his art. He has had a great theme in his creed that the man should be punished as severely as the woman for sexual sins; but in some of his later stories his touch has not been sound nor his taste healthful. "Two on a Tower" and "A Group of Noble Dames" are distinctly repulsive. It is a misfortune that so great a writer should have gone so far astray. Aside from this small group of books, he is an artist of commanding force and interest, to whom the future, with dispassionate discrimination between his sound and his unsound work, will assign a greater place than that which he holds to-day. In the new edition which bears the imprint of the Messrs. Harper & Brothers his works are presented for the first time entire and in uniform style to American readers.

J. Fenimore Cooper

It is a satisfaction to come upon a new edition of Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* in a single volume, well printed, tasteful in dress, and of such moderate cost that it is easily within the reach of all who desire to make the acquaintance of the most perfect novel in the English language. A companion volume in form, although not in quality, is Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*—a story of very uneven workmanship, but full of that vitality which characterized Kingsley, and disclosing a certain picturesque force and pictorial quality which have given the novel high rank among books of its kind. In this same group belongs also a single-volume edition of Carlyle's characteristic *Sartor Resartus*, in which one may find the key to Carlyle's thinking; in fact, whoever knows "Sartor Resartus" thoroughly as regards its contents and its form, knows Carlyle's view of life and art, and his manner of practicing the one and formulating the other. These three volumes bear the imprint of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Izaak Walton

There have been times in late years when it has seemed as if James Fenimore Cooper's day were over, but there is too much of the stuff of which real books are made in these stories to permit of their becoming merely monuments in our literary history. They remain, in their way, among the very best stories which have yet been written on our soil. They are distinctively American, characteristic in a peculiar sense of early American conditions and character; they are, in the second place, capital pieces of narrative. The workmanship is very uneven from the standpoint of the artistic thoroughness with which most writing of high quality is done to-day. Cooper's workmanship is often slovenly, and never, perhaps, discloses the very highest quality. The average of it is, nevertheless, for the purposes for which it is used, sound. Cooper was, in the third place, a capital story-teller. He knew how to dispose of his material, how to give it order and sequence, and he remains, in spite of many successors and competitors, a real figure among the group of American novelists. It was his good fortune that the writing of his life in these later times fell into the hands of Professor Lounsbury, who made out of the material which he found one of the best biographies yet written in America. There have been many editions of these novels, but none which, for popular purposes, has been more attractive than the Mohawk Edition, which is to be completed in thirty-two volumes, large 12mo, printed from very clear type, with numerous illustrations, and substantially and attractively bound. This edition resembles very closely the Hudson Edition of Irving, an excellent model. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have grouped in five well-made volumes the *Leatherstocking Tales*, the most popular of all the Cooper novels. These volumes contain twenty photogravure illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. They are bound in green ribbed cloth, they are well printed, and they leave little to be desired in the way of a library edition of this particular group of stories.

If there be a book in our language which fits the mood of a leisure hour, and which takes its fortunate reader out of the rush of contemporary life and the agitation of contemporary discussion, it is surely Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler;* that old-fashioned, meditative, leisurely, out-of-door classic, full of the repose of the English landscape, of the charm of the gentlest of the sports, and of the quality which makes literature. This is one of those books which the reader who knows what he wants and provides himself with it likes to have close at hand, not for consecutive reading, but for sipping now and then; and this classic has certainly never been put into more convenient shape than in the new edition which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, which is prefaced by a characteristic introduction from the hand of Mr. Andrew Lang, and which is admirably illustrated by Mr. E. J. Sullivan.

Never, surely, was an old poet more fortunate than Omar Khayyám on the day when his verse fell into the hands of Edward Fitzgerald. As a result of this happy contact between one of the most gifted of English translators and one of the most suggestive of old Persian poets, Omar Khayyám has become to all intents a modern writer, and for that matter an English writer. It is of small consequence, so far as the reader is concerned, how much Omar Khayyám owes to Edward Fitzgerald; the fact remains that the translation of the *Rubáiyát* has put into the hands of the English reader a body of verse entirely unlike anything which he has read in his own tongue before; at once stimulating, suggestive, irritating, and pathetic. This translation comes from the press of Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., in a single volume, compact and clearly printed.

Other Holiday Books

One of the most important of holiday books is *Modern French Masters*, edited by Professor John C. Van Dyke (The Century Company, New York). It is a sumptuous volume, and is one of the best contributions to contemporary art. Like the "Old Italian Masters" and the "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters," this book is made up of twenty biographical and critical monographs on the best-known modern French masters, written by their American pupils and admirers. To those who know anything about contemporary American artists and their pictures, it is easy to see that in each case the writer has been chosen because of his knowledge of the painter of whom he writes, and because of his sympathy with his works. Mr. Will H. Low contributes the articles on MM. Gérôme and Boutet de Monvel; Mr. Kenyon Cox, those on MM. Puvis de Chavannes and Baudry; Mr. Carroll Beckwith writes of

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"THE FAIR DUTCHWOMAN," BY COURBET.

From "Modern French Masters." (*The Century Co.*)

From "*Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail.*"
(*The Century Co.*)

MM. Carolus-Duran and Manet; Mr. E. H. Blashfield, of MM. Bonnat and Jean-Paul Laurens; the late Theodore Robinson, of Corot and Monet; Mr. W. A. Coffin, of Rousseau and Dagnan-Bouveret; the late G. P. A. Healy, of Couture; Mr. H. W. Watrous, of Meissonier; Mr. Arthur Hoeber, of Diaz; Mr. William H. Howe, of Troyon; Mr. D. W. Tryon, of Daubigny; the late Wyatt Eaton, of Millet; Samuel Isham, of Courbet; and, appropriately enough, Mr. Julian Alden Weir, of the lamented Bastien-Lepage. The public is indebted to Mr. Weir that the "Joan of Arc" by Bastien-Lepage is among the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Of all the foregoing essays, the one which will probably attract most immediate notice is that on Meissonier. The forthcoming publication of M. Gréard's life of the great artist will lend additional interest to what Mr. Watrous has to say of Meissonier. Like the great master, Mr. Watrous prefers to do his own painting on small panels; his word-picture, however, is on a larger scale, and well describes the man who painted truth as he saw it, regardless of time, trouble, or expense. The picture of Millet is even more graphic. Another satisfactory paper is Mr. Tryon's on Daubigny, and not on Daubigny alone, but on the peculiar conditions which made possible the growth of the Barbizon school at a time when popular art was antagonistic to its growth. As Mr. Tryon justly says, the period of the Barbizon school is the most important of all epochs in the history of landscape-painting. The most delightful feature of all of the essays is not so much their critical quality as the reminiscent tone. One feels that each writer has been sitting as a more or less reverent disciple at the feet of a great master and has learned of him. No matter how much the writer may have advanced in his own originality, inventiveness, and genius, yet there is the stamp of the master on him still, and it is this stamp which makes the modern French school of so much import. We have from that school works of wonderful merit and satisfaction, but perhaps the greatest merit of all is the fact that these masters stimulated other men to go on in the now well-beaten tracks, whether those tracks be impressionistic, or realistic, or mystic, or anything that distinguishes one man's work or one school's work from another. As we turn over page after page of this superb volume we have but one regret, and that is that Professor Van Dyke is not more in evidence. His preface and his notes on the American writers are such good writing that we wish their conciseness might have been expanded. With him, we feel that an artist is not only a better judge of the technique of painting, and is even the better judge of its finer meaning. Of course we hear the contrary continually—the painter is too near his theme to estimate it entirely. But Professor Van Dyke reminds us that soundness of technique is a condition precedent to all great art. Without it a picture cannot be really great, no matter what its ultimate meaning. It does not necessarily follow that one who is interested in methods is blind to what those methods express. We have offered as an example of the union of all that makes criticism, Fromentin's "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois," perhaps the best piece of art-criticism ever written; nor is it too much to say that "Modern French Masters" is a book which goes far to prove the painter's contention that no one but a painter is a competent judge of a picture. The assertion is at least a half-truth. The volume is illustrated by many examples of wood-engraving and of "half-tone" work. If for nothing else, the book would be interesting in the comparison between these two processes. Those who are, on the whole, opposed to wood-engraving think that the engraver's personality intrudes and influences the reproduction overmuch; yet we are reminded, too, that the picture is always photographed upon the block and the engraver works directly from the photograph. Those who oppose the half-tone process claim that it does not deal adequately with subtile tones, with light and shade, with color-values.

To those who unconsciously think of Paris as France, who know little of the simple charm of French country life, we heartily commend M. André Theuriet's *Rustic Life in France*, which has been well translated for American readers by Mrs. Helen B. Dole. The author lingers with quiet delight over old-time peasant customs and traits now passing away. He loves the idyllic and pastoral side of farm life. He feels also the primitive strength and manliness of the peasant's character. In short, he shows us with his pen just what Millet puts before us on the canvas. Few writers have Theuriet's gift of poetic sincerity untinged with sentimentalism. He writes of the commonest things, of the details of daily toil, of rustic sports, of festivals and sorrows, with unvarying sympathy and fineness of style. M. Lhermitte has aided M. Theuriet by furnishing him with many beautiful drawings, realistic as pertaining

From "*The Heart of Princess Osra.*" (*F. A. Stokes Co.*)

directly to peasant life, yet idealized in execution. In all, the book is one to please best the most refined taste. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

Lovers of the writings of John Burroughs—and they are a growing multitude in this country—will find especial delight in the selection from his essays which Mr. Clifton Johnson has made, under the title *A Year in the Fields*, and to which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have given a simple elegance of dress which is taking in the last degree. The illustration of this book is, in a way, unique. It happily combines the picture of the season and the landscape treated in the essay which it faces, and the personality of the author. Mr. Burroughs is shown in a dozen characteristic attitudes, in his study, at his door, on the wood-road, in the woods, and in various localities and in different seasons. The work of the camera in the hands of Mr. Johnson is very skillfully and intelligently done, and the volume will take its place among the most interesting of the books of the season.

From "*Italy in the Nineteenth Century*." (*A. C. McClurg & Co.*)

We do not need to point out the reasons that make *Constantinople* the city to which all eyes are now eagerly directed. This, then, is a peculiarly timely year for the appearance of a translation of Edmondo de Amicis's work on that city. It was one of his earlier books, and he never wrote with more alertness of observation and brilliance of style. He knew his Constantinople from mosque to pariah dog; his descriptive powers were extraordinary; he was a traveler and a literary artist in one. With the Turks, says our author, "sloth wears the mask of leisure, dignity is a cloak for pride;" "the dry rot is covered up;" the Turk "knows how to value Europeans who can be of use to him, accepts such innovations in material things as can offer some palpable advantage; listens without a tremor of the eyelid to all the lectures on civilization which are read to him; alters laws, customs, and ceremonials; learns by heart and repeats fluently the sayings of our philosophers; allows himself to be travestied, caricatured, burlesqued: but at bottom he remains immutably, hopelessly the same." The translation of this really great work is by Maria H. Lansdale, and it deserves high praise. Fifty beautiful photogravures are scattered through the two volumes, and add greatly to its attractiveness as a gift. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)

Another book of Eastern travel is Mr. Robert Howard Russell's *The Edge of the Orient*. Naturally, this is not to be compared as to style with the work just mentioned; on the other hand, it has the special merit of being absolutely fresh and recent, and of touching comparatively new ground. For the greater part of the author's journey was outside the usual tourists' happy hunting-grounds, though there are chapters on Constantinople, Cairo, and Alexandria. The best chapter of all is that on Montenegro, and there are several of interest on the cities of Dalmatia and Istria. Mr. Russell shows clearly the fearless Montenegrin awaiting impatiently on his mountain passes the battle with his ancient foe, the Turk. In obtaining illustrative material the author was abundantly successful. His photographs are full of novelty and color. One small "kodak," in which he was lucky enough to "catch" the Montenegrin Prince, Princess, and Crown Prince, Archbishop and clergy, army, citizens, principal street of Cetinjè, public buildings, and a background of mountains, will arouse the envy of amateurs. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Pierre Loti's *Iceland Fisherman* remains to the general taste his most finished book. The simple pathos of the sturdy characters, the romance of the Iceland fishers' lives, the fineness and exquisite exactness of M. Loti's style and diction, all combine to make the book a veritable masterpiece. It has both delicacy of touch and grandness in motive. The translation now made by Helen B. Dole is smooth, and reproduces the charm of the author's manner with as much success as one could hope for. One notes that the book is in its one hundred and fifty-ninth edition. A portrait of the author is not as well reproduced as could be wished. The cover design is in good taste. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.) From the same publishers come two volumes of selections from *The Poems of Robert Browning*. These comprise Browning's own selections printed from the text revised by him, together with additions from his later poems. The editors of this edition—Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, the editors of "Poet Lore"—furnish adequate and readable, though necessarily condensed, biographical and critical introductions, and about fifty pages of notes. They evidently do not agree with their author, who, in his preface of 1872, declared that he had no fear of longer being considered obscure. The notes are none too many; most readers would prefer more. Information and interpretation (so far as the latter is indulged in) are concisely and clearly put. The two volumes present under an excellent plan of selection all the best of Browning's dramatic and lyric work. For the library which does not possess the complete edition these volumes are all but indispensable. The books are well printed; our only criticism is that the lines of type, though quite legible, are a little too close together for beauty; there are two fine portraits; the green and gold of the cover is charming.

Under the apt title *In Ole Virginia*, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has collected and dedicated to "My People" six stories which may without exaggeration be described not only as representative of his best work, but as being among the very best short tales in American literature. "Marse Chan," "Unc' Edinburg," and "Meh Lady" are rich in humor, accurate in dialect, and replete in flavor of the old times, while the other stories, if not as good, are yet worthy companions. The illustrations by Messrs. Smedley, Clinedinst, Reinhart, Frost, Pyle, and Castaigne are sympathetic and uniformly admirable. The picture of "Ole Stracted" and his cabin by Mr. Frost is so full of character that we select it for special praise. The cover design is of yellow and white color, with tasteful ornamentation; at first the color scheme seems a little doubtful, but it improves as one becomes used to it. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

From "*What the Dragon-Fly Told the Children.*" (*D. Lothrop & Co.*)

Dumas's *Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge* is undoubtedly the best of his stories relating to the time of the French Revolution. A holiday edition is put forth by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, which has all the honor that clear type, ample margins, finely reproduced etchings, and handsome green and gilt binding can give it. Dumas's popularity among story-readers never wanes, and, theories of art aside, surely he was the prince of story-tellers.

The American Revolution, by John Fiske, has now been five years before the reading public, and has been accepted universally as a standard work. To combine profound knowledge of his subject with the best narrative style in the degree here found is given to few writers. The author has a wonderful faculty of selecting the critical and significant events, of ignoring confusing details, of welding his material into a simple and consistent account, and of illuminating the whole with sound theories of historical philosophy. The "holiday edition" now published at last gives worthy external form to the work. Great care and much labor have evidently been expended in finding pictures, maps, and diagrams which illustrate in the true sense of the word. In portraits and autographs the two substantial volumes are especially rich. As a teacher of sound patriotism the work should be in the hands of all young readers. As the most scholarly and at the same time most readable account of the birth of our Nation, it should be in every library. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

From "*The Animal Story Book.*" (*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

A capital choice of author was made for the volume in *Georgia* in the series of "Stories from American History" when the publishers induced Mr. Joel Chandler Harris to undertake the work. The result is, as might have been expected, thoroughly satisfactory. The story of Georgia from colonial times down has been a peculiarly interesting one, and Mr. Harris loses none of the chances for picturesque narration. The chapter of "Georgia Wit and Humor" is racy and genial. The account of Georgia's share in the Civil War and of reconstruction days is, of course, written from the Southern standpoint, but is fair in spirit and intention. Nothing in the book is more earnest than Mr. Harris's tribute to Henry W. Grady as the prophet of the New South, "the builder, the peacemaker." The series of which this book forms part is well conceived, and, if the level reached here is sustained throughout, must prove a valuable addition to the literature of State history. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Mr. Clifton Johnson's *Country Clouds and Sunshine* pleasantly supplements his "New England Country." Here he deals with village life. He holds, despite some drawbacks, that "a pleasant New England village, not too far from a large town and railroad, is the best dwelling-place in the world." With his well-known skill in catching with the camera characteristic scenes and figures, Mr. Johnson has obtained a really remarkable collection of household and outdoor views, which, in half-tone reproduction, finely bring before the eye the life described. Two of the chapters originally appeared as separate articles in The Outlook. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's *Ranch Life and the Hunting-Trail*, illustrated with many spirited drawings by Frederic Remington, has been put into a small quarto (or large octavo?) edition for holiday purposes. It well deserves the extended popularity it has enjoyed, and in its new form will receive a new and hearty welcome. (The Century Company, New York.)

An entertaining account of a holiday ramble is *In the Volcanic Eiffel*, by Katharine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid. Local German legends are pleasantly interwoven. The style is gossipy and familiar. There are over fifty illustrations of varying excellence. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) The same publishers issue Dr. James Wells's *Travel Pictures from Palestine*, which seeks and points out the picturesque features of modern Palestine, recalling Biblical scenes at every step.

Fairy Tales Far and Near are retold by "Q" in an altogether novel and enjoyable way. An appendix shows

From "George Washington." Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.

how widespread are some of these marvel-myths. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Mr. John Ashton has a decided gift in gathering together entertaining anecdotes and odd happenings in such a way as to give a vivid impression of a period. His *When William IV. was King* reproduces court gossip, newspaper chat, party cries, street scenes, political incidents, and social and literary gossip in great variety. The seven years of the reign of "Billy the King" were singularly prolific in curious and novel features, if not important in history. One chapter-heading, taken at a venture, will give an idea of the delightfully discursive nature of the book:

> First Cargo of Ice to India—Election Notes at Halifax and in Scotland—A Female Sailor—The New Temporary Houses of Parliament—The King and Others Hissed—Question of Admitting Ladies—A Political Skit—Deaths of Hunt and Cobbett.

A few typical subjects treated are: selling wives (Mr. Ashton cites a dozen cases); a girl stolen by Gypsies; "buy a broom" girls; steam carriages on roads; smuggling; Paganini's avarice; mail coaches; quill and steel pens; children in factories; influenza epidemics; riots; tithe agitation; mobbing the Duke of Wellington; stoning the King, etc., etc. The illustrations are as odd and amusing as the text. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

An attractive book of travel is G. Vuillier's *The Forgotten Islands*, which deals with Corsica, Sardinia, Majorca, and Minorca. The author is also an artist of repute, and in both capacities he has a keen eye for the picturesque and unusual. The civilization in these out-of-the-way islands is still half archaic, and nature, art, and native character offer many opportunities to the romancer and the descriptive writer. The book is printed with care and taste. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

All who have read Mr. James Barnes's stirring story "For King and Country" will agree that he was eminently fitted to prepare a book on *Naval Actions of the War of 1812*. Those were days to arouse American pride, and cold indeed must be the blood that will not tingle at the narration of the gallant deeds of the Constitution, the Wasp, the Hornet, and the other defenders of our flag at sea. Admiration of national heroes is in no way incompatible with hatred of war when it can be avoided, or with good will toward the world. The details of the great sea-fights of the war of 1812 have never been so carefully sifted and welded into straightforward narrative as here. The pictures are vigorous and finely executed. (Harper & Brothers, New York.) Another sea-book from the same publishers is Lieutenant-Commander J. D. J. Kelley's *The Ship's Company and Other People*. The man-of-war's man; the merchant sailor; the trim yacht and the dirty collier; the gilded captain of the "ocean greyhound" and the weary stoker; the millionaire passenger and the boy stowaway—all are presented in their ocean life with fidelity and skill. There is abundant information about naval training, seamanship, sailor's hardships ashore and afloat, superstitions, "beach-combing," and much else. There are many full-page pictures.

Of Professor Woodrow Wilson's *George Washington* we shall speak more fully at another time. We need now only say that its popular style, its thorough patriotism, and its fine characterization of men and events, together with the beauty of Mr. Howard Pyle's illustrations and the general excellence of its exterior form, make it excellently adapted for holiday purposes. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Nothing could possibly be more superfluous than to praise Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *Auld Lang Syne*, but it is not too late to praise the illustrated edition before us. Mr. Clifton Johnson has admirably caught the spirit of the story in his selection of scenes and people in Logiealmond (Drumtochty), and his photographs from life are so typical that the very persons created by Ian Maclaren's genius seem to be before the reader. In their new form the books will take on a renewed popularity. If there be any who have not read the stories, they have a delightful opportunity before them, while all lovers of the tales will like to have them in this worthy form. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Joseph Jacobs has edited a *Book of Wonder Voyages*, which includes Charles Kingsley's rendering of the story of the Argonauts, Mr. Alfred Nutt's version of "Maelduin," the editor's version of "Hasan of Bassorah," and a translation of the Eric Saga from the Norse by the Rev. J. Sephton. The splendid deeds of these sea-heroes are in all cases related in imaginative and spirited style, while the simple diction reminds one of Hawthorne's "Wonder Tales." The book is a small quarto, and a fine specimen of the book-maker's art. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

From "Forgotten Isles." (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have published an exquisite edition of Robert Browning's *Saul*, illustrated with drawings by Mr. F. O. Small. There is a helpful introduction by Charlotte E. Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Perhaps there is no more characteristic poem of Browning's than this one, and it lends itself remarkably well to illustration.

Captive Memories is the title of "A Book of Commemorative Verses Interwoven with California Flowers for Anniversary Days and Presentation Occasions," by Mr. James Terry White. (James T. White & Co., New York.) This is a fragrant book in more senses than one, and it certainly does not err in being too unsentimental.

M. André Theuriet's *Song-Birds and Seasons*, amply illustrated, has been issued by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, Boston. In this book one learns about the finch, the warbler, the nightingale, the linnet, the kingfisher, the sparrow, the lark, the thrush, and other birds. There is much here which bids us feel that the author is a real and not an imitation lover of nature.

From "*Meissonier*." (*A. C. Armstrong & Son.*)

Mr. C. M. Skinner has published in two volumes, through the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land*. Few books of this holiday season are more pleasing than these. It is unthinkingly said, as our author declares, that America is not old enough to have developed a legendary era, for such an era grows backward as a nation grows forward. Nevertheless, the bibliography of our own legends, though slight, is sufficient to furnish these two volumes with entertaining literature. We are by no means devoid of folk-lore, and America shows more than one point where myth and history combine. As we are reminded, this field is not an untrodden one. Hawthorne and Irving have made paths across it before, and Mr. Skinner follows.

Scholar Gypsies, by Mr. John Buchan, has been well published by the Macmillan Company, New York. The book is a collection of papers setting forth character and nature, criticisms and moralizings. The author says that it is a more miscellaneous equipment than ever was Don Quixote's, or that which girt the great Sir Hudibras. He tells us, however, of one or two threads of connection. First, his essays were all written in youth, and, further, they were written in close association with the upper valley of the Tweed. The book is of that pleasantly restful sort always needed in this too workaday world.

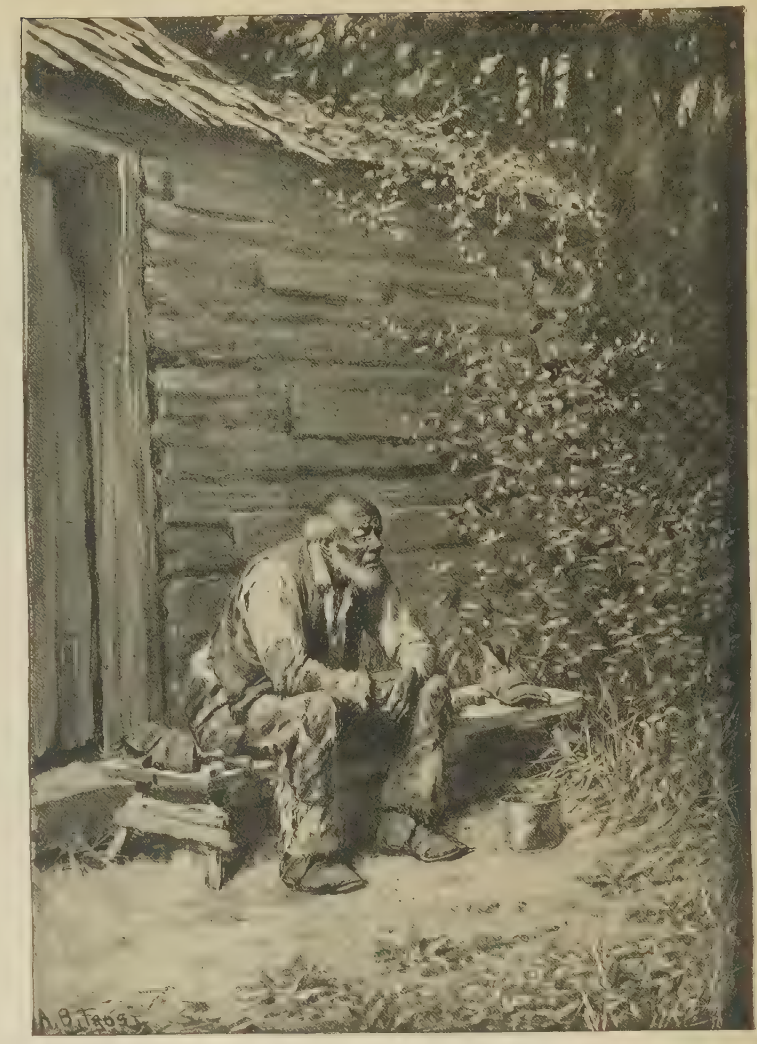
OLD ROMAN LIBRARY
From "*The Eternal City, Rome.*"
(*Estes & Lauriat.*)

My Village, by Mr. E. Boyd Smith (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is a delightful volume. We learn to know about village life on the French coast, and the book helps us to understand the French peasant character. The author has an instinctive sympathy with all that is real in that character and that life—a sympathy not more evident in his text than in the 150 pictures with which he has illustrated his volume. The book is distinctly unique. Its compact form, its bizarre text and pictures, and, above all, its attractive subject-matter, will insure it a warm reception and a wide reading.

When the parade of anti-free-coinage men marched up Broadway recently, some kites were noticed flying from which cameras were suspended and photographs taken. The success of these photographs was so great as to induce much public interest in the method of their taking; hence the appearance of Mr. Gilbert Totten Woglom's *Parakites* is a timely one. He tells us that he is a man with continuous business interests, and has taken up the study of kites as a change of occupation during his leisure hours. While he prefers to have this work described simply as a health-maintaining pastime which carries with it suggestions for interesting scientific investigation, yet it is not too much to say that his "Parakites" will probably bring some valuable contributions to the science of aero dynamics. The fact that the flag of our country may be suspended in breezes with a velocity of nineteen to twenty-four miles an hour, at a height of one thousand feet, arouses both patriotic and scientific sensibilities. Mr. Woglom's description of his large photographic camera in the air will also interest every one. As to kites in general, he thinks that in the near future boys will discard the old tail-burdened kite, with its uncertain movements, for the scientifically made parakite, with its great lifting powers. While the instructions given in the text are necessarily technical, yet the directions are so clear that very young readers will have no difficulty in understanding them. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Lawns and Gardens, by N. Jönsson-Rose, has been published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Books which help us to understand and apply the principles of landscape art are always of great popular benefit. While it is a mistake to suppose that because a thing is natural it is therefore beautiful, and while the landscape gardener should attempt no artificial effects, yet there is so infinitely much which appeals to our instinctive sense of beauty that the art which would create natural scenery by natural means is an art thoroughly worth cultivating. The author of this volume well appreciates the desirability of interesting his readers in the subject itself before giving them directions as to how to go to work. With him we walk through fields and woods; we observe how the little seedling roots in the fissure of a rock gradually form a leafy mat covered with flowers; how the various kinds of trees seek different positions; how the rivulets are born and grow. He takes us along the seashore and through the dunes of sand, through fens and marshes, through meadows and afar inland. Everywhere we learn something of value which we may reproduce or which we may suggest at home.

A handsome publication comes from Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston. It is entitled *Leaves from Juliana Horatia*



From "In Ole Virginia." (*Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

Ewing's Canada Home, gathered and illustrated by Elizabeth T. Tucker, together with facsimiles of eight water-color drawings by Mrs. Ewing's own hand. There is much of reminiscence in this volume which will appeal to Canadians in general, and to those who knew Mrs. Ewing in particular, but there is much, too, which appeals to the ordinary reader. One feels that the life herein related finds its counterpart in many lives. There are, too, descriptions here and there—for instance, that of Fredericton—which in a few clever strokes give us little pictures of value.

An Eclipse Party in Africa, by Mr. Eben J. Loomis, the Senior Assistant United States Nautical Almanac Officer (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a capital book. Although it is an account of an expedition which took place so long ago as 1889–90, yet the descriptions of the Azores, the Cape de Verde Islands, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, St. Paul de Loanda, and South Africa, are quite as vivid as if the expedition had taken place yesterday, while the volume is not so burdened with statistics as to make it at all out of date. The illustrations are many and good, and much aid the text.

Mr. William Morris's last book, *The Well at the World's End* (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), has been exquisitely published in two volumes. Any other publication than an exquisite one would not do for the man who has accomplished so much in the art of book-making, both in text and in dress. There is hardly a thing which one can find to criticise in this delightful paper and print. It is a pity that we have not more such books. As to Mr. Morris's story, it is also a pity that it was not half as long. While we enjoy getting back to the old days which he so lovingly and delightfully pictures for us in his poems and romances, yet there is at all events in this last work too much of a good thing. It becomes almost a sing-song. Morris-lovers may find fault with this criticism, but we fear that our end of the century is too impatient to welcome so portentous an appearance as two volumes on "The Well at the World's End." The story smacks too much of the methodical, and Morris never believed in waiting for inspiration. He always gave just so much time to designing, so much to socialism, so much to exercise; he never wrote poetry on week-days, and so on. His reputation was well earned, but it will neither gain nor lose anything by his last achievement.

Two large and attractive collections of drawings appear at this holiday-time. The first is *Pictures of People*, by the well-known illustrator for "Life," Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, the creator of the "Gibson girl" and other lesser characters. While we are not among those who unreservedly applaud what might be called Mr. Gibson's French woman, there is no denying the virile force which characterizes these and other drawings in the handsome volume which Messrs. R. H. Russell & Son, New York, have published. No text is necessary as a comment on the life here satirized, nor is any required for the drawings of Mr. A. B. Wenzell, another well-known "Life" illustrator, whose drawings are also published by the same house under the title of *In Vanity Fair*. More than in Mr. Gibson's pictures, Mr. Wenzell's (however artistic) deal with the trivial, effervescent side of living—existing, one might say. While all these illustrations are clever and only occasionally vulgar, yet they are like the after-taste of sweet champagne. An admixture of soberer sentiment, of honester life, would not hurt either artist.

Mr. Albert Lee has published through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, *Tommy Toddles*, a children's book, and one of the most delightful of children's books. It consists of two parts—"Out of the Ark" and "In the Ark." Tommy sits by the window in the big play-room at the top of a house one afternoon, falls to soliloquizing, then to getting drowsy, and then the Noah's Ark animals, instead of standing still, begin to move. The animals move through the book, and it is only at the last page that the boy finds himself still sitting on the window-seat and his mother standing in the doorway. There are frequent and appropriate illustrations by Mr. Peter S. Newell. Any children who would hear about

Animals and boys,
With guns and fights and lots of noise,

should be allowed to read Mr. Lee's charming story.

Two pleasant holiday books are Anna Fuller's *A Literary Courtship* and *A Venetian June* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York). The first is full of the invigoration of Pike's Peak and Colorado cañons; the second of the *dolce far niente* of Venice. The small size of these volumes, their attractive binding, clear print, and charming illustrations, match well the descriptions, which are both clear and charming, and are of more account than the "story part."

A very artistically illustrated holiday publication is *A Book of English Ballads* (The Macmillan Company, New York). Mr. George Wharton Edwards gives us "an accompaniment of decorative drawings" which are as good as any of his other work, and in some cases better. The only artist who really rivals him in illustration of old English life and myth is Mr. Walter Crane, but the latter seems often lacking in a certain American *chic* which distinguishes our own artist. Nor is this quality out of place when transferred to the delineation of another period and another country. Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie contributes a preface to the volume. He emphasizes the fact that the motives of our popular ballads were drawn directly from nature. He calls attention to a fact which we may be in some danger of forgetting—that the old ballads were objective, whereas our contemporary poetry is largely subjective, and illustrates this by comparing "The Hunting of the Cheviot" with Maeterlinck's "Princess Maleine." These old ballads indeed take us out of doors and out of the individual consciousness. There is in them not only a childlike curiosity about the things that befall men, but a childlike indifference to moral inference and justification. Mr. Mabie reminds us, too, that, in the wide range of human expression, the ballad follows the epic as a kind of aftermath; a second and scattered harvest springing without regularity or nurture out of rich and unexhausted soil. As to the origin of popular song, we have the testimony of Herder, Bürger, and others showing community-authorship. The old ballads have passed away with the conditions that produced them. In our time, it is true, there have been ballads of much power written, but they are as different from the old as the wild from the garden flower. In the old days there was, as Mr. Mabie says, a general experience, a common memory, a universal feeling. There was no poet, because all were poets.

Mr. William Winter's *Gray Days and Gold in England and Scotland* (The Macmillan Company, New York) has been published in an illustrated edition, and makes a charming holiday book. To this edition Mr. Winter contributes a new preface. The illustrations do not so much emphasize either the gray days or an American wanderer in Great Britain as the gold of fancy and of thought which he has found there. The main charm of Mr. Winter's essays on English subjects is found in the reverent attitude with which he approaches scenes which have been made sacred to him and to us all by their association with great names. Hence Mr. Winter's treatment is always sympathetic. More than this, the author does much to realize his aim of showing that the need of the age in America is a conviction that progress does not consist in material prosperity, but in spiritual advancement. Mr. Winter declares that utility has long been exclusively worshiped, and that the welfare of the future lies in the worship of beauty.

Mr. H. W. Phillips's *Fables for the Times* are simply Æsop inverted, with an "Immoral" attached to each fable. They are clever and ingenious, and Mr. Sullivant's drawings are rich in fun. The whole is printed in a thin, flat, large volume. (R. H. Russell & Son, New York.)

Several books have been called out by the poster craze. The latest is *Posters in Miniature*. It consists solely of the reproduction of posters of famous American, French, English, and German artists, without a word of criticism or even an index. Introduction and "fore-word," by Edward Penfield and Percival Pollard respectively, fill only three pages, and give little information. The pictures themselves are generally, but not always, well printed. Several portraits of artists are included. Every style of the grotesque is here represented. Some are artistic, some are merely funny, and some are indecent—for we see no reason why poster art should not be subject to the ordinary rules of criticism, and not a few of these reproductions are purposely and intentionally suggestive. (R. H. Russell & Co., New York.)

Mr. Julian Ralph's *Alone in China* has been given all the attractive qualities coming from choice illustration, novel cover design, and fine paper. These story-sketches are an outcome of Mr. Ralph's visit to China at the time of the recent war with Japan. He took a two months' trip in a house-boat on China's wonderful rivers and canals, and as Mr. Ralph can see in an hour more than most of us can in a week, it may be guessed that he came back with plenty of material. Under a charming veil of slight romance he talks about Chinese manners and character earnestly, striving to make his reader familiar with what is best and most typical in China. We are constantly finding in these pages things new, things interesting, and things curious. Mr. Ralph is wont to speak of himself as essentially a reporter, and certainly he is a prince of reporters; that he is also a man of refined literary taste and true imagination his recent work has abundantly shown. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

From "Old English Ballads." (*The Macmillan Co.*)

Confessio Amantis

When do I love you most, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore,
Austerely bent to win austerest lore,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?

Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room;
And eyes read not, but, sitting silently,
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
And hear your breathing round me in the gloom.
—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

REVERENT AND LOVING CARE
St. Germans, England

The Rural Church

III.—A Neglected Home[1]

By J. Cleveland Cady

ALTHOUGH we enjoyed keenly the great English cathedrals, hardly one of them gave us more pleasure than a sight we met quite unexpectedly one afternoon as we were strolling down the hawthorn-hedged streets of the little old village of Kirkwood. The first glimpse was of a bit of velvety lawn, its deep green streaked by the golden sunshine that came in between the noble trees that bordered it. It was some three or four feet higher than the street, and separated from it by a low stone wall that supported the embankment, but was so overgrown with vines that the stonework was hardly visible.

Beyond the lawn and through a vista of trees was the shadow of a great broad porch, its depth relieved by an open doorway which framed in a pretty interior view—of traceried window and oaken pews, all in bright but delicate contrast with the deep, quiet shade of the porch.

We had to pass still further down the street to reach the entrance, which was emphasized by a simple, massive lich-gate. From this point for a little distance the road lay through prettily wooded grounds that quite concealed the church from sight, but after a turn one suddenly emerged into a large open space with a scene of rarest beauty. At the right was the charming lawn, that had so captivated us in the first glimpse of the place, while at the left was the "village churchyard," with its neatly kept paths, its rude and often grotesque headstones, and an occasional vine-covered seat for rest or meditation. The central and impressive feature of the scene, however, was the church itself, as it stood in its simple dignity, crowning and giving solemn meaning to the whole; for if the sunlit lawn and the quaint churchyard spoke of life and death, the church suggested the hallowed services and teachings that gave wisdom and strength for life, and hope in death.

Everything about the grounds was in exquisite order and revealed the most watchful care, a care that one instinctively felt was not of a purely mercenary character, but had its spring in affection or a high sense of duty. The same was true within. Time and wear had deepened and mellowed the tones of the old building, but had apparently wrought no ill; its condition was perfect, and doubtless the passing years had each added to its beauty.

More and more one felt the presence of loving care within and without, and this itself was not without its charm: it was a place that some one loved and reverenced, and that in turn called forth our admiration and respect.

We had not been long in the building before we met the sexton, an old man whose time and toil had been given here for many years. As he spoke of the place with great pride, he frequently referred to an absent one who seemed to direct his work and those who from time to time assisted him, whose judgment and taste he profoundly respected, and whose approval was his greatest satisfaction. This stimulated our inquiries, and we learned from him that the guardian spirit of the place for many years had been a lady of the neighborhood—a woman of rare cultivation and intelligence, who, finding herself free from family cares, had made the church and its surroundings her great interest. Her time, thought, and generous purse paid constant tribute to the place, and its officials, impressed by her spirit and enthusiasm, gladly gave a free field for its exercise.

In matters of serious moment, the sexton told us, a competent authority upon gardening or architecture was called in; but these occasions seldom occurred. The constant care for small details, the instant and thorough repair of anything becoming defective, the tidiness and order maintained, forestalled troubles of a more serious character, and really was an economical as well as a very attractive policy.

We left the place thinking not only of its rare beauty, but of what had been accomplished by one intelligent and devoted woman—for, doubtless, but for her labor of love the charm of God's house and grounds would have been lacking, and instead there would, very likely, have been "a neglected home."

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[1] For previous articles see The Outlook for September 26 and October 31.

How frequently the latter is the state of the rural church! Even if it is not "a cathedral in a bandbox," but is well and simply planned and solidly built, and its ample grounds give the gem a generous setting, lack of care suffices to render it wholly unattractive within and without, the appearance of the unkempt grounds and uncared-for building thoroughly neutralizing whatever may have been admirable in the original scheme; for slovenliness cannot possibly be a harmonious adjunct of art, and lack of care evinces a painful lack of love and reverence for the house of God.

It was not the spirit of him who wrote: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth."

As afterwards the memory of the English church was often recalled, a desire arose to see again one in a New England town whose building was remembered from boyhood—a church possessing rather unusual and picturesque grounds.

It was an enterprise started by persons of more than common refinement, as well as religious zeal, who called upon the best men of the time to advise them in regard to building and grounds. Public interest was not a little stirred by their decision upon a site somewhat away from the more thickly settled part of the place—quite a picturesque site, with brook, ravine, and a fine knoll beyond, on which the church was to be placed, the ravine being spanned by a rustic bridge of stone.

Popular sentiment held that a level lot in the center of the village would have been far wiser. The result, however, silenced most objections. The architect had admirably adapted the church to the site—it seemed to have always been a part of it. The ravine added not a little to its dignity by separating it from the roadside, while the rustic bridge of rock-faced stone gave an inviting approach.

As time added vines, and the trees carried out their part of the landscape effect, it became a spot of unusual beauty and interest, and was visited from far and near. The committee who carried out the scheme had not only the satisfaction of public approval and admiration, but the knowledge that their venture had not been an extravagant one. Owing to its peculiar conformation, the site had been considered a valueless one for building purposes, and they were able to purchase it, with its ample space, for far less than a limited village plot would have cost—indeed, with the bridge and the treatment of the grounds, the outlay was considerably less than it would have been in the other case.

It was very many years after this that the writer resolved upon a pilgrimage to this spot, which had so fascinated him in his youth. In the meantime a new generation had come into activity, and new people to the place. He wondered as he went if the progress of time had benefited the place, and if this generation had further developed, or perhaps improved upon, the scheme of the past.

One affliction of the village in olden time had been that cattle were permitted the freedom of the streets: in the case of the church, the property had been fenced in by a strong but inconspicuous fence that excluded four-footed intruders, and incidentally gave excuse for pretty stiles for the use of foot-passengers.

One of the first things that attracted attention on approaching was the decay and dilapidation of these fences, which no longer served as a protection, but gave free access to the horses and cattle, which were seen roaming about over the place, to the ruin of shrubbery and grounds.

The paths were overgrown with grass and weeds, except those on sloping ground, where frost and rains had gradually removed the earth, leaving a stony channel like the bed of a stream.

As to the church, the strongly built masonry had well withstood the lack of care; but the roof, with missing slate in various places; the windows, whose broken lead lights had been pieced out with whatever odds and ends of glass were convenient; the timbers of its porch, and the woodwork of its doorway, dark and grimy with mold and

WITH FIT SURROUNDINGS
Bisham Church, England

weather-stain—all presented a sorrowful appearance. How were the mighty fallen! Within, matters were no better. The missing slate had, of course, caused great leaks in the roof, which in turn badly discolored the wall and rotted the plaster, great pieces of which had fallen down. Dust was everywhere, and in many places the busy spider was setting traps for the unwary. To one who remembered this delightful building in its earlier days the sight was distressing, not only because it told of the passing away of a beautiful place, wrought by intelligent skill and self-denying devotion, but more especially because it bespoke an utter indifference to the house of God, a lack of any love for the place consecrated to his service and abiding. Such scenes, unfortunately, are not altogether rare, although in the example given it was the ruin of very unusual beauty.

Churches are often built with the best intention as to site and proper character, and then, when novelty has passed, are left to themselves, until the home of God's flock, replete with interest and beauty in days gone by, is manifestly "a neglected home" to which no loving hand or careful thought does service.

Sometimes in the Eastern States one has, perchance, come upon an "abandoned farm," and has been almost depressed by the melancholy sight. Such a scene of desolation where once life, hope, and happiness reigned! But the reflection will arise that life is full of vicissitudes, that families change with each passing year, and that maturity, removal, and death accentuate these changes sharply, and readily account for the occasional abandoned home.

The house of God, however, should be a more enduring home. As one generation passes away another equally needs its comfort, services, and beloved associations; and for this reason it is one of the saddest of sights to behold its neglect and decadence.

What must be the influence upon a community of such a lack of love and care for a place so hallowed by the Divine Presence, by the lives of worthy men and women who have labored and sacrificed for its interests in the past; by sacred influences which have developed that which was best, restrained evil, and been a constant force for good? Must it not be to render the community indifferent also to the best in life and morals—to steadily lower the public tone?

Perhaps there has been fault in not training the young to be of service in and about the house of God—to take a personal interest in its welfare. There is very much that young people and even children, under proper direction, can do in beautifying and preserving it; in rendering it and its grounds always tidy; in zealously caring for its welfare. In doing these things they will acquire habits of great value to themselves and the church. As, of old, young hands ministered in the temple to the glory of God, there are in these days abundant opportunities for such services; and, as then, it is most likely that they who minister in youth will serve to old age. This service often devolves upon a sexton or committee, who are busy with other affairs, and allow these interests to fall into neglect. If teachers and officers having special relations with the young would stimulate them and guide their efforts in this direction, they would not only find the immediate results gratifying, but also that they have in some measure solved that very practical and trying question in many rural churches, the "finding something for the young people to do."

But, whether by old or young, the care of the sanctuary should be dear to all God's people, and its condition such as never to suggest a "neglected home," but "the very house of God, the gate of heaven."

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MARGET HOWE'S CONFESSIONAL

When the General and Kate were loitering over breakfast the morning after the ovation, they heard the sound of a horse's feet on the gravel, and Donald came in with more than his usual importance.

"It iss a messenger from Muirtown Castle, and he iss waiting to know whether there will be any answer." And Donald put one letter before the father and another before the daughter, both showing the Hay crest. Kate's face whitened as she recognized the handwriting on her envelope, and she went over to the window-seat of a turret in the corner of the room, while the General opened his letter standing on a tiger-skin, with his back to the fireplace in the great hall. This is what he read:

My dear Carnegie: When men have fought together in the trenches before Sebastopol, as their ancestors have ridden side by side with Prince Charlie, I hope you will agree with me they need not stand on ceremony. If I seem guilty of any indiscretion in what I am going to say, then you will pardon me for "Auld Lang Syne."

You have one daughter and I have one son, and so I do not need to tell you that he is very dear to me, and that I have often thought of his marriage, on which not only his own happiness so much depends, but also the future of our house and name. Very likely you have had some such thoughts about Kate, with this difference, that you would rather keep so winsome a girl with you, while I want even so good a son as Hay to be married whenever he can meet with one whom he loves, and who is worthy of him.

Hay never gave me an hour's anxiety, and has no entanglements of any kind, but on the subject of marriage I could make no impression. "Time enough," he would say, or, "The other person has not turned up," and I was getting uneasy, for you and I are not so young as once we were. You may fancy my satisfaction, therefore, when George came down from Drumtochty last August and told me he had found the other person, and that she was my old friend Jack Carnegie's daughter. Of course I urged him to make sure of himself, but now he has had ample opportunities during your two visits, and he is quite determined that his wife is to be Kate or nobody.

It goes without saying that the Countess and I heartily approve Hay's choice and are charmed with Kate, who is as bonnie as she is high-spirited. She sustains the old traditions of her family, who were ever strong and true, and she has a clever tongue, which neither you nor I have, Jack, nor Hay either, good fellow though he be, and that is not a bad thing for a woman nowadays. They would make a handsome pair, as they ought, with such good-looking fathers, eh?

Well, I am coming to my point, for in these circumstances I want your help. What Miss Carnegie thinks of Hay we don't know, and unless I'm much mistaken she will decide for herself; but is it too much to ask you—if you can—to say a word for Hay? You are quite right to think that no man is worthy of Kate, but she is bound to marry some day—I can't conceive how you have kept her so long—and I am certain Hay will make a good husband, and he is simply devoted to her. If she refuses him, I am afraid he will not marry, and then—well, grant I'm selfish, but it would be a calamity to us.

Don't you think that it looks like an arrangement of Providence to unite two families that have shared common dangers and common faith in the past, and to establish a Carnegie once more as lady of Drumtochty? Now that is all, and it's a long screed, but the matter lies near my heart, and we shall wait the answers from you both with anxiety.

Yours faithfully,
KILSPINDIE.

Kate's letter was much shorter, and was written in big school-boy hand with great care.

Dear Miss Carnegie: They say that a woman always knows when a man loves her, and if so you will not be astonished at this letter. From that day I saw you in Drumtochty Kirk I have loved you, and every week I love you more. My mother is the only other woman I have ever cared for, and that is different. Will you be my wife? I often wanted to ask you when you were with us in November and last month, but my heart failed me. Can you love me a little, enough to say yes? I am not clever, and I am afraid I shall never do anything to make you proud of me, but you will have all my heart, and I'll do my best to make you happy.

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

I am, yours very sincerely,
HAY.

Carnegie could see Kate's face from his place, and she was looking out of the window with a kindly expression, and her father, who was of a simple mind, and knew little of women, was encouraged by such visible friendliness. He was about to go over, when her face changed. She dropped the letter on the seat, and became very thoughtful, knitting her brows and resting her chin on her hand. In a little something stung her—like a person recalling an injury—and she flushed with anger, drumming with her fingers on the sill of the window. Then anger gave place to sadness, as if she had resolved to do something that was inevitable, but less than the best. Kate glanced in her father's direction, and read Lord Hay's letter again; then she seemed to have made up her mind.

"Father," as she joined him on the skin beneath those loyal Carnegies on the wall, "there is Lord Hay's letter, and he is a . . . worthy gentleman. Perhaps I did not give him so much encouragement as he took, but that does not matter. This is a . . . serious decision, and ought not to be made on the spur of the moment. Will you let the messenger go with a note to say that an answer will be sent on Monday? You might write to Lord Kilspindie."

She was still standing in the place when he returned, and had been studying the proud, determined face of Black John's mother, who had not spared her only son for the good cause.

"Did you ever hear of any Carnegie, dad, who married beneath her, or . . . loved one on the other side?"

"Never," said her father. "Our women all married into loyal families of their own rank, which is best for comfort; but why do you ask? Hay is a . . ."

"Yes, I know; it was only . . . curiosity made me ask, and I suppose some of our women must have made sacrifices for their . . . cause?"

"Far more than the men ever did, for, see you, a man is just shot, and all is over, and before he falls he's had some good fighting, but his wife suffers all her days, when he is living and when he is dead. Yet our women were the first to send their men to the field. Heavens! what women do suffer—they ought to have their reward."

"They have," said Kate, with emphasis, "if they help those whom they love. . . . Father, would you be quite satisfied with Lord Hay for a son-in-law, and . . . would you let us live with you here as much as we could?"

"Kate, if you are to marry—and I knew it must come some day—I have not seen a more honest man; but you are forgetting that Tochty Lodge will soon be out of our hands; I'll have to get a den somewhere, not too far away from Muirtown, I hope."

"If I marry Lord Hay, Tochty Lodge will not be sold, and you will never be disturbed, dad. We shall not be separated more than we can help," and Kate caressed the General.

"Do you mean, lassie," said the General, with a sudden suspicion, lifting her face till he saw her eyes, "that you are going to accept Hay in order to keep the old home? You must not do this, for it would not . . . don't you see that I . . . could not accept this at your hands?"

"You cannot prevent your daughter marrying Lord Hay if your daughter so decides, but as yet she is in doubt, very great doubt, and so I am going for a long walk on the big moor, and you . . . well, why not take lunch with the Padre at the manse?"

"Hay is a straight young fellow, and Kate would supply what he wants—a dash of go, you know"—so the General was summing up the situation to his old friend; "but my girl is not to marry Hay or any other man for my sake, and that is what she thinks of doing."

"Did it ever occur to you, Carnegie, that Kate had a . . . well, kindly feeling for any other man?"

"Plenty of fellows tried their luck: first subalterns, then aides-de-camp, and at last commissioners; it was no easy affair to be her father," and Carnegie gave Davidson a comic look. "I used to scold her, but, upon my word, I don't know she was to blame, and I am certain she did not care for one of them; in fact, she laughed at them all till—well, in fact, I had to interfere."

"And since you came to the Lodge"—the Doctor spoke with meaning—"besides Lord Hay?"

"Why, there is just yourself"—the Doctor nodded with much appreciation—"and that Free Kirkman. . . . Davidson, do you mean that—oh, nonsense, man; she was quite angry one day when I suggested a parson. Kate has always said that was the last man she would marry."

"That is an evidence she will."

The General stared at the oracle, and went on:

"She has made his life miserable at the Lodge with her tongue; she delighted in teasing him. Your idea is quite absurd."

"Carnegie, did you ever hear the classical couplet—

Scratching and biting
Mak Scots fouk's 'ooing;

and although I admit the description applies in the first instance to milkmaids, yet there is a fair share of national character in the Carnegies."

"Do you really think that Kate is in . . . has, well, a - eh, tenderness to Carmichael? it would never have occurred to me."

"How would you look on Carmichael as a suitor?"

"Well, if Kate is to marry—and, mind you, I always prepared myself for that—I would of course prefer Hay, not because he is a lord, or rich, or any snobbery of that kind—you know me better than that, Sandie—but because he's . . . you know . . . belongs to our own set.

"Don't you think there is something in that?" and the General tried to explain his honest mind, in which lived no unworthy or uncharitable thought. "I have not one word to say against Carmichael; he's good-looking, and monstrous clever, and he's always made himself very agreeable, very, and the people swear by him in the Glen; but . . . you must understand what I mean, Davidson," and the General was in despair.

"You mean that though he's a first-rate young fellow for a clergyman, he does not belong to your world—has a different set of friends, has different habits of living, has a different way of thinking and speaking—is, in fact, an outsider."

"That's it—just what I was 'ettling' after—lucky fellows we Scots with such words," and the General was immensely delighted to be delivered of his idea in an inoffensive form.

"It is my own belief, Carnegie—and you can laugh at me afterward if I be wrong—that this will be the end of it, however. Yes, putting it plainly, that Kate is in love with Carmichael, as he is certainly with her; and you will have to make the best of the situation."

"You don't like the idea any more than I do, Davidson?"

"Speaking in perfect confidence and frankness, I do not. I look at the matter this way"—the Doctor stood on the hearth-rug in a judicial attitude, pulling down his waistcoat with his two hands, his legs apart, and his eye-glass on his nose. "Carmichael has been brought up among . . . plain, respectable people, and theological books, and church courts, and Free Kirk society, all of which is excellent, but . . . secluded"—the Doctor liked the word, which gave his mind without offense—"secluded. Kate is a Carnegie, was educated in France, has traveled in India, and has lived in the most exciting circumstances. She loves soldiers, war, gayety, sport, besides many other . . . eh, good things, and is a . . . lovely girl. Love laughs at rules, but if you ask me my candid opinion, the marriage would not be . . . in fact, congruous. If it is to be, it must be, and God bless them both, say I, and so will everybody say; but it will be an experiment, a distinct and . . . interesting experiment."

"Kate is not to marry any one for my sake, to save

Tochty, but I do wish she had fancied Lord Hay," said the General, ruefully.

"The Free Kirk folk in the depths of their hearts consider me a worldly old clergyman, and perhaps I am, for, Jack, I would dearly like to see our Kate Viscountess Hay, and to think that one day, when we three old fellows are gone, she would be Countess of Kilspindie." That was the first conference of the day on Kate's love affairs, and this is how it ended.

Meanwhile the young woman herself had gone up the road to the high Glen and made her way over dykes and through fields to Whinnyknowe, which she had often visited since the August Sacrament. Whinnie came out from the kitchen door in corduroy trousers, much stained with soil, and gray shirt—wiping his mouth with the back of his hand after a hearty dinner—and went to the barn for his midday sleep before he went again to the sowing. Marget met her at the garden gate, dressed in her weekday clothes and fresh from a morning's churning, but ever refined and spiritual, as one whose soul is shining through the veil of common circumstances.

"It's a benison tae see ye on this bricht day, Miss Carnegie, an' ye 'ill come tae the garden-seat, for the spring flooers are bloomin' bonnie and sweet the noo, an' fillin' 's a' wi' hope.

"Gin there be ony sun shinin'," as she spread a plaid, "the heat fa's here, an' save when the snow is heavy on the glen, there's aye some blossoms here tae mind us o' oor Father's love an' the world that isna seen."

"Marget," began Kate, not with a blush, but rather a richening of color, "you have been awfully good to me, and have helped me in lots of ways, far more than you could dream of. Do you know you've made me almost good at times, with just enough badness to keep me still myself, as when I flounced out from the Free Kirk."

Marget only smiled deprecation and affection, for her heart went out to this motherless, undisciplined girl, whom she respected, like a true Scot, because, although Kate had made her a friend, she was still a Carnegie; whom she loved, because, although Kate might be very provoking, she was honest to the core.

"To-day," Kate resumed, after a pause, and speaking with an unusual nervousness, "I want your advice on a serious matter, which I must decide, and which . . . concerns other people as well as myself. In fact, I would like to ask a question," and she paused to frame her case.

It was a just testimony to Marget Howe that Kate never thought of pledging her to secrecy, for there are people whom to suspect of dishonor is a sin.

"Suppose that a man . . . loved a woman, and that he was honorable, brave, gentle, true, in fact . . . a gentleman, and made her a proposal of marriage."

Marget was looking before her with calm, attentive face, never once glancing at Kate to supplement what was told.

"If . . . the girl accepted him, she would have a high position, and be rich, so that she could . . . save her . . . family from ruin, and keep . . . them in the house they loved."

Marget listened with earnest intelligence.

"She respects this man, and is grateful to him. She is certain that he would be . . . kind to her, and give her everything she wanted. And she thinks that he . . . would be happy."

Marget waited for the end.

"But she does not love him—that is all."

As the tale was being told in brief, clear, slow sentences, Marget's eyes became luminous, and her lips opened as one ready to speak from an inner knowledge.

"Ye hev let me see a piece o' life, an' it is sacred, for naethin' on earth is sae near God as luve, an' a'll no deny that ma woman's heart is wi' that honest gentleman, an' a' the mair gin he dinna win his prize.

"But a man often comes tae his heicht through disappointment, and a woman, she hes tae learn that there is that which she hes the richt tae give for gratitude or friendship's sake, and that which can only be bestowed by the hand o' luve.

"It will maybe help ye gin a' tell ye anither tale, an' though it be o' humble life, yet oor hearts are the same in the castle and the cottar's hoose, wi' the same cup o' sorrow tae drink an' the same croon o' joy tae wear, an' the same dividin' o' roads for oor trial.

"There wes a man showed a wumman muckle kindness, and to her fouk also, an' he wes simple an' honest, an' for what he hed done, an' because there wes nae evil in him, she married him."

"And what has happened?" Kate, being half Highland, had less patience than Marget.

"He hes been a gude man tae her through the dark an' through the licht, an' she hes tried tae repay him as a puir imperfect wumman can, an' her hert is warm tae him, but there hes aye been ae thing wantin'—an' it hes been that wife's cross a' her life—there wes nae ither man, but her husband wesna, isna, canna be her ain a'thegether an' forever—for the want o' luve—that luve o' luve that maks marriage."

Her voice was laden with feeling, and it was plain that she had given of her own and deepest for the guiding of another.

"Marget, I can never be grateful enough to you for what you have shown me this day." As she passed Whinnie with his bag of seed, he apologized for his wife.

"A'm dootin', Miss Carnegie, the gude wife hes keepit ye ower lang in the gairden haiverin' awa' aboot the flooers an' her ither trokes. But she's michty prood for a' that aboot yir comin' up tae veesit us." Such was the second conference on Kate's affairs on that day.

No place could be more thoroughly cleansed from vulgar curiosity than our Glen, or have a finer contempt for "clatters," but the atmosphere was electrical in the diffusion of information. What happened at Burnbrae was known at the foot of Glen Urtach by evening, and the visit of spiritual consolation which Milton, in the days of his Pharisaism, paid to Jamie Soutar on his death-bed was the joy of every fireside in Drumtochty within twenty-four hours. Perhaps it was not, therefore, remarkable that the arrival of Lord Kilspindie's groom at Tochty Lodge post-haste with two letters on Saturday morning—one for the General from his Lordship, and one from his son for Miss Kate—should have been rightly interpreted, and the news spread with such rapidity that Hillocks—a man not distinguished above his fellows for tact—was able to inform Carmichael in the early afternoon that the marriage between the young lord and the "Miss" at Tochty was now practically arranged.

"It's been aff and on a' winter, an' the second veesit tae the Castle settled it, but a'm hearin' it wes the loss o' the Lodge brocht the fast offer this mornin'. She's an able wumman, an' cairried her gear tae the best market. Ma certes," and Hillocks contemplated Kate's achievement with sympathetic admiration, "but she 'ill set her place weel, an' haud her ain wi' the Duchess o' Athole."

Carmichael ought to have taken his beating like a man, and said nothing to any one, but instead thereof he betook himself for consolation to Marget, a better counselor in a crisis than Janet, with all her Celtic wiles, and Marget set him in the very seat where Kate had put her case.

"It has, I suppose, been all a dream, and now I have awaked, but it was . . . a pleasant dream, and one finds the morning light a little chill. One must just learn to forget, and be as if one had never . . . dreamed," but Carmichael looked at Marget wistfully.

"Ye canna be the same again, for a' coont, gin ony man luves a wumman wi' a leal hert, whether she answer or no, or whether she even kens, he's been the gainer, an' the harvest will be his forever.

"It hes seemed tae me that nae luve is proved an' crooned for eternity onless the man hes forgotten himsel' an' is willin' tae live alane gin the wumman he luves sees prosperity. He only is the perfect lover, and for him God hes the best gifts.

"Yes, a've seen it wi' ma ain eyes"—for indeed this seemed to Carmichael an impossible height of self-abnegation—"a man who luved an' served a wumman wi' his best an' at a great cost, an' yet for whom there cud be no reward but his ain luve." Marget's face grew so beautiful as she told of the constancy of this unknown, unrewarded lover that Carmichael left without further speech, but with a purer vision of love than had ever before visited his soul. Marget watched him go down the same path by which Kate went, and she said to herself, "Whether or no he win is in the will of God, but already luve hes given his blessin' tae man and maid."

Kate did not go to kirk on Sunday, but lived all day in the woods, and in the evening she kissed her father and laid this answer in his hands :

> *Dear Lord Hay :* You have done me the greatest honor any woman can receive at your hands, and for two days I have thought of nothing else. If it were enough that your wife should like and respect you, then I would at once accept you as my betrothed, but as it is plain to me that no woman ought to marry any one unless she also loves him, I am obliged to refuse one of the truest men I have ever met, for whom I have a very kindly place in my heart, and whose happiness I shall always desire. Believe me, yours sincerely,
>
> KATE CARNEGIE.

"You could do nothing else, Kit, and you have done right to close the matter, . . . but I'm sorry for Hay."

CHAPTER XXIV.—LOVE IS LORD

It could not be said with a steady face that the proceedings of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown increased the gayety of nations, and there might be persons—far left to themselves, of course—who would describe its members as wearisome ecclesiastics. Carmichael himself, in a mood of gay irresponsibility, had once sketched a meeting of this reverend court, in which the names were skillfully adapted, after the ancient fashion, to represent character, and the incidents, if not *vero*, were certainly *ben trovato*, and had the article ready for transmission to "Ferrier's Journal." "A Sederunt" did not, however, add to the miseries of a most courteous editor, for Jenkins, having come up for an all-night conference, and having heard the article with unfeigned delight, pointed out that, if it were accepted, which Carmichael's experience did not certify, the writer would be run down within fourteen days, and that, so unreasonable a thing is human nature, some of the Presbytery might be less than pleased with their own likenesses. "It's in the waste-paper basket," Carmichael said next morning, which, as the author was twenty-five years of age and not conspicuously modest, is a conclusive testimonial to the goodness of one Presbytery, and its hold on the affection of its members.

Scots take their pleasures sadly, and no one can imagine from what arid soil they may not draw their nutriment, but it was not for motions of ponderous ambiguity and pragmatical points of order a country minister rose before daybreak on a winter's morning and worked his way to the nearest station, with the stars still overhead and the snow below his feet, so that when the clerk made a sign to the Moderator punctually at one minute past eleven to "constitute the Presbytery," he might not be missing from his place. It was the longing of a lonely man, across whose front door no visitor had come for weeks, for friendly company, of a weary minister, discouraged by narrow circumstances, monotonous routine, unexpected disappointments among his people, for a word of good cheer. A cynical stranger might discover various stupidities, peculiarities, provincialisms in the Presbytery—he knew himself who had a temper and who was a trifle sensitive about his rights—but this middle-aged, hard-working, simple-living man saw twenty faithful brethren—the elders did not count in this connection, for they did not understand—who stood beside him on occasion at the Holy Table, and gave him advice in his perplexities, and would bury him with honest regret when he died, and fight like wildcats that his widow and children should have their due. His toilsome journey was forgotten when Doctor Dowbiggin, in an interstice of motions, came across the floor and sat down beside him and whispered confidentially, "Well, how are things going at Kincairney?"—Dowbiggin really deserved his leadership—or when the clerk, suddenly wheeling round in his seat, would pass his snuff-box across to him without a word, for the clerk had a way of handing his box which, being interpreted, ran as follows : "You suppose that I am lifted above all ordinary affairs in my clerkly isolation, and that I do not know what a solid work you are doing for God and man in the obscure parish of Kincairney, but you are wrong. You have a very warm corner in my memory, and in sign thereof accept my box." And the said minister, trudging home that evening, and being met at a certain turn of the road by his wife—sentimental at fifty, you see, after a quarter of a century's toiling and preaching—would enlarge on Doctor Dowbiggin's cordiality and the marked courtesy of the clerk, and when they were alone in the manse his wife would kiss him—incredible to our cynic—and say, "You see, Tom, more people than I know what a good work you are doing," and Tom would start his twenty-first lecture on the Ephesians next morning with new spirit. Such is the power of comradeship, such is the thirst for sympathy ; and, indeed, there is no dog either so big or so little that it does not appreciate a pat, and go down the street afterward with better heart.

The Presbytery had always a tender regard for the Free Kirk of Drumtochty, and happened to treat Carmichael with much favor. When the "call" to him was signed at once by every member of the congregation, the clerk—who had been obliged to summon Donald Menzies from Gaelic by the intimation that Drumtochty was by the law of the Church "uno lingual, and that all proceedings must be conducted in the English language"—arose and declared that "such unanimous attention to their ecclesiastical duties was unexampled in his experience ;" and when at Carmichael's ordination a certain certificate was wanting, the clerk, whose intervention was regarded with awe, proposed that the court should anticipate its arrival, dealing with the matter "proleptically," and that the court saw in the very word another proof of the clerk's masterly official genius. It was he also—expressing the mind of the Presbytery—who proposed that the court should send Carmichael as a commissioner to the General Assembly in the first year of his ministry, and took occasion to remark that Mr. Carmichael, according to "reliable information at his disposal," was rendering important service to the Free Church in his sphere at Drumtochty. Carmichael was very happy in those days, and was so petted by his ecclesiastical superiors that he never missed a meeting of court, where he either sat in a demure silence, which commended him greatly to the old men, or conversed with his friends on a back bench about general affairs.

It gave him, therefore, a shock to sit with his brethren in the month of June—when the walk through the woods had been a joy, and Muirtown lay at her fairest, and the sunshine filled the court-room, and every man had a summer air, and Doctor Dowbiggin actually wore a rose in his coat—and to discover that he himself was sick of his old friends, of his work, of his people, of himself. The reasons were obvious. Was it not a sin that thirty Christian men should be cooped up in a room passing schedules when the summer was young and fresh upon the land ? Could any one of the Rabbi's boys sit in that room and see his accustomed place—a corner next the wall on a back seat—empty and not be cast down ? Besides, does not a minister's year begin in September and end in July, and before it closes is not the minister at his lowest, having given away himself for eleven months ? "One begins to weary for a rest," he whispered to Kincairney, and that worthy man explained that he and his wife had been planning their triennial holiday, and hoped to have a fortnight at Carnoustie. Carmichael realized his hypocrisy in that instant, for he knew perfectly that he had lost touch with life because of a hopeless love and a proud face he had not seen a year ago. He flung himself out of the court with such impatience that the clerk stayed his hand in the midst of the sacred words *pro re nata*, and Kincairney mentioned to his wife in the evening that Carmichael had never got over Doctor Saunderson's death.

Carmichael wandered up one of the meadows which are the glory of Muirtown, and sat down by the queen of Scottish rivers, which runs deep and swift, clean and bright, from Loch Tay to the sea, between wooded banks and overhanging trees, past corn-fields and ancient castles ; a river for him who swims, or rows, or fishes, or dreams—in which, if such were to be his fate, a man might ask to be drowned. Opposite him began the woods of Muirtown Castle, and he tried to be glad that Kate . . . Miss Carnegie would one day be their mistress: the formal announcement of her engagement, he had heard, was to be made next week, on Lord Kilspindie's birthday. A distant whistle came on the clear air from Muirtown station, where . . . and all this turmoil of hope and fear, love and despair, had been packed into a few months. There is a bend in the river where he sits, and the salmon-fishers have dropped their nets, and are now dragging them to the bank. With a thrill of sympathy, Carmichael watched the fish struggling in the meshes, and his heart leaped when, through some mishandling, one escaped with a splash of silver and plunged into the river. He had also been caught quite suddenly in the joyous current of his life and held in bonds. Why should he not make a bold plunge for freedom, which he could never have with the Lodge at his doors, with the Castle only twelve miles away? He had been asked in his student days to go to the northwest of Canada and take charge of a parish fifty miles square. The idea had for a little fired his imagination, and then faded before other ambitions. It revived with power on the banks of that joyful, forceful river, and he saw himself beginning life again on the open prairie lands—riding, camping, shooting, preaching—a free man and an apostle to the Scottish Dispersion.

With this bracing resolution, that seemed a call of God to deliver him from bondage, came a longing to visit Kilbogie Manse and the Rabbi's grave. It was a journey of expiation, for Carmichael followed the road the Rabbi walked with the hand of death upon him after that lamentable Presbytery, and he marked the hills where the old man must have stood and fought for breath. He could see Mains, where he had gone with the Rabbi to the exposition, and he passed the spot where the Rabbi had taken farewell of George Pitillo in a figure. What learning, and simplicity, and unselfishness, and honesty, and affection were mingled in the character of the Rabbi! What skill, and courage, and tenderness, and self-sacrifice, and humility there had been also in Weelum MacLure, who had just died! Carmichael dwelt on the likeness and unlikeness of the two men, who had each loved the highest he knew and served his generation according to the will of God, till he found himself again with the Drumtochty doctor on his heroic journeys, with the Rabbi in his long vigils. It was a singular means of grace to have known two such men in the flesh, when he was still young and impressionable. A spiritual emotion possessed Carmichael. He lifted his heart to the Eternal, and prayed that if on account of any hardship he shrank from duty he might remember MacLure, and if in any intellectual strait he was tempted to palter with truth he might see the Rabbi pursuing his solitary way. The district was full of the Rabbi, who could not have gone forever, who might appear any moment—buried in a book and proceeding steadily in the wrong direction. The Rabbi surely was not dead, and Carmichael drifted into that dear world of romance where what we desire comes to pass, and facts count for nothing. This was how the Idyll went. From the moment of the reconciliation the Rabbi's disease began to abate in a quite unheard-of fashion—love wrought a miracle—and with Kate's nursing and his he speedily recovered. Things came right between Kate and himself as they shared their task of love, and so . . . of course—it took place last month—and now he was going to carry off the Rabbi, who somehow had not come to the Presbytery, to Drumtochty Manse, where his bride would meet them both beneath the laburnum arch at the gate. He would be cunning as he approached the door of Kilbogie Manse, and walk on the grass border lest the Rabbi, poring over some Father, should hear the crunch of the gravel—he did know his footstep—and so he would take the old man by surprise. Alas! he need not take such care, for the walk was now as the border with grass, and the gate was lying open, and the dead house stared at him with open, unthinking eyes, and knew him not. The key was in the door, and he crossed the threshold once more—no need to beware of parcels on the floor now—and turned to the familiar room. The shelves had been taken down, but he could trace their lines on the ancient discolored paper that was now revealed for the first time; there, where a new shutter was resting against the wall, used to stand the "seat of the fathers," and exactly in the midst of that heap of straw the Rabbi had his chair. . . .

"Ye've come tae see hoo we're gettin' on wi' the repairs"—it was the joiner of Kilbogie; "it's no a licht job, for there's nae doot the hoose hes been awfu' neglecklt. The Doctor wes a terrible scholar, but he wudna hae kent that the slats were aff the roof till the drap cam intae his bed.

"Ou, aye, the manse is tae be papered an' pented for the new minister; a' cud show ye the papers; juist as ye please: they're verra tasty an' showy. He's tae be married at once, a'm hearin', an' this is tae be the drawin'-room; he wes here ten days syne—the day aifter he wes eleckit; they're aye in a hurry when they're engaged—an' seleckit a sma' room upstairs for his study; he didna think he wud need as lairge a room for bukes, an' he thocht the auld study wud dae fine for pairties.

"There's juist ae room feenished, an' ye micht like tae see the paper on't; it's a yellow rose on a licht blue grund; a'm jidgin' it wes the Doctor's ain room. Weel, it's a gude lang wy tae Drumtochty, an' ye 'ill no be wantin' tae pit aff time, a' daresay."

It was a terrible douche of prose, and Carmichael was still shivering when he reached the kindly shade of Tochty woods. He had seen the successful candidate at the Presbytery arranging about his "trial discourses" with the clerk—who regarded him dubiously—and he had heard some story about his being a "popular hand," and bewitching the young people with a sermon on the "good fight," with four heads—"the soldier," "the battle-field," "the battle," and "the crown"—each with an illustration, an anecdote, and a verse of poetry. Carmichael recognized the type, and already saw the new minister of Kilbogie, smug and self-satisfied, handing round cream and sugar in the Rabbi's old study, while his wife, a stout young woman in gay clothing, pours tea from a pot of florid design, and bearing a blazing marriage inscription. There would be a soirée in the kirk where the Rabbi had opened the mysteries of God, and his successor would explain how unworthy he felt to follow Doctor Saunderson, and how he was going to reorganize the congregation, and there would be many jocose allusions to his coming marriage, but Carmichael would by that time have left the district.

No one can walk a mile in Tochty woods, where there are little glades of mossy turf, and banks of violets and geraniums, and gentle creatures on ground and branch, and cool shade from the summer sun, and the sound of running water by your side, without being sweetened and comforted. Bitter thoughts and cynical criticisms, as well as vain regrets and peevish complaints, fell away from Carmichael's soul, and gave place to a gentle melancholy. He came to the heart of the wood, where was the lovers' grave, and the place seem to invite his company. A sense of the tears of things came over him, and he sat down by the riverside to meditate. It was two hundred years and more since the lassies died before they were wedded, and for him there was not even to be love. The ages were linked together by a long tragedy of disappointment and vanity, but the Tochty ran now as in the former days. What was any human life but a drop in the river that flowed without ceasing to the unknown sea? What could any one do but yield himself to necessity and summon his courage to endure? Then at the singing of a bird his mood lightened and was changed, as if he had heard the Evangel. God was over all, and life was immortal, and he could not be wrong who did the will of God. After a day of conflict, peace came to his soul, and in the soft light of the setting sun he rose to go home.

"Miss Carnegie . . . I did not know you were here . . . I thought you were in London," and Carmichael stood before Kate in great confusion.

"Nor did I see you behind that tree"—Kate herself was startled. "Yes, the General and I have been visiting some old friends, and only came home an hour ago.

"Do you know"—Kate was herself again—"the first thing I do on arrival is to make a pilgrimage to this place? Half an hour here banishes the dust of a day's journey and of . . . life.

"Besides, I don't know whether you have heard"—Kate spoke hurriedly—"that it is now settled that I . . . we will be leaving the Lodge soon, and one wants to have as much as possible of the old place in the time remaining."

She gave him this opportunity in kindness, as it seemed, and he reproached himself because he did not offer his congratulations.

"You will, I . . . the people hope, come often here, Miss Carnegie, and not cast off Drumtochty, although the Lodge be not your home. You will always have a place in the hearts of the Glen. Marjorie will never be grateful enough for your readings," which was bravely said.

"Do you think that I can ever forget the Glen and my . . . friends here? Not while I live; the Carnegies have their own faults, but ingratitude is not one. Nor the dear Rabbi's grave." Then there was a silence which Carmichael found very trying—they had been so near that day in Kilbogie Manse, with only the Rabbi, who loved them both, between; but now, although they stood face to face, there was a gulf dividing them.

"It may not be easy for me to visit Drumtochty often, for you know there has been a change . . . in our circumstances, and one must suit one's self to it."

Carmichael flushed uneasily, and Kate supposed that he was sympathizing with their losses.

"I hope to be a busy woman soon, with lots of work, and I shall use every one of my little scraps of knowledge. How do you think I shall acquit myself in my new rôle?"

It was a little hard on Carmichael, who was thinking of a countess, while Kate meant a governess.

"You need not ask me how I think you will do, as . . . in any position, and I . . . wish you every success, and . . . (with a visible effort) happiness."

He spoke so stiffly that Kate sought about for reasons, and could only remember their quarrel and imagine he retained a grudge—which was rather ungenerous.

"It occurs to me that one man ought to be thankful when we depart, for then he will be able to call Queen Mary names every Sunday without a misguided Jacobite girl dropping in to create a disturbance."

"Drumtochty will have to form its own opinion of poor Mary without my aid," and Carmichael smiled sadly in pardon of the past, "for it is likely, although no one knows this in the Glen, that I shall soon be far away."

"Leaving Drumtochty? What will Marjorie do without you, and Dr. Davidson, and . . . all the people?" Then, remembering Janet's gossip, and her voice freezing, "I suppose you have got a better or more convenient living. The Glen is certainly rather inaccessible."

"Have I done anything, Miss Carnegie, to justify you in thinking that I would leave the Glen, which has been so good to me, for . . . worldly reasons? There is enough to support an unmarried man, and I am not likely to . . . to marry," said Carmichael, bitterly; "but there are times when it is better for a man to change his whole surroundings and make a new life."

It was clear that the Bailie's daughter was a romance of Janet's Celtic imagination, and Kate's manner softened.

"The Rabbi's death and . . . your difference of opinion—something about doctrine, wasn't it? we were from home—must have been a great trial, and, as there was no opportunity before, let me say how much we sympathized with you and . . . thought of you.

"Don't you think, however, Mr. Carmichael"—she spoke with hesitation, but much kindness—"that you ought not to fling up your work here on that account? Would not the Rabbi himself have wished you to stick to your post? . . . and all your friends would like to think you had been . . . brave."

"You are cruel, Miss Carnegie; you try me beyond what I can endure, although I shall be ashamed to-night for what I am to say. Do you not know or guess that it is your . . . on account of you, I mean, that I must leave Drumtochty?"

"On account of me?" Kate looked at him in unaffected amazement.

"Are you blind, or is it that you could not suspect me of such presumption? Had you no idea that night in Dr. Davidson's drawing-room? Have you never seen that I . . . Kate—I will say it once to your face as I say it every hour to myself—you won my heart in an instant on Muirtown Station, and will hold it till I die.

"Do not speak till I be done, and then order me from your presence as I deserve. I know that it is unworthy of a gentleman, and . . . a minister of Christ to say such things to the betrothed of another man; only one minute more"—for Kate had started as if in anger—"I know also that if I were stronger I could go on living as before, and meet you from time to time when you came from the Castle with your husband, and never allow myself to think of Lady Hay as I felt to Miss Carnegie. But I am afraid of myself, and . . . this is the last time we shall meet, Miss Carnegie. Forgive me for my love, and believe that one man will ever remember . . . and pray for you."

Carmichael bowed low, the last sunshine of the evening playing on his fair hair, and turned to go.

"One word, if you please," said Kate, and they looked into one another's eyes, the blue and brown, seeing many things that cannot be written. "You may be forgiven for . . . loving me, because you could not help that"—this with a very roguish look, our Kate all over—"and I suppose you must be forgiven for listening to foolish gossip, since people will tell lies"—this with a stamp of the foot, our Kate again—"but I shall never forgive you if you leave me, never"—this was a new Kate, like to the opening of a flower.

"Why? Tell me plainly," and in the silence Carmichael heard a trout leap in the river.

"Because I love you."

The Tochty water sang a pleasant song, and the sun set gloriously behind Ben Urtach.

THE END

Mrs. Smedley's Thanksgiving

By Mary T. Mott

Mrs. Fiscus's comely blonde face wore a look of stern determination as she steadily galloped her pinto mustang along the road leading to her sister's house.

"Somethin's obleeged to be done with Polly," she communed with herself. "I'll try coaxin' her fust, an' if hit don't do her no good I'll bemean her an' see how she'll take hit; I won't tell her nothin' but the honorable truth neither. Hit was powerful hard on her to have pore Asbury killed by his team thataway, but she's been lamentin' him for mighty near a solid year, an' she'll die if she don't stop hit. Hit's a plumb shame, too, the way she treats her children, lettin' em run as dirty an' ragged as little Diggers, an' a-scoldin' 'em if they want to frolic an' laugh like other young ones."

As she dismounted at the Smedley gate she glanced around the premises.

"Yes, I'm glad that Lem Scott's got up a right smart jag of wood," she thought, approvingly. "If 'twa'n't for him I b'leeve she'd let the young ones starve or freeze; but he gits mighty little thanks for helpin' her."

Mrs. Fiscus stepped briskly up to the kitchen door and opened it with an aggressive air of cheerfulness. The four children rushed upon her with uproarious welcome, before their mother could offer her greeting. "Well, Polly," said the visitor, giving her sister a vigorous kiss, "how are you a-makin' hit?" The pretty, fair-haired mother was in a state of ostentatious untidiness, and she sighed drearily as she answered, "Mis'able, Emmeline; clean out'n heart."

Mrs. Fiscus clasped the despondent creature in her arms, kissing her again, and saying: "There, there, honey; I know you feel right bad, an' that's the reason I left my work an' rode over. You've got to give up that thar foolishness of stayin' hyar an' grievin' yourself to death over your trouble. You'd orter show more religion 'n that. Matt's comin' over for you early to-morrer, to go to preachin' with us, an' then we're goin' to take you back to dinner with us. The Presidin' Elder an' his wife's going to be thar."

"You put hit up fine, didn't you, Emmeline, arter me tellin' you over and over agin that me an' the children ain't a-goin' to set foot off'n this ranch to-morrer! I don't take no stock in these hyar Yankee Thanksgivin's noway," indignantly returned Mrs. Smedley. "We never had none of 'em in Missouri."

"This hyar ain't no Yankee Thanksgivin'—the Governor of California ordered hit; an' Matt's as good a Missourian as you da'r be, but he says he won't never go back on no day that gives him a show for a turkey dinner. Do go an' hear the Presidin' Elder; he'll give us a mighty good preach; you'll feel quite another sort better when you git back," pleaded the older sister.

"I don't want to feel better." But, with vexing inconsistency, Polly added, "Hit would only make me feel a heap worse to think how Asbury set there last year, lookin' so pleasin' with two of the babies on his lap. Hit ain't no use a-wearyin' me to go to your house, neither; if you-alls was like you was when him an' me used to be thar together 'twould only make me sense my loneliness the harder; an' if I seed you-alls still an' sorter solemn, I'd feel like I was spoilin' everybody's satisfaction. I ain't fit for nothin' but stayin' by my lone self an' mournin' for my pore husband."

"Seems like hit's hard to do anything for you, but, honey, why can't the children come an' have a good time with their cousins? They're too little to know any reason for bein' kep' away," pleaded the aunt.

"Hit's time they knowed that they've lost the best father that ever drawed breath, an' they ain't a-goin' up thar to be a-rompin' an' tearin' around when I'm at home a-grievin' for him," dolefully insisted the mourner.

"Polly Smedley!" indignantly cried Mrs. Fiscus, "you plumb outdo me; you shorely lost a good husband, an' I lost a brother that I loved like as if he'd been borned one to me; but you hadn't orter try to keep them babies in mind of hit, an' now I'll just tell you that you show mighty little respect to a man that war so proud of your looks an' give you such fine dressin', when you go around lookin' so *slummicky*. Hit's a disgrace to the name o' Smedley to go around with your ha'r hangin' down, an' your shoes unlaced, an' the buttons half off'n yer dress. You'd better cut off your ha'r an' put tar on your head like a Digger Injun; you wouldn't look no worse. An' the way you treat Asbury's childern 's the talk of the whole settle*ment*. If Lem Scott wasn't a-seein' that they was treated half white, I'd be bound to take 'em away from you."

"Oh, yes; he's always makin' himself right numerous, an' I ain't a-thankin' him for hit. He had the imperdence to fetch a turkey over hyar last week and ax me to cook it for dinner to-day, seein' I was bent to stay to home. You'd think he owned me an' the young ones, the *orderly* way he talks to me," retorted Polly; "that thar's one reason I dassent fix myself up half decent, for fear of folks passin' remarks on him stayin' hyar so much an' nussin' the childern on his lap. No matter who's in the house a-lookin' on, if I take up a bucket to go to the spring he stumbles over his big feet to ketch it out of my hand an' git it hisself. Mrs. Hill she's been a-tellin' me that the boys around hyar's jest runnin' him high about me. I often wish in my heart that I could git plumb out'n sight 'n' hearin'. A pore widder woman, that ain't a-keerin' whether she ever sees any man as long as she lives, can't be let alone! Them no-account bachelors in the settle*ment*, every last one has some triflin' excuse to stop at the door as they go to the post-office or to the ferry. Oh, you don't know nothin' about hit, sister Emmeline; 'pears like a married woman's got her husband to protect her, an' a girl's father an' brothers won't stand no foolishness about her, but thar ain't nobody to look out for a widder's good name."

Mrs. Fiscus swallowed a sob; she did not feel that too much sympathy was wholesome for her sister. "You musn't think I don't feel for you, honey, nor that Matt wouldn't make hit lively for anybody that'd pass *slighty* remarks about you; but hit's bad for you an' for the babies to nuss your trouble like you do. Hit would interrupt pore Asbury powerfully to know how you keep takin' on about him. Now, won't you jest agree to come to dinner, if you won't go to preachin'? I never seed as fat a turkey as we've killed, an' I've made some sliced sweet-petater pies on purpose for you. The childern's just wild for Aunt Polly an' the little cousins to be thar." She stopped; the hardening of Polly's face showed how useless was her reiterated appeal. "I wouldn't do *you* thataway," she said, reproachfully. She rose, kissing the little ones good-by, and Mrs. Smedley said, "I'm mighty sorry I can't please you, but come back soon."

"I'm tollable busy; I don't think you'll see me agin this year," said Emmeline. "You needn't disfurnish yourself to come out with me," and as she rode away she said, in vexed frustration, "She always was as hard-headed as a mule."

The children, who were disappointed at the brevity of their aunt's visit, cried after her, and their mother sent them out to gather acorns for a pet pig; then she walked up to the small looking-glass on the mantelpiece and gazed at her reflection. "I do shorely look slouchy," she admitted, beginning to brush out her abundant light hair, "an' I allow hit don't do pore Asbury no good to go so sloven. I used to think a heap of my clothes, but thar ain't nobody a-keerin' how I fix myself now. Emmeline went off right mad, an' she's been mighty good to me. I 'most wish I'd give in to her an' not hurt her feelin's. Asbury said he never see anybody so hard to make back down as me. Well, hit's too late now."

The next morning Mrs. Smedley saw, with rising anger, Lem Scott driving up to the gate with his roan colts and new buggy.

He met an ungracious hostess. "Lem Scott," she demanded, "didn't I tell you I wouldn't go nary single step to preachin' or to dinner to-day?"

"You better wait till I'm axin' you, Polly Smedley," he answered, in unexpected wrath. "I ain't no more anxious to take you than you are to go. I've heerd this mornin' from ole Mrs. Hill how you've been *noratin'* around this settle*ment* that I've been pushin' myself in whar my company wasn't wanted. I have been a-comin' hyar a heap, but 't wa'n't on *your* account. Asbury Smedley an' me was double cousins, an' his mammy raised me; us two was jest like brothers, an' I ax you now, flat-footed, if I wasn't a-comin' hyar as reg'lar before he died as I have since? Arter he was gone an' you was in a manner distracted, I didn't think hit was safe to leave you alone with them thar babies for fear you'd do somethin' desperate, so I've been doin' chores an' fetchin' an' carryin' for you like a nigger, an' I'll tell you the reason why. You recollect last Thanksgivin' that me an' Asbury stayed out to the barn a-talkin' a long time, an' you had to send out for us three times before we came in to dinner, an' you got right mad about hit. Well, he had somethin' onto his mind; you know Tom Hinkle had just died, an' his wife was so interrupted her folks thought she was goin' plumb crazy; an' I reckon Asbury must have had a warnin', bekase he said he knowed if the like was to happen to him you'd be just as bad off, an' he made me promise him solemn to hover the little fellers an' look arter you if it was needin'; an' hit was only the next week that his break-block broke an' his team run off'n the grade."

"Oh, Cousin Lem!" cried Polly, tears streaming down her face, "why didn't you never tell me that thar before?"

"Bekase I was afeerd of harryin' up your feelin's," he said, adding contemptuously, "I didn't never conceit that you'd think you'd orter have to make a *plumb* scarecrow out'n yourself to keep me from gettin' stuck arter you. I never dreamed of such as that a-comin' in your head when you was a-takin' on thataway, or I wouldn't have made myself so *sufficious*. But now I'm a-goin' to take these hyar little folks to preachin' this mornin'. Thar's some kind of performance for the Sunday-school to git off, an' they're a-goin' to be thar; and when hit's out, I'm a-goin' to take 'em to their Uncle Matt's to eat a turkey dinner; you can stay hyar all day an' hate yourself an' go hungry if hit suits you," said the irate Scott.

Polly was thunderstruck; her husband's near kinsman had heretofore been the gentlest of servitors. "Oh, Lem," she besought, "don't be so mad at me; I didn't go to mistreat you, an' you don't know what a heap of things that triflin' Mrs. Hill told me. Won't you forgive me?"

"Git out the clothes for them thar young ones; if you won't git 'em ready, I will," was the irrelevant reply.

With trembling fingers, Polly got out the small garments and arrayed the quartet, her visitor assisting in the process.

"Pretty decent-lookin' little chaps, but if I hadn't bought the goods an' your sister made 'em up, what show would they've had for goin' out amongst folks to-day?" he said, gruffly.

Mrs. Smedley had meekly yielded to his will, and walked out, still shedding penitential tears, to see him depart with the happy flock.

"I'm sorry to disfurnish you so much, but my team's tolerable gay, an' you'll have to pass the babies up to me after I git in," he said, beginning to unfasten the hitching-strap. Then he stopped. "Cousin Polly," he remarked, with dignity, "I am a-goin' to send these hyar youngsters home to you by Matt Fiscus. I reckon hit was foolish to git so mad at you, but I think you played hit mighty low down when you passed them thar *slighty* remarks about me to that thar long-tongued Hill woman; if you'd only named hit to *me* that you'd like less of my company, I'd have taken hit well an' kind, for I been aimin' to go to Salmon River the last ten months, an' only stayed bekase I allowed you was a-needin' my help. I'm fixin' to start next week, so you won't be troubled with the sight of me for many a day. If I strike it rich in the mines, I don't never allow to come back hyar. I hope you'll have luck." She held out a tremulous hand, too choked with sobs to speak, but he turned to untie his horses, and, stepping into the buggy, received the children from her, one by one. "Well," he said, disposing them comfortably, "so long," and rapidly drove away.

She leaned against the rude gate-post, pierced by the sense of ingratitude and indelicacy. "He had a right to come down on me thataway; hit was powerful indecent of me to put hit up that he was tryin' to make love to me, when he was jest a-feelin' that his honor was out to pore Asbury to see that me an' the childern didn't lack for nothin'. He knowed that his cousin never liked me to wrench myself packin' water an' wood, an' he tried to do me like a sister. When Asbury had the typhoid fever three year ago, Lem stayed by him night an' day an' wouldn't let me w'ar myself out nussin' him. Oh, what a plumb fool I've been makin' myself! Thar ain't no other woman on the creek got a door-yard fence, an' Lem split every single one of them thar oak palin's out hisself. He planted that thar orchard, he built that thar back gallery, he put in my crop, he done every blessed thing jest bekase I been his double cousin by marriage, an' he was always so wrapped up in his kinfolks; an' to think I had the meanness, the low-downness, to open my mouth about'n him to that old meddlesome somebody! She made me so mad a-tryin' to run me about him that I don't rightly know what-like remarks I passed, but they was no-account enough to drive the best friend I ever had out'n the State. Oh, whatever'll me an' them thar pore orphant babies do without him this endurin' winter? Matt's folks is three *mild* away, an' I sha'n't have no protector but a strange man, an' I always did mistrust a *hirelin'*. I'll have to b'ar that, but hit just kills me with shame for him to go off with a hardness toward me. However could I have been so forsaken as to give him such a in*sult!* 'Pears like the Lord shorely has left me to undo myself, but I know in reason He wouldn't have gone back on me only for my backslidin' like I done. Hit was only a year ago last August that Asbury an' me jined the church at the Big Creek camp-meetin', but since he died I've been a-feelin' like I didn't have no use for religion. I been too hard-headed to go to preachin' since the funeral, an' this hyar fresh trouble has come out of hit."

She gazed off into the distance where the Sierras were faintly outlined, and murmured wearily: "Oh, I wish I knowed what I'd orter do!"

A sudden inspiration flushed her worn cheek. "I'm a-goin' to that thar preachin'; I'll foot hit every step of that thar four *mild* if no team don't catch up to me; I feel humble enough to stan' up thar before the face an' eyes of the whole settlement an' say I've been makin' crooked paths for myself a whole year, an' I want to git back into the straight and narrer road ag'in; an', what's more, I'm a-goin' to ask Lem Scott to forgive me, if thar's fifty of 'em to hear me an' make light of hit. I'll git down on my knees if nothin' else won't do him. If he's dead bent to go, he sha'n't feel that I run him out'n the community."

She went in and made a careful but hurried toilet, glancing into the disfiguring little mirror to say with scorn, "You holler-eyed, peaked-faced thing, you look like you'd be enticin' enough for all the bachelors in the settle*ment* to be stuck arter! I allow nary single one ever came hyar only for friendliness."

She set out with undue speed; she was unused to walking, and her new shoes were stiff, but she made her first mile gallantly; the second, the sun shining out of the fleckless November sky of the year of our Lord 1860 seemed to oppress her with summer heat; she was fain to go more slowly, and repeatedly to sit on a stump to rest. She unconsciously noted an occasional wild rose blooming by the roadside, a small rabbit scuttling into the privacy of the brush fence, a little owl winking solemnly at her, a hare fleeing before her with long leaps. She found more frequent necessity to pause for breath as she toiled along on the third mile, and she began her fourth with blistered feet and lessening strength.

"I've got powerful weak dumpin' around the house an' goin' without half'n my meals; I'm afeered I can't make hit," she said, wearily; then she fiercely chided herself. "You've got to git thar, Polly Smedley, if you ever lay eyes onto Lem Scott. You was right up an' a-comin' when you footed hit over to Mrs. Hill's to tell her you didn't go nary cent on havin' him make himself *sufficious* round the ranch; you've got to make hit, if you crawl on your hands and knees."

In the entireness of her self-surrender she urged her trembling limbs onward, panting and almost falling from exhaustion, till the goal was almost won. Then, overcome by thirst and the beating of her heart, she dropped by the wayside. The feverishness of her body gave way to chilliness, and she dragged herself up and made her way feebly to the open door of the school-house where the services were held. As she held by the casing to steady herself every head turned toward her, and her youngest child, sitting on Lem Scott's knee, cried out, "Mamma!" Mrs. Fiscus, alarmed at her sister's haggard face, rushed to her, shrilly whispering, "For the Lord's sake, Polly, tell me what's happened!"

"Nothin'," returned Mrs. Smedley, faintly, "only I allowed I'd better come to preachin' arter all."

She sank into one of the rough seats and leaned on the desk in front. The Presiding Elder had paused at the slight confusion, but he now looked at her with a benignant face and resumed his discourse. The late comer listened to his gracious words without comprehending them, the air grew close around her, the people in front of her seemed to sway to and fro, the room turned dark as night, her head dropped on the desk before her.

When she opened her eyes again she lay on a blanket outdoors, water was dripping on her face, and Emmeline was sobbing at her side. "Do you feel better, Cousin Polly?" said Lem Scott, bending over her.

She put up her hand to him. "I'll feel a heap better if you'll say you forgive me; I footed hit all the way to ax you that, an' to git my name back on the church book agin."

"It has never been taken off, Sister Smedley," interposed the friendly voice of the Elder; "we have always felt that when the bitterness of your sorrow had given way, you would come back to your Father's house."

Lem Scott had clasped the small, cold hand in his, and he now answered: "I allow I'll have to, Cousin Polly, but hit gits me to think you'd be so contrairey as to in a manner kill yourself before you'd ride with me."

"But I *want* to ride with you, Cousin Lem; I want you to carry me over to Matt's to that thar dinner; an' if you've got any bit of good feelin' for your Cousin Asbury's widder an' orphants you won't leave us to go off to Salmon River."

"Emmeline," said Lem Scott, "I reckon you better take the little chaps in your wagon. Polly's right wearied out, an' she'd orter have plenty of room."

As the family and the guests drove homeward to the Thanksgiving dinner with anticipative smiles, Mrs. Fiscus looked at the flashing wheels of the new buggy as it led the procession and said, "Matt, I b'leeve thar *is* somethin' between him an' Polly arter all."

The Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.—Matthew vi., 13.

That is, the everlasting kingdom, the eternal kingdom, the glory that will not fade. Finally, we say Amen—let it be so—we are glad of it.

How many Americans believe this? How many in this congregation believe it? We believe in the Republic; in the power of the common people; in the glory of America; but how much, as expressed by our lives, do we believe that the kingdom is God's, and the power is God's, and the glory is God's?

God's is the kingdom. There is one kingdom. Life is not made up of fragments; it is not heterogeneous. It does sometimes seem so; but it is not so. The authority in life does not consist of a great quantity of independent wills; there is one kingdom; life is one. We used to think there were at least three kingdoms—a mineral kingdom, a vegetable kingdom, and an animal kingdom; and then we set man off by himself as a sort of fourth kingdom. But science long since has abandoned these definite discriminations. To-day we know that the mineral and vegetable and animal and human kingdoms are all one kingdom. You cannot draw sharply the line between the animal and the human, nor between the vegetable and the animal, nor yet between the mineral and the vegetable; there is one great kingdom—organic and inorganic. One—not three.

This great kingdom starts from one birthplace. The last word of science is evolution. Religious people are afraid of it. I do not see why. The message of evolution is a profoundly religious message. There is nothing since the Copernican system of astronomy was unfolded to the world that has so much to say of the unity of life, and, therefore, the unity of God. All life starts from one germ, and the greatest man, with towering intellect and ardent love and noble aspiration, comes from the same monad as the blade of grass he treads beneath his feet. There is one cradle of the whole universe; it all starts from one beginning. And the process of life is one. There are not half a dozen looms in which half a dozen different patterns are being woven; there is only one loom. There are many threads, but they are all brought to one loom, and out of its interweaving there is to be one pattern. Comparative physiology has shown that the life in man and the life in animal are the same; and comparative biology has shown that the life in man and in plant and in animal are the same. The birth of life is the same, the processes of life are the same; and the goal is the same. The final end of all the processes, beginning with the lowest monad and going through all the successive stages, reaches forward to man—or, rather, to a community and society of men, a brotherhood of man, bound together by love, by a common reverence for a common ideal, by a common loyalty to one God. The Semitic word for God means goal. That is what God is; he is the goal of the universal life. There are not three kingdoms—there is one kingdom; there are not three birthplaces—there is one birthplace; there are not three processes of life—there is one process of life; and there are not three goals—there is one goal. God is the birth, God is the process, God is the goal.

And God's is the power. Every now and then I get a letter from some one who says, since God is omnipotent, why does not he make the world virtuous by a stroke? What do you mean by omnipotent? The metaphysicians mean by omnipotent that God is able to do everything, that he can make two and two five, that he can make it right to violate a law of righteousness, that he can violate the inherent and essential laws of life. Metaphysicians may mean that, but the Bible does not mean that. That is not omnipotence. Omnipotence is this: that all the powers of the universe are, in the last analysis, powers of God. It is not that there are no impossibilities, no conceivable contradictions; it is not that God can set aside the moral laws. He would cease to be God if he did. It is impossible for God to lie, says one of the Apostles. Why? Because if he lied he would cease to be God. It is righteousness that makes God. It is not wisdom, it is not power; it is righteousness; and if you could conceive of God as violating the law of righteousness, he would cease to be God. Nay, omnipotence does not mean that there is some one somewhere who can set aside all laws of nature and order. John Stuart Mill has well said that if God were omnipotent in the metaphysical sense of the term, he could not exercise skill, because skill consists in overcoming obstacles by the use of means; and if there are no difficulties for God to overcome, do you not see that there cannot be any skill in overcoming them?. That is not what the Bible means by omnipotence. Omnipotence means this: that all forces are one force; that as all processes are one process, so all powers are one power.

We know that now in nature. We can understand that there are not forces in nature; there is only one great force. That has been scientifically demonstrated. Light and heat and electricity are only forms of the one great force. But it is as true in the moral realm as in the natural realm. Herbert Spencer, looking out on the natural realm, says we are in the midst of one infinite and eternal energy. Why? Because, as I said a moment ago, this universe is a *uni*verse. There is a unity as truly in the moral realm as in the material realm. There is a unity in history. If not, a science of history would be impossible, and history would be simply a collection of accidental events. There is a unity in society. If not, there would be no possible political economy, for political economy consists in finding the unity that exists. There are laws of industry, of honesty, of social and industrial and political life. *They are.* We do not make them. This unity of history, of social organization, of political movement, is itself the demonstration of the one great power carrying through history to its final development. The powers are not in the king. When Sennacherib came with his host to beleaguer Jerusalem, and scoffed at Israel's God, and said, Can your God save you? have the gods of any of the other nations saved them? one prophet replied, God shall put a hook in your nose, and a bridle in your mouth, and lead you back the way you came. The power is not in the individual king. We know that. But we think it is in the masses. No! There is no more power in the masses than there is in the individual; and if you are to look at life from the human point of view, there is far more sense in thinking that power resides in an aristocracy than in an unwashed democracy. The power is in God, and the only advantage that democracy has over monarchy is this: that God is in the hearts of all his children, and we find his word by comparing their varied interpretations better than by getting one pope, one bishop, or one king to interpret the voice for us.

The power of a nation does not lie in the things it possesses. It is not strong because it is rich, or cultured, or highly organized, or has religious institutions. What a great nation this is! What boundless territory we possess! What gold, and silver, and wealth! What public buildings! What wheat-fields! What miles and miles of railroad! How splendidly we are organized! How magnificently equipped! What a magnificent set of fortifications we are going to have, by and by, along our Atlantic coast! What a beautiful white fleet we have to look at, now and then! What colleges we possess! What a public-school system! What academies! What institutions of learning! What literature! What authors! What religious institutions have we! What rituals! What meeting-houses! What creeds, sound and orthodox—at least that shall save us! Have you never read history? Will great material wealth make a nation? Ask Babylon. Will schools and philosophies make a nation? Ask Greece. Will highly organized society and a great army make a nation? Ask Rome. Will religious institutions, with a ritual and a creed that have come straight from heaven, make a nation? Ask Judea. No! no! These things do not make a nation great. They do not give it power. The power is in God, and, save as the nation gets its hold on God, and its life from God, and its power in God, it is a weak, insufficient, incapable thing, no matter how many miles of railroad it has, no matter how complete its organization, no matter how fine its culture—nay, no matter how orthodox its religious institutions. Neither is a nation great by virtue of the form of its political institutions. It is not great because it has a great king. It is not great because it has a cultured aristocracy. It is not great because it is a great democracy. The form of organization does not make the nation great; and transferring superstitious reverence for the divinity that doth hedge about the king into superstitious reverence that doth hedge about the masses of the people is no exchange for the better. The State! says the Bourbon king—I am the State: and history answers with the French Revolution. The State! say the people, educated in the school of Voltairism—we are the State; power comes from the people; authority of the government rests on the consent of the governed; we are the strong and the mighty: and history answers with Napoleon Bonaparte. The State! says Napoleon Bonaparte—I am the State; God is on the side of the strongest battalions: and history answers with Waterloo. A nation is not great by what it possesses, and it is not great by the form of its organization; it is great only as it lays hold on God's power, for all power belongeth unto God. It is not rich in any other way. There is no possible way by which the community can get lasting riches, riches that endure, except by understanding the divine laws and complying with them. We ought to know that in this country. We said to ourselves—at least one-half of our nation said to itself—we will have a leisure class; we will not degrade ourselves by manual labor; we will put the drudgery on the black man, and that will give us wealth; we will put the drudgery on the black man, and that will release us to cultivate ourselves and develop a literary and cultured aristocracy. It was a very fine scheme, except that it left God out of account; and after a hundred years or so had gone by, what was the result? The South burned and blackened and bankrupt. Where was its wealth? And the South without a public-school system, with scarcely a college or a university worthy of the name, without authors or literature; not that the South was worse than the North, not that it was incapable of culture or incapable of wealth, but because it had forgotten that there is a God in the world and power comes from him. You cannot organize an industrial system on any hypothesis that leaves God out of account. Go to; we will make an industrial system on the basis of selfishness; we will say to the capitalist, get your labor in the cheapest market, pay as little wages as you can, and get as much work as you can; and then we will say to the laborer, do as little as you can, and get as much as you can; and if you put these two selfishnesses in conflict—this capitalist who says, I will give only what I must and will get what I can, and this laborer who says, I will give only what I must and will get what I can—these two in conflict with each other will balance each other, like the centripetal and the centrifugal forces, and they will make order. This science! No! Any system founded on selfishness is an unscientific system; for the foundation of social science is love, and there is no way in which men can live peacefully, and happily, and together, except on the basis of mutual respect and mutual love. Let us, then, sweep the present system all away and build up a socialistic system. Let us have the State own the factories, the railroads, and the telegraphs, and operate them all: what then? If we leave the spirit of selfishness in the human heart, we shall but have a political boss substituted for a factory boss, and I would like to know which is the worst of the two. No, no; an industrial system that is going to make permanent and enduring wealth will be founded on exactly the contradictory principle—the desire on the part of the owner to give the greatest wages he can and carry on successfully the business, and the desire on the part of the workman to give the best work he can and live prosperously. It is in mutual service, not in mutual selfishness, an industrial order is to be built up. The foundation of political organization, the foundation of industrial organization, is, in the last analysis, this: that there are laws of God in the universe and we must know them and understand them.

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[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, October 25, 1896. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

The secret power in the nation is God, and the secret power in the individual in the nation is God. Tell me who have been what we call statesmen, the real statesmen, in history? Who have been the men in England that have left a mark on English life? Richard the Lion-Hearted? the Stuarts? the Georges? Nobody thinks that. Who then? Alfred the Great, with his heart of love for humanity, and his heart of reverence for God. Cromwell, with his strong faith in the power of an Almighty, and his endeavor to interpret the will of the Almighty. Queen Victoria, illustrating in half a century the virtues of a pure and noble womanhood. The great men and women of England have been the pure, the true, the patriotic, the godly men and women of England. In America who have been the real powers, the enduring powers—not the powers for a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, but the men who really have shaped the course of the nation? Aaron Burr? Little Douglas? Cass? Polk? Have they even been the men who, in the beginning of their life, did undertake to interpret divine law, and then, called off by ambition, or by public sentiment, which they could not resist, abandoned principle for expediency? Even Clay and Webster have left no such influence on human history here in America as Lincoln and Sumner and Seward and Chase. It is the men who try to see what God meant, and try to work with God, who have been the men of power in American life. And in literature, and in teaching, the secret of power is the same. Consider what is the difference between what we call a classic literature and what is not a classic. What is not a classic plays on the surface of life, portrays that which any one may see if he has an observing eye, is what we call realistic; the classic goes down into human hearts and sees the divine principles in human life, and interprets those so that men can understand them. "Adam Bede" will live longer than "Middlemarch." Byron and Pope are already forgotten; but Shakespeare with his lessons against ambition and jealousy, and Browning with his lesson of God and God's love in humanity, and Wordsworth with his message of God in the world of nature—these men will never be forgotten, because they have revealed the power of God, and made him a power in human hearts.

"Thine is the kingdom, and thine is the power, and thine is the glory." All the glory of human life is God's glory, for the end of all life is the manifestation of God. All the varied phenomena of nature, and of human nature, and of history, and of science, are but the revelations of the great power, the great wisdom, the great beneficence that lies back of all and shines through all. And, therefore, all the varied glory of life is but a reflection of this divine glory. All art is borrowed from nature—that is, from God. Into the forest went the Greek and got his Corinthian pillar and his Doric pillar. Into the forest went the later artist and got his pointed arch and all the glories of Gothic architecture. It is from nature, that is, from God, the artist gets all his color, imitating what God has already wrought in the clouds; and when he paints, he paints only to give us the vision of what God has painted before in the world of nature, or to make clear what God is doing in human hearts and lives. Literature is glorious only as it interprets the divine in humanity, and life is glorious only and because there is God in it. It is glorious to write a great poem, is it not? But it is far more glorious to live a poem. It is glorious to write the history of a noble hero, but it is a great deal more glorious to have been the hero. It is glorious to tell the story of a Florence Nightingale, but it is a great deal more glorious to have been Florence Nightingale. It is glorious to tell the story, spun out of the imagination, of some splendid achievement, but it is far more glorious to have achieved it; because God shows himself in life even more than he shows himself in thought about life.

The Religious World

Mr. Moody's Meetings

The great meetings held in New York under the leadership of Mr. Moody have continued. The places of meeting are thronged at every service, and overflow meetings have had to be arranged for. An audience of four thousand people is no unusual sight, and it is now quite evident that if there were larger audience-rooms they, too, would be crowded. As perhaps is to be expected, and possibly as is desirable, the greater number of those who attend are already Christians, but if they can be fired with something of Mr. Moody's enthusiasm the work will reach thousands who never hear the sound of his voice. The sermons which Mr. Moody preaches are, many of them, familiar to those who have heard him in the past, but they are fresh and powerful because behind them is a living man whose spirit is constantly open to the Spirit of God. Some of his interpretations of Scripture sound very strange in these times, when, for instance, he says that if the story of Jonah being swallowed by the whale is not literally received, then Christ himself goes. Of course Mr. Moody is entitled to his own opinion, but the fact is that multitudes give to that incident a figurative interpretation, and cling with all the enthusiasm of their natures to the Saviour Christ. As we have said before, the place of Jesus Christ in this world is not affected by any theories of Biblical interpretation. He is a power apart from all theories, new or old, concerning the Bible. But Mr. Moody is a man of God, and such statements are not regarded as they would be if made by other men.

Dr. Storrs's Jubilee Continued

The services in recognition of the jubilee of the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., were continued according to the programme previously announced. The Manhattan Association gave the distinguished preacher a dinner in the parlors of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn. About two hundred members and guests were present. Dr. T. B. McLeod presided. The chief address of the evening was delivered by the Rev. A. J. Lyman, D.D., who, in the name of the Association, presented Dr. Storrs with a beautiful loving-cup. The address was marked by the singular felicity which usually characterizes the utterances of Dr. Lyman. The response of Dr. Storrs was, of course, the event of the evening. It was full of tenderness and bright with gracious reminiscence. Other speakers were President Patton, of Princeton, Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, Dr. Charles R. Baker, representing the Episcopal churches of Brooklyn, Dr. Humpstone, representing the Baptists, Dr. A. S. Hunt, representing the Methodists. On the following evening the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn tendered Dr. Storrs a dinner, and congratulatory addresses were delivered. But the chief event of all the week was the reception and celebration in the Church of the Pilgrims on Thursday evening, at which time Dr. Storrs was presented with a check for $5,000, and in addition informed that $20,000 had been subscribed for needed improvements in the church. Mr. George P. Stockwell presided at the evening celebration. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., of Brooklyn, John Hall, D.D., of New York, Professor George P. Fisher, D.D., of New Haven, and R. R. Meredith, D.D., of Brooklyn. The address of Mr. Joseph E. Brown, who spoke in behalf of the congregation, was singularly comprehensive and beautiful. The address of Dr. Storrs in reply was such as only he could deliver on such an occasion. The afternoon reception was largely attended. The services of Sunday, the 22d, were chiefly devoted to the young people, while on Monday the Congregational Club of Brooklyn tendered to Dr. Storrs a reception. As we go to press the great Citizens' Meeting is being held in the Academy of Music. Thus ends one of the most notable events of the kind in recent years. Others have remained as long, but no other clergyman, equally prominent, has been so long in so prominent a field of Christian service.

Meeting of the Interseminary Missionary Alliance

The American Interseminary Alliance is the outcome of a movement which originated among the students of Princeton Theological Seminary in the year 1879. A circular-letter was issued urging the various seminaries "to consider the establishment of some permanent system of interseminary correspondence on the subject of missions." It resulted in the calling together of delegates from the various seminaries in convention. An annual National Convention has been held ever since in various cities, East and West, to consider City, Home, and Foreign Missions, and to confer in regard to plans looking toward a deeper spiritual and missionary life in our seminaries. The seventeenth Convention has just been held (November 12–15), in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. Seventy-five accredited delegates were in attendance, representing seminaries from Andover, Mass., to Omaha, Neb., with an aggregate number of students numbering about fifteen hundred. About three hundred were in attendance from the seminaries in Chicago. The address of welcome was given by President Harper, of the University, who emphasized the necessity of theological students coming together to consider, "hand to hand, eye to eye, soul to soul," their various and common problems relating to the great missionary work of the Church. He was followed by Dr. C. J. Little, President of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., on "The Spirit of Christianity Essentially Missionary." "We assent to this with our intellects," he said, "but do not grasp it and believe it with our hearts;" and then proceeded to show that if our Christianity is anything it is missionary. Dr. J. L. Withrow spoke on "What should be the Attitude of the Ministry toward Missions." The negative side was taken up by the Rev. H. D. Wiard, Western Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, who spoke on "What is the Present Attitude of the Ministry toward Missions?" He declared that a large number are indifferent to this cause. Dr. Graham Taylor urged the necessity for accurate, scientific knowledge of the city field, enforcing his points by showing map after map illustrating the density, poverty, nationality, etc., of the people in the most crowded parts of Chicago and other cities. Two things, he said, are needed in the "missionary administration of a city: (1) comity in the suburbs; and (2) vast co-operation." Mr. Wiard also spoke on the "Neglected Fields of the West." The Rev. Harlan P. Beach and Dr. A. T. Pierson brought before the students the actual work of the foreign field, what would be expected of them as missionaries, and the claims of the heathen lands upon their life. At a conference conducted by Mr. H. W. Luce the fact was emphasized that the real need is a deeper spiritual life in the individual student; and this in turn led up to the subjects of the addresses of the Rev. R. A. Torrey and the Rev. Daniel Shepardson: "In the presence of God—Prayer;" "In the Presence of His Word—Devotional Personal Bible Study." The hearts of all the students were deeply moved by the address of Dr. J. T. Gracey, of India, on "The Broader View of Missions." His thought was that God's hand is on his world, moving to a sure conclusion; yet it was put in such a way as to arouse the young men to action, because, he said, "though God is doing it, he must do it through men." The Convention was one of the strongest and most spiritual held in years. In our own land there seems to be a deepening missionary spirit in our seminaries; the same is true in England; while it is significant that this year the theological students of England and America, unknown to each other, have decided to send one of their number through the seminaries to confer with faculties and students about the missionary life of the seminaries, and to bind the seminaries closer together in their one great common missionary work.

Bishop Satterlee and the Czar

The New York "Tribune" of November 18 contained an extremely interesting account of a visit paid by Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, to the Czar of Russia. The mission was undertaken at the request of various religious bodies to present to the Czar a petition imploring his interposition on the part of the persecuted Armenians. Nothing was publicly said concerning the visit until it had been made. Bishop Satterlee carried with him a petition, to which were appended the signatures of eighty Bishops of the Episcopal Church of the United States, twenty-two Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Secretaries of the American Board for Foreign Missions, and the Secretaries of various other missionary organizations In addition were the names of nearly if not quite all the Bishops of the Church of England and the Colonial Bishops, the deans of cathedrals, doctors and professors in universities, and, really, representatives of nearly all the religious organizations of Great Britain. Bishop Satterlee was courteously received by the Czar and Czarina on the 5th of

August, and by the mother of the Czar on August 7. He was allowed to explain fully the object of his visit, and he says that he came home with the conviction that God himself had inspired and blessed the memorial, whatever its results may be. No response was made to it at the time, and no promise was given. It seems impossible, however, that such a mission should be entirely without effect. Whether release comes by way of England or by way of Russia is of comparatively little importance, but the whole Christian world ought to continue the agitation until this awful blot upon the civilization of the nineteenth century is forever removed.

The Orthodoxy of Bishop Vincent

One of the most amusing and absurd of all the attempts to fix opprobrium on a distinguished man because of fancied heresy is that which has recently been made on Bishop John H. Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The papers which seem to have been chiefly concerned in the matter are the "Presbyterian Banner," of Pittsburg, and the "Presbyterian," of Philadelphia. It seems that an unnamed Southern Presbyterian clergyman charges that Bishop Vincent said that the divinity of Christ is not an essential article of the Christian faith. When it was brought to his attention, Bishop Vincent telegraphed as follows: "The quotation sent is a gross misrepresentation. It could scarcely more perfectly misrepresent what I said." The matter has been followed up by editorials in the "Presbyterian Banner," which concludes that "the cumulative testimony which it presents leaves Bishop Vincent and those who rush so speedily to his defense in a sorry plight." Well, perhaps it does, but we have read the "evidence" in the 'Banner," and confess that it does not seem to us at all to have the force it is supposed to have. Nothing is easier than for one, two, or a dozen persons who are specially alert for heresy to put into the mouths of public speakers meanings which do not belong to their words and which they never intended to give them. We have no brief for the defense of Bishop Vincent. He is abundantly able to take care of himself. The probability is that, simply because at one time he was a popular preacher at Harvard, certain persons began to suspect him of leanings toward Unitarianism; then his utterances were listened to with suspicion rather than sympathy. The next step was easy to take; his words were twisted and given meanings which he never intended them to have. Certainly when he makes the disclaimer which he has made he is entitled to belief. But, after all, is anything more absurd! The man who has done as much as almost any man of his time for the advancement of evangelical Christianity is suspected of heresy because of a chance remark, the meaning of which he utterly disclaims. A stronger attack than that would be required to shake the faith of the American people in the man who has given such a strong impetus to the reverent study of the Bible, and who has made Chautauqua a center of world-wide evangelical Christian influence.

The New Bishop of London

The translation of Dr. Temple from the post of Bishop of London to the Archbishopric of Canterbury has been followed by the appointment of Bishop Crichton, of Peterborough, to the See of London. It was generally believed that the Bishop of Peterborough would be made Archbishop, the great age of Dr. Temple making his choice improbable; and it is now believed that if his life is spared the new Bishop of London will in time become the Archbishop of Canterbury. The "Guardian" tells us that formerly the Bishop of London was "a simple suffragan of Canterbury," but that now the circumstances are different. The chief problems which concern the Church of England—namely, "the reconciliation of liberty and law, the co-existence of widely divergent opinions on questions of the first moment, the relation of the congregational and parochial systems, and, still more, the recovery of the huge population which has drifted away from the Church or has grown up outside of it—press for solution in London as nowhere else in the Kingdom." It is evident that a man of large experience, broad views, and resolute will is required for this distinguished position. The Bishop of Peterborough has proved himself to possess great gifts, and his appointment as the successor of Dr. Temple is welcomed on all sides. That he is a broad-minded man is proved by the fraternal message which he sent to the Congregational Union of England and Wales at its late meeting in Leicester, while his scholarship is abundantly proven by the many works which he has published.

The New Rector of the Catholic University

The Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., has been chosen to succeed Bishop Keane as Rector of the Catholic University at Washington. Dr. Conaty belongs to the conservative party in the Roman Church, but is well known as a friend of Bishop Keane. He is a strong temperance man, and has frequently lectured on this subject before the country, He is between forty and fifty years of age, and was educated at the Jesuit College of the Holy Cross at Worcester. For several years he has been President of the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, N. Y. He is an earnest friend of the parochial school system, and is said to have been the choice both of Cardinal Satolli and of Archbishop Corrigan. He succeeds to the position at a difficult time, and one which will require all the courage and ability which he is supposed to possess. It would not be easy, under existing circumstances, for any man to take up the work of Bishop Keane.

Installation of Dr. Savage

The Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D., late of Boston, was installed pastor of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) on Sunday, November 22. We noticed at length the call of Dr. Savage to this pulpit a few weeks ago. The services at his installation were conducted by the Revs. S. H. Camp, S. A. Eliot, M. St. C. Wright, J. W. Chadwick, and E. C. Bolles, D.D. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., of Boston, while the prayer of installation was offered by Dr. Collyer, the senior pastor of the church. Dr. Savage had a large following in Boston, and will be sure to have one equally large in New York.

A Mission to the Jews

The Brooklyn Christian Mission to the Jews, an interdenominational organization, has for its President T. B. McLeod, D.D.; its Vice-President, Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D.; its missionary, the Rev. B. A. M. Shapiro. It has in addition eight or ten lecturers. It was started in the summer of 1892. It is said that the Jewish population of Brooklyn numbers about 70,000. The soul of the work is Mr. Shapiro. A converted Jew himself, he has consecrated his energies to telling his nation of the Messiahship of Jesus. Services are held every Saturday afternoon in which the sermon is in the "Jewish language" and the songs in English, while an English service is held every Saturday evening. The work is heartily commended by those who ought to be well informed concerning it, and the spirit of all the literature which we have been permitted to read is evangelical and earnest. While different peoples retain their race lines, such forms of Christian work are no doubt essential. It is, however, devoutly to be hoped that the time is not far distant when such lines may be ignored, and the common Church receive black and white, Jew and Gentile, to its common service.

Church Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church

From a Special Correspondent

The Indian summer sun which enveloped Norfolk, shedding warm beams upon the quaint old colonial houses and resting upon the still unfrosted roses in its magnolia-shaded gardens, shone, too, upon a distinguished company gathered at the seventeenth meeting of the Church Congress of the United States. The weather but supplemented the warmth of the Southern welcome, which Virginia alone perhaps could give, to a congress composed of representatives of that Church which found its earliest American home within her borders, the Church to whose training she owed some of her noblest sons and daughters, the Church which through those sons had so large an influence upon the foundation of the American commonwealth. The Church Congress is not a legislative body; it seeks neither to determine nor to resolve; but it affords a free platform for the discussion of problems interesting to the whole Christian world, as well as of subjects of special interest to those within the borders of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

A religious service began, as is usual, the proceedings of the Congress, and in Christ Church the members assembled on the morning of Tuesday for a solemn communion service, at which Bishop Satterlee, of the new Diocese of Washington, was the preacher. His sermon, from the text, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," was a whole-souled plea for the entire consecration of the human personality to the service of God in response to the love of God.

At the first business session on Tuesday evening, Archdeacon Tiffany, of New York, General Secretary of the Congress, explained its simple rules, and Bishop Randolph, in his hearty address of welcome, gained the sympathy and affection of the audience, which he, as its presiding officer, maintained throughout its sessions. "How can Social Unity be best attained?" asked the programme of the Church Congress of its appointed readers and speakers on this first evening. They did not answer it, although they were all men well chosen for their practical work in bringing into harmony the too widely separated elements of social life in our great cities. They did not answer a question which can be worked out by continued, patient, self-sacrificing effort alone; but they contributed much to the earnest, sober understanding of the relations of the Church to rich and to poor, of the educated to the ignorant, of the ruling to the governed classes. Mr. Reese, of Macon, brought into prominence the fact that the Church, in deciding that it must not only snatch men from the fires of evil, and send individuals redeemed into heaven, but quench those fires and redeem the conditions which make such a thing as lost souls possible, had entered a new future of usefulness. Social unity he defined as the right of fair dealing and justice, the result of brotherhood and love. Professor Gould, of Philadelphia, emphasized the fact that love and social unity are identical terms, and that the great corporations of the country, even when managed by church officers and Sunday-school superintendents, do not, as a rule, make it their first business to manifest this love, selfishness being the principle which tends to the disintegration of society.

Mr. Godkin, editor of the "Evening Post," spoke of the three laws by which alone labor productions can be distributed—the natural but impossible law by which every man takes his own products; arbitrary law, which, if passed by a supreme power (which cannot exist), would be considered final; and the law of agreement. Under this every man would get an equivalent for his labor, but as this would involve arbitrary distribution by a few men, the present system of competition must be continued.

Dr. Rainsford, the next speaker, commended the press, as represented by Mr. Godkin, for what it had accomplished for the higher interests of society, and proceeded to speak of the legal evils with which the reformer who would reach men must grapple, and the unrighteous power which organized capital possesses. The contribution which the churches should make to social unity would be the giving of help and opportunity to the workingman. To aid him to organize and to develop his organizations into educative, self-helpful agencies would be the best way to promote social unity.

Mr. George Wharton Pepper, of Philadelphia, gave in conclusion a clearly reasoned and effective address. He recommended for the cure of social disintegration the application of specific remedies to specific evils. Whether or not the Episcopal Church needs a hierarchy, the future conventions of the Church will determine, probably after years of thought and discussion. The subject was discussed tentatively by the Congress, and a strong opposition to the introduction of a hierarchical spirit upon American soil was manifested. It was claimed, however, notably by Dr. Locke, of Bristol, R. I., that the Church, in its three orders of the ministry, already has a hierarchy, which might be developed further without introducing the dangerous elements which mark the Roman hierarchical idea. Dr. Huntington, the last speaker of the morning, said that what Protestantism most needed to-day was leadership. He had no more sympathy with the peacock feather and yellow jacket aspects of a hierarchy than had any Protestant. He thought, however, that the Church had departed from the ideal of Bishop White, and had become less National, had in fact lost its original likeness to the Constitution in the blotting out of State lines. In the rapid development of the Church he hoped to see the time when each State should have its House of Bishops, and the whole country its House of Presiding Bishops—a great council in which the units shall be the States.

Protestantism needs leaders, and suffers to-day from contrast with Roman organization. It is the organism which grows the shell, not the shell which grows the organism, and yet if the shell is crushed the organism will be destroyed. We are bound to meet and to conquer Roman absolutism with a philosophy of American churchmanship, and to continue the patient, careful study of the needs of this Church and of the country.

An intensely interesting discussion of the Ideal and the Real in Literature took place on Wednesday evening. The Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, in the absence of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, read the first paper of the evening. Defining realism as the art of reporting things as they are, he said that idealism and realism were really one spirit and one body. The main question in realistic literature is a question of vision. What does the writer see? Our hope is that, whatever the present fads, he may in time rise from the slough of evil suggestions, and, seeing, not merely the actuality, but the potentiality of man, find a true adjustment of moral and literary values. Realism is the interpretation of natural objects as the artist sees them, but good is as real as evil, and the pendulum is swinging back, and the day is coming when artists will see that they must paint truth, and not think it their glory to recognize moral deformity alone.

The Rev. Percy Grant gave a finely conceived analysis of literature as the expression of life. The source of literature, he said, is interest in man and his environment, and therefore uncolored and uncritical literature is impossible. In the best of the lettered records of life man is seen in actual human intercourse. The speaker showed that it was literature rather than philosophy which in the past followed always the social and moral conditions of humanity, and that the world to-day still calls upon literature to express the history of the inner life of humanity. So we must still call literature the lettered study of life, and recognize that in the literary world the greatest realist is also the most perfect idealist.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, who spoke next on this topic, began by saying that to the untrained lay mind a few elementary statements did not seem inappropriate. The terms realist and idealist are not antagonistic. Realism and idealism are two methods of expression which are largely temperamental. Men are romantic or realistic by nature, and in both ways men show reverence for art. The great vogue which realism has had during recent years is due to two causes—its scientific spirit, absolute veracity, intellectual honesty, being one of the debts we owe to science; and its passionate humanism, that profound sympathy for human life which asserts that there is no bit of life which is not divine, and no child of God who can be by any misfortune forever exiled from his Father's heart. There are no logical realists. No purely photographic reproduction of life is possible. The essence of idealism is the interpretation of the fact through the imagination, and art is forever nature plus the artist. No man ever saw the world as the world is, but realism seizes the truth with exact and uncompromising veracity, and idealism gives expression to the perception of what the real is when the real is perfect. Realism is faithful delineation; idealism also involves clear sight of the real and of its spiritual meaning, and interprets the actual through the imagination. Both are elements in every great art, and are related as are body and soul. Idealism is shown by such powerful realization of the individual as Shakespeare manifests, and in each description of the individual true art must evidence the divine purpose. Shakespeare, the first of realists, was also a great idealist. In art nature and imagination must always mingle, so that true art is always nature reproduced, not through mechanism, but through imagination. Art is always the object plus the artist; the human soul is mixed with everything, and man is compelled to interpret nature by his own constitution.

Referring to Colonel Newcome as an ideal picture of the Christian gentleman, the speaker alluded to the use of the term gentleman in its special and significant sense, and spoke of the ideal of the Virginian gentleman which had found so often actual expression in dignity of life, sweetness of manner, and elevation and nobility of character.

The Rev. D. D. Addison said that much that is known as realism might be called caricature, because it represents men as worse than they are, and spies only into charnel-houses. The true realist is he who recognizes two great facts—that man has a soul, and that a soul is as true a thing as can be found by any chemical analysis. The true realist sees man not only as he is, but man in process of becoming; the idealist paints man better than he is because he wishes to raise him to what he may be. True literature is man's attempt to reason from the truth and beauty which he sees to the perfect truth and beauty which he conceives. Nature has the will but not the power to realize perfection, and the artist is he who discovers her will and executes it in art; thus art fulfills and supplements nature. The Greek beauty was the expression of the Greek actual expressed in high imaginative terms. The final result is the representative art which consoles, sustains, and liberates by giving us the enduring and the universal; such art is the synonym for immortality. There is no art for art's sake; let us think always of art for character's sake. It is man who is struggling onward for redemption, not literature. The truth lies always behind the fact, the law behind the phenomena.

Thursday morning was devoted to a series of valuable and interesting papers and addresses on "Archæology and the Bible." The paper by Mr. Baldwin, of this city, was notably clear and persuasive, and held the unbroken attention of the audience. Professor Crawford, of Alexandria, and Professor Jackson, of Columbia University, and the Rev. Dr. Peters, of this city, sustained the discussion on a high level.

Three topics remained for the consideration of the Congress. "Permanence and Progress in the Interpretation of Christian Symbols" called out valuable papers on the relation of ancient creed to modern thought, from the Rev. Drs. Leighton Parks, W. M. Hughes, William P. Dubose, Hall Harrison, and Edward T. Drown. "The Organic Law of this Church" received treatment, or rather criticism, from the Rev. Dr. Mallory, of the "Churchman," the Rev. Dr. Elliott, Messrs. Bryan and Packard. The Congress concluded its sessions with a series of papers and addresses on "The Pastoral Office as affected by the Conditions of Modern Life."

Norfolk, Va.

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending November 13. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Mr. Poultney Bigelow's *History of the German Struggle for Liberty* has been attractively issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York. To those who have not followed this history in "Harper's Magazine" we may say that the work begins with the execution in 1806, by order of Napoleon, of a certain bookseller. There is a narration of the causes which in two decades destroyed Frederick the Great's army. The story of the battle of Jena is told; the incompetence of Frederick William III. exposed; Queen Louise's noble agitation narrated, and the creative work of Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, and others described. More inspiring than that work was the kindling by "Turnvater Jahn" of a patriotic fire which has never been quenched. The first Prussian Parliament and its effect on the people finds fit place here, but behind and beyond any single event or group of events is the gloomy background of political and social servitude, rarely relieved by bright gleams—a servitude which has now brought about its logical result in the parallel progress of militarism and Socialism. The value of the work is doubled by its many illustrations, collected from rare sources. While by these volumes Mr. Bigelow may not altogether establish his title as a historian, he has given us a readable, graphic, and, we must believe, tolerably correct notion of one of the most important movements in history. Mr. Bigelow hints that he may continue his history, and we hope that he may ultimately continue it to the present year. The present work ends with the Peace of Paris in 1814.——Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have issued *A Compendium of United States History and Literature, with Contemporary Events*, by Annie E. Wilson, the author of "Handy Helps in the Study and Reading of English History," etc. This chronological list is of distinct value. It is, of course, supplemented by an ample index.——The author and publisher of *Armenia's Ordeal*, Mr. Armayis P. Vartooguian, has put forth a sketch of the history of Armenia, together with an interesting account of the work of American missionaries among Armenians and its *ruinous* effect! It seems that the books on the Armenian question by some persons formerly connected with missionary work in Turkey have displeased this author, who commends, nevertheless, Canon MacColl's pamphlets and Mr. Watson's sonnets. The present book is somewhat of a curiosity, especially in its attitude toward missions. It may surprise some to know that our missionaries have created discord and schism by teaching the pious Armenian to scorn what he had learned to regard as sacred; that our missionaries have been determined to impose their religion, and employed dishonest methods of so doing; that there is no such doctrine in the Gospel that the Armenians possess as the *divide et impera* policy of the missionaries. We shall be surprised if this onslaught does not meet with a prompt repulse.

Scribner's Popular History of the United States (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) was in its original form edited by William Cullen Byrant and Sydney Howard Gay. Commenced on too large a scale to be kept up without becoming excessive in size, the latter and really more important years of the national life were treated in a condensed form which made the last volume little more than a compendium. Practically the history came to an end with the momentous life-and-death struggle between liberty and slavery culminating in the Civil War. The completion of the work—for so we must regard it—by the rewriting of the history of the last half of the present century wholly removes this defect, and makes the work what its publishers claim for it, the standard History of the United States for the household and the general reader. Noah Brooks is a worthy collaborator with his predecessors, and has completed their work worthily.

Governments and Parties in Continental Europe, by A. Lawrence Lowell, is an exceptionally valuable and an exceptionally interesting work upon modern political developments. Mr. Lowell in his preface cleverly compares the State to a stage-coach whose horses are running away, and whose driver is harassed by the conflicting shouts of two sets of party leaders by his side, "while at the back a couple of old gentlemen with spy-glasses are carefully surveying the road already traveled." Upon the stage, he says, there ought to be room for quiet observers, who watch how the stage is now progressing, and listen both to the hubbub on the front seat and the grave conversation at the rear. This is the position he assumes, and the observations he makes are generally replete with the scholarship of the historians back of him and the animation of the party leaders in front. Mr. Lowell's two volumes form a successful modern history of Continental Europe, and a comprehensive survey of the party struggles now going on. In the main, his eyes are toward the past, and his temper is conservative; but as an observer of present-day experiments he is singularly dispassionate. His conservatism chiefly shows itself in his hesitancy to commend for our own country institutions like the referendum, whose success elsewhere he cordially recognizes. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

International Law: A Simple Statement of Its Principles, by Herbert W. Bowen, United States Consul at Barcelona, Spain, is an exceptionally successful attempt to cover a great subject in a short compass. A great many important topics are satisfactorily disposed of in a single epigrammatic paragraph. Such rapid generalization would of course be inadmissible in a treatise on international law designed for lawyers, but is most welcome in a compendium designed to meet the practical needs of the general reading public. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Eighth Series of Miss Yonge's *Cameos of English History* covers the period from the restoration of the Stuarts until the final ruin of that house through the crushing of the Jacobites about the middle of the last century. Many of the episodes of this period possess a rare dramatic interest, which the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe" has developed with her accustomed skill. Typographically, however, the book is not up to the level usually maintained by the publishers. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The same firm has published in superb form the *Journal of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks* during Captain Cook's voyage to Australasia in 1768–71. The observations of the distinguished naturalist during this memorable voyage were largely drawn upon by Captain Cook in the preparation of his own famous "Journal," and in their present completed form, admirably edited by Sir Joseph D. Hooker, they constitute a valuable contribution to the history of scientific research.

A Quarter of a Century of Prices, by Ellsworth Daggett, is a very elaborate and careful study of the quantities and prices of the principal American products during the past twenty-five years. Since 1880 Mr. Daggett finds that the quantity of these products—twenty-one in number—has increased barely as fast as the population, while their prices have fallen 30 per cent. (Published for the Author at Salt Lake City.)

The projected series of Bodley Head Anthologies is certainly very happy in its initial numbers. *English Epithalamies*, by Robert H. Case, is a collection of marriage songs of the Elizabethan poets and of their successors—a collection which it is unnecessary to say includes some of the finest lyrical verse in our language. A glance at the index of names shows how very generally the greatest poets have contributed to this class of verse, and how rich in the higher qualities of imagination and melody is the mass of poetry included between the covers of this volume. The book is very handsomely printed and bound, and contains an extended and interesting introduction by the editor. In the same series appears also *Musa Piscatrix*, selected by Mr. John Buchan, and very appropriately dedicated to Andrew Lang. The editor disclaims the intention of making a complete collection of the fishing songs of our literature, but he has made what is still better—a smaller, choicer, thoroughly representative selection from some of the most humorous, some of the quaintest, and some of the gentlest and sweetest of English poems. English poets from Shakespeare to Austin Dobson are generously drawn upon, and it is a great pity that Dr. Henry van Dyke could not be included in the number; he belongs there by virtue of one of the most charming fishing songs in our literature. The volume contains a series of very taking etchings, and is altogether a book to give delight. Both volumes bear the imprint of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Mrs. James T. Fields has enriched American literature by a good many delightful essays, gathering up her rich associations with the notable group of which she herself was no inconspicuous member. In *Authors and Friends* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) she tells us about Longfellow, Emerson, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Thaxter, Whittier, Tennyson, Lady Tennyson, and Mrs. Stowe. Mrs. Fields has the gift of being able to write intimately without parting with that reserve which sound morals and sound taste impose upon every one who attempts to touch upon personal relations. She has also a delightful style, and her prose has never been more refined, delicate, and interesting than in this beautifully made book.

Mr. Bellamy's "Century of Charades" brought aid, comfort, occupation, and irritation to so many people that it is not surprising to find them followed by *A Second Century of Charades* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), as clever, ingenious, and bewildering as those which appeared in the earlier volume.——Professor Woodrow Wilson has done well to issue in book form a collection of papers which, although dealing largely with historical subjects, have revealed a distinct literary quality and possess a distinct literary interest. *Mere Literature and Other Essays* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) contains a series of eight papers largely reprinted in the "Atlantic Monthly," "The Century Magazine," and the "Forum." An essay on Burke appears in print for the first time. These essays are delightful reading; Professor Wilson is one of the small group of men who are rapidly discrediting the notion, imported from Germany, that in order to be accurate one must be dull.

The Rev. Dr. W. F. Crafts has put into a small volume a series of lectures under the title *Before the Lost Arts*—a contribution to the literature of design and creation, with emphasis upon moral reform. The lectures are illustrated by diagrams, portraits, and pictures of various matters introduced in the text. (Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C.)——Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book* is issued this year by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., in a small volume with illustrations by Mr. St. John Harper. The book is well printed and has a taking binding.

Quotations for Occasions, compiled by Katharine B. Wood, is a volume which shows intelligent and judicious command of the resources of literature for those occasions when one would like to have an apt quotation at hand. This book will give joy to after-dinner speakers, to orators on occasions, to those unhappy ones who are compelled to elaborate witty programmes and menus, etc.; to all, in fact, who are in need of an apt phrase or a felicitous citation. The book is handsomely made. (The Century Company, New York.)

Professor Angelo Heilprin has written for Silver, Burdett & Co. (Boston) a first book in geology under the title *The Earth and Its Story*. The treatment is thorough without being in any sense technical. The writer speaks from a complete command of his subject, but he speaks also to the person who knows very little about it, and he is not above explaining obvious and familiar things about the geological significance of which most people are densely ignorant. The style is pictorial and fresh, and the illustrations are apt. The volume will serve not only as a text-book but as a supplementary reader.

During the past summer few books were more discussed in Paris than "Les Adventures de Ma Vie," by M. Henri Rochefort. We now have in two volumes an English translation of the five volumes (Edwin Arnold, New York), and we are told that these have been revised and arranged by the author and Mr. Ernest Smith. In the translation we miss the brilliance of the French which has long distinguished the erratic but clever editor of the "Intransigeant," yet there is enough brilliance left to attract many readers to these pages. They are well named *The Adventures of My Life*. Adventures they certainly were: the author's life has been in and out of prison, in and out of exile. His numerous duels alone would fill a volume; his experience of the French Commune, another; and his transportation to the penal settlement of New Caledonia, another. Unlike some other French writers, however, his impressions of America do not constitute a volume. They are as interesting as any, nevertheless. More interesting still are M. Rochefort's ventures and adventures in journalism. He has too often been a scurrilous writer. No matter how independent in politics, no matter how closely related to Victor Hugo and others, no matter how distinguished as an art collector, no matter how vivacious as a man, he has been, there is in his connection with journalism a brutality both of thought and of utterance which may be compared only with the instinctive brutality of the French peasant as narrated by M. Zola. This is coated with a veneer of diverting talk, which, however, one may easily pick with a pin-point. In the preface M. Rochefort promises to introduce his own personality as little as possible, but the pages fairly bristle with "I's." The greatest of living French writers, M. Alphonse Daudet, has depicted M. Rochefort for us more attractively than M. Rochefort describes himself. In the "Adventures" we see not an entirely manly man; instead, one for whom the sanctities of home do not mean what they mean to us, who has many acquaintances and admirers but few real friends, whose idea of politics has ever been that of the adventurer and not of the solid statesman. The great cleverness of M. Rochefort's life cannot at all make up for his defects.

The publication of the fortieth volume of the *Temple Shakespeare* (The Macmillan Company, New York) completes an edition which, for general attractiveness and convenience, is certainly unsurpassed. It is not surprising to know that these dainty volumes have had a very wide sale; they are of the sort not only to satisfy the student and lover of the great dramatist, but to win a new audience for one who has more to give than almost any other poet in the whole range of literature.——The latest addition to the new translation of Balzac's novels now coming from the press of The Macmillan Company is *The Peasantry*, translated by Ellen Marriage, with the usual preface by Mr. Saintsbury. In this story Balzac touched upon a theme which George Sand also treated, and which has evoked one of Zola's most powerful novels.——Miss Margaret Sherwood's "An Experiment in Altruism" has been very widely read, so full was it of fresh statement of socialistic matters, of clever character-studies, and of general brightness. The earlier book has now been followed by what is in effect a companion volume, for *A Puritan Bohemia* takes the reader into the same atmosphere of very clever young people immensely interested in themselves and also in the moral reform of the world. This story has, however, a studio instead of a social settlement for its background. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Songs of Exile, by Mr. Herbert Bates, comes to us in attractive form from Messrs. Copeland & Day, Boston. The tiny volume contains some good lines in which there is once in a while a faintest reminder of Stevenson's "Songs of Travel." Mr. Bates's verses are more remarkable for their promise of the future than for any present excellence.

The first chapter of *Friendly Letters to Girl Friends*, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), should be printed as a leaflet for every teacher in the country. Mrs. Whitney says:

> I have thanked my teacher all my life for this singleness and stringency of treatment. It reached farther than the supply of weapons for an educational campaign from the great arsenal of words. It gave me the key-principle of success in any work. It began the habit, later developed, of making complete, exact beginnings. It stood me in stead, I see now, even to the ordering of a house-cleaning, the fitting of a garment, the preparatory processes of cookery, or for one of those removals, three of which, *without* the principle, are equal to the disaster of a fire.

The principle on which to select books laid down by Mr. George B. Emerson, to whom Mrs. Whitney pays such a noble tribute in this book, is a principle that is as valuable to-day as when Mrs. Whitney heard it in her girlhood, and, with rare insight, made it the ruling principle of her life:

> Read the books that do you good, that make you hate evil and love the better things; that put you in the highest companionship—whether they are sermons or novels, history or poetry—and be not deterred nor attracted by the mere name of anything.

Not every chapter in this book is as valuable as the first; nor will every girl find inspiration in every chapter. But it is an honest, straightforward, successful effort at putting before girls of eighteen and thereabouts some facts and principles of life that are necessary to a full education. Mrs. Whitney talks of books, of literature, of poetry, of society, of clothes, of beauty, of work, of marriage, of religion, in that pleasantly familiar way that the readers of her stories know so well. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Sir Walter Besant's *The City of Refuge* has one inherent improbability—the well-bred, conservative, high-class Englishman who pursues a dissolute scoundrel to America with a calm, matter-of-fact intention of killing him. Otherwise the book is well thought out, and has Sir Walter's invariable charm of style. The sketch of the New York "Community" which exists for Elevation and Meditation is capitally done, and the slightly supernatural working out of justice and vengeance is in a quite consistent imaginative vein. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York).——The number of really good writers of Irish character stories is increasing surprisingly. Shan F. Bullock's *Ring o' Rushes* is worthy to be placed beside the work of Miss Barlow and Mrs. Hinkson. The little sketches have fine flavor and genuine humor. (Stone & Kimball, New York.)——Mr. Rolf Boldrewood has used his local knowledge of Australia to great advantage in both short tales and novels. *The Sealskin Cloak* is his most ambitious novel, but not, we think, his best. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)——Mr. W. Clark Russell's *What Cheer?* is a love story and a sea story. Its scene is laid chiefly among the sailors and fishermen of Deal. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)——Mr. L. E. Mitchell, under the title *Love in the Backwoods*, has joined two short stories, one humorous, the other tragic. The latter is to our minds the more successful, and we may add that neither is on the literary level reached by some of Mr. Mitchell's poems. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——Many of our readers are already familiar with Mr. Chester B. Fernald's stories of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, as they have been published in the "Century." *The Cat and the Cherub and Other Stories* (Mr. Fernald is fertile in finding odd and amusing titles) has the quaintest flavor of Chinese fun and shrewdness, and the Chinese children, in particular, are delightful. Several New England stories of a distinctly new type are added. "The Parlous Wholeness of Ephraim" has many laughs in it. (The Century Company, New York.)——*James, or Virtue Rewarded* (anonymous) is a very local study of character, with the novelty added that the locality is carefully concealed. It might be any English rural town. It is mildly, quietly, gently interesting. (Stone & Kimball, New York).

The title *One of God's Dilemmas* will seem to many irreverent. It certainly has little real application to Mr. Allen Upward's story, which is one of a father and mother estranged soon after marriage by the former's worldliness and lack of orthodox belief. A child is born, and when he is fourteen the father desires to make peace with the mother, or at least to help and educate the child. The mother refuses, and indirectly her desire to keep the boy from his father's influence leads to the boy's death. (Edward Arnold, New York.)

A very delightful book is the collection of *Stories of a Sanctified Town*, by Lucy S. Furman. (The Century Company, New York.) The town lies in western Kentucky, and was not long since swept by a wave of religious enthusiasm. The people believed themselves so full of the Holy Spirit that no evil might longer abide with them. The Bible was their one book, almanac, and guide in all matters. Their conversation became fuller of the letter than of the spirit. While the author's treatment of sacred subjects is entirely reverent, her sense of humor is no less strong. Her dialect is delightful, and in a few rapid strokes she gives us such a graphic picture of her characters that we feel as if we had long known them.——Charming in dress is Mr. Clinton Ross's *The Scarlet Coat*. (Stone & Kimball, New York.) The story is charming, too. It occurs at the time of our Revolution, and we learn a great deal about Lord Cornwallis, the Marquis de la Fayette, and others. The Epilogue summarizes history, and consists of letters from Cornwallis to Sir Henry Clinton, and from George Washington to Congress.——Mr. W. E. Norris's last novel is entitled *Clarissa Furiosa*. (Harper & Brothers, New York.) At first we are inclined to believe that in Clarissa's case marriage is a decided failure, and so inclines Clarissa, too. She leaves her husband, establishes a home of her own, and begins a semi-public career as a writer and lecturer on woman's rights. This career is somewhat interfered with by the illness of her child, and the best part of the story consists in Clarissa's conviction that a reconciliation is necessary to the recovery of the child. The reconciliation takes place, and everybody leaves the stage in orthodox fashion.——The Rev. J. W. Dawson has published through Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, *The Story of Hannah*, a book which will recall his own "Idylls," though the scene is changed to a remote village. The period of the story is thirty years back, and the Hannah is a girl in a Nonconformist manse. The village life is somewhat analogous to that already described for us by the present Scottish school as characteristic of village life in Scotland. Here, however, the scene is in England. The story of Hannah is an attractive one, with a strong element of the pathetic, too.——Mr. Sydney C. Grier, author of "In Furthest Ind," has published through Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, *An Uncrowned King*, a work which the author assures us has no pretensions to be considered a historical novel, or even a *roman à clef*. No actual characters, living or dead, are presented by this tale. Neither shall we get a clear idea of the topography or history of any Balkan State after reading Mr. Grier's book. The book is, indeed, a composite photograph. It takes features and accidents from all; it adopts the characteristics of none. There is a certain whimsical something about this romance, founded on hypothesis, which is attractive and suggestive.——*Interludes*, by Maud Oxenden (Edwin Arnold, New York), is a collection of realistic and rather morbid stories. The author's style is forceful.

Max Pemberton's latest story, *A Puritan's Wife*, deals with a period in English History which is definitely suggested by its title. The Puritan in this tale returns to England at the time of the Restoration, but not under the protection of the amnesty granted by Charles II. to so many Roundheads. The heroine is a noblewoman who takes shelter in the hero's family during the Revolution, and who comes to great prosperity under the Restoration. The concluding chapters introduce some descriptive passages relating to the Plague in London. The story reminds one in its general style and spirit of a former tale by the same author, "A Little Huguenot." (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——Mr. Edward Irenæus Stevenson's novel, *A Matter of Temperament*, comes to us with the imprint of the American Publishers Corporation. In this story Mr. Stevenson deals with the question of the relation of the musical temperament to morals.

A country girl who had "advantages," in the language of a New England village—which means being sent away to school; a great opera singer, whose actions are more the result of impulse than principle, and who, for personal gratification and the sake of experiment, takes the country girl into her own world and trains her; a tenor who is not a model of constancy; a farmer's household in New England,

and a man who can love through coldness that amounts to cruelty and hardness that is brutal, make the characters and setting for Maria Louise Pool's new book, *In the First Person.* (Harper & Brothers, New York.) The book contains some of her strongest work, but it lacks the rare descriptive writing of "In a Dike Shanty."

The readers who have followed *Sonny*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart (The Century Company, New York), from his glad advent on that Christmas morning to his "wedding presents" period, will gladly welcome the binding together of his several experiences in book form. Ruth McEnery Stuart shows her genius by making this impossible boy so real that every reader knows him well, and rejoices with his father in Sonny's rare gift of having his own way and accomplishing his own ends. In these pages of wit and loving record there is many a suggestion for parents and teachers whose minds are open to suggestion; for Sonny is a many-sided boy of many experiences, some of which, at some time or other, find their way into every boy's life.

Mr. George Manville Fenn tells a tale of the time of George I. of England in a way to hold the attention closely. It is a story of fighting, romance, and politics strongly knit together and full of action. The pictures and cover design are not attractive. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)——Harry Castlemon pleases boy readers and continues to produce stories with great rapidity. *The Young Game Warden* is ingenious but not always probable or natural. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)——*The Other Boy's Sake*, by Marshall Saunders, is a collection of short stories for children, in which pet animals play a pleasant part. They are "improving" without being stupid. (C. H. Bane, Philadelphia.)

Gascoigne's Ghost, by J. B. Burgin (Harper & Brothers, New York), is the story of a father who is a victim of alcoholism and of a son who uses his father's brains to establish himself before the public and denies his father. Reform comes to both, and the book ends happily. There is some unpleasant writing in the book which hardly seems necessary to the working out of the plot.——*Catalina*, by L. T. Mead (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia), is the story of an art student in England. There is the usual experience in a studio under a master, with the friendships and animosities always to be found among students. There is the story of temptation, of fall, a strong honest friend, retribution, and justice.——A delightful book of fairy tales collected by Zoe Dana Underhill, entitled *The Dwarfs' Tailor, and Other Stories* (Harper & Brothers, New York), will be gladly welcomed by the children. Mrs. Underhill's well-known sympathy with children, and her artistic sense, find full play in this book designed for the children's Christmas.——A most curious book entitled *Karma*, a story of early Buddhism, by Paul Carus, has just been published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill. The book is printed and illustrated on crape paper, and as a curiosity in book-making is worth possessing. It is a collection of stories, or legends, more properly, written with a view to illustrating the philosophy of Buddha.

Happy the author who always finds a waiting audience! This is the delightful fate of Mrs. Molesworth. *The Oriel Window*, illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke (The Macmillan Company, New York), is Mrs. Molesworth's latest contribution to the sum total of happiness for the children's holiday season. Mrs. Molesworth's stories are so well known that no outline of the story is necessary.——Margaret Sidney, the author of "Five Little Peppers," has won her way into so many children's hearts that the mere announcement that she has written another book will bring gladness to hundreds of children. *The Gingham Bag* (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston) appeared in one of the children's magazines. The little people are very lifelike, and Margaret Sidney's adults are always friends of the children. It is this that makes her books so popular.——*Dick*, a story for boys and girls, by Anna Chapin Ray (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York), is a healthy, rollicking tale of school experience and vacation experience. The characters are the boys and girls of to-day carried through the early college years. There is a love episode in the last chapter.——The editor of "Baby Land," Mrs. Ellen Farman Pratt, has just issued an exquisitely illustrated book for little children entitled *Happy Christmas.* (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.) This book will delight the hearts of the wee tots too young to read, and those who are just beginning to struggle with the intricacies of the alphabet when arranged in the groups that we call words.

Ancient Ideals, by Henry Osborn Taylor (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is described on the title-page as a study of intellectual and spiritual growth from early times to the establishment of Christianity, and in the preface as "an attempt to treat human development from the standpoint of the ideals of the different races as these ideals disclose themselves in the art and literature, in the philosophy and religion, and in the conduct and political fortunes of each race." It thus furnishes a study in comparative religion, for it is the ideals of a people which interpret if they do not furnish and constitute its religion. The author has taken a wide range in his examination of the world.

A Greek-English Lexicon to the New Testament, revised and enlarged by Thomas Sheldon Green, M.A., with a preface by H. L. Hastings, editor of "The Christian," and a supplement by Dr. J. H. Thayer, Professor in Harvard University (H. L. Hastings, Boston), has been published in compact form and in small but clear type. This little book contains the more than 5,000 words in the Greek Testament; references to every passage where those words occur; every English word which is used to translate the given Greek word; the passages in which the Greek word is translated by each English word, classified and set by themselves; the various readings of the leading critical editions, and an English index. Hence one who does not know a letter of the Greek alphabet may find the original for any English word in the New Testament, may learn in how many places it occurs, and in how many ways it is translated.——No. 22 in "By-paths of Bible Knowledge" is a reprint of the late William Knight's *The Arch of Titus.* (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.) The little book is interesting from archæological, historical, and religious standpoints. There is an introduction by "B. F. Dunelm," whom some American readers may have some difficulty in recognizing as Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott, the eminent Bishop of Durham.——Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the author of "A Dead Man's Diary," etc., has published a little volume entitled *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil.* (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) This little book is somewhat longer than the author's "God and the Ant." It consists of the narration of a dramatic dream. Christ has been taken from the hearts of men, and the narration of this bit of imagination may add to Mr. Kernahan's reputation.

"The child mind is a castle that can be taken neither by stealth nor storm; but there is a natural way of approach and a gate of easy entry always open to him who knows how to find it." This is the opening paragraph of the preface to *The Point of Contact in Teaching*, by Patterson DuBois. This book will be especially valuable to Sunday-school teachers, for it points out clearly some of the reasons why our Sunday-school work does not accomplish more positive results in the mind development of the child. The book is divided into five chapters, or five short essays—The General Principle of Teaching, The Plane of Experience and Applying Experience to Teaching, Missing the Point, and The Lesson Material. (John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia.)——Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publish *Culture and Reform*, by Anna Robertson Brown, Ph.D., author of "What Is Worth While." The last-named book has made so great an impression that Miss Brown has a large audience waiting for this book which follows it. There is a deep spiritual thought underlying this latest work.——*The Gentle Heart*, by J. R. Miller, D.D., is a plea for gentleness. Dr. Miller says we are strong only as we are gentle. Gentleness is the power of God working in the world. Believing this, Dr. Miller has written an address which will leave his readers his debtors. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

The Romance of Commerce, by Mr. Macdonald Oxley (T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston), is a good book for young readers. It retraces a number of the more famous enterprises which have had for their object the extension of commerce, among such episodes being the Mississippi Bubble, the South Sea Bubble, Drake's Chase of the Spanish Galleons, etc.——Mr. James Newton Baskett has published, through Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, *The Story of the Birds*, and has given us a book in which both old and young readers may find much interesting information concerning ornithology.

Bible Characters: Adam to Achan, by Alexander Whyte, D.D. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York), has throughout a flavor of antiquity. There is neither discussion nor recognition of modern questions, and, except with now and then a reference to a modern book such as Dr. Herrick's "Heretics of Yesterday," one might suppose the volume was written in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and by a student of, let us say, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." The antiquity is, however, literary rather than theological, for the book is literary rather than theological, and might be read with interest and profit by any man of spiritual instinct and some taste for the antique, whatever his theological conceptions.

Dr. S. S. Curry has issued, from the press of the Boston School of Expression, two valuable volumes, *Lessons in Vocal Expression* and *Imagination and Dramatic Instinct.* Dr. Curry well calls the attention of speakers to his processes of thinking in the modulation of the voice. Every one will be benefited by reading his volumes. Elemental and logical relations become properly classified and progressively arranged. The pages devoted to "Modes of Development" are perhaps the most valuable of all, but the most interesting are those on the creative instinct, namely, imagination, and on the dramatic instinct, namely, assimilation. Too much stress can hardly be laid on the author's ground-principle, that where a method aims to regulate the modulations of the voice by rules, then inconsistencies and lack of organic coherence begin to take the place of that sense of life which lies at the heart of every true product of art. On the contrary, where vocal expression is studied as a manifestation of the processes of thinking, there results the truer energy of the student's powers and the more natural unity of the complex elements of his expression.

Two recent additions to Heath's Modern Language Series (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston) are, first, *Der Schwiegersohn*, by Rudolph Baumbach, annotated by Dr. William Bernhardt—a delightful story, somewhat after the manner of that much longer one by Gustav Freytag, "Soll und Haben." "Der Schwiegersohn" shows that honest toil in trade and in scholarly pursuits forms a foundation of German life. The other little volume comprises two plays by Roderich Benedix, *Plautus und Terenz* and *Die Sonntagsjäger*. The plays are edited by Dr. B. W. Wells, the author of excellent histories of German and French literature. The first play voices the revolt of Young Germany against dry-as-dust pedantry. The second is a satire on the snobbishness of certain members of society. The notes to both books are capital.

In a little volume entitled *Tobacco in Song and Story*, John Bain, Jr., has collected and arranged a great many poems and prose passages relating to the "weed." The book has a few odd and original drawings. Smokers will read it with pleasure and amusement; non-smokers will not read it, and will, therefore, be none the worse for it. (Arthur Gray & Co., New York.)

Dr. George P. Fisher's *Brief History of Nations* has as its distinctive characteristics an account of the progress of civilization rather than the progress of "events," and a recognition that a knowledge of modern history is of more importance to thoughtful men of to-day than the knowledge of ancient history. Indeed, Dr. Fisher would probably subscribe to Dr. Arnold's view that ancient history is important only in the degree in which it affects modern life. The work is eminently judicial throughout. (American Book Company, New York.)

[For list of Books Received see Table of Contents]

For the Little People

The Owl and His Neighbors

By Mary E. M. Richardson

There once dwelt an owl in a lofty oak-tree.
A very exclusive, grave creature was he;
As solemn a biped as ever could be;
A winking, and blinking, and grim Pharisee;
An anchoret owl.

He stealthily foraged at night-time for prey,
But ne'er from his haunt during daylight did stray.
With eyes and with beak 'neath his feathers of gray,
'Twas there in the dimness he liked well to stay—
That mournful old owl!

He longed for repose; but, because of the sound
Of song-birds that twittered and fluttered around,
He had no enjoyment of slumber profound;
And, being disturbed, O, how fiercely he frowned—
That somnolent owl!

The Singing Lesson

"Now! now! they're beginning their noises inane!
Well balanced am I, or I'd be quite insane!
They have no respect for their neighbor, 'tis plain;
But I'm too disgusted to even complain,"
Bewailed that sad owl.

He dozed once again, and the merry birds flew,
While louder their carols and canticles grew.
"Oh! why do they make such a hullabaloo?
It can't be compared to my own sweet *tu whoo!*"
Declared that vain owl.

Again did he nap, when a wonderful scheme
Unfolded itself in the flash of a dream.
He surely might teach the young birds not to scream!
And O, how refreshing their silence would seem,
Imagined that owl.

That night to his neighbors—a vast company—
He paid his respects; 'twas a rare courtesy.
The birds were a-nest, but agreed, timidly,
To what he suggested with pomposity—
That bigoted owl!

"My friends, I have called a proposal to make.
You know I'm the wisest of birds—when awake—
And so, on the morrow, I've planned, for your sake,
My usual repose," he explained, "not to take."
That desperate owl!

"Come, then, in the morning to my coterie.
To benefit all of you do I agree!
You sing much too loud, and you don't keep the key!
I want you to hear, and to imitate me,"
Remarked that rude owl.

So, next day, the youngsters proceeded to flit
Towards the tall oak; in the green midst of it
The arrogant, self-loving recluse did sit;
But all he could say was "Tu whoo!" and "Tu whit!"
That ludicrous owl!

"*Tu whoo!*" and "*Tu whit!*" said the confident bird;
"*Tu whit!*" and "*Tu* whoo!" and not one other word.
Then, while an embarrassing stillness occurred,
He winked, and he blinked, and appeared most absurd—
That whimsical owl!

His guests were well-bred, and discreet silence kept
Until their host's head 'neath his downy wing crept;
Assured that he then unmistakably slept,
They jeered at the pedant; they mocked the adept,
The musical owl!

"He wished us to imitate *his* style," laughed they,
"The wiseacre!" Then the birds scurried away.
And so it remains that, to this very day,
Their songs are too jubilant, noisy, and gay
To please an old owl.

A Pumpkin Moonshine

By Emilye A. Braddock

The Pumpkintons are a set of sprites that live in pumpkin blossoms.

And very good houses these are, too. Deeply hollowed, with high walls, jagged at the top, the tiny creatures within are quite safe and comfortable, a half-dozen sometimes living in one.

As their stay-at-home clothes are yellow and their go-abroad cloaks green, they are, of course, invisible to most folks.

What with dances and races on the vines, driving out the bees that sometimes buzz into their houses, playing hide and seek with butterfly visitors, or perching on their wings for a ride, with sometimes a trip on a toad's back, the days go on. By and by their house turns to a ball, first green, then yellow, and growing larger and larger. Now the Pumpkintons must live *outside* instead of *inside*. But by this time they are full-grown and hardy, and like "camping out." They sleep snugly under the pumpkin, perch on top of it, run and play about it, and visit their neighbors. But when harvest-time comes, what becomes of the Pumpkintons? They move away, to be sure, but nobody knows where. Perhaps eyes sharp enough might find out, but it is certain the Pumpkintons of the next season, to those who can see them, look exactly like those of the last.

But now we must come to one particular Pumpkinton family. There were just five of them—all brothers—Caper, Sleepy-Head, Long-Ears, Ready, and Moonshine.

Caper was frolicsome and sprightly, Sleepy-Head dull though good-natured, Long-Ears always listening to find out things, and Ready prompt and businesslike. But Moonshine was full of fancies. He was the genius or odd one of the family. He was forever making rhymes, telling his dreams, or speaking of queer things that *might* or that he wished *would* happen.

It was the twilight of an autumn day.

Caper was pushing his brothers off from the pumpkin as fast as they climbed up.

Sleepy Head began to rub his eyes and whine that he was "too tired to play any more."

"To bed—to bed
You Sleepy Head!"

shouted Long-Ears, from something he had heard.

Moonshine stood up, and, waving his arms, began rhyming and singing:

"Hear, hear, one and all!
A coach will be made of this golden ball,
And I shall ride in it, with two horses tall."

"Silly Moonshine!" said Ready. "Foolish dreamer!" broke in Long-Ears. "Farmer Green will make no coach of our old house. But, from what I've heard, he'll be after it pretty soon, perhaps to-morrow."

"We'd better pack to-night," spoke up Ready, bustling about.

"You'll see—you'll see
What a Prince I shall be,"

Moonshine went on singing, and then strolled out to look at the moon, while Caper hid under a leaf to trip him, Sleepy-Head went to bed, and Long-Ears and Ready planned for the moving.

Their house was in a field belonging to Farmer Green. His two children, Frank and Nell, had watched this one pumpkin for a long time, for it was the largest one of all.

"What a splendid Pumpkin Moonshine it would make!" Frank often said to Nell, and they talked and planned so much about it that kind Farmer Green at last said they might have it for their own. So the very next day after the evening just spoken of, Frank cut the pumpkin from the vine, and he and Nell rolled it away in great glee.

Hard enough they worked on it, nearly all day, hollowing it out, cutting great holes in it for eyes, a long gash for a nose, a still larger one for a mouth, and even making teeth.

Moonshine watched the whole work eagerly. When the Pumpkintons flitted, he had stayed behind to see what would become of the old homestead.

"I'll come by and by," he called out after his brothers, "who knows but in my coach?"

"I really believe they *are* making a coach," said Moonshine to himself, as he looked on. "Yes, there are windows and a door—

"In it I'll hide,
And away I'll ride."

When Nell put a piece of a candle in the pumpkin all ready to light, he jumped in, hid behind it, and waited. At last it began to grow dark.

The pumpkin was raised on a long pole held by Frank and Nell. The eyes, nose, and mouth glared red with the light behind them. And fierce enough looked the Pumpkin Moonshine as it started off.

Just what they were going to do the children didn't know, only they hoped to "scare somebody." As they went chattering along Moonshine Pumpkinton kept singing—

"Look at me, one and all,
As I ride in my coach of a golden ball,
Drawn by two horses tall!"

"Oh! here come Ned and Nan," said Frank, just as the little Browns, coming home from an errand, and turning a corner, caught sight of the fiery head.

Away they ran, screaming, and, after them, the goblin, bobbing up and down, coming nearer and nearer.

At last they reached the very edge of a

steep hill, and Frank, afraid they would fall, shouted:

"It's only a Pumpkin Moonshine."

"Only a Punkey Moonshine," echoed little Nell.

Moonshine Pumpkinton, inside his coach, heard. "Oh! they mean me, only they've called my name backwards," said he to himself. "They've found me out; what shall I do?—

> "I'll put out the light,
> And be out of sight."

So he climbed up the candle, and with a puff blew it out.

Suddenly all was darkness. The Browns stumbled and went rolling down the hill, and the Greens came "tumbling after."

The Pumpkin Moonshine leaped ahead, bounding from rock to rock.

At the foot of the hill the Browns and Greens, in a little heap, began to pick themselves up, with shrieks that changed to laughs when they found they were not much hurt after all, and soon they were limping home. But it was the end of the Pumpkin Moonshine. It lay, in a dozen pieces, under a sharp rock. As for Moonshine Pumpkinton, his rough-and-tumble ride scattered some of his fancies, but he soon started nimbly on, singing:

> "One dream has come true, and another may,
> So now I'll be off and away, away."

And, no doubt, he at last overtook the other Pumpkintons.

The Home Club

Woman's Progress

Miss Frances Willard has recently been compiling facts as to the progress of women in the world of industry. At the meeting of the Purity Conference of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in St. Louis this compilation was made public. It includes the work of women in religious, philanthropic, educational, political, medical, legal, literary, and artistic circles. The facts are most interesting. The women in the Methodist Episcopal Church have in the last four years collected for missionary purposes almost two millions of dollars, over one million for foreign missions, and over seven hundred thousand for home missions. The women of this Church maintain fifty-one deaconesses' homes, fifteen of which are in foreign lands. The deaconesses work without salaries. In the Congregational Church there are thirty-one regularly ordained Congregational ministers and pastors who are women. Miss Willard speaks in this compilation of the scholarship maintained by women within the last few years, especially in the Universities of Germany. She states that of the four hundred and fifty-one colleges and universities in the United States only forty-one are closed to women. One-fourth of the fellowships of the University of Chicago are held by women. These scholarships represent eleven States and fourteen colleges or universities. Twenty-five States have given the educational ballot to women, one the municipal, and three—Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah—have given them full franchise. There are 37,910 women physicians and nurses in England. The most interesting part of Miss Willard's compilation shows unusual employments of women. For instance, three young women are the proprietors of a large restaurant in the Chamber of Commerce Building in Cincinnati. They pay for rent and services $10,000 a year. A woman has just opened a bakery at Circle City on the Yukon River, Alaska. There are twenty women lighthouse keepers. Denver has a woman as a garbage contractor, and the same city appointed the first woman health inspector. Decatur, Mich., is a city given up to the control of women. The leading physician is a woman, the most popular pastor is a woman, the proprietor of the largest dry-goods store is a woman, one of the best shoemakers is a woman, and the town has a postmistress.

A Principals' Association

Brooklyn is the first of Eastern cities to make an authoritative effort to bring the teachers and the parents of the children in the public schools together. Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, President of the Principals' Association of Brooklyn, must have the full credit of organizing and carrying out the purpose of the Principals' Association. The wisdom of making a common meeting-ground for parents and teachers has received a full measure of attention from this Association, and at last plans were formulated of having on a given day in several of the public schools of the city, under the authority of the principals of the schools, a meeting to which the parents will be invited, the same subject to be discussed at all the meetings. In nineteen of the public schools of Brooklyn on the afternoon of November 17 parents' meetings were held. The speakers were representatives of the Board of Education, the principals of the schools, and in one or two instances outside speakers. The parents responded enthusiastically to the invitation. The subject discussed was, "How Can the Home Assist the School?" When the official programme had been carried out, the parents present were given an opportunity to express their views, and time was left for the teachers to meet the mothers and fathers of their pupils personally. At some of the schools music was rendered by choirs composed of the boys and girls. The outlook for the children of the city is most hopeful. Certainly to bring the teachers and parents together to discuss the subject of common interest to both—the development of the child—is the natural outgrowth, the flower, so to speak, of this nineteenth-century effort in behalf of education. It is proposed to hold these meetings monthly.

A Housewife Society

The German Housewife Society has been organized in New York. One thousand servants are members of this, and two hundred and twenty-five employers are members. The object of the society is twofold—to guard the interest of the employer and the employee, and at the same time to better the chances of the servant's progress. Mrs. L. Rosenburg is the President. Every employer who becomes a member pays an initiation fee of $3, and $2 in advance as dues every six months. This income becomes a fund which will furnish premiums to servants for faithful service. A servant serving for two years faithfully and satisfactorily in one family receives as a reward $20; for three years' uninterrupted service, $30; for five years' uninterrupted service, $45; and for ten years', $100. Any servant discharged for incompetency, immorality, neglect of duties, will be dropped from the list and will forfeit all privileges of membership. The employing members have the right to secure services from the list of employee members who are out of employment. The history of this society will be watched with a good deal of interest. It is following somewhat the plan that has proved very successful in Germany.

Women's Clubs

The general response to the request for club programmes made last summer by The Outlook indicates the tremendous interest of women in club work. Among the most remarkable of the programmes submitted is that of the St. Johnsbury Woman's Club, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. The club's motto is, "Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more," and none can tell whose scope is the largest. The club was organized in 1892, and became a member of the State Federation in 1893. The subjects laid out for the winter's work do not differ greatly from that of other clubs in topics selected. The committee given first place in the programme is The Village Improvement Committee. Education, Domestic Science, Social Science, Current Events, History, Travel, Music, and Art, each under a separate committee, constitute the year's work. The method of working differs in that a summary is made of the papers presented under the auspices of the different committees and issued in the form of a pamphlet. The club has just issued a summary of "The Laws of Inheritance for Women and Children," a valuable little leaflet which places the leading law principles governing property rights of women and laws pertaining to children in the State in a concrete form, and in so small a leaflet that it might occupy a place in a woman's work-basket, ready for reference at any moment.

The Des Moines Woman's Club has found it necessary to print its motto in German, "Was man nicht besprecht bedenkt man nicht recht." The club was organized in 1885. Its committees are about the same as that of most of the women's clubs, with the exception that it has one which but a small percentage of the clubs yet possess, judging from the year-books received—a Household Economic Committee—which has a place in the programme about once a month. The club is incorporated. It has a stock company limited to one thousand shares of stock at a value of five dollars each. Each member is permitted to own one share of stock only, and this is not transferable. The business of the club is managed by a property committee who make all purchases for the club, and take charge of the property. There are nine standing committees—art, household economics, education, social economics, history, music and drama, philosophy and science, literature, and a social committee. The special feature of the Des Moines Woman's Club is its art collection. It several years ago pledged itself to the establishment of an art collection in the city, and it has worked steadily to that end. The club purchased "Jean d'Arc," by Chapu, exhibited at the World's Fair. They also purchased the copy of "Diana of the Louvre" exhibited at the same time. Both of these works of art were purchased as souvenirs of the Fair. In 1895 the club purchased three paintings by Mr. C. H. Baldwin. Three landscapes were purchased later from the studio of Mr. Harry C. Williams, of Illinois. The next year there were added to these "Nantasket Beach," "Afternoon at Block Island," and "Summer Day at Nahant," by Mr. David Gue. Through the generosity of some friends a copy of Corot and a portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton were presented. These pictures, after being exhibited at the public library, are now in the club's rooms, and these rooms are kept open on Saturday afternoon for the general public.

The Monday Club of Rockford, Ill., has been organized twenty years. "The Development of the Religious Conscience among the People of Israel" is the subject of the winter's work, the club using for its motto, "May we rightly understand, as a whole, the unique work which the Spirit of God, that is the soul of the world, has realized through Israel." The first period the subject of discussion will be "Theocracy;" the second period, "Monarchy;" the third period, "Exile and Return;" the fourth period, "Storm and Stress." The following is the club's reference library:

The Old Testament; The Old Testament Apocrypha; Works of Josephus; "History of Israel," H. Ewald; "History of the People of Israel," E. Renan; "Studies in Religious History," E. Renan; "History of Israel and Judah," A. Wellhausen; "History of the Jews," H. Graetz; "History of the Hebrews," Kittel; "History of the Jewish Church," A. P. Stanley; "Prophets of Israel and Their Place in History," W. R. Smith; "Religion of the Semites," W. R. Smith; "Religion of Israel," A. Kuenen; "National Religions," A. Kuenen "Judaism and Christianity," C. H. Toy; "Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Religion of the Ancient Hebrews," C. G. Montefiore; "Origin and Development of Religious Belief," S Baring-Gould; "Origin and Growth of the Conception of God," G. d'Alviella; "Evolution of Religion," E. Caird; "The Philosophy of Religion," Otto Pfleiderer; "What is the Bible?" G. T. Ladd "Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible," Heber Newton; "The Book of the Beginnings," Heber Newton; "Who Wrote the Bible?" W. Gladden; "The Genesis of Genesis," W. Bacon; "Andover Review," November, 1884; "Andover Review," March, April, 1893; "Old Testament Student," May, 1884; "Biblical World," January, February, April, June, 1896 Articles on Israel, Pentateuch, Prophets, etc., in "Encyclopædia Britannica."

The Century Club of Amsterdam, R. I., presents a most bewildering programme. Hawaii, Memories of Italy, Our Public Schools, The Basis of the Kindergarten, Epochs of English History, The Religion of Ancient Greece, Glimpses of Travel and Astronomy, with space given to music at each meeting, represent the unlimited field of its activities.

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Correspondence

Government by Injunction[1]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your discussion of "Government by Injunction" in your issue of October 24 you say: " . . . We think English history abundantly demonstrates the danger of any policy which allows a judicial tribunal, first by the issuance of an injunction to create an obligation or prohibition, in a controversy affecting not merely the contestants before the court, but the entire community, and then to try, condemn, and punish, without a jury, and without the intervention of any separate and unprejudiced tribunal, those who are accused of having disregarded its commands."

No more salutary power is exercised by courts of chancery than that of issuing writs of injunction in proper cases. Any case is a proper case for the issue of the writ in which there is threatened an unlawful invasion of private rights for which no adequate remedy at the common law exists.

The injunction should, of course, not be granted simply because public interests are affected, nor because the act sought to be enjoined is a crime, and as such an invasion of the peace and dignity of the State. Neither, on the other hand, should it be refused because such is the case. Here we seem to stand on no debatable ground.

That the controversy is one which affects not merely private rights but the entire community should not prevent the issue of the writ. Such a controversy is very apt to be one in which the greatest and most irreparable injury to private property interests is threatened.

Where the writ is properly issued, the power to punish—and to punish promptly—must exist. This is essential to the maintenance of the power and dignity of the court. Its command must not be a mere *brutum fulmen.*

Your argument would seem to go to the extent of depriving individuals and corporations of the right to an injunction—no matter how necessary to the preservation of their property rights—in all cases where the questions involved were matters of public interest, or, as you say, where the controversy affects the entire community.

The action of the courts in the Debs case may be open to criticism on the ground that their jurisdiction as courts of chancery was invoked in the name of the public and for the protection of public interests. The acts threatened were crimes which the Executive was empowered to prevent and the criminal courts to punish.

But it will be remembered that the proceeding in the Debs case was instituted under the so-called "Anti-Trust" law, which conferred this identical jurisdiction upon the United States Circuit Courts.

Without, however, attempting to vindicate the action of the courts in the Debs case, I must say that I cannot see why individuals or corporations should be deprived of the remedy by injunction against threatened interference with their property rights simply because the public are interested in or affected by the controversy in question. It would certainly seriously impair the efficiency of our courts of chancery to be deprived of the power to grant the relief in such cases.

A good illustration of the use of the writ in a case of this kind is afforded by the case of the Ann Arbor Railroad against Mr. Arthur as Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. There was a strike of the engineers in the employ of the railroad. A rule of the Brotherhood (which could be called into operation by the Chief) required all members of the Brotherhood to refuse to aid in the interchange of cars or freight with any railroad in which a strike was in progress. Mr. Arthur had called this rule into operation. The whole community was interested, for this act seemed likely to result in a "tie-up" on all railroads passing through Toledo. The act was also a criminal offense under the Federal laws, for which Mr. Arthur might have been indicted and tried. The court, by injunction, required him to rescind the order calling the rule into operation. Mr. Arthur (to his credit be it said) promptly obeyed. Suspended traffic was at once resumed.

Suppose the court had had no power to issue or enforce this writ. Mr. Arthur might have been indicted. He might possibly have been convicted. But it is very certain that long before this could have been done the property and business of the railroad company would have been seriously and irreparably injured. The subsequent punishment of Mr. Arthur might have satisfied the public, but it would have been a very unsatisfactory recompense to the railway company. The latter did not want to punish him. It simply wanted to prevent him from injuring its property and business.

That this remedy has been improperly used to protect public interests—if such be the case—is no reason why it should not be used in all cases where it is necessary to protect private property interests. The character of our Federal judges is an effective guarantee against abuses. This your article practically admits.

Alexander L. Smith,
Attorney at Law.

Toledo, O.

The Founders of Chautauqua

To the Editors of The Outlook:

When Bishop Vincent first read the article in The Outlook on "The Founder of Chautauqua," he immediately called the writer's attention to the omission of the name of Mr. Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, "who was," as Bishop Vincent says, "not only one of the founders of Chautauqua, but who has been intimately associated with myself from the beginning of the Chautauqua movement as friend, counselor, promoter of popular education, and, especially in the earlier years, as financial backer; so that no mention should be made of one name without the introduction of the other." It would be difficult, as it is unnecessary, to draw a line between the services of Mr. Miller and Bishop Vincent in the founding of the Chautauqua work. The object of the article in question was an analysis of the character of one of these men. The title was given to the article by the editor and not by the writer; and this explanatory note is written at the earnest request of Bishop Vincent.

William P. Harper.

The University of Chicago.

A Case of Coercion

To The Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of November 14 you say, "We have yet to learn of a single well-authenticated case of coercion." There is a small manufactory in a little hamlet in this county employing eight or ten men. The works were shut down two weeks before election, with notice that they would not be opened again unless McKinley was elected, but in case he was a large building would be put up and an increased number of men put to work. My informants, who were Republicans, only laughed at the idea that the proprietor had any intention of closing his works or of increasing them in the near future; it was simply done to influence the votes of these men by inciting their fears. If this was not coercion or intimidation, what name would The Outlook apply to it? This is but a small sample of what has been done all over the country by closing factories, and the publication of large orders having been received to be canceled if Bryan was elected. Some of these may have been honest, and may have just expressed the fears of the manufacturers, but a great many were evidently merely for political effect. It is easy for men in good circumstances to say that "the American workingman is too intelligent and courageous to be influenced in this way," but I know personally of many men with families, who are honest, frugal, and industrious, and of fair average intelligence, who have been brought by the long continuance of unsteady employment so near penury that the loss of even two weeks' wages means hunger and cold to their families or the incurring of debts they may be unable to pay, or charity. Is it any wonder that, with these men, their fears may be brought to overcome their judgment? I think this has been largely the cause of the great Republican majorities.

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[1] See editorial in this issue.

ONE WHO VOTED FOR BRYAN.

Whitewater, Wis.

That there may have been other cases in which coercion was resorted to we do not deny; but this is the only definite case which has been brought to our knowledge. We do not believe that the giving of orders conditioned on McKinley's election was generally for political effect; this was due to a real fear, whether well or ill founded, that Mr. Bryan's election would produce such commercial disaster, or at least would lead to such uncertainties in business, that enlargement of orders would not be safe.

Notes and Queries

I want to spend about fifty dollars on books which will prove helpful to me in my sermon work, such as the best modern sermons, essays, speeches, etc. Will you kindly tell me what, in your judgment, are the best books for me to purchase, and oblige,

OUTLOOK SUBSCRIBER.

It is always difficult to recommend books not on technical topics, where expert knowledge is the desideratum, because what inspires one is dull to another. From the following catalogue our correspondent can make a selection of valuable books, though we advise him not to spend the whole fifty dollars in one purchase. Buy a few books at a time: Sermons by Bushnell, Brooks, Martineau, Munger, Watson; Wendell Phillips's Speeches; Emerson's Essays; Van Dyke, "Gospel for an Age of Doubt;" H. W. Beecher, "Lectures on Preaching;" Dr. Watson, "Lectures on Preaching;" Phillips Brooks, "Lectures on Preaching;" Storrs, "Divine Origin of Christianity;" Brace, "Gesta Christi;" Caird, "Evolution of Religion;" Stanley, "Christian Institutions;" Fremantle, "World the Subject of Redemption;" James, "Psychology;" Halleck, "Education of the Central Nervous System;" Sayce, "Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments;" W. R. Smith, "Prophets of Israel;" Le Conte, "Evolution in Relation to Religious Thought;" Matheson, "The Psalmist and the Scientist," "The Spiritual Development of St. Paul;" Harris, "Moral Evolution;" Abbott, "The Evolution of Christianity," "Christianity and Social Problems;" Gordon, "The Christ of To-Day;" Gladden, "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age;" Hodges, "Faith and Social Service;" Harris, "Moral Evolution;" Bradford, "Heredity and Christian Problems;" Horder, W. G., "The Poet's Bible;" Palgrave, "Treasury of Sacred Song;" Whiton, "Gloria Patri;" George Adam Smith, "Isaiah;" Storrs, "Preaching Without Notes."

In a discussion the following question was referred to you: In Atlanta, Ga., and other large cities of the South are white teachers, sent from the North to teach the negroes, regarded as intruders and treated with indignity or ostracized? Is the feeling of the South still very bitter against the North on account of the abolition of slavery, and do the Southerners want the negro kept in a state of ignorance?

H. A. G.

White teachers sent from the North are not treated as intruders, nor is the feeling of the South still bitter against the North on account of the abolition of slavery, nor do the Southerners wish the negroes kept in a state of ignorance. If they wished them kept in a state of ignorance, their course would be extraordinary, for they have organized, established, and maintained, in spite of their poverty, an efficient public-school system for their education. It would be difficult to find a minority large enough to count who regret the abolition of slavery, or who would desire to see it re-established. Of course there is prejudice in the South against Northern teachers who are coming thither on a missionary errand, much as there would be prejudice in the North against teachers from any other section, assuming that the Northern cities were missionary grounds and either could not or would not educate their own poor. Two causes have aggravated this prejudice: First, in many instances, a lack of tact on the part of Northern teachers; secondly, a radical difference in the point of view of the Southern and the Northern whites. The Northern teacher affiliates with her pupils, eats at the same table with them, lives under the same roof with them, treats them as equals. The Southerner is probably as hostile now as ever to anything approximating social equality with the negro, and absolutely refuses to live in the same house or sit at the same table with him, or travel in the same cars, or live in the same hotel, or go to the same church, or attend the same school, under any conditions which imply social equality. The reasons for this, so far as there are any, we do not here consider, but the same objections to social equality are often manifested in the North.

I notice that in your Notes and Queries for November 7 it is stated that down to the time of Jerome, who died in 420, the presbyters of Alexandria enthroned their own bishop, without any other ceremony of ordination. This is an error. Jerome says that this custom prevailed down to the episcopate of Dionysius, which ended 265. The usage, then, at Jerome's death, had been extinct for 155 years. In his time presbyterial ordination, in every form, had become obsolete, "for," says he, "what can a bishop do which a presbyter cannot also do, *except ordain?*" Your argument is good if Jerome's report is correct, but it protracts the earlier order a century and a half too long.

C. C. S.

We accept correction as to the expiry of the Alexandrian custom, but there is no reason to doubt the correctness of Jerome's report. That the earlier, and what Romanists and Anglicans would now regard as loose, notions of ordination continued into the fifth century, Dr. Hatch shows by quoting the enactment of a Gallican council that irregular ordinations should be held invalid unless objections were settled by arrangement.

1. Please comment on Hebrews iv., 15. (How could a sinless one sympathize with a sinner? Never have I seen anything satisfying on this.) 2. How can one be sure he is doing the right work?

G. W.

1. Compare chapter v., 7–10. Sympathy with him who is to be saved is an essential qualification of him who saves. All sympathy with another depends on the imagination, which puts yourself in his place. One who has been tempted but has not fallen can sympathize thus with the tempted one who has fallen; can imagine his distress; can, as we say "realize" his condition. The passages referred to show that this is true of Christ, and commends him to those that seek a sympathizing Saviour. 2. When one is sure that he has done his best to find his proper work, he may be sure that the work he has found is, at least for the time being, the proper work for him.

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I want, as a minister, to gain some influence with the young men who are outside the church; with such object in view, I thought of forming a class in my village to teach political economy or social science or sociology, or some such subject. I desire to choose the subject that would be most interesting and useful. Can you suggest to me the best subject and the best text-book upon it? The latter would need to be simple and inexpensive.

SUBSCRIBER.

From some experience in this line, we think that John Fiske's "Civil Government in the United States" will prove as good as anything to start on At least you should examine it. Professor Ely's "Problems of To-Day" and his "Political Economy" can also be strongly recommended. In these books you will find others suggested. As to expense, it is not necessary for every member of the class to own a book.

If "A. M. S." will write to Madame Delacroix, 16 Rue Augustin Normand, Le Havre, France, he or she may possibly obtain the desired information Her husband had a brother who was an artist, and may be the one referred to.

F. E. G.

Home Parties

And Church Sociable Ideas

Are made a constant feature in The Ladies' Home Journal. Experienced home and church entertainers originate and furnish them. A page of "Home Parties" is in the November issue; in the December number there will be two pages. Succeeding pages in other issues, all new ideas.

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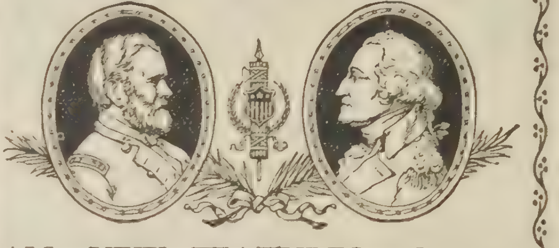

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A Great Day at Hampton

From a Special Correspondent

On Thursday afternoon of last week the new Trade School Building at Hampton Institute was dedicated with very interesting exercises. The Church Congress, which was in session at Norfolk, came over as a body and was taken to Hampton Institute, where the new trade school was dedicated. Bishop Randolph opened the services in the chapel with prayer. Professor Frissell received the guests with great courtesy, and after a brief explanation of the uses to which the sixty buildings at Hampton were put in the education of nearly one thousand students who are gathered there, introduced several of their former students, to whose account of their work in the far South and distant West the audience listened with deep interest. Dr. Frissell said that Hampton had sent out about one thousand graduates and as many undergraduates, who were working as teachers, mechanics, cultivators, and leaders in civilization among their people.

Mr. Mabie, following the graduates who had spoken, said that surely no institution was less in need of outside voices, but he would express the mission of Hampton in just one word. It had translated education into emancipation; it had emancipated two races out of weakness, and had by education brought them into manhood and power. Character and education are destiny, and carry with them the whole fate of man, and the tragedy of life is become the tragedy, not of the bad, but of the half-trained man, the man whose will is right but who is not able to hold in his hand the advantage which should be his. After a brilliant review of the power of Germany evidenced in its thinking bayonet, its commercial grasp, its literary power, all the result of scientific training, the speaker concluded by a noble tribute to General Armstrong, and to an institution which honors labor by teaching the nobility of manual training, an institution which, through industrial work, thoroughly done, had accomplished the emancipation of two races and showed another the true path to freedom and to manhood.

Taking Bishop Potter's place, Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, said that it was not always wise or easy to follow bishops. It was not the first time he had followed Bishop Potter, and a Southern bishop had misled him by saying that he was to come to Hampton to dedicate a monument to General Armstrong. He had thought to see a statue, and he found a city. General Armstrong stood first in the rank of American founders, and had left here a civitas whose founder had achieved all that the greatest American could have desired—a well-rounded education, one of heart and head and hand. Why, he asked, does our civil power undertake only one of these? A trade-school puts into the hand a tool, and the tool in the trained hand makes all the difference in the world between civilization and barbarism. We have spoken of German soldiers, but match these with a million men with the implements of democracy in their hands, and which is worth most to a nation? Speaking of the public schools, Dr. Huntington said that because Christians cannot agree as to how it is to be done, the heart is left untrained as well as the hand. Commending the free trade-schools of New York, the speaker said that Colonel Auchmuty stood side by side with General Armstrong. The former could not bear to see American lads loafing on the corners because they are not allowed to learn trades. Unless we have free trades no free trade is possible. Hampton, with other trade-schools, opened new doors into American life. The ideal and the real had been discussed in the Congress. General Armstrong had seen the heavenly vision and had realized it in fact. Heavenly visions have their mandatory side, and there is something in each ideal to which we may not be disobedient, something which done may make real the brightest dream that can visit the child of God.

One of the buildings of the new trade-schools was dedicated with appropriate exercises, presided over by Dr. McVickar, at which Mr. Booker T. Washington was the speaker.

The students sang plantation songs, and in the soft evening glow the boat which carried the visitors back to Norfolk swept into the stream to the romantic sound of their

"Swing low, sweet chariot."

W.

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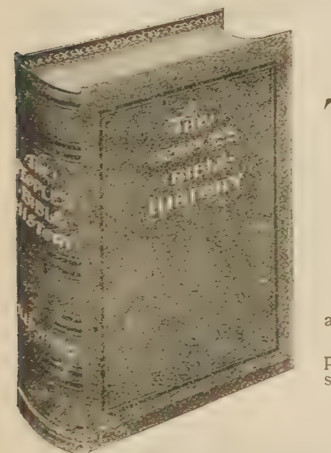

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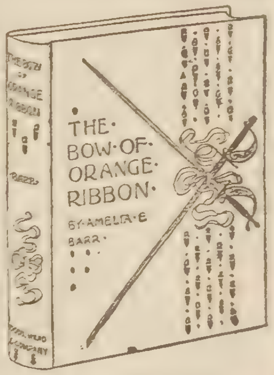
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"The ways of Providence are not always entirely clear to mortal eyes, but in his own way and in his own time the Lord works out his ends. It is sufficient for us to know that God is always good and merciful. There are few conditions that could not be worse, and, no matter what causes may exist for discontent, there are always abundant reasons for gratitude and thanksgiving. The occurrences of the year have not been unmixed with evil, but it is safe to say that Missouri has as little reason to complain of the bad things, and as much reason to rejoice for the good things that have fallen to the common lot, as any other State in the Union.

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It is related that the late Archbishop Benson, of Canterbury, and Cardinal Manning used to meet frequently at the Athenæum Club, and were good friends, though Manning thought that Benson was not rugged enough in his policy. A correspondent of the Archbishop, who was also a friend of the Cardinal, received from Lambeth Palace in 1886 a letter in which the Anglican Primate said of the Roman Cardinal: "You are not mistaken in thinking that I highly regard his person and his life, and value the goodness of Cardinal Manning's heart toward me," with more to the same purpose. The correspondent showed the letter at the time to Cardinal Manning, who read it with evident pleasure. "And I, too," he said, as he put it down, "have a great liking for my dear sister of Canterbury."

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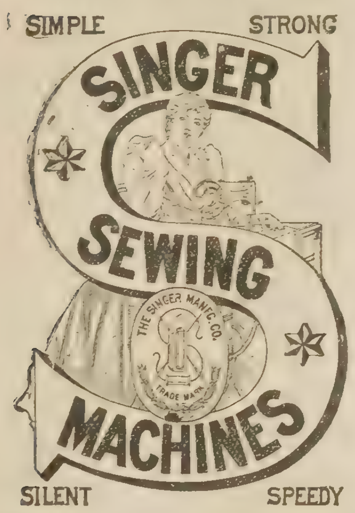

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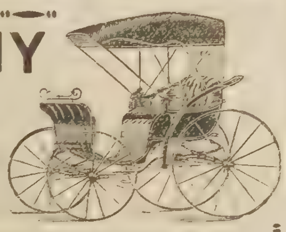

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About People

—Our attention is called to the illustration of heredity by the Harvard senior class elections. The Class Poet is the son of Mr. Joseph H. Choate, and the Ivy Orator the son of Mr. Carl Schurz.

—The Governor-elect of Wisconsin, Major Edward Schofield, is the son of a Pennsylvania farmer. At the age of fourteen he became a printer's "devil" in a country newspaper office, later becoming a typesetter. He served through the war with great gallantry. He is now one of the most successful lumbermen of the Northwest.

—It is announced that Miss Mary French Field, the daughter of the late Eugene Field, will deliver a series of readings in New York City. The sudden death of Mr. Field has placed upon his daughter the responsibilities of a breadwinner. Some of her father's poems were taught to the daughter as recitations before they were written out for the public.

—The late Archbishop of Canterbury was an excellent equestrian. He seldom allowed a day to pass without a smart canter around Hyde Park. He never used either whip or spur. A mare, called Serena, was his favorite mount. The Archbishop paid $3,000 for her, and he taught her many tricks which he was fond of showing off to his friends. As soon as she saw the Archbishop waiting, she would trot entirely alone from the stables to the entrance of Lambeth College. Before the prelate mounted she would invariably nose all around his pockets in search of sugar. Dr. Benson was not the only bishop famous as a rider. The present Archbishop of Canterbury is a conspicuous figure in Rotten Row, and the late Bishop Wilberforce was killed while cantering over the Epsom downs.

—We learn from the "Westminster Gazette" that the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, long Bishop of London, after coming out of the House of Lords one evening, hired a cab and was driven home to Fulham. He tendered the cabman the exact fare, two shillings. The cabman, hoping the Bishop would prove a good "fare," expostulated with his Lordship and asked for another shilling. The Bishop, however, firmly refused to be drawn. Thereupon cabby became abusive, and as a Parthian shot to his Lordship, who had turned on his heels to enter the palace, said: "You call yourself the head of St. Paul's Cathedral! D'ye think St. Paul, if he were alive and were living here with ten thousand a year, would try and 'do' a poor cabby by giving him only two shillings for a drive from Westminster to Fulham?" "No," said Dr. Temple; "if St. Paul were alive he would live at Lambeth Palace, where the fare from Westminster is only a shilling." Cabby collapsed.

—Regarding the kindness of heart of the late George W. Childs, the Washington "Post" tells the following story. Mr. Childs was leaving the "Ledger" office one night very late when he heard an alarm of fire, and an old man came running down the stairs. Mr. Childs asked him his business. "I'm going to report that fire," said the old man. "How long have you been a reporter on this paper?" asked Mr. Childs. "Fourteen years," said the old man. "Well," said Mr. Childs, "you go back to the city editor and tell him I say to send somebody who is younger." The old man obeyed. He was told afterward that he need not report for duty again. Mr. Childs had pensioned him. A year or so after that the man who told me the story happened to enter Mr. Childs's office just as the pensioner was leaving. The great editor was laughing. The pensioner, he said, had come in with a great deal of worry on his mind to ask a serious question. "Don't you get your money regularly?" asked Mr. Childs. "Oh, yes," answered the man, "but it has worried me a lot lately, sir; it has worried me a lot to know what's going to become of me when you die."

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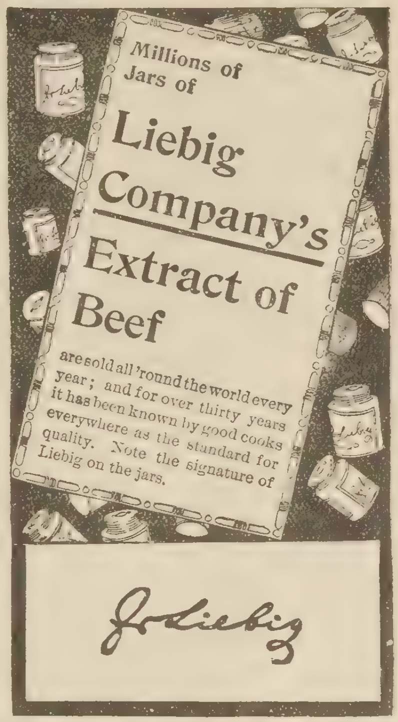

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The Business World

The Financial Week The most important circumstance in the financial world last week was the report of bank clearings, a report almost as gratifying as the phenomenal one of the week before. The increase throughout the United States was nearly 4 per cent. more than the great total of the previous week, about one-tenth more than in the corresponding week of 1895, one-fifth more than the same week of November, 1894, over one-fourth more than in 1893, and one-tenth more than in 1892. The continued flow of money into the banks helped last week's loan market, and money both on call and on time gradually grew easier. For the week the average rate for call money was about 3½ per cent., and time-loans are now quoted at 4 per cent. for thirty to ninety days. Commercial paper may be had on the basis of 4 1-5 to 5 per cent. for double names, ninety days to four months. Last week's statement of the New York City banks showed a gain in surplus reserve approximating $6,000,000, with over $4,000,000 specie and $7,000,000 legal tenders gained. Deposits had been increased by $22,000,000; loans by $9,500,000. The Bank of England's minimum rate of discount remains unchanged at 4 per cent. The foreign exchange market was characterized by a decline during the early days of the week followed by an advance, leaving rates practically unchanged. The continued firmness of foreign exchange has occasioned some questioning. The ante-election hoarding of gold caused a premium which stimulated imports of the metal to a point in excess of trade requirements. It was supposed that as soon as the election was over the return of gold which London fully expected and counted on would take place. That return has not taken place, and the foreign exchange market has grown stronger, if anything. The reason for the non-return of gold is, of course, the continuance of foreign commerce in our favor. The net gold reserve of the United States Treasury has now reached the sum of $126,000,000, and the stock of gold coin and gold bullion held has attained a larger total than has been held at any time since May, 1892. Last week's stock and bond market was characterized by inactivity. Total sales amounted to hardly two-thirds of the previous week's statement. The general list of prices is lower. Government bonds, however, are ¼ to ½ of 1 per cent. higher.

The Commercial Week According to the record kept by the "Journal of Commerce" there have been since election 383 resumptions of industries, while 291 establishments have increased their force. This has had a natural influence upon trade, but there has not been such a great boom in business as was predicted by some. It is to be hoped that present indications point to a steady, if slow, increase in both volume and prices. Last week saw the demand for commodities somewhat checked—in part by rumors of prospective tariff revision—and there were lower prices for wheat, corn, oats, cotton, sugar, petroleum, and coffee. Iron and steel remained practically unchanged, but the pool formed during the week may have some influence on rates. There were higher prices for flour, lumber, wool, and tobacco. Exports of wheat were not so large as those of the previous week. At San Francisco last week the British steamer Etrickdale was chartered to load wheat for Sydney, Australia. She will carry 5,000 tons. This is the first steamer in the history of the port of San Francisco to load a full cargo of wheat for Australia. One firm has now arranged for two cargoes of wheat by sailing-vessels for Australia. Wheat is also going from San Francisco to South Africa. According to "Bradstreet's," there were 308 business failures last week throughout the country, being 50 more than in the week previous, but 15 fewer than in the corresponding week one year ago, 13 more than in the like week in 1894, but 50 less than in the third week of November, 1893. As we go to press a telegram from Amsterdam, N. Y., gives the following interesting item:

> Owing to the carpet market being overloaded, the Sanford carpet mills in this city will shut down on Wednesday night. The firm does not say for how long a time the mills will remain closed, but probably until January 4. About two thousand hands are employed in the mills.

Secretary Morton's Report The annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture informs us that there will have been covered back into the Treasury since March, 1893, over $2,000,000. Mr. Morton attributes this great economy, effected without any loss of efficiency, to the improvement in the personnel of the force under civil service rules. The Secretary urges the extension of Government inspection to all animals intended for food, whether for consumption in the United States or abroad, and he maintains that the cost of this inspection should be paid by the packers. It is of interest to know that the total consumption of meat in Great Britain for last year was 1,100,000 tons. Three-quarters of this was produced at home. Of live meat arriving in the United Kingdom during the first half of the present year, the United States supplied three-quarters of the cattle and nearly half of the sheep. Our packers do not participate in the profits of swine-flesh consumption in Great Britain, because they do not cure such meats to suit the British demand; on the other hand, Canadian and Danish packers are increasing their shipments every year. Our bacon averages about two cents a pound below the Continental and Irish bacon, and about three cents below English. A gratifying statement is that the shipment of our horses to England is steadily on the increase. Coming now to the famous controversy over seeds distributed gratuitously by our Government, Mr. Morton states that during the present fiscal year such seeds weighed 230 tons, and occupied 30 mail cars in transit, while the cost of carrying them was over $70,000. Enough seed was sent out gratuitously to plant 115 square miles of garden, and each Congressman received enough to plant 163½ acres.

Farm Mortgages Secretary Morton asserts that the farms of the West and South are not more heavily burdened with mortgages than those of the East and Northeast. He declares that States along the North Atlantic are equally heavily encumbered with farm mortgages, and New Jersey carries a debt of this kind greater in proportion to its farm valuations than any State in the Union. Referring to the stress of competition which the American farmer is compelled to endure, Mr. Morton calls attention to nearly 2,000,000 farms of eighty acres each given away by the Government under the Homestead Act of 1866 during the last thirty years, and to the amount donated by the Timber Culture Law, equivalent to over 550,000 more farms of the same size. It is impossible, he says, for farmers in the old States to sell their products profitably in competition with those of the newer States grown upon lands which cost their owners nothing. Referring to the impression that greater rates of interest are charged for money loaned upon farms than for that loaned upon other kinds of real estate, Secretary Morton states that the rate of interest charged upon mortgages upon residential property other than farms averages 84-100 of one per cent. less than the rate of interest charged upon farm loans. In seventeen States the average rate on the latter is less than that demanded on other residential property. In two States the rates are the same upon urban and rural real estate. If the Western farmer pays a higher interest than the Eastern, so also does the Western merchant, common carrier, or manufacturer. Mr. Morton says:

> The farmers of the United States hold 72 out of each 100 farms—occupied by their owners—absolutely free from mortgages or other encumbrances. The debts secured by liens upon lands used for tillage and the production of crops aggregate, after throwing out the mortgage indebtedness of railroads and other corporations, less than one-sixth of the total indebtedness of the citizens of the United States secured upon real estate.
>
> Out of each thousand farms in the United States only 282 are mortgaged, and three-fourths of the money represented by the mortgages upon the 282 farms was for the purchase of those farms or for money borrowed to improve those farms.

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The Value of Our Weather Bureau

Twenty-five years ago mariners on the Great Lakes depended upon their own weather lore to warn them of coming storms; then, although the number of boats plying those inland seas was much less than it is now, every severe storm that swept across them left death and destruction in its wake, and for days afterwards the dead were cast up by the now pacified waters, and the shores of the lakes were lined with wreckage. Happily, this is not now the case; the Weather Bureau is ever watching the changes in atmospheric conditions and giving mariners ample warning of coming storms; the angry waters and the howling winds vent their fury the one upon the other, while the great mass of lake shipping, so long the prey of the winds and the waves, rides safely at anchor in convenient harbors. Few seamen are so foolhardy as to leave port in the face of warnings of severe storms. Means for placing the warnings in their hands several hours before the storm bursts have been adopted, whether they be in port or midlake. Similar measures for the protection of shipping along the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific seaboards are in force. During the season of navigation on the Great Lakes, usually lasting from April 1 to December 15, many storms dangerous to shipping occur, and the value of property saved each year as a result of Weather Bureau warnings is enormous. I recall one severe storm that ravaged the lakes in September, 1894, when I was in charge of the Western district, with headquarters at Chicago, whence all warnings to the upper lakes are issued. This storm was forecast well in advance, and 250 vessels were reported as being held in port as a result of the warning. Not a single boat was wrecked nor a life lost. It is not claimed that 250 vessels were saved from destruction, but it is claimed that these craft, with their valuable cargoes, were placed in positions of safety, and that undoubtedly many of them would have been lost had they ventured out of port. I cite this instance to illustrate the value of Weather Bureau warnings to the great shipping interests of our country.

The truck-growers of the South and fruit-growers of California would lose thousands of dollars each year without notifications of frosts; while the plains of Kansas, Nebraska, Indian Territory, and Texas would be strewn with the carcasses of hundreds of cattle were it not for the forecasts of "blizzards" and "northers" sent to the cattlemen sufficiently in advance to enable them to round up their stock in places of shelter. Again, the immense flood-waves that move down our great rivers would probably damage the homes of hundreds of families, as well as merchandise and other movable property stored in cellars and lower floors, were it not for the warnings sent to those whose interests are affected by floods in the river.

The work of the Bureau in connection with that most important industry, farming, is one of its most valuable features. The function of the Bureau with which the farmers are intimately concerned and connected is known as the Climate and Crop Service. In the rural districts and smaller towns of each State the voluntary observers, besides reading thermometers and measuring rainfall each day and forwarding the results to the State headquarters—always a weather bureau station—send at the end of each week during the crop-growing season information as to the condition of the crops in their vicinities, together with statements as to how they compare with the week previous. Each State has from one hundred and fifty to six hundred such reporters making individual statements, and from these reports the directors at the State centers prepare telegrams and send them to the Central Office at Washington. From these different telegraphic reports a general summary of crop conditions throughout the country is made and disseminated by bulletin and by the press to those most interested. Farmers, dealers, shippers, and boards of trade are directly and pecuniarily benefited by the information thus conveyed.—*Willis L. Moore, Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, in the Home Magazine.*

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Bits of Fun

"There is always room at the top." "So I have noticed when staying at a hotel."—*Town Topics.*

"I may not be very wealthy, but I can afford my own carriage and pair," said the fond father, as he wheeled his twins along the sidewalk.—*Yale Record.*

An Aberdonian who, making a morning call, was asked if he "wud tak' a dram." soberly declined. "'Twas too airly the day," he said; "besides, I've had a gill already."—*Town and Country Journal.*

"Of course," the King of Dahomey was at pains to further explain, "the Amazons are peculiar. Yes, the other day they stopped fighting right in the midst of a battle, because they had read somewhere that long engagements are no longer the rule."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A pupil teacher from the board school at H., under examination in religious knowledge, was asked: "Can you explain the apparent discrepancies between Saint Stephen's speech and the Old Testament history?" Pause, puzzled look, then triumphant reply: "He used the Revised Version."—*Christian Life.*

It is said that a celebrated London barrister and magistrate, Sergeant Arabin, once told a prisoner before him at the Central Criminal Court that "if there was a clearer case of a man robbing his master, that case was this case." After passing sentence on this man, the sergeant said to him: "I, therefore, give you the opportunity of redeeming a character irredeemably lost!"—*Exchange.*

The latest story of German "thrift" is told at the expense of the proprietor of a circulating library, who charged for the wear and tear suffered by his books at the hands of his patrons. One volume came back to his scrutiny. "See here," he exclaimed, "there is a hole on page nineteen of my beautiful book. And, see here," he went on, turning over the leaf, "there's another on page twenty."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

English as She is Spoke.—"Gosh!" said the man who was trying to read a newspaper in the trolley-car. "The English language is spoken by 125,000,000 persons." "It's mighty funny it can't be spoken in my family, then," said the man with a lapful of bundles. "My wife talks baby talk, my ten-year-old boy runs to hog Latin, and my eighteen-year-old daughter is devoted to Chimmie Fadden." Then the man with the bundles sighed and looked sadder.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

There is a Boston society woman who cannot remember names, neither can her daughter. One day they met a Mrs. Howe, and afterwards the daughter remarked: "Howe invented the sewing-machine, didn't he? Well, just think of machines and we'll be sure to get her name." The two ladies went to a tea a few days afterwards, and Mrs. Howe was there. Up sailed the mother with her sweetest smile, and exclaimed: "My dear Mrs. Singer, how delighted I am to see you again!" Soon afterwards the daughter appeared, and, with equal charm of manner, exclaimed: "My dear Mrs. Willcox, how are you?"—*Springfield Republican.*

A priest who was notorious for his frequent absence from his parish one day called upon Archbishop Ryan to ask for a vacation. His health required it, he said. "Do the physicians say that you need a change of air?" asked the prelate. "They do, your grace." "Then how would it do for you to try the air of your parish for a month or two?" At another time the Archbishop rebuked a priest for wearing a disreputable-looking silk hat. "But I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "Ah," was the Archbishop's retort, "and evidently he fell on the hat."—*Exchange.*

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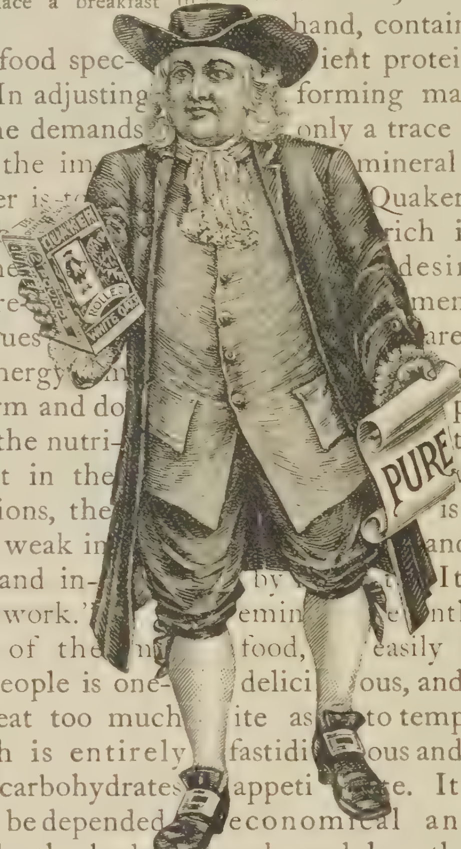
Views in thy place a breakfast ill begun.

A leading food specialist says: "In adjusting the diet to the demands of the body, the important matter is to provide enough protein for the building and repair of the tissues and enough energy [illegible] to keep it warm and do its work. If the nutriments are not in the right proportions, the body will be weak in its structure and inefficient in its work."

The diet of the majority of people is one-sided. We eat too much meat, which is entirely lacking in carbohydrates, which have to be depended upon to supply the body with heat and power. Meat, too, contains none of the necessary mineral substances. Wheat bread, on the other hand, contains insufficient protein or tissue forming material and only a trace of fat and mineral substance. Quaker Oats is rich in *all* the desired elements, which are so properly proportioned that the whole body is energized and built up by [illegible]. It is preeminently a health food, easily digested, delicious, and so exquisite as to tempt the most fastidious and rebellious appetite. It is, withal, economical and easy to cook and has that natural nutty flavor. If you can't eat breakfast try Quaker Oats.



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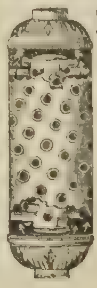

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Trust

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

I am Thy grass, O Lord!
  I grow up sweet and tall,
But for a day; beneath Thy sword
  To lie at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough
  In that brief day of mine?
The wind, the bees, the wholesome stuff
  The sun pours out like wine.

Behold, this is my crown:
  Love will not let me be;
Love holds me here; love cuts me down;
  And it is well with me.

Love, love, keep it but so;
  Thy purpose is full plain:
I die, that after I may grow
  As tall, as sweet again.

—*Selected.*

The Wonderful British Post-office

The success of Great Britain's postal savings-bank system is familiar to most people, but it is not so well known that each of the 12,000 local post-offices which do a savings-bank business is also an office of life insurance and for the sale of annuities. The savings-bank system permits deposits of from one shilling to £50 a year. Interest is paid at the rate of 2½ per cent. When a depositor's total account exceeds £200 no more deposits can be made, but the depositor can reduce his account by buying consols through the post-office, investing any sum from one shilling upwards at the current price of the day. The post-office will also sell stock obtained through it, charging a commission of ninepence for the purchase or sale of stock in amounts below £25. Thousands of working people thus become owners of Government stock, while savings-banks under private management do not endeavor to compete with the Government bank. Life insurance can be obtained in amounts of from £5 to £100. The £5 insurance is for children between the ages of 8 and 14 years. The policies can be made payable at death, on the attainment of the age of 55, 60, or 65, and on the expiration of periods of 10, 15, and up to 40 years. A man or woman of 24 or 25 can be insured for £10 by a payment throughout life of four shillings and fourpence a year, or a penny a week, by an annual payment to the age of 60 of four shillings and tenpence, or by a single payment of £4 9s. The insurance premiums can be paid by deposits in the savings-banks of sums not less than one shilling. A policy-holder whose annual payment is four shillings and fourpence can put a penny stamp on a blank each week and hand in the blank at the local post-office when it has been filled up. Or the premiums can be paid out of his savings-bank deposits, if he has any, when they become due. Insurances up to £25 are made without a medical examination, but in case of death within the year only the amount of the first premium will be paid; in the case of death before the third premium is due, half the amount insured will be paid. If death occurs by accident, the full amount is paid. As a postmaster receives no commission on life insurance, the business is not pushed as it is by private companies. The annuities paid by the Government are both immediate and deferred. A man of 30 can secure an annuity of £10 by the payment of £204 10s. 10d.; if he is 50, by the payment of £149 19s. 2d. A boy of 10 can purchase an annuity of £1 payable at 50 for £5 11s. 9d., or four shillings and fourpence paid annually between 10 and 50. Nobody buys annuities of so small an amount as £1, but the payment of a penny a week affords a basis of calculation, and the literature issued by the Government to advertise the system is put in this form for convenience' sake.—*Buffalo Courier.*

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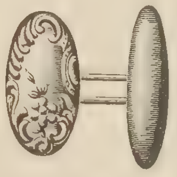

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Books Received

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ALLYN & BACON, BOSTON

Shakespeare, William. As You Like It. Edited by S. Thurber. 20 cts.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Fisher, George Park, D.D. A Brief History of the Nations and of Their Progress in Civilization. $1.50.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Stevenson, Edward Irenæus. A Matter of Temperament. $1.

ARNOLD & CO., PHILADELPHIA

King, Charles H. Cakes, Cake Decorations, and Desserts. $1.50.

EDWARD ARNOLD, NEW YORK

Oxenden, Maud. Interludes.
Rochefort, Henri. The Adventures of My Life. Arranged by the Author and Ernest W. Smith. 2 Vols. $7.50.
Upward, Allen. One of God's Dilemmas.

CHARLES H. BANES, PHILADELPHIA

Saunders, Marshall. For the Other Boy's Sake, and Other Stories. $1.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Wood, Katharine B. Quotations for Occasions. $1.50.
Stuart, Ruth McEnery. Sonny. $1.
Fernald, Chester B. The Cat and the Cherub, and Other Stories. $1.50.
Furman, Lucy S. Stories of a Sanctified Town. $1.25.

HENRY T. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Castlemon, Harry. The Young Game-Warden.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Pratt, Mrs. Ella F. Happy Children. $1.50.
Pope, Alexander. Poetical Works. (Illustrated.) Edited by A. W. Ward. 2 Vols. $3.
Oxley, J. Macdonald. The Romance of Commerce. $1.25.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys. 75 cts.
Brown, Anna R. Culture and Reform. 35 cts.
Miller, J. R., D.D. A Gentle Heart. 35 cts.
Eliot, Charles W. The Happy Life. 35 cts.
Ray, Anna Chapin. Dick. $1.25.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Fenn, George Manville. In Honour's Cause. $1.50.
Kernahan, Coulson. The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil. 50 cts.
Pemberton, Max. A Puritan's Wife. $1.25.
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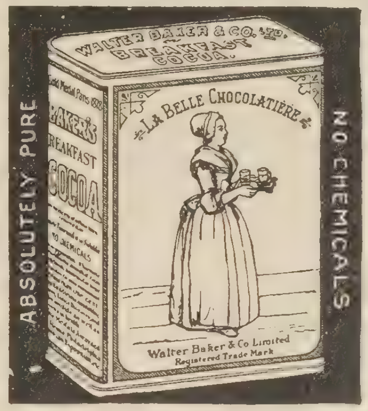

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The Witherbee Memorial Building at Mineville, N. Y., and its Work

By Professor J. F. Kemp

School of Mines, Columbia University

As a rule, mining towns are ephemeral. This character is inseparable from the business, because most mines have comparatively short life-periods, when measured in years. A mining enterprise starts with a certain amount of coal or ore, which it is to extract from the ground. When the supply is exhausted there remain but a hole and a quantity of more or less useless machinery. Mining towns, moreover, are usually situated in wild and somewhat inaccessible parts of the country. Their surroundings are commonly mountainous, because areas of violent geological disturbance favor the formation of ore bodies. As a natural result, owners of mines seldom feel any special or permanent interest in the community from which they derive their wealth. They and their families generally reside in some distant city, where opportunities for social or other enjoyment are more abundant. The mines are managed by representatives, and the miners usually have slight intercourse with their real employers.

All this makes it the more gratifying to record in the columns of The Outlook an instance in which the owners of large and exceptionally permanent property have been moved to keep up their interest in their employees and to give freely of their means for the social and educational improvement of the families dependent on the mining operations.

As settlements pushed into the Adirondack wilderness in the early years of the present century, great bodies of iron ore were discovered on the east side, near Lake Champlain. The largest of these, as developments have since shown, are in the village of Mineville, six miles northwest of Port Henry. Ore was noted here as early as 1810, and some small pits were opened during the next forty years. But not until 1849, when the control and management of one large group passed into the hands of the firm, S. H. and J. G. Witherbee, did the local industry really prove serious. From that time on it developed in enormous degree, and especially in the twenty-five years immediately following the war, it reached its high tide of success. From 1,000 to 1,500 men found employment in the various mines, and nearly half a million tons of ore, as a maximum, were annually produced.

In the course of time the two Messrs. Witherbee passed away, and their ownership in the mines descended to their children. About five years ago the immediate heirs, Mr. F. S. Witherbee and Mrs. Black, of New York; Mr. Walter C. Witherbee, of Port Henry; Mrs. Francis, of Brooklyn, and the late Mrs. Wallace C. Foote, of Port Henry, determined to erect a memorial building to the two founders of the original firm. The purpose of the building was to promote the social enjoyment and general welfare of the families which form the community of Mineville. Accordingly, near the mines, and on a site at once convenient and commanding, the Witherbee Memorial Building was erected. From the porch one looks for six miles down the broad valley of Moriah township to Lake Champlain, lying 1,200 feet below. On the lake shore, in full view, are the historic ruins of Fort Frederick, and far beyond, the serrated line of the Green Mountains. South, west, and north, the foothills of the Adirondacks close in about the valley.

As one enters the main doorway of the Memorial Building a spacious corridor meets the eye, from which an assembly hall opens out to the rear. The hall is able to seat four hundred, and is attractive and well adapted for the entertainments that are given in it at intervals. On the right of the entrance is a large and comfortable reading-room, where the daily and weekly papers, the magazines, and technical journals are displayed in great completeness, while in an adjoining room is the nucleus of a library, with a well-selected series of books. Still beyond is a dining-room, and near it, as well as upstairs, are the living-rooms and guest-rooms of the family having the building in charge. Several of the teachers connected with the work of the building likewise have apartments. The library-room is used during the day for the kindergarten, but it cannot contain all the little scholars, and so additional rooms are provided on the floor above. The kindergarten is the especial protégé of Mrs. Walter Witherbee. It is taught by Miss Wilson, of New York, and two assistants. Even with the recent great depression in the iron business, and with the cessation of mining, eighty children were cared for in this department last year, and during the same period a day nursery was added. Once a month the mothers are also entertained, and from time to time Mrs. Walter Witherbee herself meets with them, adding to the regular exercises the greater gift of her sympathy and encouragement.

On the floor below the reading-room and kindergarten a cooking-school is maintained by Mrs. F. S. Witherbee. It is taught and managed by Mrs. R. T. Saville, of Mineville, who prepared for the work by a thorough inspection of similar schools in and around New York. The equipment in china, cutlery, linen, and utensils is excellent. Each class at each session cooks and serves a meal according to a series of menus and receipts, which are distributed daily. Every effort is made to place home-making on the high plane that it should occupy. Last year there were three classes, consisting in all of seventy girls. During the year the oldest class cooked and served a dinner to their patroness and her friends, and, by way of concluding the session, the cooking-school entertained with refreshments three hundred invited guests.

In the rear of the cooking-school two large rooms are devoted to the uses of the primary and high schools of Mineville, the village itself engaging and supporting the teachers. On the same floor are bath-rooms with bath-tubs and shower-baths, reminding one strongly of our better gymnasiums. A pleasant room also contains a billiard-table and a pool-table, which have exerted a strong anti-saloon influence.

In connection with the building a boys' club was organized last year, and was instructed in military drill. A sewing-class of girls meets once a week. Twice a week through the summer refreshments have been served by the young ladies of the building at merely nominal rates, and these have served to bring together the families of the town in a very pleasant social way.

The building is in immediate charge of the Rev. Mr. Bryant, who, with his family, resides in it, and who, by his tactful furtherance of the purposes of the Memorial, contributes in a very vital way to its success. The general oversight of the entire enterprise is in the hands of Mr. Lewis Francis, a grandson of Mr. S. H. Witherbee.

The purpose of the Witherbee Memorial was to bring within the reach of the people employed in the mines, and of their families, means of social and intellectual enjoyment not otherwise available. It really is a club-house and philanthropic center. It is entirely free in all its departments to all who will properly use it, and it is worthy of the cordial good wishes of all who feel interested in the general advancement of their fellows. So far as it can it refutes the oft-made charge that employers care naught for the welfare of their employees, and it furnishes an example deserving of imitation by many mine-owners and manufacturers.

The Overhead Check

In a valuable article "A Lover of Horses" enumerates the cruelties heaped upon the horse, and adds: "But all these things put together do not hurt like the check-rein; that portion of the spine in the neck (constantly irritated by the check) is, in a horse as in a man, very sensitive. If a man's neck be forced into any constrained position and held there, the keenest suffering quickly follows. If a horse's head be fastened down a foot below its natural place, he will suffer, but not a tenth part as much as if fastened a foot above it. The great strain is felt at the top of the neck, and another common effect of the check is stiff shoulders and weak knees." He tells us that for years he has observed in New York City that car and omnibus horses, although hard-worked and on hardest pavements, very rarely become stiff forward, because their heads are free, while even in the country livery horses wearing tight check-reins are almost sure to become stiff.—*New York Tribune.*

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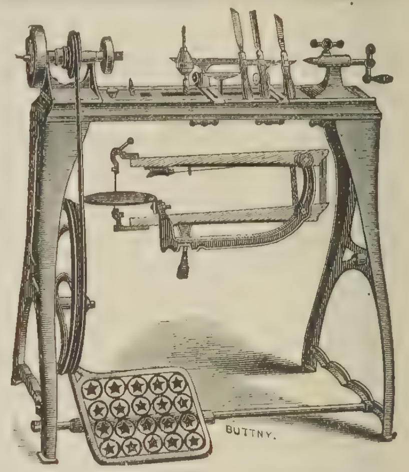
The Women's Auxiliary of the Civil Service Reform Association and the League for Political Education announce a series of addresses on Civil Service Reform, to be given at the Berkeley Lyceum Theater, 23 West Forty-fourth Street, on successive Wednesday afternoons, from November 11 to December 30, inclusive, at 4:30 P.M. Admission to each meeting, twenty-five cents.



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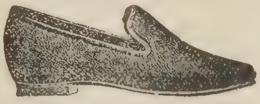

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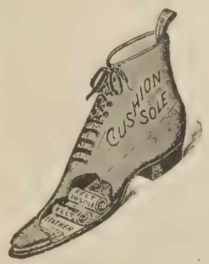

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Good Deeds

The will of Mrs. Maria Louisa Vanderbilt, the widow of the late William H. Vanderbilt, contains a notable bequest—that of $250,000 to St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, the money to be used especially in the mission of that church in East Forty-second Street, which Mrs. Vanderbilt had annually and liberally supported. The main building was erected as a gift from her and from her son Cornelius.

The King of Italy does not always get the credit for his good deeds, but all Italy has lately been ringing with his praises. In his own name and in that of the Queen, the King placed at the disposal of a commission to distribute among the families of the dead and wounded in the African war the sum of 400,000 lire ($80,000). In addition to this, the King has given $20,000 to the Red Cross Society.

The late John Maxson Brown, of Manasquan, N. J., who has just died in his eighty-ninth year, had saved hundreds of persons from drowning. Most of this splendid work was done at times when there was no life-saving station on the New Jersey coast. Our older readers may remember the terrible wreckings of the New Eva, the Cornelius Grinnell, the Catherine Jackson, the New York, and other ships on that coast. Mr. Brown's house near Manasquan had become a pilgrimage place, and he was often visited by those whom he had saved.

According to a dispatch from Washington last week King Oscar of Sweden has done a gracious act in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel D. Youmans, of New York City, who were killed while driving along a mountain road near Bergen, Norway. The State Department has received photographs and a description of the monument erected on the spot from the United States Consul at Bergen. The monument is a roughly hewn shaft resting upon a massive base, with a Norwegian inscription, which, translated, is: "Mr. and Mrs. Daniel D. Youmans, of New York. Met their death here by an accident on the 4th of July, 1896. God's grace be with them." On the reverse side is: "Oscar the Second erected this memorial."

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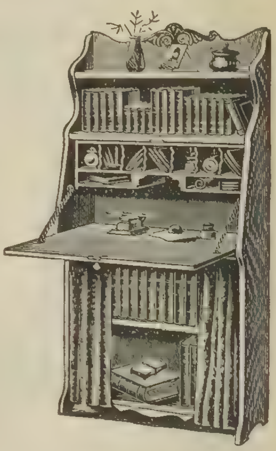

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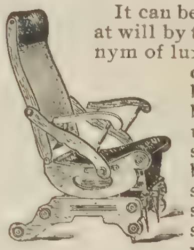

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Tours, each covering a period of three days, will leave New York and Philadelphia December 29, 1896, January 21, February 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897. Rates, including transportation and two days' accommodation at the best Washington hotels, $14.50 from New York, and $11.50 from Philadelphia.

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returning direct, or via
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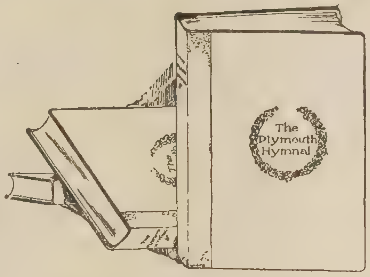

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The sale of part II. will take place November 30th and following days, and the concluding sale will follow in January next.

KITCHEN FURNISHING

COOKING UTENSILS, MOULDS,
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Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

A YOUNG LADY wishes position as mother's assistant; fond of children; competent to do all family sewing; can assist children with lessons. Willing to make herself generally useful. Good reference. Address B. A., No. 2,161, care of The Outlook.

Christmas Silverware

No. 300 A.
Mirror.

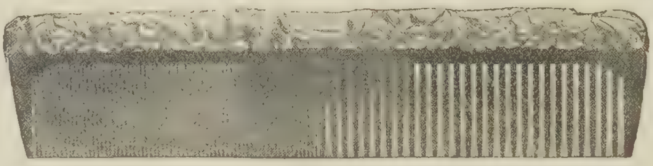
No. 603 A.
Hair Brush.

Purchase your silverware of the **Legitimate Jeweler,** and avoid the doubt which otherwise may arise as to its genuineness; it costs no more.

The best class of jewelers throughout the country will furnish **STERLING SILVER** toiletware of the style shown, made by the Gorham Mfg. Company, silversmiths, and bearing their well-known trade-mark, TRADE MARK STERLING which not only guarantees the quality, but also a high standard of workmanship and finish, at the following prices:

No. 602A, Hair Brush, large -	$5.00
“ 603A, “ “ small	4.50
“ 605A, Military “ - -	3.75
“ 606A, Cloth “ - -	4.75
“ 630A, Hat “ - -	1.50
“ 52A, Whisk Broom, -	4.75
“ 152, Bonnet Brush, - -	2.00
“ 460, Ladies' Comb, -	1.00
“ 455, Gentleman's Comb, -	.75
“ 300A, Mirror, - -	9.00
“ 915, Puff Box, all silver, -	9.00
“ S2575, Puff Box, cut glass, silver top, - - -	5.00
“ 21, Nail Polisher, - -	2.00

No. 460. Comb.



A complete line of every article in silver requisite for toilet use is made to match this pattern in addition to the pieces enumerated above.

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The following are the prices of the more important pieces:

No. 1254, Hair Brush, small,	$3.50
“ 1253, “ “ medium,	4.00
“ 1252, “ “ large,	5.00
“ 430, Ladies' Comb, -	1.00
“ 425, Gentleman's Comb,	.75
“ 415, Mirror, small ring handle, - - -	7.75
“ 430, Mirror, large ring handle, - - -	9.50

No. 420, Mirror, small long handle, - -	8.75
“ 435, Mirror, large long handle, - - -	11.00
“ 1256, Cloth Brush, -	4.00
“ 1258, Velvet “ -	2.00
“ 1280, Hat “ - -	1.50
“ 159, Bonnet “ -	2.00
“ 1255, Military “ - -	4.00

No. S2595, Puff Box, cut glass silver cover, $5.00

No. 1253. Hair Brush.

GORHAM MFG. CO.

Silversmiths NEW YORK

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